

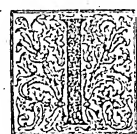
Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

JUST SOME CUPS AND SAUCERS.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Our Lady of Deliverance*, &c.

PART I.



T was a charming old cottage, over-run with roses and honeysuckle and ivy up to the very top of its single chimney-pot. It was, perhaps, somewhat more charming to look at than to live in, for its rooms were small and dark, and the creepers outside induced creepers of another and less pleasing kind inside, against which the occupants waged a war of extermination as ceaseless as it was useless. No matter how many earwigs, spiders, and flat-backs you killed before breakfast, there were just as many before dinner waiting to be killed; you turned down the bed-clothes as a matter of course, and looked carefully under the clean white pillow before getting into bed, and gently notified all intruders that you preferred their room to the company of the most highly polished earwig or the hairiest and most persevering of spiders.

However, in spite of these little drawbacks, Dick Vaile delighted in the old cottage, where for three years he had spent two heavenly months each summer. Perhaps if he had lived there all the year round, winter as well as summer, he might not have enjoyed it quite so much. As for Gwen Jones, she had lived there with her grandmother all her life, and had grown to some extent inured to the discomforts of this natural overcrowding.

Another visitor had come to the cottage three days ago—the visitor whose coming is always a shock even though his visit was foreseen and expected; and Gwen's grandmother had put her hands into his and gone quietly away, leaving the girl all alone, except for Dick Vaile, who happened to be there on his usual summer visit. They had buried her that day, and these two sat now in the strange solitude of the parlour-kitchen facing one another and Gwen's future.

Gwen wore the black garb of civilised woe, rather skimpily made and none too well fitting, since

Miss Williams, the dressmaker, was not quite sure at whose expense the mournings were made—whether at her own or Mr Vaile's; for the gossips had long since exhausted themselves as to how old Mrs Jones had managed to keep body and soul and Gwen and the cottage together, except when Mr Vaile was there in the summer. It was hardly to be expected that they made enough out of his two months' visit to live on all the rest of the year. The little dressmaker had not been able to bring her mind—or perhaps one should say her lips—to the point of asking at such a time, 'Who's going to pay?' Anyway, it was as well to be as much on the safe side as bare decency would permit; so she cut Gwen's mournings according to the possibilities, and both were somewhat skimp. Dick's testimony was a black tie, which he was quite aware did not tone at all well with his brown homespuns.

Gwen was a girl of fifteen, flat and shapeless in figure as yet, and somewhat awkward in her movements; but her dark oval face was pleasant to look upon, and gave promise of beauty.

Richard Vaile, artist *in posse*, aged twenty-one, found himself suddenly in the position of unofficial guardian to this young lady through the death of her grandmother. He had been very friendly with them for two months in each of the past three years, and they had few friends outside. For one thing, they spoke no more Welsh than he did, and so there was a barrier between them and their neighbours, who could, indeed, mostly speak English after a fashion of their own, but who none the less regarded as foreigners all who were unable to understand the uncouth beauties of the language of the Principality. Odder still, both Gwen and her grandmother spoke French—not the French of Paris, indeed, but still quite understandable French; and they spoke it, moreover, not as an alien but as a mother tongue, at once thinned and thickened

—like an Australian desert stream—by distance from its original source, but still a thing to cherish and take pride in.

Of the reasons for their being able to converse in it at all never a word had Dick learned. Not that they often conversed in it; but just now and again words slipped out in a way that showed them to be familiar, and even when they spoke English the involuntary action of hand and brow and shoulder often reminded Vaile of France. It was very strange; and to Dick, who had on two occasions passed part of the year in Paris, it only added a new charm to his annual stay in the Welsh valley, for having once found quarters at Mrs Jones's cottage, he never dreamed of going anywhere else.

Dick's brow was knitted in perplexity. He musingly charged a pipe with thoughts and tobacco, and lit it, the first pipe he had smoked inside the house for ten days. He gazed abstractedly at the pretty oval face, and the soft dark eyes looked anxiously back at him with a glance like that of a dog whose master is painfully meditating a separation.

He got up at last and began to march about with his hands in his pockets. Gwen had just been calmly suggesting that she would go and live with him, since she had nowhere else to go.

'It wouldn't do, child,' he said. 'You see, I'm a man, and you're a girl, and you're going to be a very pretty girl in time. People don't live together like that unless they're brother and sister, or married.'

'I'll marry you, Dick,' said Gwen promptly, since it was obvious that nothing could make them brother and sister.

'If you were two or three years older I'd do it like a shot, old girl. It would be a case of kicking along, though, for a time, till I'd made a bit of a name and found a regular market.'

'I could kick along, Dick—with you; but I can't make myself any older.'

'We'll talk about that later on, dear, when the time comes. The question is what we're to do with you now. You've no idea what your grandmother had to live on?'

The girl shook her head. 'A little money used to come from somewhere; but it was very little. I know she was always very glad when you came. So was I.'

'Same here,' said Dick. 'I wish the old lady had lasted just two or three years longer. Then'—and he nodded at the girl.

'I won't go to the workhouse, Dick,' she said passionately. 'It would kill me to wear a tight straw bonnet and a brown cloak down to my knees, and'—

'You sha'n't go to the workhouse, my dear. You're fifteen—aren't you, Gwen?'

'Sixteen next July.' This was the fourth of August.

'When's that beast coming again?'

'He said he wouldn't come till after the funeral. He may come any time.'

'Well, now, I think the best thing we can do is to let him sell the sticks and take his rent. Then, with what there is left over—he couldn't see that there would be anything much left over, but there was no need to go into details—you shall go to a boarding-school'—

Gwen clapped her hands and said, 'Oh Dick!'

'And then,' said Dick, 'we'll see. I've got four pictures ready, and old Abrams will advance me a bit on them; and I'll work like a nigger at the big one. What is there to sell, Gwen?'

'Just the furniture and some of granny's old things upstairs. I'm afraid they'll not fetch much.'

'Well, you couldn't keep them anyhow, so we'd better get what we can for them; and when old Pound-of-Flesh comes we'll tell him to go ahead as fast as he likes.'

'I shall be glad to have some more school. I used to go before father died, and I've learned a lot from you, Dick; but there are heaps of things I want to know—things, you know, that you don't know.'

Then Dick nodded and hoped he would be able to manage it all. So much depended on old Abrams; and when old Abrams knew that, he was a most depressing old gentleman to have any dealings with. However—

The sale was fixed for the following Wednesday, as that was market-day at Pwllldw, and some people might come along to buy; and on the Tuesday evening Mr Evan Evans, the auctioneer, dropped in on his way home from Pwlllehrw to see what there was to sell. He looked round the living-room and appraised it all at a glance, and shook his head.

'Not much here,' he said. 'I'll knock it all down in half-an-hour. Shall we say a couple of pounds for expenses, Mr Vaile?'

'Seems a bit stiff,' said Dick, with a business-like air; 'but if you can't do it for less I suppose it'll have to go.'

'Anything upstairs?'

'Bedroom furniture and odds and ends. I can speak for one very comfortable bed;' and Dick led the way to the two upper rooms.

'H'm!' said Mr Evan Evans. 'Well, say thirty shillings. Anything in those boxes?'

'They're old things of granny's,' said Gwen, opening one of the boxes.

There were some ancient books. Dick opened one—a Huguenot Bible, date 1540, and in age-yellowed ink on the fly-leaf the name 'Guenfre Joanne.' That explained Gwen's French. Next some old crockery was exhumed—half-a-dozen cups and saucers, as many plates, and a pair of curious little round bowls like sugar-basins, only flatter and wider, and two still more curious little cream-jugs, which were evidently closely related to the other pieces. They were all of the same deep, dark, beautiful blue, with gilt rims and

waves and ripples of lighter blue where the colour seemed to have run. They were decidedly ancient in shape, but nevertheless pleasing to the artistic eye as bits of colour.

Mr Evan Evans looked them over, and presently asked, 'That's the lot?'

'That's all,' said Gwen. 'I think I'd like to keep them if I might.'

'Certainly, dear, keep them,' said Dick. 'They're evidently things the old lady treasured, and they belong to you. I don't suppose they'd fetch much anyhow.'

Mr Evan Evans pursed his lips.

'Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr Vaile. If you like to put everything in the pot I'll give you twenty-five pounds for all that's in the house, and save you the annoyance of a sale.'

It was a tempting offer; but Dick hesitated. After paying the rent there would be about fifteen pounds towards Gwen's schooling. He doubted if the things would fetch more; but he didn't know very much about them. He might be making a mistake.

'It's as much as they'll bring under the hammer—more maybe,' said Mr Evan Evans. 'You never can tell. I've seen things go for nothing one day, and just the same kind of things sell for twice their value next day. It depends what women are there and what fancies they take. What do you say?'

'I don't know,' said Dick, filling his pipe slowly.

'Well, say thirty pounds, and make an end of it, and I'll throw in the commission.'

'I'm inclined to sell under the hammer and take the risks,' said Dick. 'But I'll take thirty pounds if you leave these old things for Miss Jones.'

Mr Evans seemed to turn this over in his mind. 'No, I doubt if I'd come out level on that,' he said at last. 'I reckon to get at least five pounds for that crockery, and, as I say, one can't tell what the rest'll bring. Thirty pounds for the lot!'

'I think we'll sell in the regular way, if you don't mind.'

'Oh, all right. It's for you to say. I only wanted to save you trouble. Will you be selling the crockery or keeping it? I'm asking because I know one or two people who sometimes buy stuff like that, and if you're going to sell it I'll let 'em know. No good bringing them here if you decide not to sell.'

'We'll likely sell a piece or two anyhow. Depends how the other things go. We want all we can get for the girl, you see. If the other things don't fetch much we'll put in some of the crockery.'

'Right! Then I'll be here to-morrow at four.'

Mr Evan Evans climbed into his gig beside his clerk, and was very thoughtful all the way home to Pwllldw. He got out at the post-office and sent the clerk on with the gig.

Dick Vaile sat most of the evening peering into the deep shining blue of the old cups and saucers,

with a conviction growing upon him that it was very beautiful old ware, and might possibly be worth more than Mr Evan Evans was aware of, or at all events than he gave any outward and visible signs of being aware of—which was perhaps another matter. He examined every piece separately, and when he had done he began again and went over each piece with the most minute care and growing appreciation. He smoked four full pipes over them after Gwen had gone up to bed, and when he retired he was still thinking so much about them that he could not sleep.

At four o'clock next day there was a crowd of close on two dozen people in the kitchen of the cottage, and Dick wondered where on earth they all came from. Mr Evan Evans, not being a prince, was not punctual. It was after the half-hour when he drove up in his gig, and bustled in with his clerk at his heels and an air of 'knock this lot off in five minutes' about him. However, to Dick Vaile's observant eye it seemed that that was only put on for a purpose, for he got through his work very much more slowly than might have been expected. He made a humorous speech to begin with, and descanted at length on almost every article, even the most commonplace. He also described with minute particularity the conditions of sale, and especially emphasised the rule that ten per cent. of each purchase was required to be paid on the nail. A prejudiced person might, indeed, have thought he was talking against time with some ulterior motive. The greater part of the multitude were farmers' wives from the neighbourhood, after bargains, if any were going; but before Mr Evan Evans had got half-way through the sale two or three men, who seemed of a different class, and whom Dick failed to place, dropped quietly in.

Dick had thought of buying the old coffin-case clock himself as a memento of the old lady and of the good times he had had at the cottage; and, besides, it kept remarkably good time on its own account, in spite of its age, and had doubtless ticked several generations of Joannes into eternity. He had ten pounds to spare—at all events which he intended to spare for Gwen's benefit—and with it he thought he might possibly get the clock and—if they were to be sold—some of the blue cups and saucers to share with Gwen. To his surprise, however, one of the strangers evinced a strong desire for the clock, and backed his desire so pertinaciously that Dick retired at eight pounds, and the stranger got it.

At last everything was sold except the blue cups and saucers and plates and the little round bowls and beakers.

'What do you say, Mr Vaile? Am I to sell them?' asked Mr Evan Evans.

'What's the total up to date?' asked Dick.

'Twenty-two—sixteen—three,' said Mr Evans, glancing at his clerk's book.

'All right; try a cup and saucer. I'd rather

like one of them myself,' said Dick. 'We'll sell two cups and two saucers.'

Mr Evans picked up one of the cups and a saucer, and told his clerk to hand them round for examination, and not to drop them.

The farmers' wives had no use for them. They had all the cups and saucers they needed. Some of the strangers examined them carefully.

'How much for one whole, old blue cup and saucer?' asked Mr Evans in a would-be jocular tone, which nevertheless to Dick's suspicious ear covered more than appeared on the surface. 'Mrs Jones of Pwlltre?—for one of the girls, now—a nice, useful present. What shall we say?'

'Nay, I've cot all the cups and saucers I want,' said Mrs Jones, blushing at this sudden notoriety.

'Oh, well, start it, somebody, please! We don't want to sit here all night over one blue cup and saucer,' said Mr Evan Evans.

'A shilling,' said Dick.

'Thank you! Any advance on one shilling for the blue cup and saucer?'

'Let's have another look at it,' said one of the strangers. 'Not cracked, is it?'

'Not cracked, I think,' said Mr Evan Evans; 'at least it wasn't when it left me.'

'One-and-six,' said the stranger, 'if you guarantee it sound.'

'Guarantee nothing,' said Mr Evan Evans. 'Take it on its merits.'

'Two shillings,' from Dick. No outsider was going to run off with one of Gwen's blue cups and saucers for one-and-six. Not if he knew it.

'Two—six,' said the stranger.

'Three,' snapped Dick.

'Three—six.'

'Four.'

The farmers' wives began to prick up their ears and grin to one another. Here were two men-bodies buying things they didn't know how to buy, and like to burn their fingers, which was very enjoyable. Mrs Jones of Pwlltre had got up to go home. She sat down again. It would be something to talk about. It was.

'Four—six,' from the stranger.

'Five,' from Dick Vaile.

'Shillings now, please,' said Mr Evan Evans, 'if you're going any further.'

'Six,' from the stranger.

'Seven,' from Dick.

Then the stranger muttered a bad word and said 'Ten,' and the farmers' wives gurgled outright with enjoyment. It was quite a treat to them.

'Twenty,' said Dick, beginning to see daylight and to enjoy himself also.

'Thirty,' from the stranger, with a vindictive look—not, curiously enough, at Dick, but at Mr Evan Evans, who was trying to look amused, but only succeeded in smiling like a man with the toothache.

'Two pounds,' from Dick.

'Three,' from the stranger.

When Dick at last bid ten pounds he felt like the man who stands shivering on the top step of his bathing-machine and looks out over the cold sea, and is not quite sure after all if the plunge that day will be good for his health or not; but the stranger said 'Eleven' so viciously that Dick felt bound to drive him up another peg if he had to pawn his watch.

At last—'Twenty' from Dick.

'Twenty-one,' from the stranger.

It seemed as if he would go one better whatever Dick bid. He would have to grovel on his hands and knees to old Abrams; but no matter, Gwen would benefit, and he'd pull through somehow. Mr Evan Evans was leaning back in his chair making a frugal meal off the inside of his lips and looking sulky—possibly because he was no longer the centre of observation. Possibly there were other reasons. No one looked at him. Every eye in the room flashed synchronously from Dick to the stranger, and from the stranger to Dick, as the bids snapped out like shots.

'One hundred pounds,' from Dick at last. His hair was creeping as though earwigs and spiders were playing hide-and-seek in it. His spine felt damp and cold as though the marrow were oozing slowly out of it and freezing. He had no notion where he was getting to; his brain was in a whirl. He had a vague idea that ten per cent. of one hundred pounds was ten pounds, and he caught Gwen's dark eyes fixed upon him in a hypnotising stare. She thought he was mad.

'One hundred and ten,' said the stranger.

'One—twenty,' said Dick.

The stranger hesitated.

'Any advance on one hundred and twenty pounds for the blue cup and saucer?' asked Mr Evan Evans, suddenly jerking himself into life and notice again.

Then the hammer fell, and Master Richard Vaile found himself the proud possessor of a blue cup and saucer on which, when he had paid the deposit of twelve pounds, he would owe exactly one hundred and eight pounds. He pulled out his pocket-book, extracted a crisp new ten-pound note, found two sovereigns in his pocket, and deposited them in the grimy hand of Mr Evan Evans's clerk, which quivered with emotion. Then Dick jingled his remaining wealth in his trouser-pocket, and his fingers informed him that the sum total amounted to five shillings and three pennies. Not another copper had he in the world till he had grovelled at the feet of Mr Abrams.

'Another blue cup and saucer similar to the last,' said Mr Evan Evans. 'What shall we say for this one?' and he looked vaguely round.

'Ten pounds,' said the stranger, in the evident hope that the first round had pumped Dick completely.

'Rot!' said Dick, kindling to the fight. 'I

want the pair. 'One hundred and twenty, same as the last.'

The stranger said something unintelligible, and then added, 'One hundred and fifty.'

'One—sixty,' said Dick.

'One—seventy!' 'One—eighty!' 'One—ninety!' 'Two hundred!' snapped out like pistol-shots, and the spectators sat gasping, with blank, distended eyes and pale faces, like fish out of water.

At two hundred and fifty pounds Dick let the stranger have that blue cup and saucer, and felt exceedingly happy.

'Will you sell any more, Mr Vaile?' asked Mr Evan Evans.

Dick went over to Gwen, who sat in a dream, and asked her in a whisper if she cared to sell

more; but Gwen was dazed, and could only say, 'Have we all gone mad, Dick?'

Then Dick said to Mr Evan Evans that Miss Jones preferred not to sell more of the cups and saucers at present.

'Then that's all, ladies and gentlemen,' said the auctioneer.

The spectators, when they had sufficiently recovered, straggled out into the evening sunshine, still dumb with surprise; and some of them did not come to themselves till they had got home and gone carefully and hopefully through their own equipment of china, which they handled as they had never in their lives handled china before.

(To be continued.)

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE CIVIL LIST.

By W. M. J. WILLIAMS.



NE of the consequences of the lamented death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII. is the necessity of again settling the Civil List. The term 'Civil

List' was first applied to the public provision made by the country for the comfort and dignity of the Sovereign and his household in the case of William of Orange, when a certain sum—then £700,000—was ear-marked, so to say, for that purpose, as distinguished from other sums voted for the more national part of the public expenditure. The mention of the above sum as William's Civil List makes us warn the reader to avoid misleading deductions from comparison with the figures of Queen Victoria's Civil List. Queen Anne's List was nominally the same as that of William III. and George I. George II. was guaranteed a minimum of £800,000 for his Civil List, and the same amount was fixed for that of George III. George IV., of inglorious memory for alternate extravagance in youth and parsimonious ways in age, had a Civil List of £850,000. When William IV. ascended the throne he accepted £510,000 as the amount of his List; and lastly, in 1837, when Queen Victoria became Sovereign, her List was fixed at £385,000. But it would be a wholly misleading conclusion were the reader to think that Parliament had been engaged since the Revolution in doing what Burke phrased as 'curtailing the splendour of the Crown,' still less in cheese-paring by a mean support of its dignity. For the truth is, no comparison between the above amounts would be valid which was not based on a careful examination of the details of the various Lists, noting from time to time, from accession to accession, the principle of separating the personal expenses of Crown and Court from the more public expenditure of the kingdom. When

Charles II. was restored to the throne, his List was fixed at £1,200,000; but out of it he was supposed to (but did not) defray all expenses, even that on the army and navy. The old method of fixing the Civil List cannot be compared, therefore, with the present one; and, for instance, it could be shown that William IV.'s £510,000 was almost identical with Queen Victoria's £385,000. The annuity of the previous reign allowed to Queen Adelaide—namely, £50,000—together with £75,000 from the Pension List, was transferred to the Consolidated Fund, or, in other words, to the general fund of taxation, and so accounted for the difference between the two latest Lists. In the same way, it may be observed, £600,000 was transferred when William IV. came to the throne, and again £400,000 when George IV. succeeded his father. It cannot be questioned that Parliament has ever been liberal in maintaining 'the honour and dignity of the Crown;' and it may be added with confidence that the method of keeping such expenditure quite apart from the maintenance of all the other services of the country is a great improvement upon the old one.

The Civil Lists of the last two reigns were summarised as follows:

CLASS	WILLIAM IV. VICTORIA.	
I. Privy Purse.....	£110,000	£60,000
II. Salaries of the Royal Household and Retired Allowances.....	130,300	131,260
III. Expense of Household, or Tradesmen's Bills.....	171,500	172,500
IV. Royal Bounty and Special and Secret Service.....	23,200	13,200
V. Pensions.....	75,000	...
Unappropriated Moneys.....	...	8,640
Totals.....	£510,000	£385,000

£10,000 for secret service money and £75,000 for pensions were transferred to the general expenditure on the Consolidated Fund when Queen

Victoria came to the throne, and, as has already been pointed out, £50,000 on account of Queen Adelaide was omitted from Class I., or the Privy Purse.

Queen Victoria's £385,000 must not, in turn, be confounded with the cost of the Royal Family. The Queen was Duchess of Lancaster in her own right, and received its revenues as an appanage of the Crown throughout her reign. These revenues were at first only £5000 in 1838, and £12,000 in 1839; but at her death the Queen received a net £60,000 a year from this source. Again, the eldest son of the Sovereign is born Duke of Cornwall, and enjoys the estates appertaining to that dignity. In the Queen's early years this income was about £12,000; but for some years of late the net income of Cornwall payable to the Prince of Wales has been over £60,000, and for the year ending with 1899 was nearly £67,000. Then the Prince of Wales received an annuity from Parliament of £40,000 and the Princess of Wales £10,000. In addition, since 1839 the Prince has been in receipt of £36,000 a year for the benefit of his children. Moreover, in the year 1900 there were also paid the following annuities to members of the Royal Family: the Empress Frederick (Princess Royal), £8000; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, £10,000; Princess Christian, £6000; the Duchess of Argyll, £6000; the Duke of Connaught, £25,000; the Duchess of Albany, £6000; Princess Beatrice, £6000; the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £3000; and the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000. During Her Majesty's reign, also, there were granted marriage portions to her children as follows: the Princess Royal, £40,000; the Princess Alice, £30,000; the Prince of Wales, £23,455; the Duke of Edinburgh, £5883; the Princess Helena (Christian), £30,000; the Princess Louise (Argyll), £30,000; and the Princess Beatrice, £30,000—a total of £189,338. Lest it should be thought that the provision made for the Crown in 1837 was inadequate, the reader may be reminded that in 1889 the Queen, through Mr Goschen, informed a committee of the House of Commons that up to that date £824,000 had been transferred from several classes of the Civil List to Class I.—that is, into the Privy Purse—as savings. Before leaving this section of the subject, it must be added that by the Civil List the Queen was empowered to grant pensions not above £1200 per annum; but these were payable, not from her Civil List, but from the Consolidated Fund.

However, all this, so far as the King is concerned, will become obsolete six months after the death of the Queen, according to an act passed in the first year of her reign. A new List has now been arranged for by Parliament, and the King, as was to be expected from a Prince so trained and experienced in constitutional ways, had declared that he placed himself completely

and confidently in the hands of the House of Commons. Much knowledge of this arrangement between people and Sovereign cannot now be said to be common, and it is with the object of diffusing some idea how the Sovereign's household expenses are defrayed and incurred that we have drawn up this article. Each of the several heads of expenditure of the Civil List will need some notice.

Of Class I. it is only necessary to say that it provides for the Sovereign's private purse, and is not, and cannot be, an object of curiosity any more than a private gentleman's means. It may be permitted, perhaps, to point out that the precedent of Queen Victoria's reign favours the practice that should any savings on the remaining heads occur they may be transferred to the credit of Class I.—namely, of the private purse; and this seems but fair, especially as the spirit of recent years has discouraged any applications for extra provision in any way for members of the Royal Family.

Class II. comprises the three departments of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Horse. In the Queen's List the total salaries and allowances of these departments was laid down at £131,260, of which the Chamberlain's accounted for £66,499, the Steward's for £36,281, and that of the Master of the Horse for £27,650. It is found that of these three last sums the item of expenditure on Retired and Superannuation Allowances is a very prominent one in each case, being £7556 in the first, £6365 in the second, and £2776 in the third—a ninth, a sixth, and a tenth of the total respectively. Such points are worth notice, as already the amount of the King's Civil List is matter of discussion, and suggestions have been made that certain offices might be abolished with advantage to the Sovereign's Privy Purse, without impairing the comfort and dignity of his household. Comparing Queen Victoria's List with that of William IV., we find instances of such revision which were deliberately made.

In this Class II., as found in Queen Victoria's List, there is an item which fastens the eye as the items are scanned because of its old-world character. In 1842, about five years after the accession of the Queen, an act was passed substituting the Queen's Bench Prison as a place of detention for debtors instead of the old Marshalsea, and directing that the salaries and allowances of keeper and officers of the latter, which were charged heretofore on the Civil List, should be paid into the Consolidated Fund; for in the Lord Steward's department of the Civil List was found an item: 'Knight Marshal, Marshalmen, and Expenses of the Marshalsea Prison, £1924.' To this day there is in the finance accounts of the United Kingdom an item of £615 received from the Civil List on account of the pay to the officers of the late Marshalsea. Such an item, we

may be confident, will not appear again on the new Civil List; and this affords a capital instance of the manner in which the Sovereign's List used to be loaded with irrelevant charges; it was on Queen Victoria's List a survival, not of the fittest, but of the unfittest for such a place. Now the principle of charging on the List nothing which is not directly connected with the dignity and comfort of the household will be strictly adhered to.

On the Queen's List the Chaplains at Windsor, Kensington, and Brighton, and the Preachers at Whitehall, were down for £1236. The mention of Brighton in especial, and of late years Whitehall, in this item, tells us of the changes which had taken place among the royal establishments during the Queen's sixty-four years. The Medical Establishment of the royal household was set down for £2705, and the Master of Music and the Band for £1916. The Governor of Windsor Castle and the Lieutenant-Governor were set down for £1293, of which £173 was the share of the latter; but the Committee on the Civil List in 1837 recommended that only one office for this purpose should be maintained, and the Duke of Argyll is now in sole charge as Governor. A curious arrangement is that by which the 'Chapel-Royal Chaplain at St James's, Whitehall Chapel, and Lutheran Chapel, £3535,' is found connected with the Lord Steward's department, whereas other chaplains, and even 'preachers' for Whitehall, as we have seen, were placed under the Lord Chamberlain's. Brighton appears in the old List also in the Master of the Horse's establishment; but that, of course, is of the past. Such is also the case with the 'Master of the Buckhounds, £1700,' which is in the same List, but will now be altogether abolished. Why the Ranger of Windsor Home Park, £500, should be charged on the Civil List is not clear, seeing that all the rest of the charges for maintaining the great Windsor property fall upon the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, who manage the Crown estate; and there is reason for thinking the same officer is paid from that source also.

Class III. of the Civil List of the last two reigns also has to do with the three departments of the household which were named above under Class II. Whereas Class II. has to do with the salaries and allowances of all classes of royal servants from great officers of the household to clerks of their offices and menials, Class III. has to do with the more purely domestic side; in short, with the commissariat, as seen in tradesmen's bills. The application of this principle of arrangement was, however, by no means thorough. When the Commons Committee fixed the Queen's List in 1837, they had before them many detailed analyses of expenditure for each year of the reign of William IV.; and it is a strange view that the citizen gets, all the more that it is partial, of

what is spent on the table, on the kitchen, and in the stables of a royal household. It is well known that in 1843 the late Prince Consort undertook successfully a reformation of the organisation of the royal household. Before that reform the state of things is thus depicted by Baron Stockmar, in Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*:

'The Lord Steward finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. . . . In the same manner the Lord Chamberlain provides all the lamps, and the Lord Steward must clean, trim, and light them. Before a pane of glass or cupboard door could be mended, the sanction of so many officials had to be obtained that often months elapsed before the repairs were made. As neither the Lord Chamberlain nor the Master of the Horse has a regular deputy residing in the palace, more than two-thirds of all the male and female servants are left without a master in the house. They can come on and go off duty as they choose, they can remain absent hours and hours on their days of waiting, or they may commit any excess or irregularity: there is nobody to observe, to correct, or to reprimand them. The various details of internal arrangement, whereon depend the well-being and comfort of the whole establishment, no one is cognisant of or responsible for. There is no officer responsible for the cleanliness, order, and security of the rooms and offices throughout the palace.'

Such a state of things, it is well known, has been a thing of the past for many years; but it will yet be of interest, and a guide to the expenses of the Court in detail, if we bring forward some of the items of the days of William IV. upon which Queen Victoria's List was founded.

In the Lord Chamberlain's department during the years 1831-36 the tradesmen's bills reached an average of £42,000 or £43,000 a year. Windsor, Brighton, St James's, Buckingham, Hampton, Kensington, and Kew Palaces figure in the items; and as one reads the list there arises in imagination a procession of tradesmen of all sorts, from chimney-sweeps to cabinetmakers, all carrying their bills to the Lord Chamberlain. Nor are some of the bills of small amount. The upholsterers and cabinetmakers easily take first place with from £10,000 to £12,500 every year. The locksmiths, ironmongers, and armourers range from £2372 to £4119 per year. Washing is, of course, a heavy item, and appears for £2174 to £3014 per annum, and in this connection it is curious to find the soap bill amount to from £399 to £491 a year. Seamstresses were evidently employed with great regularity, while tailors seem to have been subject to much fluctuation in the amount of business done with the household.

When we turn to the Lord Steward's accounts for the same years, we get a still more human view of the necessities of life even in a Royal Court. The outgoings ranged during 1831-36

from £85,669 to £92,065 a year. The Royal Gardens figure for £9910 to £12,607 a year, the Maundy Charity for £257 to £276; the board-wages of the Yeomen of the Guard amount to from £2145 to £2315, and other board-wages to from £3273 to £3615. There were also some 'allowances for beer and board,' ranging from £757 to £925 a year. We then come to the commissariat pure and simple, and find that the one outstanding feature is a tendency in almost all the entries to a rapidly growing expenditure. But we must remember that six or seven years after came the Prince Consort with his 'new broom' sweeping clean many dirty corners.

The Master of the Horse's department also presented a return of expenditure in those same years. They ranged from £37,506 to £40,290 a year. Of course, some of the items show accounts for articles of a similar nature to those found in the Chamberlain and Steward's departments. Lamps and gas-lights is an item which in each department is a prominent one, and in that of the Master of the Horse appears for from £642 to £1219 a year. Coal and wood, too, range from £855 to £978. Some of the chief items are liveries, which cost from £5730 to £6475; forage from £4413 to £5722; farriery from £1012 to £1159; horses from £3345 to £5712 (but there were horses sold from £529 to £1665); carriages from £1803 to £4825; harness from £324 to £2070; saddlery from £577 to £1457. In addition there were bills for spurs and bits, whips, stationery, turnery, candles and soap, washing, ironmongery, lodgings, travelling, post-horses, king's plates, and stud and hunt bills. Upon the whole, the expenditure of this department was steady, and averaged a little below £40,000 a year.

Class IV. of the Civil List will need a few words only; it is that concerned with Royal Charities and Bounties, and with Special Service. The sum voted for this purpose in William IV.'s List was £23,200, of which £10,000 was for Home Secret Service. This last sum was omitted from Queen Victoria's List, as it was a charge better fitted to

appear among the more public expenditure of the Consolidated Fund. Even there, since these days, this expenditure has been much objected to, as no account of it can be given; but to this day a sum is set aside for the purpose every year. For the rest of Class IV. of the Civil List nothing can be said save that no account is ever given of the administration of this fund, which is a matter altogether left to the Sovereign's bounty and goodwill.

Class V. of the List is concerned with Pensions. William IV.'s was burdened with £75,000 a year on this account, and that was light compared with that of his predecessor. In those days pensions oozed out of every corner of the public accounts, and not from the Civil List only. When Queen Victoria came to the throne the Pension List was placed on the Consolidated Fund, and she was given power, as we have said, to confer pensions up to £1200 a year. The last power was so exercised that in 1900 the sum charged on the public accounts on this score was £24,059, 19s. 4d. The pension question is not yet in quite an unobjectionable position; but so large a matter, with so many ramifications, cannot be dealt with in this article. We can, however, rejoice in the great improvement with regard to this subject since the days when, in the first forty years of last century, the various Black-Books were published, showing how scandalously the pensioning power had been used for a long period. Nor can it be anything but a matter for congratulation that the arrangement made in 1837 on the settlement of the Civil List proved so satisfactory; it cannot well be improved upon in the new List.

The interest taken in all matters pertaining to the Crown by all classes of His Majesty's subjects is visibly growing. There can be no question that the favour in which the Royal Family lives is largely due to the quiet glory of the late Queen's remarkable life as sovereign for nearly sixty-four years, the estimation in which the Crown was held being vastly different at the end from what it was at the beginning.

THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

CHAPTER XXII.—WE SURPRISE SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.



WHEN all was ready I swung Cicely up to the saddle, tossed the pack which held our luggage across the pony's back behind her, and led him directly away. Jack Horne came with us to see us started, as he said, and we went quietly through the town, the streets still empty and deserted, and struck the road which led towards the head of South-

ampton Water. Two miles out of the town Jack Horne turned back. He was returning to London in the brig. We thanked him again and again for what he had done for us, and he wished us luck a score of times. I prevailed upon him to take a few guineas for himself and two or three for Tom, to whom I had had no chance to give anything, so hurried had been our departure from the *Lucky Venture*.

After we parted we looked back again and again, and every time Jack was waving his cap, till at last we turned a bend and saw him no more.

Now we set our faces towards Rushmere in earnest, and I stepped out at a brisk pace, the pony, a nimble, willing creature, ambling easily beside me. The morning was bright, and deliciously fresh. The road was good underfoot; the sky was blue overhead. We glanced at each other in sheer pleasure.

'Do we look our parts?' she asked.

'Perfectly, I believe,' said I. 'I've seen many a small tradesman or respectable citizen taking a short journey in this fashion, himself on foot, his wife mounted. One thing is lacking, perhaps. I ought to have a stout staff; but that is easily remedied at the next plantation of young ashes.'

As we went up the quiet country road that golden autumn morning we laughed, we talked, we sang. We were practically under sentence of death, of course, supposing some one met us who knew us, and was willing to earn the reward of the informer; but no one did know us, or could know us for many a mile yet, and we meant to be careful in time. We skirted the head of Southampton Water, and then made directly for the New Forest. Soon we left travelled ways behind, and marched by grassy heath-tracks, the turf underfoot like velvet, or by lonely rides which took us deep among the trees. We made a long stretch of our first march, and it was close upon midday when I called a halt in a sunny hollow of the forest where a clear spring bubbled up and ran away over a bed of silver sand.

I had bought some provisions at a hamlet we passed, and now these were spread on the turf, and we sat down, while the pony cropped the grass.

We made a halt of three hours, and then went on easily. We were within ten miles of Rushmere; and though we were approaching it through a very thinly inhabited heath and forest country, of which I knew every inch, yet I was not willing to enter upon the last three or four miles before the dusk had fallen. The sun went down in a sky of clearest amber, and we halted to rest the pony on a wide, lonely common a few miles south of Rushmere. As the dusk thickened we moved on again. The moon would not be up till three hours after sundown; but the starlight was ample for me to track my way by. A couple of hours' slow, cautious marching brought us under the wall of Sir Humphrey's park. Cicely sprang down, and I stripped the harness from the pony. This and our baggage I thrust under a thicket of brambles. The pony shook itself and began to feed. I patted it approvingly, for it had shown itself a good little beast without trick or vice.

Then we went softly under shadow of the wall towards the park entrance a quarter of a mile away. There was a shine of fire in the lodge window, but the door of the house was closed and all was silent. We went over the foot-stile beside the great iron gate and were in the avenue; but we soon turned aside to the park and crossed the grass to a private door leading to the gardens. Luckily it was unlocked, and in we stepped. Now the house was in full sight, a great ebon mass against the starry sky, with lights shining here and there.

'I fancy,' said I, 'that perhaps the best thing would be for me to go ahead and discover, if I can, how things stand.'

'We mustn't make a mistake,' said Cicely. 'We have our friends to think of as well as ourselves.'

'It was in my mind too,' I replied. 'Here we are just at the great summer-house. Suppose you stay in it a little while I reconnoitre.'

She agreed, and I left her there and went quickly forward. In the front of the house there was no light in any lower window, and I went softly along the terrace towards the wing where I knew the Lesters had their favourite rooms. As I went I thought of that August day when I had seen Cicely and Kesgrave pace up and down this very terrace, and of how she had seemed cold to me. To think that she sat now waiting for me in the summer-house, and would be tenderly uneasy if I were long away, seemed mingled fire and sunshine in my heart, and gave this autumn dusk a glow that brightest August never knew.

I turned a corner and saw a window red with firelight. I had my hopes at once. I crept nearer and peeped in. My heart leaped joyfully within me. I saw a great, panelled parlour, and three figures sitting about a glowing fire of logs. Sir Humphrey sat on one side, his wife on the other, and the Commodore had dragged up an elbow-chair and was seated between them. Candles stood upon the table, but they were unlighted. The leaping flames were ample for the talkers as they chatted cozily in their dancing light.

'All's well,' thought I, and turned to fetch Cicely. Then I stopped. It looked very well; but what if there were other and less convenient guests than the Commodore in the house? I would make certain of that first. Half-a-dozen paces beyond the window was a side-door leading to a gallery upon which the parlour opened. I went stooping under the window, gained the door, and lifted the latch. It was so early in the evening that it was unsecured, and the door opened to my push. There was no light in the gallery, and no sound of any one moving. I slipped across to the parlour, and went straight in, lifting my hand for silence. They turned their heads as I appeared, and for a moment

stared at me in an astonishment so complete that the outcry I feared from the Commodore was an impossibility.

'What!' he bellowed at last.

'Hush!' I whispered as I came forward. 'Yes, it is I, George.'

'George! George!' murmured Sir Humphrey; while Lady Lester, who was nearest to me, sprang up and took me in her arms.

'My dear lad!' said Sir Humphrey, coming up and seizing my hand. 'And is it you, really?'

'Ay, ay, thank God, it is,' said the Commodore, waving his hook in his delight. 'But quiet's the word,' he called out at least ten times as loudly as was necessary; 'not a sound, brother. Quiet, sister; ask him no questions yet. We must hide him till your people are abed.'

'First of all,' said I, 'have you any other visitors about the house? Any one likely to come in here?'

'No, no,' said Lady Lester. 'No one but ourselves.'

'Well, then,' I returned, 'with your permission I will fetch my companion, for you must know I am not travelling alone.'

'Fetch him in, poor fellow; fetch him in!' cried the Commodore. 'There's many a one in your pickle, my lad, hiding about the country yet.'

'One of our lost ones come back,' said Sir Humphrey, patting my arm and looking at me affectionately; 'one of them at any rate, Heaven be praised!'

'And have you heard nothing, then, of Cicely?' I asked.

'Not a word,' said the Commodore, wagging his head. 'Poor lass! 'tis a sad case. She was trepanned, I'll swear to that. Trepanned she must have been. To vanish and leave no sign. 'Tis not the first case known, either. But fetch the other poor lad in. Sister'll warm and feed ye like princes. Be sure of that.'

'It isn't a man,' said I; 'it's a lady.'

'A lady?' said Sir Humphrey, open-mouthed.

'A lady?' echoed the Commodore, and looked uneasily at his companions.

'Yes,' said I; 'my wife.'

'Wife! Married!' You should have heard them pipe out then, and the Commodore clenched his exclamation with a great oath.

'You are married, George?' said Lady Lester in a tone of incredulity, and looking earnestly into my face.

'Yes,' said I. 'I have got married on my travels. But I will fetch her in from the dark and the cold, where I left her till I had looked over the ground.'

Not a word was said as I left the room, only the Commodore began to make a half-whistling, half-blowing noise which always betokened that he was somewhat puzzled and not over-pleased.

I sped swiftly back to the summer-house. Cicely knew my step and ran to meet me.

'All's well,' said I. 'They are in the oak parlour. We can get in by the side-door, you remember.'

'Yes,' said she. 'I know it well. Who are there?'

'Sir Humphrey, Lady Lester, and the Commodore. And I've left them in a state of wonder beyond speech. I told them I was going to fetch my wife; but they haven't the least idea who the lady is.'

'Oh!' laughed Cicely.

'There'll be an uproar when they see your face,' said I, joining in the laugh.

As we passed the window I glanced in. The three in the parlour had not sat down again. They stood looking at each other as if talking and taking counsel, and I saw Sir Humphrey shake his head in a very perturbed fashion. The candles were now lighted. I had left the door slightly ajar, and in we went, across to the parlour door, and in there. Lady Lester stepped forward, very stately, to receive us. In sheer mischief I had taken Cicely's hand to introduce her in formal phrase, when she snatched it from my grasp, flung back her hood, and sprang towards Lady Lester.

'Cicely! Cicely!'

I believe it was more surprising to them to see her than to see me, so completely had she been given over, and their excitement and delight were in proportion. Lady Lester took her to her breast, Sir Humphrey shook her hand again and again, and the Commodore fairly skipped in his joy. Then he proved himself the most wide awake of all by springing across the room and drawing the curtains. I stepped back to the door and slipped a catch so that it could not be opened from without, and we all gathered about the fire.

'It seems impossible!' said Sir Humphrey as he kissed Cicely.

'So this is your wife, you rogue—is it?' cried the Commodore, digging his hook into my side. 'Nothing would satisfy ye, you young dog—eh?—but the prettiest maid in all the west-country. And where in the name of wonder did ye pick her up?—Cicely, my lass, I'm ten years younger at sight of ye.'

'Cicely come back again? And George? And you're married?' Lady Lester's usual composure was utterly gone, and she was laughing and crying together.

'Tell us your story,' cried the Commodore.

'They must have their supper first,' said Lady Lester.—'From where have you come to-day?'

'From Southampton,' I answered.

'From Southampton!' she said. 'You must be worn out.'

She went away at once, and soon returned with a tray of food and wine. We wanted to talk,

but our old friends would have us eat and drink first, and we were compelled to do their bidding. Then chairs were drawn up to the fire, and we entered on a recital of our adventures. Turn and turn about, as the story twisted, we spoke, and for an hour or more our hearers listened to us in breathless silence, except when the Commodore became too much wrought up to remain still, and fired off volleys of comminations at Damerel or Kesgrave or Colin Lorel.

'And now,' said Sir Humphrey, breaking into the stream of questions and comments when 'we had accounted for ourselves up to the moment, 'the future?'

'We have been thinking of getting abroad,' said I.

'It would be best,' he agreed. 'England is no place for either of you at present.'

'Hast plenty of money?' demanded the Commodore.

'That's the point,' said I. 'We have scarcely any left.'

'God bless me!' cried the Commodore. 'Ye must never stand for money. We'll find ye plenty. Why, thou knowest lad, every stick, stone, and penny of mine will come to thee when I die. And here's brother and sister as ready to help ye as any in this world.'

'Ay, ay,' said Sir Humphrey.

'You shall have everything you want,' added Lady Lester.

We thanked these good friends again and again. How delightful it was to be once more in safe quarters and in safe hands! The shadow of further wanderings lay over us; but for the instant we could bask in the firelight and stretch our weary limbs, sure of the present moment, with no fears to break or disturb it.

'Have you any chattering about your household, sister?' asked the Commodore.

'I was just thinking of that very thing, Richard,' she replied. 'Most of the servants are reliable, but I cannot be sure of some of the younger maids. It will not do, I fear, for George and Cicely's presence to be known generally.'

'No, no,' said Sir Humphrey; 'it is best to run no risks. We can stow them away in the east wing beyond our own rooms, Rachel. Practically none of the servants go that way save Deborah, your woman, and my man Thomas. They may know safely; the rest must be kept in ignorance.'

'And how go things at Whitmead?' I asked. 'Are old William Quance and the rest all right?'

'William is very well, for I saw him this morning,' said Sir Humphrey; 'but he is no longer at Whitmead. He refused to stay there under Mr Rennison, and so did most of your other servants.'

'Mr Rennison?' said I. 'And, pray, who is he? And what is he doing at Whitmead?'

All three looked at me in surprise.

'Have you heard nothing about Whitmead?' asked Lady Lester.

'Not a word,' said I.

'Why—confound the greedy rogues!—it's filched from you, lad,' cried the Commodore. 'You being in the pickle you were, it was declared that your estate was forfeited, and this fellow Rennison, having claims in some fashion on the King, was paid off by a grant of Whitmead.'

'Whitmead gone?' I murmured, for it was a wrench—I cannot deny that it was a wrench.

'Gone for the moment, George,' said Sir Humphrey quietly; 'but I think we shall get it back. I fancy Mr Rennison will be willing to sell, and that at a price far below its value.'

'Doesn't he like the old place?' I asked.

'Tisn't that,' chuckled the Commodore; 'but some desperate card or other fired at him one night as he rode home from Romsey in the moonlight, and the ball went through his hat. He was off to London next day, and I'll warrant he'll be glad to get his bargain off his hands and see cash instead. Brother's dealing with him now, and we'll raise the money among us, never fear.'

'You heap kindness on kindness,' I began; but the Commodore interrupted me with a snort.

'Hark at the lad!' he cried. 'As if we'd anybody else to see after, and he and Cicely running together, too.'

'Ay,' said I. 'Great Barrow? How there?'

'No better than you,' said Lady Lester. 'But to whom it has gone or what is being done we don't know yet.'

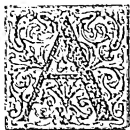
Cicely looked round at us from the chair where she sat and smiled.

'I give you my word,' she said, 'I have been so uneasy at what might happen to ourselves if we were caught that I troubled but little about house and land. Yet, to be sure, it's a shame for them to take Great Barrow.'

'The whole affair is shameful, my child,' said Lady Lester. 'After the way they murdered poor Dame Lisle—and murder is the only word for that—no one can wonder at what happens. We have heard that the maids of honour have been as bold as any in begging for the fines and forfeits laid upon suspected people and places.'

'Certainly the country has come to a desperate pass,' agreed Sir Humphrey, 'and this fashion of quelling the rebellion must tell bitterly in the end against the King.'

THE CASTLE OF THE MOUNTAINS.



At the time of the Third Crusade, a period singularly fruitful of fable and legend, omens and superstitions, it is doubtful if anything seized more on the popular imagination than the almost legendary Castle of the Mountains. To the Crusaders it was the embodiment of all that was mysterious and terrible: a place where unknown torments awaited the captive, and from whose ogre-guarded gates no prisoner ever came out alive. In the records of the older chroniclers we frequently come across references to it and the dread it inspired; and many a bluff, fearless soldier, listening at the camp-fires at night to the tales circulating around, would—turning his eyes for a moment to the Cross on his gabardine—frequently murmur a prayer that God would preserve him from the Castle of the Mountains.

To many its name is familiar; but perhaps few are aware that the famous Castle of the Mountains is none other than the Citadel of Cairo. In the following pages I propose to give a short account of its history.

Apart from its own strange history and vicissitudes, a place where three such men as Saladin, Napoleon, and Mohammed Ali once lived cannot fail to be of interest; but for Englishmen the citadel possesses a personal and peculiar attraction, touching our island story, as it does, at some of the most glorious epochs of its history. Built on the north-western slope of the Mukattam Hills, at a height of about two hundred and fifty feet above the city, its battlemented walls and enclosed mosque of Mohammed Ali, with its tapering and slender minarets, are the most prominent features that take the eye of the stranger in Grand Cairo. Founded in the year 1166, by the order of Saladin, it was built under the direction of the famous Emir Karakush with stones taken from the smaller pyramids of Ghizeh, no fewer than fifty thousand Christian prisoners being employed upon the works. To the genius of the architect and the thoroughness of the labour, the history of eight hundred years bears testimony. Looking at it now, with its solid masonry towering in places sixty feet above the level, its numerous loop-holes for arquebuse and bow, and its narrow entrances flanked by huge towers, one realises its practical impregnability to engines of ancient warfare, and how the occupation of this fortress gave to the possessor a power not to be obtained by any other means. Time after time in the tumultuous history of the country since the twelfth century has it been proved that he who was in possession of the citadel held Lower Egypt in his grasp.

Not once only has a sultan, taking refuge from his rebellious subjects within those impregnable

walls, bided his time until, sweeping out at the right moment with his Mamelukes, he crushed rebellion with sword and fire, and garnished the castle turrets with the heads of his enemies. If the walls could not be taken by assault, neither could the garrison be readily forced to capitulate through starvation, for this was no small medieval castle. A town was practically enclosed within its mile of frowning walls—space enough to contain food for many years; and water—that scarce and ever-precious commodity in rainless Egypt—was there in abundance, being provided by the skill of Karakush, who sank the famous Well of the Winding Stairs. This well still exists, and, under the name of Yussuf or Saladin's Well, is one of the sights that tourists never miss.

Though Saladin lived here for many years, the Castle of the Mountains was not completed until long after his death—in fact, not until the following century. It was his intention to have encircled the whole of Cairo by a gigantic wall reaching from each side of the citadel; but this, together with the ambition of an Eastern empire, was frustrated by the untimely death of the great sultan at Damascus in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Little now remains as relics of Saladin's own time. Most of the walls and the general plan are his; so also the well which bears his name; and very probably also those circular towers, needing but a little ivy creeping up the gray walls, or some moss growing into the mortared interstices, to carry one back in mind to those old ruins at home which are relics of the days when knights in armour laid lance in rest for the guerdon of a lady's smile; for these towers are Norman in plan and execution, and probably they were Norman hands which piled stone upon stone, since, as prisoners of war, they laboured for the conqueror.

The Dar-el-Adl, or Great Hall of Justice, was also situated here. Popular tradition has given it the name of the great sultan; but it is more than probable that it was not built until some years after Saladin's time. However that may be, it was for centuries the admiration and pride of Eastern chroniclers. No trace now remains of its massive granite pillars, each carved in one solid piece from the living rock. Its beautiful bronze gates, unique of their kind, have disappeared; so also has the throne of ivory and ebony, in which successive sultans sat and gave judgment to all comers. Some portions of the walls, however, were standing in the year 1830, when they were pulled down, by order of Mohammed Ali, to make room for the present great mosque which bears his name. Of Saladin's time one interesting relic still remains in the bas-relief of a large stone eagle which, carved on

the wall, looks down upon Cairo from its height of over two hundred feet; it was probably sculptured by the order of Karakush to commemorate his work—'Karakush' meaning a black eagle. Long afterwards the eagle became invested with many a strange legend and fable, and was said by the superstitious to give a warning cry whenever any calamity was about to befall the city.

The mosque of En Nasir Mohammed, though sometimes attributed to Saladin, was not really built until 1318, by the sultan of that name. It has now fallen into decay; the dome has gone, but the minarets and the walls still remain, their mutilated fragments telling of the mosque as it had been in the heyday of its beauty.

From the time of Saladin on until the end of the eighteenth century the history of the Castle of the Mountains is principally that of many and quickly-succeeding sultans, who followed one another as swiftly as intrigue and treachery, with their handmaidens, the dagger and poison-cup, could effectually do their work; and this was so thoroughly that the average reign of each barely exceeded six years. We have, however, an interesting account of the state held at the citadel by the Mameluke sultans in the sixteenth century, from the pen of Barbafella, who was secretary to the Venetian ambassador, Benetto Sanuto, on the occasion of a mission sent by the Doge.

On the morning of 24th April 1503, attended by numerous sheiks and Mamelukes, the Venetian Envoy and his retinue presented themselves at the castle. Ascending a high flight of steps, they passed through an iron doorway guarded by three hundred Mamelukes, and eleven inner gateways, each guarded by upwards of a hundred Mamelukes, before they entered a spacious courtyard, which Barbafella reckoned to be six times the size of St Mark's Square. Here, on a raised platform, surrounded by twelve thousand white-clad warriors, the Sultan Canso el Ghoury sat, clad in a dress of dark-green cloth, a muslin turban on his head, and a naked scimitar by his side. This sultan met his death in that bloody fight which gave Egypt into the hands of the Sultan Selim and his victorious Turks, when it became part of the Ottoman Empire.

Mameluke sultan after Mameluke sultan held the citadel and Cairo under the ægis of the Porte from this time on until one July morning in the year 1798, when a Frankish army, led by the greatest soldier of modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of the French Republic, marched in and took formal possession. The previous day, on the plains of Embabeh, Eastern valour had gone down before the unshaken discipline of the army of Italy, and another step had been gained in that gigantic plan of Eastern conquest mapped out in the brain of the great Corsican—a plan which some little time

later was rudely shaken, first by a one-armed British sailor who sent the French fleet to the bottom of Aboukir Bay, and again by another British sailor who sent the invader worsted and beaten from before the walls of Acre.

For three years the French held possession; then, some time after Napoleon had left for France, and Kleber, his best general, had been assassinated in what is now the garden of Shepheard's Hotel, they departed, leaving Mameluke and Turk to fight for possession. Out of this heterogeneous mass struggling for power there rose one man, a soldier of fortune, who, though he once sold tobacco in the streets of his native Cavalha, was yet a man of destiny; and succeeding where the great Corsican had failed, he bequeathed unimpaired to his children a kingdom which he had won with his sword.

At the time of the French embarkation Mohammed Ali was but a captain of Albanian mercenaries; but in four years, by his consummate address, he had made himself master of Cairo and the citadel, from which he drove Khurshid Pasha, the nominee of the Imperial Ottoman Porte. Khurshid had taken refuge in the citadel, confident in its powers of resistance. But the times had changed. The days of the battering-ram and scaling-ladders had passed away, and villainous saltpetre had come into use; and Mohammed Ali, with that ready adaptability which ever characterised him, had cannon dragged up to the Mukattam Heights, from which he had the citadel at his mercy.

Two years later Fraser's ill-fated expedition went to Egypt; and—however humiliating the admission to one's national pride—it was defeated by Mohammed Ali in fair fight at the battle of El Hamad, and four hundred British soldiers were imprisoned in the citadel dungeons. However, the captives were well treated by Mohammed Ali, and eventually liberated. It is a most extraordinary fact, as illustrating the vagaries of fortune, that the citadel was lately garrisoned by the regiment which was imprisoned there in 1807—the Seaforth Highlanders, or Ross-shire Buffs.

It is not our intention to enter into details of all the bloody deeds which history relates as having occurred in the citadel. That would prove an endless topic, for it is doubtful if any fortress of either ancient or modern times could furnish such a sanguinary record; but there is one incident which no account of the citadel, however brief, can leave unnoticed.

By the year 1811 Mohammed Ali had worsted most of his enemies; there yet remained, however, the remnant of the ancient lords of the country, the Mamelukes, whose insatiable hatred was neither to be appeased by favour nor mitigated by fear. As long as they survived there was danger; and Mohammed Ali in his march to power was not the man to be hampered by slight qualms of conscience.

On the morning of the 1st March 1811 his son, Toussoun Pasha, was to be invested with the pelisse of commander-in-chief, and all the notabilities of the country had been invited to take part in the ceremony, the Mamelukes included. Four hundred and eighty strong, they rode to the citadel, secure in their numbers and prowess, and resplendent in their gorgeous trappings and magnificent uniforms. As honoured guests they were received; and, well pleased, they departed down the long, narrow lane, flanked with high walls and rocks, which, passing through the great gate of Azab, opens out upon the Roumeylia Square. The foremost had already almost reached the entrance, and those in the rear had passed well within the lane, when suddenly Saleh Khosh, the chief of Mohammed Ali's Albanian bodyguard, shouted out an order, and in an instant the rocks and walls around swarmed with men, who fired volley after volley upon the seething, swearing, struggling mass below. Fruitlessly the Mamelukes forced their horses up the slope, or, dismounting, tried to climb the rocks to get at their enemies. It was all in vain. The place was a trap, and of the four hundred and eighty who set out that morning not one came out of those shambles alive. It is said that one Mameluke, Ermin Bey by name, escaped by binding the eyes of his charger with his turban and jumping him over the battlements; and dragoonians to this day point out to the trusting tourist a spot from which the drop is at least eighty feet, remarking with due solemnity, 'Here Mameluke jump.' But, however picturesque, we fear that the story is only one of those very pleasant fables of which the land of Egypt furnishes such a fruitful crop. The truth, as far as can be gathered, is that this particular Mameluke came late, and bolting into Syria, lived securely there for many years, no doubt often thinking that, whilst punctuality might be a virtue, there are times when the want of it is not altogether without its compensations.

From this time on until, with years, his position had become more assured, and he moved into his country palace at Shoubrah, Mohammed Ali resided in the citadel; and he was buried, in 1849, in the mosque which bears his name.

Peaceful times fell upon this grim and battered old fortress henceforward, until Arabi Pasha raised the flag of revolt in 1882, when again it became the centre of warlike activity, to be held by the mutineers until, on the evening of the 13th September 1882, one hundred British soldiers, spurring up their jaded horses, which had carried them from the field of Tel-el-Kebir, rode into the citadel, and by sheer audacity compelled the Egyptian troops to lay down their rifles and yield themselves up as prisoners of war.

Although this grim old fortress is so rich in

historic associations and stories of stirring deeds, it is yet set amongst surroundings in comparison with which it is but a thing of a day. It has often been said that the view from its battlements is the finest in the world. However that may be, it may be asserted that from no other single standpoint can be seen spread out to view places and things of richer interest or of more momentous import in the history of the world.

Right below at our feet lies Cairo, with its four hundred mosques—Cairo, an ancient city, but yet a thing of yesterday compared with Memphis, which lay far over on the left, where now can be seen faintly the pyramids of Sakkarah—Memphis, which was no mushroom-city when Abraham came into Egypt, and on whose heaped-up mounds the squalid village of Mitrahenny now stands, and amongst whose broken pottery half-naked Arab children play. Here, too, long after, the Assyrian came, when mad Cambyses slew the Apis bull, the sacred god of the Egyptians.

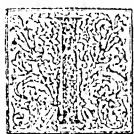
There, thrown into bold relief by the setting sun, which dips just behind them, are the great pyramids of Ghizeh; and near by is the village of Embabeh, where Napoleon defeated the Mamelukes, and delivered the well-known oration beginning, 'Soldiers, fifty centuries look down upon you!' Those great mounds of earth, too, bounding Cairo to the south are practically all that remain of El Fostat, where Amru, the Arab conqueror of Egypt, first pitched his tent, and, sword in hand, promulgated those doctrines which yet remain as the religion of its people.

Far away on the right, near what is now the village of Matarieh, was Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, whence Joseph the alien took his wife, and where the youthful Moses drank deep of the fount of Egyptian learning. There, right along, seen here and there, is the glinting surface of the father of rivers, the bountiful genius of Egypt, whose waters, now laden with *ghiassas* and steamboats, have yet reflected the gorgeous sails of Cleopatra's yacht, and borne the weight of Cæsar's ships-of-war.

Out far beyond Cairo, river, and pyramids stretches the inscrutable, silent desert, from which the gloom steals up at night, leaving for a moment, ere night itself falls, the battered old pile bathed in the rich after-glow of an Egyptian sunset.

The Castle of the Mountains has had many masters, and upon it the soldiers of an alien race now hold their grip. Saracen, emperor, soldier of fortune—they have all passed away; and the old walls which once echoed to the stirring sound of Saladin's war-drums, as they called the faithful to fight against the infidel, now echo with equal impartiality to the sound of the bugle as it rouses the British soldier from his bed in the morning.

THE ETHICS OF LUCK.



Is luck a reality or a superstition?

This is a question apt to arise in the mind that is suffering from the supposed vagaries of this imperial phantom. Are the succession of bad cards for a whole evening

and the loss of a fortune alike unequivocal tokens with a plump legacy and 'five by cards game' of the good or ill humour of the fickle imp?

It is noticeable that luck, spoken of simply as luck, signifies good-luck. 'What luck!' thinks the speculator as his shares go up by leaps and bounds. The peasant drinks to 'luck' in the eleemosynary glass which he owes to the chance generosity of a stranger. 'How lucky to have reached home before the storm broke!' as though the storm had been delayed by the wayfarer's luck, and only ventured to come down when he was safely housed. 'Give a man luck, and cast him into the sea,' says the proverb; 'he cannot drown, any more than the boat that carried Cæsar and his fortunes could founder.' 'It is all luck' is the phrase that consoles the loser and moderates the pride of the winner at the game of life, or any other game, all the world over. 'And this success I owe not in any way to fortune' was reckoned a foolhardy boast even in the mouth of the Cæsar who made it. For, however lucky a man may have been, the luck may turn, may desert a former favourite for a new and luckier comer; and therefore luck must neither be provoked by ingratitude nor irritated by futile complaints.

But into these errors the really lucky man seldom falls; he believes in himself too implicitly, and is more apt to trade upon his luck than to defy it. Everything he touches turns, in the popular phrase, into gold; and his friends and followers cling to the fiction of his infallible luck with a blinder and more obsequious fidelity even than his own. They whisper that he has the 'devil's own luck,' without considering perhaps that that potentate's luck is scarcely lucky. One of the very luckiest of modern speculators—lucky to the tune of fourteen or fifteen millions sterling—has himself put it upon record that he was 'the most miserable devil on the face of the earth.' His diabolic promptings or his Jay Gouldish dexterity, one or both; his unflinching, rigid, remorseless pursuit of his one object, let who would go to the wall, so he kept the crown of the causeway, ended in riches beyond the dreams of avarice and wretchedness below that of the lowest of Adam's sons. Fortune has been merry—has granted him his heart's desire, and a fatal consciousness of the leanness of his own soul therewith.

A fool is proverbially lucky. The best of cards

are dealt to him who least knows how to profit by them—to him they bring but the embarrassment of riches; or, rendered prodigal by such unearned and unlooked-for luck, he runs easily through a couple of fortunes; and dies a beggar at the end.

On the belief in luck have augurs, diviners, fortune-tellers, all traded from time immemorial to the present age. They 'calculate' the incalculable; and, necessarily, arbitrary dogmas take the place of a logical basis on which to work out their schemes. They rely in the luck of odd numbers; in them the imperial phantom—either in birth or chance or death—loves to reside. Seven has always been a number to conjure with, and the seventh child of a seventh child born in the seventh month comes clad in a mysterious panoply of foreknowledge absolute; while nine was at one place and period looked upon as a symbol of deity. Great men will have their lucky day or month, as one of the Cæsars gave his name to the eighth month—that in which the most fortunate events of his life had occurred. The blood of a great family, like that of the Stuarts or the Bourbons, for instance, is said to carry with it, even in its collateral branches, the taint of that ill-success, ill-health, which is summed up as ill-luck. Certain gems, such, for instance, as opals, are esteemed as stones of ill-omen—talismans reversed. It is not, of course, that their beauty is brittle, but that they carry with them ill-luck to their wearers or owners. The truth of this superstition is demonstrated by the violent deaths which have befallen unlucky opal-wearers. Have they not succumbed to the ill-luck attending a gem, to gain possession of which a fellow-creature has not hesitated to shed their blood? No doubt it is very unlucky to awaken the covetousness of a robber and a murderer. And as opals are especially esteemed in the East for their talismanic powers, changing their iridescent hues according to the danger or safety of their wearer, to this imaginary gift their evil reputation is doubtless due. For, like other talismans, the opal is capable of having its action reversed in the hands of a new owner; or so it is believed. Indeed, the carriage so artfully designed by Napoleon the Great—so commodiously fitted up, so lavishly furnished—sufficed to carry him first to Moscow and last to Waterloo; and having wrecked the fortunes of its great contriver, it made those of its two succeeding owners, and is still 'going,' in more senses than one, for, like Wallenstein's horse, very little is left of the original article, owing to the enthusiasm of curiosity-mongers and collectors.

The Oriental mind, with a strong leaning towards fatalism, is by consequence a devout believer in luck. In a well-known allegory, two

friends—one a believer and the other a sceptic in the imperial phantom—agree to test luck. Two honest, industrious poor men are selected to be experimented on. The sceptic gives to one honest, industrious poor man sufficient money to start him in business; the believer in luck simply presents to the second poor man the first thing he happens to pick up—a piece of lead. By a series of the most unforced natural accidents, the money-gifted poor man returns ere long to his poverty. The experiment is repeated with the same result. In the meanwhile the man endowed with the insignificant piece of lead rises by means of it—and luck—to opulence. So that, in this instance at least, the proverb that it is better to be born lucky than rich is borne out by the event.

To the practical Western mind, accustomed to trace the necessary concatenation of human events, the theory of a personal luck is not without its absurdity. Yet when it is considered that by walking down one side of the street instead of the other, by entering or abstaining from entering a room, the whole future of a man's life has been coloured, we cannot reflect without wonder on the causes, trivial and accidental in the highest degree, on which turn the vicissitudes of our lives. Add to this, what has been so often observed that it has crystallised into a proverb, that misfortunes never come singly (just as prosperity is drawn as by a magnet to the prosperous); and the sense of being pursued, either by ill-luck or good, necessarily exercises a considerable influence over our thoughts, if not our actions.

A good man struggling with adversity—ill-luck—is popularly said to be a sight for the gods; the entertainment is certainly, at times, a prolonged one. To protect oneself, therefore, if it may easily be done, from the malice, and to propitiate the favour of the phantom, has naturally occupied man's imaginative nature. Why witches were supposed to be disarmed of their unholy powers by horse-shoes we do not know; but in houses of recent erection the superstition is still extant. Within the past year we have observed no less than seven nailed over the door of a quite modern mansion, and the owner's justification of his credulity was threefold: first, that they couldn't be seen because of the jasmine; second, that Nelson had one nailed to the mast of the *Victory*; and last, that if he were to remove them his wife would be sure they would be ruined the week after. It has been argued that the confidence inspired by a favourable augury gave to the Roman soldiers that assurance of conquest which is in itself half the victory. In like manner Napoleon was used to point to a sunbeam as a symbol of success, like that which the Sun of Austerlitz had brought him and his veterans; well knowing the effect of a happy omen on the common mind from the influence which it was

prone to exercise over his own uncommon one. For it cannot be denied that the greatest intellects have been by no means free of the spell which a belief in luck casts over its votaries. But while a strong mind may indulge harmlessly in a pet superstition, well knowing it to be such, the same credulity will relax into hopeless demoralisation that mind which is not braced by principle or guided by ethics higher than those of luck. To an infatuated belief in or a confidence unreservedly bestowed on luck the gambler owes the misery of a life wasted in the worship of a phantom. *Soli Deo gloria* carries too dazzling a brilliance for weak eyes to contemplate, and the strongest crutches are impediments to hands too feeble and unaccustomed to grasp them firmly. So we limp unrejoicingly along the road of life, and peer through smoked glass darkly for the light of our 'luck.'

WHICH OF US TWAIN?

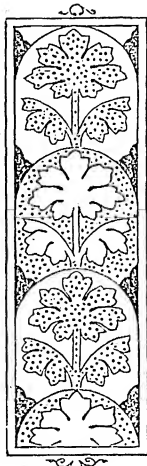
I HEARD one sing beside the stream,
When eve was robed in sad and gray:
'Dear heart,' he sang, 'which of us twain
Has lived his life to greater gain?
For I have lived to joy alway,
And I have laughed in every day,
And I have lived in every breath,
And I have sucked each sweet; and you
Have knelt—as He of Nazareth—
And sipped of joy and supped of rue,
And looked toward a day of death.'

'Dear heart,' I said, 'if life were all—
If life were life, and death were death—
Then life might judge betwixt us twain
Which life is lived to greater gain.
If life were all, and with the breath
Your life and mine should cease to be,
Then life might judge 'twixt you and me,
And say which seed was better grown,
And which dead blossom bloomed most gay,
And which lived best: who lived aloft,
Or he who sought the crowd alway.
But life and death shall cease to be;
And who shall speak of gain again,
And who shall say what wisdom is,
Or ask which seed were best unsown,
Or what were rue, what happiness;
And who shall judge 'twixt you and me
When sight is come to sightless men,
And He of Nazareth to His own?'

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

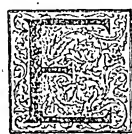
- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A BEND OF THE TWEED.



VERY one who knows the river Tweed from its rise in Tweed's Well to Berwick-on-Tweed, where it is lost in the German Ocean, has each his or her own favourite bend or reach or valley of that classic stream; and those who know it only here and there will be prepared to swear that the part they know is the best and finest stretch in all its course. The stretch we have in view is less known than some others, but is not less distinguished; and, once known, it becomes 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.'

Almost opposite to Ashiestiel, in driving, walking, or cycling, there is a choice of two roads: one by Caddonlee and Clovenfords, over the hill to Galashiels; the other, which hugs the Tweed, by Caddonfoot, Fernilee, and the Rink farm, where there is a Roman camp, on to Selkirk or Galashiels. It is this lower road that, either in coming up or going down the river, will be found so full of interest and charm. Ruskin has praised it; so have all the poets belonging to the Edinburgh Angling Club, and so has Andrew Lang. The latter in thinking of this spot says: 'Life is always "the boy" when one is beside the Tweed. Times change, and we change, for the worse; but the river changes little. Still he courses through the keen and narrow rocks beneath the bridge of Yair. . . . Still the water loiters along by the long boat-pool of Yair, as though loath to leave the drooping boughs of the elms; still it courses with a deep eddy through the Elm Wheel, and ripples under Fernilee.' And this Fernilee was the home of Alison Rutherford, whose letters have been edited by Mr Craig-Brown.

Those who have felt the indescribable charms of the river Tweed will be prepared to agree with Christopher North that 'we love them too well to describe them.' William and Dora Wordsworth characterised the scenery on their journey in 1803, between Peebles and Clovenfords Inn, as—

More pensive in sunshine
Than others in moonshine.

But they journeyed to Melrose over the hill to Galashiels, and so missed this bend of the Tweed. It is possible we have thus missed a sonnet also! Lockhart says that houses or lands would have had little permanent interest or charm for Sir Walter Scott unless they were situated in Ettrick or Yarrow or

Pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed.

Ashiestiel, in Ettrick Forest, fast by the Tweed, was Scott's happiest home, for one always associates Abbotsford, which is five miles lower down, with the tragedy of his later life. Scott has otherwise thrown the glamour of romance over the vale of Tweed in his *Monastery*, *Abbot*, *The Black Dwarf*, and the introductory poems in *Marmion*. Melrose, Dryburgh, and Abbotsford are places of pilgrimage; while Innerleithen, claiming to be St Ronan's Well, has cunningly named the product of its mineral well after the novel of that name. Traquair is near by, with its ghostly old house: the poem by Principal Shairp, 'The Bush 'aboon Traquair,' preserves the charm of the place; while Dr John Brown's *Minchmoor* is the best of guide-books for those who wish to tramp over the hills into Yarrow.

This bend of the Tweed between Ashiestiel and Yair Bridge, so full of literary and scenic interest and charm, is less visited than some parts, though when once seen it rises up in the memory and imagination again and again like the daffodils Wordsworth saw dancing by the lake-side. Sir George Reid has done his best for the river in the illustrations to his *River Tweed*; so has Mr Burn-Murdoch, who has several sketches of this bend of the river in Andrew Lang's *Angling Sketches*. Two prose papers by Lang and one or two of his poems do justice to the Tweed here and elsewhere; but whether is Christopher North or Andrew Lang the greatest story-teller about this very bend of the Tweed? There is a curious similarity in their angling experiences here. Both

arrive at the river when a splendid 'rise' is on, and both are similarly unprepared. John Ruskin, driving up to Ashiestiel, was impressed with 'the murmur, whisper, and low fall of the stream, unmatched for mystery and sweetness;' while Andrew Lang confesses that 'one cannot reproduce the charm of the strong river in pool and stream, of the steep rich bank that it rushes or lingers by, of the green and heathery hills beyond, or the bare slopes where the blue slate breaks through among the dark old thorn-trees, remnants of the Forest. It is all homely and all haunted; and if a Tweedside fisher might have his desire, he would sleep the long sleep in the little churchyard that lies lonely above the pool of Caddonfoot, and hard by Christopher North's favourite quarters at Clovenfords.' A brave fisher does sleep there, Robert Shortreed, known as 'Robin o' the Nest,' keeper for forty years of the headquarters of the Edinburgh Angling Club. Just here at Caddonfoot, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, when a lad, wandering thither from Melrose, with his fishing-rod, threw it aside and took up his sketch-book instead. Andrew Lang has further helped to haunt this region by his pretty fairy-story *The Gold of Fernilee*, the deserted mansion of the Rutherfords near Yair Bridge. Alison Rutherford or Cockburn of Fernilee, who foretold the future greatness of Scott, having seen him as a child of seven in his own home in George Square, Edinburgh, wrote a version of the 'Flowers of the Forest,' and when an old woman pictured her youthful days at Tweedside: 'I can this minute figure myself running as fast as a greyhound, on a hot summer day, to have the pleasure of a plunge into Tweed. I see myself made up like a ball, with my feet wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of hill at Fernilee, letting myself roll down to the bottom with infinite delight.'

Scott made Clovenfords Inn his headquarters ere he took Ashiestiel: not the present inn, but Whytbank-lee Cottage, which seems likely again to be transformed to its original use. Thither, Christopher North tells us, he once drove from Edinburgh at 4 A.M., and took a breakfast such as only a hungry angler could face. The style affected by Christopher North in *Blackwood* has gone out of literature, and few now read the *Noctes*. Yet what a graphic power he wielded! What poetry, wholesomeness, and freshness in every page of his writing!—there were giants in those days; like a modern cinematograph, images and pictures are made to dance before the mind's eye of the reader. His writings are as full of exuberant life as the man himself, and the three hours and five minutes he takes to do the thirty-six miles from Edinburgh thither pass very quickly in his company. To Wilson the Tweed was then the best trouting stream in Scotland, and he would have heartily endorsed the lines of Thomas Tod Stoddart in its praise, or those of a later laureate:

Of all the bends on silver Tweed
Where is there one so fair
As that in front of Fernilee,
The famed boat-pool of Yair?
The fringing trees droop tenderly
From banks of sward all green,
And in the waters, passing by,
Their mirrored grace is seen;
And when the summer zephyrs blow,
And swing the branches hanging low,
Soft kisses pass between.

What reminiscences Wilson has given us of fishing here and elsewhere, mixed with his own exuberant humour! And he takes time to tell of a visit to Ashiestiel when Scott was there. William Wordsworth signalised his visit to Clovenfords by writing 'Yarrow Unvisited.' Since 1867 Clovenfords has been famous for the Tweed Vineries, where luscious grapes and orchids for the London market were grown by the late William Thomson, once gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith. He made this barren hillside blossom like the rose with his scientific methods and his patent manure. At Dalkeith he raised two new varieties of grapes; here at Clovenfords he founded a prosperous industry which was soon widely imitated. The place became quite an important little village, with a station on the Galashiels and Peebles Railway, and is a famous nursery for young gardeners. He had gold medals at Hamburg and Paris, and was a splendid example of a successful self-made man.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder terms Ashiestiel Sir Walter Scott's Paradise. By his own confession, the period he spent here between 1804 and 1812, when he removed to Abbotsford, was a very happy time. He was storing those images and impressions which were afterwards to be given forth in his poetry and his novels. Here *Marmion* and the first portion of *Waverley* were written, as well as that precious autobiographic fragment which Lockhart has rightly placed in the forefront of the *Memoir*. Professor Veitch is correct in saying that the introductory cantos of *Marmion* are the most exquisite of all his writings. These were the direct inspiration of this place and its surroundings; 'as if felt and written amid the glow of heather, sheen of bracken, and ripple of the burn, while the heart is filled and stirred by old legend and story and romance.' He wrote in the dining-room, which now forms part of a passage; his books were kept in the dining-room. Through a window in the old dining-room Scott's greyhounds, Douglas and Percy, used to bound out and in as he sat at work. Here the family lived simply, killed their own mutton and poultry; and, as they were seven miles from kirk or market, the master read prayers on Sunday, and would tell the young folks Bible stories after dinner in the open air, it might be beside Elibank Tower. Lockhart thought a more beautiful place for a poet could

not be conceived. It suited his disposition, for he said if he did not see the heather once a year he would die. Scott thought the place sequestered, simple, solitary; the situation 'uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game.' Thither came John Murray to consult Scott about the *Quarterly Review*; Southey was also a visitor, and at Williamshope, at the head of the glen, he said a last good-bye to Mungo Park, the African traveller.

Christopher North was there also, and heard him chant from the quarto sheets of MS. the two first cantos of *Marmion*, with look, voice, and action appropriate to the spirit-stirring poetry of war; he also rode with a party over the hills to Newark Tower, where the minstrel was in at the death of the sole hare killed that day. In later years John Ruskin drove thither, up Tweedside from Abbotsford, and described the Tweed and his impressions of the place with the hand of a master. The nucleus of the place was a Border peel, once the property of the Kers; in Scott's time he rented it from his cousin-german, Colonel Russell. There was then no bridge over the Tweed here, and a kitchen grate lay for long at the ford in the bed of the Tweed. The flitting thither from the banks of the Esk he considered the greatest bore in creation; that to Abbotsford no less so. When he moved, his neighbours were delighted with the procession of his furniture down Tweedside, in which old swords, targets, and lances were much in evidence. Probably such a nondescript flitting as that of Scott's from Ashiestiel never was seen before on Tweedside. In leaving this home he turned his back on ease and peace of mind.

How perennial is the interest in Scott and his writings may be judged by the publication of three different editions of his novels close upon the heels of one another at the beginning of 1901, the announcement of a limited 'Edinburgh' edition, and also the issue of a brief *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (Sands & Co.) by Professor Hudson, of Stanford University, California. This last is a sound and well-balanced piece of work, which it is a pleasure to meet with, and from which we learn that in Great Britain his romances are bought and read as widely as ever—as widely as the novels of Dickens, and more widely than those of Thackeray. Scott was fortunate in having as biographer his son-in-law Lockhart, whose great work has been supplemented by the issue of the *Letters and Journal*. Robert Chambers, George Gilfillan, R. H. Hutton, Professor Saintsbury, and James Hay have all written brief biographies. Professor Hudson, his latest biographer, is probably right in setting down the central principle of Scott's career as ambition for the 'clan Scott.' Personal fame and fortune were all subservient to this. He spent

some seventy-six thousand pounds on Abbotsford. 'His poems and novels,' says Professor Hudson, 'are incidents of his existence, his life-work was Abbotsford.' Scott left his name unstained and had no enemies, and the kind of pride which makes a man in the decadence of his powers espouse a debt of about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, which was only partly his own, is not so common that we cannot admire it. Mark Twain recently accepted the same position, and lectured and scribbled himself out of it, and survived the ordeal. In range and depth of influence, Scott, according to Professor Hudson, comes after Goethe as the most important single figure in the imaginative literature of his time. That imaginative literature Professor Hudson has again appraised, and, while he is just to Scott as a poet, he shows his shortcomings. Of the novels, he thinks *Black Dwarf*, *Monastery*, and *Betrothed* the poorest of the lot; *Ivanhoe* is 'lath and plaster;' while, with Lord Tennyson, he regards *Old Mortality* as the greatest in sustained dramatic power. To the *Antiquary* and *Guy Mannering* he also gives a high place.

'Still the old tower of Elibank is black and strong in ruin; Elibank the home of that Muckle-Mou'd Meg.' So writes Andrew Lang of Elibank Tower above Ashiestiel; but historical research proves the story to be a myth as told by Scott and later writers. Scott of Harden's son and heir was said to have been made prisoner by Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, and was on the point of being hanged, when the lady of Elibank suggested the gentler punishment of allowing him to get off if he would wed their youngest and most ill-favoured daughter, 'Muckle-Mourthed Meg.' He consented, and she made an excellent wife. Now there is a document extant, seven feet in length, which shows the marriage to have been carried out in perfectly legal form, Agnes (not Margaret) bringing Harden seven thousand marks as dowry. It is a good story, but without foundation in fact. Robert Browning in his last-published volume of poems, *Asolando*, also gives a version of the story.

That jovial, rollicking society, the Edinburgh Angling Club, for the past fifty years has rented a stretch of water on this bend of the Tweed, and seems to have had good and bad times on the river, but always good times in the evening in the Nest—the little cottage first rented near Yair Bridge, and now situated

Where Ashiestiel looks down on Tweed
And Tweed rolls broad on Caddonlea.

It was here that the best salmon-fishing was reputed to begin, and in one pool Scott and Hogg were upset in Tweed while burning the water. The sport in the Nest exceeded the sport outside, a Tweed salmon when caught costing its owner from three to five pounds. There have been three selections issued of the songs of this

club; the first two are not to be had either for love or money. The last, with a preface by the present editor of the *Scotsman*, is entitled *Songs and Selections from the Album of the Edinburgh Angling Club*, 'founded 1847, with illustrations drawn and engraved by members of the Club. New and enlarged edition, edited by J. Smith, M.D.' Many notable authors, artists, and business and professional men have been members of this club. Nearly all the members of this Nest seem to have been singing-birds. Before 1857 they had rare times, and indulged in such questionable baits as worm, salmon-roe, and minnow; and 'all was fish that came to their net.' Robert Shortreed, the keeper of the Nest, is described as 'a man of few words, but of mighty piscatorial prowess, the guide, philosopher, and friend of those thrice-happy anglers who fish the Tweed.' One of the most famous members was the late Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*, of whom some funny anecdotes are given. A member thus describes his advent:

Anxious I listen for the usual bustle
That hails the advent of the Immortal Russel.
For who so famous by the Tweed's fair banks
As he who plays there such prodigious pranks?
Has not each stretch, from Berwick to the source,
Full oft resounded to his shouting hoarse,
As, rushing, dashing, plashing through its tide,
He bawls for help to all the country-side?

We thought to tell the story of Russel and the 'cod's head and shoulders,' but rather refer the reader to the volume. The angler would doubtless need all this fun at the Nest to make up for the times when he has stood 'mid-way in the gelid Tweed, his shoulder aching, his teeth chattering, his coat-tails afloat, and his basket empty.'

Thomas Tod Stoddart recalls the halcyon days of Tweed angling when thirty pounds of fish was considered a good day's work. Mr Graham Bell, advocate, had a record day on Innerleithen water when the river was coloured, and took between forty and fifty pounds of trout, one of them five pounds in weight. Sir Humphry Davy

hooked and landed a salmon of forty-two pounds, after a desperate struggle, in the pool above Yair Bridge: twenty pounds is a good weight for a Tweed salmon. Still, as of old, there are men who haunt the river's banks, poor weavers and others, with indifferent rods and tackle, who do wonders. It is to be hoped that the new salmon hatchery for the Tweed and Teviot at East Learmouth, near Cornhill, may be of great benefit to Tweed fishings.

We prefer this bend of the Tweed, as we have often seen it, and as the poet of the Angling Club describes it, in the month of June or in late autumn, with its 'glowing red':


Go view that scene in month of June
When the hawthorn is in flower.
And the flakes of pure white blossom fall
Like snow in summer shower.
The sweetness of that fairy spot
Sinks to the inmost soul:
Here one could dream his life away,
Nor seek for farther goal.

The poet is quite correct, although he may have added the last line for the sake of the rhyme; for hunger and business drive the most poetical onward. When the sun comes down through the trees at Yair Bridge, and the woods are alive with songsters, and that upward bend of the Tweed breaks on the vision, one feels richer, for a lifetime, in the wonder, gladness, and beauty of the scene and the hour. All this wonder and beauty 'sank to the inmost soul' of Scott, Christopher North, Wordsworth, Andrew Lang, Alexander Smith ('I lay by the Tweed,' &c.), and a host of others born to blush unseen; and may also be the inheritance of all who go thither with a quiet heart.

And all through the summer morning
I felt it a joy indeed
To whisper again and again to myself,
'This is the voice of the Tweed.'
I had dreams: but most of the river,
That, glittering mile on mile,
Flowed through my imagination,
As through Egypt flows the Nile.

THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—WE MAKE A FRESH START.

T was on a Thursday evening that we arrived at Rushmere, and we lay snugly concealed in the ample shelter of the east wing until the next Thursday. It was quiet; but we were in no humour to grumble at that; as well expect the hunted stag to repine in the sweet, shady covert where he lies secure from the hounds.

While we rested and spent a few halcyon days our friends were busy for us. The Commodore's man, Peter Catlin, as true-blue an old

salt as his master, was despatched to a village in the southern reach of Southampton Water to arrange that a lugger should be ready for us on Thursday night, when the tide would serve about eleven o'clock.

On the Tuesday evening, some two hours after dark, the Commodore rode up to Rushmere, very drunk, and with a large bag of gold in his pocket. It had been his errand that day to obtain money in Romsey, and he had not neglected his opportunities at the market-dinner. Still, so seasoned a vessel was he that the

utmost strong liquor could do was to fluster him slightly; his seat and his speech it never affected.

'Here's your money,' said he, jingling the bag down on the table of the oak parlour, where Sir Humphrey and I were sitting; 'and it's time for you to go.'

'How's that?' I asked.

'Who d'ye suppose I saw to-day?' he said, wagging his head portentously. 'My Lord Kesgrave, if you please, walking about with as smooth a face as the honestest man in the fair.'

'Kesgrave!' said I, and we looked at each other.

'That's the man,' replied the Commodore, 'and I told him my mind as plain as ye like. For he came up to me offering to shake my hand, but I would have none of him. "My Lord Kesgrave," says I, "you're a scurvy rogue—a damned scurvy rogue," and with that I put my hand in my pocket.'

'And when was it you met him?' I asked.

'About half-an-hour before I started home,' replied the Commodore.

It was the answer I expected.

'And did you explain why you set such names on him?' I asked bitterly.

'George!' cried the Commodore, cocking an eye of drunken wisdom on me. 'As if I should be such a fool as that!'

'How did he take your attack, Richard?' asked Sir Humphrey.

'Just laughed and went his way,' replied his brother-in-law.

'I don't like the look of this,' I remarked to Sir Humphrey, as the Commodore settled himself in a chair and began to nod in the warmth of the room.

'Nor I, my boy,' he returned. 'But, thank Heaven! you are off soon.'

He drew the bag of money towards him and began to tell it. When he had done so we returned to our conversation on the future arrangements of Cicely and myself; but in a few minutes we were interrupted in an odd fashion—a fashion which might easily have proved very dangerous for us all. Of a sudden we heard the handle turned, the door was opened a little, and a voice called out, 'Sir Humphrey, are you here?'

I knew it at once, and made but one spring from my chair to the refuge of the thick window-curtains. Luckily I was sitting on that side of the room, and was under cover in a hand's turn. I flung them together before me, and then stood rigidly still. The curtains did not close by the width of a tiny slit, through which I could look into the room, and they were still shaking violently when Squire Hampton came into sight round the door. He had heard the scrape of my chair, I felt certain. His cunning

ferrety eye came my way before he spoke to Sir Humphrey.

'I was just riding home from Romsey,' he said, 'and it occurred to me to call and ask for the loan of your copy of the paper from London about the new revenue taxes. I found the front door ajar, so fastened my horse and came direct here, as I knew it was your habit to sit in this parlour of an evening.'

'Take a chair, Mr Hampton,' said Sir Humphrey, 'and be seated for a moment. I will fetch the paper from my justice-room.'

Mr Hampton murmured his thanks and apologies for the intrusion, and away went Sir Humphrey. The Commodore continued to nod by the fire. Scarcely had Sir Humphrey's creaking step ceased to sound along the passage than, to my great uneasiness, I saw that Squire Hampton was about to leave his chair. He looked with the utmost caution at his nodding companion, half-raised his body, and fixed his curious eye on my retreat. It was evident he felt certain some one was concealed there; and I knew it would be utterly beyond his self-control to refrain from prying into a mystery.

Then he stood up and began to cross the room with slow, stealthy steps. I clenched my fist and prepared to strike him from the shelter of the curtains, when of a sudden the Commodore leapt to his feet, made two strides up to him, and caught him by the collar with the hook which served my kinsman as a hand. Squire Hampton wriggled and attempted to spring aside; but the hook was fast in his cravat, and held him as tightly as ever hook held trout. Then the Commodore's open hand, hard as a slab of oak, took him with a resounding cuff along the side of the head and rolled him over and over towards the door, the cravat tearing away, and a long shred of it fluttering on the hook like a streamer of victory.

The squire called out in his pain like a boy not yet old enough or man enough to set his teeth and take his gruel without yelping, and tried to scramble to his feet; but while he was yet on hands and knees half-way up, the Commodore dealt him a hearty kick with his heavy riding-boot, and shot him sprawling at the feet of Sir Humphrey, who now ran in. All the time, with a cunning I had not thought in him, the Commodore was raving and tearing about some insult which Squire Hampton was supposed to have offered him at the market-dinner, and which he was now avenging.

Sir Humphrey hastened to place himself between them, and laid a restraining hand on his brother-in-law. Mr Hampton made another attempt to rise, and got to his feet successfully this time. On his assailant making another burst, he stayed neither for paper nor remonstrance nor aught else, but made one jump for the door and bolted for the outside and the safety of the

saddle. Then the Commodore laughed loudly and waved his hook in triumph, the tatter of cravat tossing like a pennon in the wind.

'Brother, brother, what new madness is this?' cried the baronet.

'Madness, Humphrey! There's more matter than madness here, I'll let ye to know,' cried the victor. 'Yon rogue was about to draw the cover and beat Master George out when I caught him and hauled him up short.'

'It is quite true, sir,' said I, coming forward. 'Hampton was half-way towards me when the Commodore checked his advance with a vengeance.'

'Ay, ay,' roared the old gentleman. 'I hate the knave like poison. It was better than meat and drink to give him yon clout and kick.'

'Well, brother, pray Heaven he be not rendered too suspicious by this awkwardness,' said Sir Humphrey. 'And now as to the vessel in which they fly. Is all settled plainly so that no mistake can be made?'

'As straight and as simple as can be,' replied the Commodore.—'Thou knowest thy way, lad, from here to Hythe?'

'Perfectly well,' said I.

'Ay, ay,' he rejoined. 'Well then, Peter Catlin himself will be waiting for ye to see ye on board and bring back word at once to us. Take time so that ye draw towards Hythe between ten and eleven of the clock. Peter will lie beside the road, and whoever comes he will advance towards them whistling "*The Leather Bottel*." If it be strangers he will pass them with a good-night; but you, hearing the tune, will speak to him, and he will know ye and lead ye straight to the spot where the lugger lies.'

On the Thursday evening as soon as the dusk was deep enough Cicely and I set out on our travels again, this time provisioned royally with money to carry us whither we were bound. We parted from Sir Humphrey and Lady Lester and the Commodore in the park, then walked a mile and a half into the depths of the chase, where Thomas, Sir Humphrey's man, was awaiting us with the pony I had bought at Southampton. He had caught it on the day after our arrival and safely stabled it against our departure. It seemed to be best to march exactly as we did before, with nothing about us which would do mischief to a third person should we be unlucky enough to come to grief. Our baggage was still as slender as ever, for we meant to purchase abroad what we required. Three minutes after we reached the copse where Thomas stood with the pony we were on our road, and he was hurrying back to the Hall. The night was clear and pleasant; there was no moon, but the stars shone steady and serene. I took the rein and stepped out swiftly, and the pony ambled beside me. For three hours we travelled thus through the dewy, starlit silence; sometimes we talked together in soft tones, sometimes we

kept silent for long stretches—a silence as companionable as speech. Then as we passed the window of a wayside cottage, through whose curtain shot a chink of light, I paused to look at my watch.

'Ten o'clock,' said I. 'We are timing ourselves to a moment.'

'How much farther have we to go?' asked Cicely.

'We ought to be there,' I replied, 'in an hour, or a little more.'

The hour passed and we were now less than a mile from Hythe. We slackened our pace and advanced at an easy walk. We went half a mile farther, then checked ourselves and waited, for a man was coming towards us whistling cheerily. It was the air agreed upon, and I whistled a bar or two in answer. He came up and turned on us a tiny slit of light from a dark-lantern he carried.

'Your sarvant, Captain,' said the new-comer; 'and yours, madam.'

'So, Peter,' said I, 'it's you?'

'Ay, ay, Captain,' said Peter Catlin. 'And all's ship-shape for the trip you know of.'

He turned and walked beside us.

'Why do you carry a lantern?' I asked. 'The night is not dark.'

'Tis true, sir, I do not want it here,' he replied; 'but we shall need it before we get to the spot where the boat lies. We've to go along narrow water-side paths, and I made it ready to spare time.'

'What is the name of this lugger?' said I.

'The *Merry Brother*, sir; Jem Peeke, master,' he replied. 'How has the journey passed wi' ye?'

'As smoothly as possible,' said I. 'You are the first person we have seen on the road since we left Rushmere.'

'Please God, I hope it'll end as well,' said the old man.

'What do you fear?' I asked, quickly marking the current of feeling in his tone.

'If I knew that, Captain,' he returned, 'I'd be easier in my mind. There's a something on my spirits, and I don't rightly know what. All the afternoon yesterday as I rode down here I'd a strange feeling that I was followed. I ne'er caught a glimpse o' aught, and Lord knows I turned in my saddle often enow to look. I ne'er heard a sound, and yet I felt so. There seemed no reason for it, but there 'twas, and there 'tis now.'

'It is a feeling common to all enterprises in which hazard lies,' said I reassuringly. 'How far have we to go again?'

'We turn here,' he rejoined, and led the pony across the highway towards the hedge. As we drew nearer to the tall black shadow the mouth of a lane became visible. Peter led the pony into it, and I followed behind, for there was not room enough to march abreast. We had gone half a

mile or more along this narrow byroad when, our feet being silenced by a strip of turf, I caught a sound as of two or three horsemen coming on far behind us.

'Peter,' I called softly, 'is this road much used by riders?'

'Little or never, sir,' he replied. 'They keep to the main, and very few walking have occasion to come this way.'

'There are people on horseback coming towards us, nevertheless,' said I. 'Do you go on a little, and I will wait at this bend to make sure.'

'Oh, do not run into any danger!' breathed Cicely.

'Danger, dearest?' I replied. 'I will give it a wide berth, be sure of that. If I am satisfied there are people following us, I will catch you up in a moment, and we'll hide; though, to be sure, they can only be people of the country returning home late.'

They went on, following the grassy margin, and I laid my ears in my neck and listened. The clink of horse-shoes had died away. A fox barked in a copse; a chafer droned overhead; no other sound broke the intense stillness. I remained without moving for full two minutes, then turned and hurried after Cicely and her attendant.

I was still twenty or thirty yards from them when I heard a low, breathless cry full of excitement and triumph, and at the same instant a choking groan and the sound of a heavy fall. I ran forward at full speed, and at the sound of my feet a harsh, strained voice called out:

'The reward is mine, my lord. He is down, and here is the lady.'

'My lord!' thought I. 'Ho, ho! you call to my lord!'

I said nothing, and my ready-witted Cicely, cool and alert in the presence of danger, made no sound of appeal to me. She left me the full advantage of surprise. The lane was dark, for the hedges rose high above it and almost met, yet I could see Peter's body on the grass and a man grappling with Cicely so that she could not ride away. I had my sword, but I dared not use it. Strength was the only weapon I could employ. I stepped up, and by the luckiest chance at first touch seized a hand with a knife in it. I shut my fingers about the hard, knuckly fist and put out all my strength, crushing his hand into the haft he held. He would have screamed; but now I had him by the throat and strangled his cry into a faint, throttled yelp. His other hand was on my wrist in an instant tugging fiercely to free his windpipe, and I knew that Cicely was released. I swung him aside into the hedge, caught sight of a stout hawthorn bole against the starry sky, and dashed his head against the knotty trunk. He fell all limp in my hands, and I tossed him into the grass. Peter's lantern had fallen from his grasp, had rolled into a rut, and now stood upright burning steadily, for the

candle-flame shot a tiny pencil of light through a crack of the door, I picked it up and turned the light on Peter. The rogue had stabbed him in the shoulder, the blood welling freely from the wound, and the old man, dazed with the sudden attack, was only now coming to himself. I next turned the light on the assailant. He had the look of a groom or a keeper, and I did not know his face at all. Cicely was down at once, and began binding up the wound with her kerchief.

'Go on, Captain,' said Peter feebly, attempting to rise. 'That wor' a foul stroke, if ye like. Took me in the back. But do ye go on a quarter-mile again to a cottage by the roadside. There's a man there will show ye'— His voice dropped and failed.

'We must carry him to the cottage he speaks of,' said Cicely. 'Put him on the pony, George. I will lead it, and you hold him steady.'

I did as she said, and we went as quickly as we could from the spot of the ambush. There had been no sign of any other living being about the place, but we knew very well who were in the neighbourhood. To be attacked by them, encumbered as we were, would be to suffer a fatal disadvantage, and for my part I dreaded that Kesgrave and Colin Lorel lurked in every shadow. I felt certain that the Commodore's ill-timed indignation lay at the bottom of this. Kesgrave would suspect at once whence arose my kinsman's ill-temper, and, without a doubt, had flung out a cloud of spies to watch every movement of our friends and their servants.

We reached the cottage in safety, though my heart was in my mouth at the rustling fall of every leaf which fluttered from the trees, and I knocked at the door. A female voice parleyed with us from within, but opened upon Peter speaking to her, and I carried the old man into the house. Cicely followed me, leaving the pony to crop the grass of the lane, and the woman clapped to the door again and fastened it by a heavy wooden bar falling into the staples on either side. Then she led the way into an inner room, where a fire of billets blazed on the hearth. Here I laid Peter down, and we made careful examination of his wound. Luckily the knife had missed a vital part; yet, tearing a long, ugly gash in the flesh, it had left an injury too serious to admit of Peter moving farther. The sole occupants of the house were two women, one of whom promptly brought a bottle of brandy from a cupboard in the wall. A strong dram revived the old man, and he looked up eagerly.

'Where's your husband? Where's Tom?' he asked of the woman who administered the brandy.

'I don't know,' she replied.

'They must be taken to Jem Peeke's house at once,' murmured Peter, pointing to us.

'They must wait, then, till Tom comes back,' said the woman; 'there's no one here who can take them.'

'No, no—at once,' pleaded the old man; 'there's danger abroad—people on the watch for them.'

'What people?' said the woman of the house.

'My little boy told me of three strange men he'd seen about here to-night,' broke in the second woman—'two on horseback and one on foot.'

Suddenly there came a furious knocking at the door. There had been no sound of any approach, but the heavy blows thundered through the house. The woman started forward.

'No,' said Peter, waving his hand feebly to keep her back.—'Fly! Fly!' he called faintly to me.

'There is nothing else for it,' said I to Cicely. 'To stay here will be only to bring dreadful trouble upon folk taken in our company.'

'Have you any other way from this house besides yonder door?' asked Cicely of the mistress of the house.

'Yes, mistress; and Jane Block will show it to ye at once, and good luck go with ye,' she replied, being a woman clearly used to pursuit and flight, a thing not uncommon in that smuggling neighbourhood. The knocking redoubled, and Jane Block started forward nervously.

'Go, go! Only go!' whispered old Peter.

We bade him farewell, thanked the cottage

woman, and followed our guide. She led us through a rude outbuilding behind the house, unfastened a door, and we were out in the night.

'This way,' she whispered, and took Cicely's hand. Cicely took mine, and we walked thus through thick shades of trees until we felt by the swish of grass about our feet that we had entered a field. We came out from under the trees, and gradually my eyes attuned themselves to the dim, faintly lighted landscape—the cottage had been filled with the strong shine of a lamp.

We went down a slight slope, and at the foot of it I saw the twinkling of stars reflected in a smooth, full stream. It was crossed by a plank and hand-rail, and here the woman stopped.

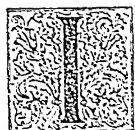
'Cross here, and go right on,' she said; 'the path is wide, and you can easily keep it, for the grass is long on both sides. It will lead you over a stile into the road. Make straight ahead, and you'll soon come to a little bunch of houses by the water-side. Any one there will guide you to Jem Peeke's.'

'Could you not come a little farther?' I asked. 'We are strangers to the byways of this country.'

'No, no,' she cried; 'I must haste home at once. I have left my children alone;' and with that she turned and ran away into the darkness.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

By E. G. CRAVEN.



IN the early part of the nineteenth century the advent of the steam locomotive was regarded as the fulfilment of a prophecy. The famous Mother Shipton, whose reputation as a 'wise woman' was made about the year 1550, is responsible for the prediction that some day in the far future carriages without horses should go. Robert Stephenson's genius had, however, only substituted a horse of iron for one of flesh and blood.

The locomotive was, and remains, self-propelled; but as its function is to draw a train of carriages behind it, it would seem that the true embodiment of the vehicle foreshadowed in the prophecy above alluded to was to be found nearer the end than the beginning of the nineteenth century. The ideal carriage without a horse is now a familiar object in all parts of the world; whereas in the steam locomotive nearly the whole of the vast framework is applied to and required for the propulsive power. With the self-propelled carriage referred to the exact reverse holds good. The huge and elegantly equipped vehicle propelled by electricity carries its living freight of perhaps eighty persons without even an indication that a certain insignificant portion of its bulk is all that is reserved for the power that can drive it along at twenty miles an hour.

Moreover, the question of speed is one merely of detail and local conditions.

Possibly the champions of the petroleum motor-car may be disposed to claim for this form of horseless carriage a share in the fulfilment of the Shipton prophecy, and not without justification; but space will not permit of a discussion on this subject, nor does comparison of this kind come within the scope of the present article.

Electrical propulsion has been spoken of as ideal, and it remains to show how far the employment of this term is justifiable. It is proposed in the first place to trace briefly the application of electrical energy as a motive-power from its initial stages up to the present time. The earliest electric motor of which we have any reliable data was that invented by Jacobi in 1838. This machine was made to drive a small boat on the Neva at the rate of about two miles an hour. Another early form of electric motor is that of Elias of Amsterdam, 1842. In this elementary machine two batteries were employed, by means of which one ring mounted within another, each fitted with magnetic poles, was revolved by their alternate attractive and repulsive action. In another, by a simple mechanical arrangement, bars of iron placed at equal intervals on the periphery of a wheel were in turn attracted towards a fixed electro-magnet which derived its

power from a primary battery current, thus causing the wheel to revolve. As may be imagined, this elementary motor possessed only feeble strength; but a useful little apparatus for the rotation of vacuum-tubes is still constructed on this principle. For many years no important advance was made in the direction of using electrical energy as a source of motion. Ricordon's reciprocating motor was, however, introduced; and a modification of its principle is still used to advantage in the construction of rock-drills.

It is, perhaps, not very complimentary to those who were devoting their lives to the study of electricity, but it is nevertheless true, that the discovery which forms the absolute basis of all modern electric motors was the result of chance. It seems hard that this result should not have been led up to in the ordinary course of investigation; but the irony of fate decreed that the development of the principle destined to revolutionise locomotion throughout the world was to all intents and purposes due to an accident.

To the unenlightened it should here be explained that an electric generator—or dynamo, as it is now familiarly called—consists virtually of two all-important parts, on the correlation of which depends the efficiency of the machine as a whole. One part, consisting of frame, pole-pieces, and field-magnets, is stationary; the other part revolves, and is termed the armature. This is supported by bearings, and is driven either by power applied direct to the shaft or through the medium of belting. It is not necessary to describe here the principle on which the electric current in such a machine is generated. It is related that on a certain occasion experiments were being made with two dynamos, each driven with separate belts, but discharging their current into the same pair of conductors. By accident one of the belts slipped off its driving-pulley; and, to the surprise of the experimenters, the dynamo to which it belonged, instead of stopping, continued to run at apparently the same speed as the other, which was still being driven by belt. In a moment it was seen that the current from the one still receiving power from the engine was being delivered into the other, causing the armature of it to rotate, and that the latter was indeed acting as a motor. The problem of converting electrical energy into mechanical energy had been then and there solved for all time. Briefly speaking, all dynamos are motors, and *vice versa*, though it does not follow that the efficiency is in each case the same. That an illimitable field for the application of electric power had been opened up at once became obvious, and from that time forward the attention of engineers has been devoted thereto.

The law of the survival of the fittest may perhaps in its fullest sense be said to govern the construction of electrical machinery generally, and in no direction more than that of the manufac-

ture of motors. In this particular branch of industry, as in many others, America has taken the lead. The most assiduous experiments have resulted in the production of machines combining a minimum of weight with a maximum of efficiency and strength. At the present moment it is hardly possible to conceive a situation where electric power might be advantageously applied for which a motor of appropriate design cannot be obtained.

However, our purpose is to deal with the electric motor in its relation to locomotion; and in this connection we are face to face with a battle of the systems, compared with which the old battle of the gauges sinks into insignificance. The systems which are now more or less prominently before the public are the overhead or trolley system, the underground or conduit system, the surface-contact system, and the storage-battery system. To these must be added a fifth, which is in effect a combination of the trolley and the storage system. The old saying, 'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' never had a truer significance than in its application to the present subject. We now propose to take each system separately, briefly summing up their merits and demerits, with the object of as far as possible coming to a conclusion as to which is best.

In the first place it will be well to define as clearly as may be the advantages that should be possessed by an ideal system of electric tramways. These are as follows: (1) independence of movement; (2) elasticity; (3) flexibility; (4) power to overcome gradients; (5) moderate electrical pressure, and consequent safety; (6) immunity from breakdown; (7) facility and cheapness of maintenance.

The overhead or trolley system is one by which the current is conveyed by overhead conductors from a central source of supply. Electrical contact between the cars and the conductors is effected by means of a flexible arm carrying a grooved trolley wheel, the rail itself being used as the return conductor. The overhead system offers somewhat limited advantages as regards Nos. 1 and 3. Each individual car is dependent on its own electrical contact with the conductor through which it is supplied with current. The movements of the car are, therefore, confined to certain limits. As regards No. 2, the system possesses exceptional advantages, though always subject to the restriction above indicated. The system may be said to possess advantage No. 4 in a high degree. In regard to No. 5, it is usual to adopt the highest pressure which is permitted under the Board of Trade rules—shock at this pressure, though not fatal to human beings, is sufficiently severe, and has been known to kill horses. For No. 6 it may be argued that any properly equipped system of overhead wires ought to be practically immune from breakdown; but it is not always possible to

provide against the ravages of storms, and the service is at all times at the mercy of the source from which the power is obtained. It possesses advantage No. 7 in a marked degree. Of the seven advantages enumerated, it may be fairly said that this system has a right to claim four and a half.

We now turn to the underground or conduit system, which appears to be the natural outcome of a desire to do away with overhead wires. In it the conductor, supported on suitable insulators, is placed within an annular space or conduit which runs the whole length of the line. This has a narrow continuous slot along the top to permit the passage of an arm or plough, as it is termed, which forms a rubbing electrical contact between the car and conductor.

The advantages and disadvantages of this system may be summed up on similar lines to the above with the exception of No. 7. The conduit itself has not inaptly been called an open sewer. It must from its very nature become the receptacle of all the slush and filth of the street; and unless of a size sufficient to permit of workmen walking upright, so as to allow of inspection and repairs, breaking up of the streets would be a constant source of difficulty and annoyance. The conduit system may perhaps be credited with three and a half advantages; but it has in many instances been abandoned in favour of the trolley.

Next on our list is the surface-contact system; but as this has hardly passed the experimental stage, it is obvious that its comparison with another would be unreasonable. It may, however, be explained that its object is the very desirable one of doing away with both the open slot and the trolley wire, and that electrical connection between cars and conductors is effected by means of slightly projecting studs which are momentarily pressed down by the passage of sliding contact-pieces fixed below the car-body.

Coming to the storage-battery system, we have one in which the car carries with it the source of electricity from which its motion is derived. As regards advantages Nos. 1 and 3, this system possesses both in the fullest sense. The power being self-contained, each car is as independent in movement as though drawn by horses. As for No. 2, the system is not regarded as equal to its competitors; but with the improvements that are taking place in the construction of storage-cells, the comparison is becoming less and less unfavourable. This remark may also be fairly applied to No. 4. Not that self-propelled cars have at any time been found unequal to the task of climbing gradients. They are, in fact, only at a disadvantage when such are either exceptionally severe or of unusual length. Moreover, means have been successfully devised by which the down-grade momentum is utilised to drive the motors as generators, thus returning a considerable percentage of energy to the storage-cells.

As regards advantages Nos. 5 and 6, the system may be said to enjoy both in a marked degree. For No. 7 there is not so much to be said; but here again the remarks made respecting No. 2 may fairly apply. On the whole the system is entitled to claim five of the seven advantages named.

The remaining system to be considered is that referred to as being a combination one. It was tried with excellent results at Hanover; but the overhead part of the equipment has now been dispensed with, and upwards of thirty miles of tramways are run entirely with storage cars. It is evident, however, that under certain conditions of traffic a system which combines self-propulsion by cells with appliances for automatically charging them from a trolley-wire after a certain point is reached possesses a distinct advantage.

It may be remarked that the item of economy has not found a place amongst the desiderata above mentioned. Naturally the promoters of any such electrical undertakings as have been described lay great stress upon the commercial efficiency of their particular schemes; and it need hardly be said that each of the systems referred to has its votaries. However, the patience, or possibly the impatience, of the public will be the most important factor in determining the final selection of the fittest. The vast majority whose profession or business necessitates an unfailing and speedy means of locomotion are not concerned with the saving of a fraction of a penny on the car-mile cost.

It must be borne in mind that the subject has so far, in this article, been treated only in its connection with street tramways—that is to say, the comparatively short but numerous lines carrying a vast number of passengers, but on which the traffic is limited to single cars (or at most two coupled together) following each other in rapid succession, the track space being accessible to vehicles of all descriptions as well as pedestrians.

In this connection it may be noted that the average weight of electrical tram-cars carrying a full complement of passengers (say fifty to sixty) is from ten to twelve tons. In storage-cell cars the weight is increased by an average of two tons. A car weighing ten tons on an ordinary track requires about nine-horse power to drive it at the rate of seven miles per hour, though three times this amount is needed for starting and accelerating up to the speed named.

Turning now to electric railways as distinguished from tramways, the problem of selecting the best system is more easy of solution. In the first place, the line is protected throughout in precisely the same way as an ordinary railroad, the only portions accessible to the public being the stations. It follows, therefore, that under these conditions a system can be adopted with safety and advantage which, however perfect

both electrically and mechanically, would be quite unsuitable where the lines were entirely exposed, as in the case of tramways. Moreover, it is in most cases possible to arrange for stations to be placed at the top of inclines, thus allowing the train to start with much less expenditure of power, to be quickly accelerated, and easily stopped. In other words, energy is stored up when ascending to the stopping-place, and returned when it is most required—namely, at the point of departure. An electric train may be hauled by a locomotive, as in the case of the Central and the South London Railways; or it may be propelled by a certain number of the carriages themselves equipped with motors, as in the Liverpool Overhead Railway. The usual method of transmitting the electrical energy to trains is through a continuous conductor placed parallel with the rails, and having a smooth surface along which rubs a conducting shoe fixed to the car and connected with one pole of the motor, the other (being connected with the rails) forming the return.

Before referring to what has been and is being done in regard to the development of electric traction in this country, it may be as well to glance at the comparative cost per car-mile of the four systems of haulage with which we are more or less familiar. According to a late authority on this subject, there is not much difference between horse and steam, electricity is less than half the cost of the latter, and the cable about midway between the two. On the South London Railway the trains, including locomotives, weigh approximately forty tons, and the train-mile cost is nearly sixpence. The motor-equipped car trains on the Liverpool Overhead Railway cost about fourpence per train-mile; but the latter is an easy line, and, being more recently constructed, has benefited by the experience of the former, which has been rightly termed the pioneer line.

By comparison with other countries, notably the United States, Great Britain is very far behind in regard to electric traction. No doubt the Board of Trade regulations have largely conduced to this; but as these were framed in the interest of the public safety, there is less cause for complaint, and we are now about to benefit by the experience of others. *Festina lente* is a good motto in matters electrical. The Light Railway Act of 1896 gave an immense impetus to electric traction, and it is quite evident that the present boom will go far to make up for lost time. Including the Central, the South London, and the Waterloo and City lines, there are now eleven miles of subterranean electric railway in London. Of old schemes, upwards of thirty miles are under construction or authorised, and there are nearly a hundred miles of new projects and extensions on lines already authorised. This, however, does not

include the much-needed conversion of the Metropolitan and District Railways, a gigantic undertaking, the estimated cost of which will shortly be made public. Altogether, it appears that a sum of about sixty million pounds sterling will be required to carry out the schemes which we have alluded to. It is to be hoped that the authorities will see the wisdom of following in the footsteps of our cousins across the Atlantic in the matter of fares. The Metropolitan Street Tramway Company of New York has a mileage of two hundred and twenty-four miles, distributes five hundred thousand pounds a year in dividends, and by its transfer system can carry a passenger fifty-four miles for twopence-halfpenny.

Space will not permit of detailed reference to the many schemes of electric traction which are now in hand throughout the country. There are, however, upwards of a hundred either in operation or under construction, to say nothing of many which are authorised or for which authority is being sought. No article on the subject under consideration, however unpretending, would be complete without a reference to a possibility of vast dimensions which has lately been discussed by the Institute of Electrical Engineers. This relates to the eventual supersession of the steam by the electric locomotive on the great trunk-lines of this and other countries. It is pointed out that the world's coal-supply must sooner or later be exhausted, and that the best—in fact, the only—way of economising what remains will be to centralise the sources of power. In other words, it is cheaper to keep one huge engine of twenty thousand horse-power going than it is to run twenty of one thousand horse-power. Electricity offers the only means by which power can be transmitted over distances of many miles, and it is regarded as possible that some day central stations may be established at suitable spots, from which many thousands of horse-power may be conveyed at high pressure to sub-stations, there to be transformed down and applied to the working of trains, propelling them by electrical energy instead of steam. What this means may better be realised when one considers that many of our express locomotives draw a total weight of five hundred tons over distances of over one hundred and fifty miles without a stop, and have repeatedly indicated no less than twelve hundred horse-power when hauling their trains on a gradient. A wise American statesman is credited with having said, 'Never prophesy unless you know;' and where electricity is concerned the unexpected has so often happened that prediction may be best left alone. It is a delusion, however, to suppose that the science is still in its infancy; and if the reigning monarch of the iron road is to be deposed, his would-be successor will have to prove a better title to the throne than he appears at present to possess.

JUST SOME CUPS AND SAUCERS.

PART II.



'Am I awake, Mrs Chones?' asked Mrs Jones of Pwllldw of Mrs Jones of Pwlltre.

'Ton't ask me,' said Mrs Jones of Pwlltre. 'My het's going rount and rount. Two huntert and fifty pounds for a blue cup and saucer! I bought a couple just like 'em for six-three the day before yes'day. Some one's gone crazy, Mrs Chones; but, thank the Lort! it's not me nor you. What would Chones say if you't bought that blue cup and saucer for two huntert and fifty pounds, Mrs Chones?'

'He'd peen past worts, Mrs Chones, I wiss, and me too belike.'

'I shoul't think so,' said Mrs Jones of Pwlltre.

The buyer of the last cup and saucer came across at once to Dick Vaile. He bore no ill-will. He still saw a profit in that cup and saucer, and a still larger profit in the two.

'What will you take for your cup and saucer, sir?' he asked. 'I would very much like to have the pair.'

'I'm very much obliged to you,' said Dick; 'but I've just made a present of mine to this young lady.'

'And what will you take for them, miss?' asked the man.

'Oh, I couldn't sell them,' gasped Gwen; 'never, never!'

'It's a wonderful bit of stuff,' said the man. 'Where on earth did it come from, and how did it get here?'

'Been in the family a long time,' said Dick. 'Chelsea—isn't it?'

'Good Lord, man! it's 1740 Sèvres. Do you mean to say you didn't know it?'

'Never saw a piece before in my life, so far as I know,' said Dick quietly; 'but it took my fancy.'

'Well, I—h'm,' said the man, and opened his mouth twice to say more, but thought better of it. He paid over his two hundred and fifty pounds, wrapped the cup and saucer up in cotton wool, and placed them in a black leather bag. As he was leaving he handed his card to Dick, and said, 'If ever the young lady thinks of selling any more of them I'm open to business.' The card bore the name and address of a well-known firm in Wardour Street, London; and Dick thanked him and put it carefully into his depleted pocket-book, just to keep its insides from grating against one another.

When Mr Evan Evans came up, rubbing his hands in a congratulatory manner, and suggested that Mr Vaile should settle up for his purchase, Dick coolly scribbled him an IOU for one hun-

dred and eight pounds on a scrap of paper, and told him Miss Jones would accept it.

Then, when the auctioneer smilingly suggested that thirty shillings was not an over-liberal honorarium for so extensive a sale, Dick quietly asked him, 'What would Miss Jones have got for those cups and saucers if I hadn't happened to be here, Mr Evans?' Mr Evan Evans did not attempt to say; he settled up his accounts, deducted his thirty shillings, and drove away home, feeling that things had not gone exactly as he had hoped.

The purchasers of the other things were busy dismantling the house and loading the disintegrated furniture on their carts. Dick made Gwen unpack her small trunk and carefully repack it with separate pieces of blue china between the folds of articles of her dress and her scanty stock of linen; and he packed the remainder in similar fashion into his own box, together with the old books. Next he paid the landlord, who was there waiting for his money, and handed him the key. Gwen plucked a bunch of roses and honeysuckle, and her eyes were bright and soft with the pain of parting as she climbed into the two-wheeled cart Dick had hired. Dick himself gingerly handed in those valuable boxes, and they drove into Pwllldw to the little inn where they were to stop for the night.

Mrs Jones, the landlady, received them with open arms and much curiosity, for the news of the crazy doings out at Pwllchoran had already got abroad.

'Whateffer's the meaning of it all, Mr Vaile?' she asked. 'Is it lies the folks is telling, or dit you all go off your hets at the sale to-tay?'

'Not a bit of it, Mrs Jones. It simply means that old Madame Joanne'—

'Old who?' said Mrs Jones.

'Madame Joanne of Pwllchoran—Miss Guenfre's grandmother, whom you humorous people chose to call Mrs Jones—was the possessor of some very valuable old china—more valuable than anybody was probably aware of, which was perhaps just as well—and we sold a piece or two just to try the market. Miss Gwen is going up to London to boarding-school. Will you make us the best tea you can manage as quick as you can, and get a couple of rooms ready for us? We'll stop for the night, and go on to-morrow.'

Gwen leaned her elbows on the table among the dishes after tea, and resting her little round chin on them, looked at Richard Vaile.

'Dick, is it really true, or is it all a dream? Did that man *really* pay two hundred and fifty pounds for that cup and saucer?'

'He did, my child; and unless I'm very much

mistaken, the party he sells it to will pay considerably more. The money's in my pocket. See! five fifty-pound notes. There's nothing so convincing as looking at the money. I remember feeling just that way when I sold my first picture. I looked at the money—it was five pounds—about every five minutes for three days, and it nearly broke my heart to spend it; but my landlady was at my elbow all the time, and I had to break it.'

'If one cup and saucer are worth two hundred and fifty pounds, what do you suppose all the rest of those things are worth?'

'Dear knows! Heaps, I should say. You're a young lady of fortune, and—my dear, I'm heartily glad of it. You need never give a thought to the future.'

'How do you mean, Dick?'

'I mean you'll always have enough to live on—and no fears of the workhouse,' he added, with a great laugh in which there was the ring of genuine gladness. 'The tight straw bonnet and the brown cloak down to your knees will never haunt your dreams again, Gwen.'

'How did you know I dreamt about them, Dick? I never told you.'

'I didn't know, dear. You needn't have done so. I would never'—and there he stopped. Somehow it was easier to tell her last night that he would see to her future than it was now to assure her that he would have done so.

'I dreamt it more than once since granny died,' said Gwen.

'Well, don't you ever go and do it again. We'll sell the rest of the things in London, after making proper inquiries about them. Then the money shall be safely invested for you, and you shall go for as long as you like to a good school—say, the one my sister Nell went to at Willstead. They're awfully nice old ladies, and were as good as gold to her till— She died there, you know. I've told you about her.'

Gwen nodded.

'And then—?' she asked, with her chin in the upturned palms of her hands and her soft dark eyes sparkling at him.

'Then what?'

'When I've been to school for two or three years?'

'Oh, then you'll be able to do just what you like, go where you like, live as you like—travel perhaps on the Continent'—

'Yes, I should like that. I'd like to go to Paris and Rome and— Do you know, I think I'll be an artist, Dick.'

'That's all right, dear, since you've got enough to live on. It's a deuce—I mean a bit of a grind at first, when your bread and butter and tobacco depend on your things selling.'

They went up to London next day, and Dick took Gwen straight to the old ladies, who were still keeping school at the old house of Rochel-

laine at Willstead. It was some years after this that they came into their own little kingdom and retired, as some of my readers know. He explained all the circumstances of the case to them, and begged them to fit Gwen out properly, and left them ample funds for the purpose.

For the present, and somewhat to their trepidation, Dick left the wonderful china in their charge; and Miss Georgina dreamt of burglars for three nights running, and wrote a letter to him each morning afterwards, begging him to take it away and restore her peace of mind.

Dick was 'swotting' blue china for all he was worth, at the British Museum and elsewhere; but, as a matter of fact, he learned more in one hour from his friend Harold Bertie, who was slightly touched that way, than three days' hard labour over the books taught him. He ventured to bring Bertie out with him to Rochelaine to inspect the things that were there; and, what with the china and Dick and Bertie, Rochelaine had not been so upset in its strictly ordered courses since the days of Charles de Nerval. Bertie handled the cups and saucers as a young father handles his first-born. He gazed long and reverently into the wonderful deeps and shallows of their mysterious blue surfaces, with the capricious little ripples and ruffles of lighter colour, like wind-flaws on the bosom of a mountain tarn, or as though the mischievous lips of a child had blown on the molten colour in the furnace. But when Dick set before him the little round bowls with the curious little beakers inside them, he sat down suddenly in a chair and said, 'Oh Lord!' and no other word for full fifteen minutes; and if you ever met Bertie you know what that means.

Then he asked quietly, 'Do you know anything about their history? They must have a history.'

Dick said, 'Yes. Here's their little story.' He produced the ancient Bible, and turned to a fly-leaf between the Old and the New Testaments, on which was inscribed a record of the family of Joanne from the year 1573, when Pierre Joanne of Rochelle married Guenfre Chavannes of Montauban, right down to 1760, when another Pierre Joanne at Sèvres married one Marcelle Duplessis, and their daughter Guenfre was born at Chelsea the following year; and so on again to the year 1870, when the Guenfre Joanne who sat listening on the other side of the table was born at Derby. On the back of this leaf, in the cramped hand of Pierre Joanne of Sèvres himself, was the following:

'I leave as an inheritance to those who follow me the two small rose-water bowls and beakers which I made by command of S.M. the King as a present for Mme. des Etoiles'—

'La Pompadour,' said Miss Georgie; 'I know her,' in a tone which in itself alone was a concentrated libel, though doubtless counsel on the other side would have admitted justification, and would possibly have retired from the case.

'S.M. did not like the shape, and bade me keep them and make others after his own design, which therefore pleased him better, though they were not by any means equal to those I had made.—(Signed) PIERRE JOANNE. Sèvres, 1760.'

'That's enough,' said Bertie quietly. 'They're worth a little fortune.'

Next day he introduced Dick to Burghley, of the firm of Burghley, Boyson, & Co., who, he said, had knocked down more old china than any man in England. They described the bowls and beakers, and he read the writing of Pierre Joanne. He asked why they hadn't brought one down for him to look at, and Dick confessed that since he became aware of their value the earth began to heave under his feet when he took one into his hand.

'What do you value them at?' asked Burghley.

'I don't know,' said Dick, 'but something quite enormous.'

So Burghley grew interested, and consented to go over with him that evening to Rochellaine and look at them.

'Yes,' he said after a critical examination; 'they're all right. I suppose you want all you can get for them?'

'Well, we don't exactly want to give them away,' said Dick. 'You see, they are this young lady's patrimony.'

'I would like you to give me a month,' said Burghley, 'and then come along to the sale yourself. You'll meet some swells there. Are the other things to be sold too?'

'Yes,' said Dick, who had fully discussed the matter with Gwen and the old ladies; 'all you see. Miss Joanne is keeping all she wants.'

One month later he was sitting in Burghley and Boyson's big saleroom with Gwen and Miss Georgie and Bertie, who was pointing out celebrities to them so very glibly that Miss Georgie felt doubtful as to the genuineness of his information. He had a name for everybody without a moment's hesitation—whether the right name or not I am not quite sure. Some of them were household words, and some merely wealthy collectors quite unknown outside their own special lines.

'See that little chap in the round hat—there, at the end of the table,' said the exuberant Bertie. 'He looks as if he'd be the better of a twopenny wash and brush-up. I've seen him spend five thousand pounds in a single day on china in this very room, and he didn't get very much for the money, either—not to look at, anyway.'

Then Burghley took up the parable and got to business, and in due time; and after a special introductory speech, came to the Joanne china. Four cups and saucers sold rapidly for three hundred and fifty pounds each; six plates produced one thousand five hundred pounds, and then came 'The Pompadour Bowls and Beakers,' as he called them.

Every possible purchaser had already had the opportunity of inspecting them to his heart's con-

tent during the time they had been on view in Burghley's private office. Nevertheless they were brought out now and set up on high on the rostrum to stimulate weak-kneed bidders. It had been decided to offer the two lots separately; then, if the purchaser of the first set wanted the second also, and could afford it, it was open to him to try for it. Whereas, if the two sets had been offered in one lot, the circle of buyers must have been considerably reduced.

The little rippled blue things looked very small and insignificant up there with the large Burghley playing background to them. Miss Georgie could hardly believe her ears when the bidding ran briskly up to five hundred pounds—six hundred pounds—seven hundred pounds—eight hundred pounds—nine hundred pounds.

'Is it possible?' she murmured.

As for Gwen, her capacity for surprise at anything the purchasers of blue china might do had long since been exhausted.

It looked as though the first set would go for nine hundred or a thousand pounds, which seemed a very wonderful price for so very small a thing, when, through some sudden movement of Burghley's—he said afterwards there was a wasp or an earwig trying to get into his ear, under which circumstances one jump is allowed to any man. Anyway, he started suddenly, and the edge of his open book caught one of the bowls. Bowl and beaker described a graceful parabolic curve in the air, and fell on to the table below with a little splintering crash that made the collector-blood present run cold and the collector-heart stop beating. In their nightmares they had heard that awful sound and awakened in cold perspirations.

There was a moment's dead silence. Miss Georgie went pale. Dick Vaile went red and white. Gwen sat looking at the pitiful blue pieces strewn on table and floor.

'That is a misfortune,' said Burghley quietly, but without turning a hair. 'We will go on with Set No. 2. What bids, gentlemen? This set is now, as you see, absolutely unique. There never were but the two sets made. There is now only the one set in existence. The possessor of it need fear no rival.'

'Two thousand,' said a quiet voice, and Miss Georgie and Dick awoke violently.

'Thank you! Any advance on two thousand pounds—for this absolutely unique specimen of Louis Quinze Sèvres?'

'Two—two!' from another quarter.

'Two—four!' from another; and so at last, after a very spirited race, the little blue bowl and beaker which Louis XV. had not thought good enough for Madame Pompadour fell to the old gentleman who had made the first bid for it, and the price he paid was three thousand three hundred pounds. He came across and had a little pleasant chat with Miss Georgie and Gwen, and

congratulated them on having been instrumental in putting so beautiful a specimen of the potter's art upon the market.

'That was very cleverly done on your part, Burghley,' he said, with a humorous twinkle in his kind old eyes as that worthy joined them. 'I'm inclined to think you did it on purpose, you know.'

'No, your Grace, I assure you. It was entirely an accident, and I am heartily ashamed of it. Such a thing has never happened in this room before, and I would sooner have paid one thousand pounds than had it happen now.'

'You wrought better than you knew, my friend,' said the old gentleman. 'I suppose I'm entitled to the fragments of the other one?'

'I don't think Miss Joanne will object to your Grace taking them,' said Burghley.

'Oh, no, indeed!' gasped Gwen, who was not in the habit of conversing with dukes.

'Will you oblige me by gathering up the fragments yourself, Burghley, and making them into two parcels for me? I will send for the other things to-morrow,' said his Grace. When the sharp-cornered little parcels were given to him he put one of them into Gwen's hands, and said, 'Keep that, my dear, as a reminder of a fortunate accident. Things that we look on as misfortunes sometimes turn out after all to be but blessings in disguise, and Louis Quinze Sèvres is too precious to be thrown away even in fragments.' Then he shook hands with them and went his way.

And afterwards? Were they married, Dick and Gwen?

Well, if in the course of conversation, you should accidentally ask Miss Georgie if they ever had a wedding at Rochellaine, the dear old eyes will widen and brighten, and the sweet old tongue will ripple like a spring brook, and the beautiful white hands will play inaudible tunes

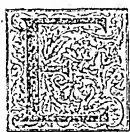
on an invisible and unknown instrument; or perhaps it is limning invisible pictures they are at. Whatever it is, they help you wonderfully to see it all as she saw it.

'Oh, my dear!' she will say, '*the* most delightful wedding that ever was in this world. For there never was a sweeter or lovelier girl than our Guenfre, and that morning she looked'—and the slim white hands express the utterly inexpressible. 'For, you must understand, she had been in love with Richard ever since she knew him—ever since she was a little girl. Indeed, Richard says she proposed to him when she was fifteen, and Guenfre does not deny it. And the child insisted on Pauline and myself acting as bridesmaids—conceive it if you can, my dear—and both of us old enough to be her grandmother! Nothing else would satisfy her; and, *mon Dieu!* we were eligible, truly. That was the year, you know, of Richard's great picture in the Academy—the "*Ariadne*," and *Ariadne* was our dear Guenfre. Richard said they would never be able to resist her sweet face, and he was right.'

In Mrs Richard Vaile's very charming drawing-room in the low red house at Pinner, you may see, among other choice mementoes of many lands, a little cabinet all by itself, and in it a blue Sèvres cup and saucer, and both cup and saucer are full of broken fragments of the same deeply, darkly beautiful blue ware; and if you ask Mrs Dick what they are, she will tell you they are the most precious things the house contains, after little Dick and Gwen upstairs and the stalwart Richard himself.

If she told you more, which is not likely, she might tell you that in times of trouble—for it is not the happiest of lives that is wholly free from trouble—the sight of those broken chips of night-blue porcelain have ministered strength and consolation to her soul.

AN OLD LOVE-LETTER OF NAPOLEON'S DAYS.



VEN in this unromantic age there are few people who do not take a genuine interest in an old love-letter, for is there not here that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin? The letter which lies before me now is not only interesting as the outpouring of a tender and troubled heart which loved and suffered a hundred years ago; but it is interesting to catch in the tones of that far-off time the very experience that is thrilling the heart of so many to-day: Love and War! That is why I have drawn the old love-missive once more into the light of day, and invite you to look over my shoulder and read it with me as I decipher its cramped and faded characters.

It fell into the hands of the late Lord Lynedoch when fighting in the wars against Napoleon, and was by him given to a friend of the present writer, to whose family the letter now belongs. The date of the letter, 18th Brumaire, corresponds with 10th November 1799 in our calendar, and was the date of the *coup d'état* which, being effected by a great military force, led to the overthrow of the Directory and to Napoleon's election as First Consul. From the fact of its falling into Lord Lynedoch's hands we know that the letter never reached its destination.

Unlike most letters, the outside has a strong interest for us; and ere we unfold it we will pause and look at it, for there is much that marks it as different from the letters of to-day.

Note the large sheet folded in a square, having no envelope, bearing no stamp; on the front the address, 'Au citoyen Louis Asniary, Caporal dans la huitième Compagnie de la 11th Brigade provisoire, en garnison a l'isle honorat à Canes près Mentone;' while on the back we find the quaint rude design, coloured in red and blue, of the Cap of Liberty resting on the Pike, and on both sides a branch of the Tree of Liberty. Above is the legend, 'Guerre aux Tirans;' and below, the bold words, 'Liberté, Égalité;' the whole bordered by a band of blue, white, and red. We are now prepared in opening it for the date, 'Hier, 18th Brumere, l'an 5 de la Republique française,' a date not associated in most minds with a maiden's love-letter! Now for the letter itself:

'Mon tres chair et fidel amant je m'empresse de t'ecrire ces deux Lignes pour te doner de mes nouveles que dieu merci je me porte tres bien je souete que la present te trouve de meme. Qant une metresse per son fidel amant tout ce que son cœur aime [elle] ne peut s'empacher de plurer et gemir j'ai appris que votre batillon doit partir pour l'armee mon cœur acable de douleur il evanouit parce que tu fairas elas come tou d'autre loin de tes yeux loin de ton cœur apres tan des debats que j'ai eu avec mes parents paraport a toy je lui ai toujours dit que je n'aurais jamais d'autre mari que toy juste ciel est il possible que mes vœux soit vains quele douleur quele creve-cœur mon cher aman autemoy de ces penes souviens toy de ce que je tais ecris dans ma derniere letre je ten jeure la verité je suis toujours la meme je nai d'autre choses a te dire pour le present je suis en attendant la plus tendre et fidele amie en tembrassant des milliers et milliers des fois. MADELIN GERMEIN.

'Mon ami lon ne sait quoy comprendre de ces affaires ici de voir tou le deux jours changer la garnison des iles c'est pour la cinquieme fois depuis que vous etes partis les affaires vont tres mal lon entendre que des assassins des patriotes dans toute la Republique Melene vous salue et toute sa famille Vivares Egrouard et l'aimable Ramel et tout les Republicains de ce pais.'

The spelling valiantly defies all the laws of the French Academy, and there is no punctuation; but though *souete* hardly suggests *souhaite* at the first glance, nor *per perd*, the letter may be translated as under:

'My very dear and faithful lover, I hasten to write these few lines to give you my news that, thank God, I am very well. I hope that this finds you the same. When a sweetheart loses her faithful lover, all that her heart loves so much, she cannot but weep and sigh. I have learned that your battalion is setting out with the army; my heart sinks down with grief; it grows faint, for thou wilt do, alas! as so many others: "Out of sight, out of mind." After so many arguments as I have had with my relations

in regard to thee, I have always said to them I would have no other husband but thee. Just Heaven, can it be possible that my vows are vain? What grief! What heart-break! My dear love, take me out of all this trouble. Remember what I wrote in my last; I swear to the truth of it. I am always the same. I have nothing else to say at present. I am, meanwhile, thy most tender and faithful friend, MADELIN GERMEIN.

'My friend, one does not know what to think of things here, seeing the garrison changed every few days. It is the fifth time since you left. Things go very badly here. One hears only of assassinations of the patriots in all the Republic. Melene and her family greet you, also Vivares Egrouard and the good Ramel, and all the Republicans in the district.'

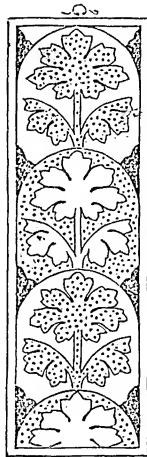
Alas! the brave Louis never received this tender challenge from his loving Madelin. He was already on the march, and the letter fell into the enemy's hands. How we should like to know more of the little group to whom we have been introduced: Melene and her family, and 'l'aimable Ramel.' We can learn something of Madelin and her story from this one letter; but what of Louis? Did he indeed prove yet another exponent of the saying, '*Loïn de tes yeux, loïn de ton cœur!*' helped thereto, perhaps, by the non-arrival of this same little messenger of love? Or did he die a soldier's death on some far-off battlefield? Or did he come home covered with glory to claim his little bride? Who can tell? But our wishes go with the last conjecture. We have had a fleeting glimpse of some actors in a scene at the close of the eighteenth century not unlike some which took place at the close of the nineteenth. Love and War!—the din of battle and the clash of arms; the roar of cannon and the glitter of steel; ay, and the wringing of tender hearts through separation, whether that sad separation when Death, the great divider, steps between, or that which is even sadder, when the waters of forgetfulness roll heavy and dark between two hearts that at one time have beat as one.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Beyond the dying sun's last rim of light,
That gilds the farthest reach of western sea,
The weary spirit flies in fantasy
To some mysterious cavern filled with night.
No star-ray mars the velvet darkness deep,
Silence and stillness hold each tiny breath
Till life stands tip-toe on the verge of death,
Enfolded in the mystery of sleep.

Most sweet and dread Hereafter, through what gate
Shall thy unfathomable life be won,
When toilworn souls behold the final sun,
Night-wrapped, descend, and darkness fall like Fate?
Sleep may reveal in dream's entrancing spell:
Of jealous Death's great secret, who can tell?

FRANÇOIS ANNESLEY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

IN RUSSIAN TRAINS.



TO Western races Russia is still a land of half-fathomed mystery, remote from the beaten tourist-track, and beset in the imagination with terrors more fantastic than real. Comparatively few English people other than traders have sought to cross her frontiers; and yet within her territory most of the illusions and all the vague apprehensions fade away after a few hours. You approach the frontier for the first time with a sense of awe. Is the passport in perfect order? Will this novel be confiscated and its bearer immured in a dungeon at Schlüsselburg? What is contraband? How will the officials behave?

The uninstructed mind is occupied with such problems during the always tedious journey towards the frontier; but the nervous traveller soon learns to dismiss these troubles from his brain. The train slows down as it crosses the frontier, and creeps gently up to the platform of the first station on Russian soil. Furtively peeping out of the window, you behold a number of stalwart men uniformed in the Russian style, and wearing the peculiarly Russian top-boots. The polite conductor comes to the compartment and bids you get the passport ready. After a few minutes of waiting, during which anxiety is not diminished, an officer in smart gray-blue uniform comes along, attended by a soldier with a wallet. He demands the precious document, and, noting its foreign origin, casts upon its possessor a keen, searching glance. Then he looks for the all-important *visa* or endorsement of the Russian official in the country of issue; and on finding it he passes coldly on without a word. All this is very formal and impressive; you feel as a prisoner feels when the chain of evidence is tightening round him; your thoughts wander back to the past, and you wonder whether any indiscretion of your insignificant youth may not now be brought up in testimony against you.

In the wake of this awe-inspiring procession comes an army of bloused porters, and one—who,
No. 185.—VOL. IV.

with a smile, bids you take notice of his number—seizes the portable luggage and hurries off with it. Following him closely, you enter the dreaded *douane*, a vast, bare building wherein all classes are already jostling one another for the examination. Again the heart is troubled with vague portents. True, the pleasant face of the porter is reassuring, and a glance at the smart official who comes forward is still more comforting. Apparently he has no present intention to order any one to Siberia. A subordinate opens the bags and boxes. 'Are you taking anything in other than that required for your own immediate use?' he asks. Conscious that everything is liable to pay duty, and with your eyes on the scales whereon the property of other passengers is already being weighed out, you lay your hand upon your heart and declare in your best German that you would not for the world defraud His Imperial Majesty the Czar, or evade his just edicts, and protest your willingness to lay every part of your impedimenta bare to the view. The subordinate is about to place sacrilegious hands on the linen and suits; but the superior official motions him away, and bows to you very gravely. He affixes patches of blue paper to the outside of the luggage, and wishes you a good day and a good journey; another stamps on the blue paper the similitude of the Russian eagle. Then, for the time being, you are free of Russia. Still, the tremendous ordeal of the passports is not over. The utmost care is taken in the study and registration of these documents; every Russian must have his passport; every foreigner entering or leaving the country must have it too. Whether native or alien, you cannot move about the country without the document; when you arrive in a town it must be submitted to the local police; when you leave that town the police must endorse the passport with their sanction to the journey. The system gives the authorities the firmest hold over the people; and wise is the stranger who complies carefully with every part of the formality.

You inquire when the Czar's minions will give
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their permission to you, and learn that two hours must elapse before the passports will be ready. The soldierly official, perceiving that you are a stranger, adds a suggestion that the buffet will afford you comfortable entertainment. Entering that haven, you emit a sigh of relief. Gone is the last sign of officialism! Nobody asks you for a passport or regards you with inquiring eyes. Everything is bright and cheerful, and the mind instantly regains its buoyancy as it realises that the country which sets up such monuments of comfort on its frontier-line cannot be so very terrible after all. The people are all merry with the infectious gaiety of Russians. They laugh and chatter like happy children as they puff their cigarettes and sip tea, or set themselves to the more serious business of eating, a duty which the Russian is ever ready to face. On the long counter many strange dishes are arrayed. Some of them set insoluble puzzles to the new-comer, and with a frown he passes them by; but the Russian attacks them boldly, picking here a slice of smoked goose, there a pickled mushroom or a plate of caviare. With a glass of *vodka* he completes his *zakuska*, or little dinner, and moves to the central tables by which the white-garbed waiters hover. They bring savoury dishes from the burnished hot-plate at the side, where, with refined regard for the health and comfort of those who travel, sundry alluring viands stand ready cooked to a turn for this important moment. As you sup the delicious cabbage-soup and eat the delicate chicken cutlet you think a little sadly of the railway buffets at home, and a greater regard for Russia rises in the heart. In eating, smoking, and observing, the time passes rapidly; and at last the babble of conversation is arrested by the ringing of a bell and an official intimation to pass along. The genial porter once more seizes the bags and beckons you onward; at the entrance to the train the conductor welcomes you graciously and assigns a compartment; the passport officials traverse the corridor and return to you Lord Salisbury's mandate commending you to the tender mercies of all whom it may concern; and in a little while, with much snorting and jolting, the train starts away.

The little chamber in which you are destined to pass the better part of the next two days is lofty and well upholstered, its chief defect being want of light. The only window is a narrow and immovable pane of glass on one side, and when the door opening on the corridor is shut the gloom is greater, for there is no window on that side at all. The compartment is cosy enough, but distinctly dull; and you are soon driven to tramp up and down the corridors which run the length of the train. At one end of your carriage there is a stove shut up in an iron-lined cupboard; it is fed with wood, and its heat is carried to the various compartments, so that they are warm enough for a trip in the

Arctic circle. Prowling here and there, the curious traveller views the second-class carriages, which are hardly less comfortable than the first; and he sees the bare wood-benched thirds packed with a motley and not too clean collection of human beings, most of them the possessors of huge bundles, which are crammed into the carriages without regard to the inconvenience caused to other travellers. In the centre of the train there is a restaurant-car, where a meal may be taken on soiled tables, and in an atmosphere filled with the cigarette-smoke of the Russian travellers. There are no fixed hours for eating, and the native traveller eats just when the humour seizes him, so that there is little leisure for changing linen or setting the tables with regard for taste. The wise man may wait till the train stops for half-an-hour at a station where there is one of the invariably excellent buffets; but hunger is a powerful inducement to disregard the uncongenial surroundings, and you begin to take a personal interest in the haggling of the cook with the vendors of fowls and eggs and other comestibles at the wayside stations.

The view from the narrow window is very uninteresting. A flat, desolate, unattractive country is that through which the train runs. The stations are far apart, and are scattered along the dreary track, adjacent to hamlets of unpleasant-looking houses, poverty-stricken and insanitary, with here and there a town of some pretensions, generally a military station of importance. The train travels very slowly according to the ideas of an Englishman, and stops at nearly every station, where there is always a group of soldiers and peasants languidly interested in the procedure. Here and there the passengers descend to stretch their cramped legs, and, following their example, you discover the reason of the engine's frantic efforts to start, and its inability to attain higher speed. Its fire is fed with wood, and the tender is surmounted by a large framework to hold the immense pile of logs which must be carried. Sometimes when the engine is putting forth great efforts it vomits out a stream of blazing fragments of wood, which fall in a fire-work trail along the track.

Thus the day passes slowly as the train, and the darkness settles down. The smart and ever-kindly conductor enters and bows, and illuminates the compartment with a single candle, which does not give sufficient light to enable you to read; and you relapse into a state of depression, wearily wishing for sleep. Later, the conductor comes again and proceeds to make up the bed. He turns over the seat on which you have been sitting and reveals it as a mattress on the under side; that part of the carriage against which your back has rested is raised, and makes a second berth over your head; but as the compartment knows no other occupant, you have the

lower berth if you choose. The pillow, without which no one makes a long journey in Russia, is adjusted, and with rugs you make yourself comfortable for the night. The dull rumble of the slothful train soothes you gradually into slumber, and the mind is relieved from its activities for many hours. Daylight is pouring through the narrow window when you open your eyes again, but the surrounding country affords no greater sources of interest than before. You crave refreshing ablutions; but the lavatory is like an enlarged saucer, and the yearning for a bath must be suppressed. After a time the train halts where there is a buffet, and breakfast restores equanimity a little. Then you resign yourself to another day spent like the last. With terrible monotony the hours wear on, and the traveller seeks to extract excitement from the study of the strange figures by the wayside: the beggars who whine their pleas at every station; the peasants who sell their little carved-wood toys and leather wares, products of the universal home industries of Russia; and the military evidences visible at every populous point. When at last the conductor comes with a smile to tell you that the journey is nearly at an end, you receive the news with the gladness of one about to be liberated from a dungeon, and enter with joy into the business of bargaining with the drivers of the *droshkies* at the terminus.

One who would travel much in Russia must make up one's mind to face much of this weariness, and gradually one comes to face it calmly, for the Russian trains are as comfortable as they can be made. Of course there is only one train *de luxe*—the Siberian express which is one of the sights of Moscow. That remarkable train contains nearly every part of the equipment of an hotel on wheels. It is lighted with electricity, and furnished with electric bells, baths, drawing-rooms, perfect sleeping-berths, a writing-saloon, and an observation-car at the end where one may gaze upon the depressing monotony of the steppes. No cheaper hotel was ever built, for

one may travel in the first class to Irkutsk, some three thousand three hundred and seventy miles—farther than from Liverpool to New York—for less than a ten-pound note; but if your travels are restricted to European Russia, you may still make the journey in substantial comfort. Most of the lines are now under Government control, and the stations, especially the termini, are handsome and commodious. There are few good trains, seldom more than one every day in each direction, and at times of pressure, as at holidays, the officials never add to the service, so that third-class passengers may be seen riding in bitterly cold weather on the outside platforms of the carriages to which they cannot find access; but the man whose means enable him to travel by the first or second class may ride in a drawing-room car furnished with arm-chairs by day, and when the night comes he can lower his chair into the form of a couch and spend the night in welcome sleep. Toilet arrangements such as satisfy the Russian are at his disposal; but the third-class passengers have no such luxuries. When the train halts for the breakfast interval, those who travel third class may be seen performing their ablutions at the platform-tap; they fill a can like a gardener's watering-pot, suck through the spout a mouthful of the water, spit it into their hollowed palms, and then rub their faces. It is a disgusting process, performed without soap or towel; and, though it may be amusing to the onlooker, it is not very cleansing to the operator. Yet this is the method of ablution adopted by the poorer Russian on his travels.

In that land of vast distances and slow trains, it is perhaps remarkable that travel should be so comfortable as it is; but the unaccustomed roamer must make up his mind for some discomforts, and may console himself with the reflection that the fares are very low, the trains better than might be expected, and that wherever he goes he will meet with the greatest courtesy and kindness.

THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE MEETING AT THE MILL.



WE crossed the narrow bridge and went along the path. We found the road; but it forked within a hundred yards, and in the double darkness both of night and ignorance we marched along the wrong arm. We went on and on, and saw no houses, yet had no suspicion we were in error, for we had not marked the other branch of the road turn aside, and the pale ribbon of the way we followed was plain at our feet in the starlight, running before us into the gloom.

'Where are the houses and where is the water-side?' said I at last.

'Listen!' returned Cicely. 'Can you not hear the sound of water?'

We stopped, and I heard the noise of water plainly enough.

'It is not the water we want, at any rate,' said I. 'That is the rush of a stream over a weir.'

We went on a little farther, and a black building stood out against the sky to our right. 'A mill-weir,' I whispered. 'Here is the mill.'

Across a yard we saw an uncurtained window filled with the shine of fire and candle. I stopped and looked at it.

'I've a great mind to ask directions here,' said I. 'We've certainly gone wrong.'

'Would it be safe?' whispered Cicely.

'Why,' I replied, 'for a certainty they could not know us; and whatever wonder was aroused by strangers asking questions at this time of night, they could not gossip of it before to-morrow, and then it would matter little to us, I hope.'

We crossed the yard towards the door, a dark oblong patch in the whitewashed wall, and knocked upon it. I knocked three times before any answer was made; then a voice cried, 'Come in.' I lifted the latch, and the door opened at once upon a wide, low kitchen, with sanded floor and great open hearth where a faggot was crackling merrily. The occupants were two—a man and woman, both elderly, and neither turned to look at us as we entered. The woman was seated near the hearth in an attitude of rigid despair. The firelight played upon her gray face and stony eyes. A look of more dreadful trouble I have never seen written on the face of any human being. The man was seated by the table, leaning his head upon his hand, and looking at her with a fixed, anxious look. The table was spread with food, and a lamp burned on it, but the plates were empty; it was plain the food had been left untasted.

'Sir,' I began, 'will you do us the kindness'—

As if the sound of my voice had been a spring to set him in motion, the man turned his head and regarded us dully. Then he began to speak, and I stopped to hear what he had to say. It was irrelevant as far as we were concerned; it was the outpouring of a heart too full to keep silence longer when there were ears that would listen to him.

'I've told her a score an' a score o' times,' he said, 'that she's takin' this trouble agin nature. Ye must gi'e your trouble vent, or it'll do ye mischief. You see us, friends, in great sorrow. We never had but one child, a son, as fine an' straight a lad as ever ye set eyes on. An' nothing would hold him but he must go to this war, an' now he's been taken prisoner an' sent oversea to yonder plantations, they call 'em. It all come through him going to hear Master Raybone, the Independent minister over to Elmleigh yonder. He thought a deal o' Parson Raybone, an' when he drummed up a score an' more to join Monmouth, Sam wor one of 'em. At first we wor mighty glad he wasn't to be torn to pieces as two or three of our folks suffered; but as far as I can make out, this work oversea is little short o' slavery. It's a cruel time this. He's been lying in jail somewhere far west for a long time, an' we had no news o' him till of

late, an' then we heard the ship he was being carried off in sailed from Southampton this morning. We went there; but he'd already been sent aboard, an' they wouldn't let us see him. Yes, our only lad has been sent aboard, an' they wouldn't let us see him. Yes, our only lad has been carried out o' the country, an' for sure we'll ne'er see him again, yet we never said so much as good-bye to him.' His eyes worked round to his poor old wife's face; but she made no sign or movement. She seemed frozen.

I murmured a few words of sympathy with them in their deep sorrow, then inquired for Peeke's house.

'Eh?' said the miller vacantly, turning his head again. I repeated my question.

'Jem Peeke's?' he said slowly. 'Tain't very far from here. I'd take ye if things worn't like this wi' us.'

'Would you give us clear directions?' I asked. 'It is of the very last importance to us that we should be there within the next hour.'

'Oh, 'taint an hour away,' said the miller, waving his hand in a dull, preoccupied fashion, as if my words scarcely struck home to his understanding. I waited a moment, and then he murmured, 'Last importance, last importance,' as if wondering what he had heard of as important.

'So important,' said I, raising my voice a little to arouse him, 'that it is a matter of life and death.'

'Life and death?' said some one in a low, harsh whisper. 'And is it life and death to ye also?'

I started in surprise. It was the miller's wife who was speaking. Her gray face was turned upon us; her blanched lips were moving stiffly with the words; her heavy, pain-filled eyes were set full towards us.

With swift, gliding step Cicely started forward and went up to her. She took the woman's rough hand, knotted and twisted with long years of labour, between both of hers, and looked down at her with eyes filled with sweet sympathy and sorrow.

'Yes,' said Cicely softly, 'life and death, for my husband and me. They who have torn your son from you would also tear us apart, and send us to prison and death.'

'What?' breathed the woman sharply. 'Were ye in Monmouth's affair?'

'No,' said Cicely; 'but we have sheltered and fed fugitives from the field, and it is known, and we can hope for no mercy.'

'Ay, Jan,' cried the miller's wife, turning to her husband, 'we must do something for them. Ay, that we must, poor young folk!' and she took Cicely in her arms, and her tears came in a flood.

'Thank God!' cried old Jan softly, and patted the table and looked with shining eyes upon his

wife's emotion; 'an' please God, we'll do all we can.'

'We wish,' said I, crossing over to him, 'to go to Peeke's house, where we shall be put aboard his lugger, the *Merry Brother*.'

'And down the water and away?' said the miller, nodding his head.

'That is the plan,' I replied.

'Well then, master,' he answered, striking the table, 'I'll tell ye the best way of all. I've a boat in a creek not fifty yards below my weir; and I'll pull ye out into the water and down to where the *Merry Brother* lies at anchor. I know the place to an inch.'

This offer was better and better, and I accepted it gratefully.

'And ye want to go quick?'

'We should, be glad to do so,' said I. 'It is known, I fear, that we are in the neighbourhood.'

'Ye must stir nimbly, then,' said the miller. 'I'll to the shed and fetch oars and such-like.'

'I'll come and help you to carry them,' said I, and I followed him out of the room. He went steadily along in the darkness, knowing the way, and I tumbled at his heels, for the change to the blackness without was confusing. We went some distance, then came to a stop before a building.

'They're in here,' said the miller, 'I ought to ha' brought a light; but there, I'm that mazed I don't rightly know what I'm doing. Stand ye still a bit. I'll soon have 'em out.'

He plunged into the shed, and I heard him groping about. Soon he returned, saying, 'Here be one oar, and that's all. I've just minded me as t'other oar is down in orchard. My man had it days back to knock apples down wi'. He's as forgetful a chap as ever wor. 'Tis leaning against a tree for a crown. I'll go. Do ye bide a bit where ye are, for there's water all about. 'Tis awkward 'cept ye know the path.'

He went away and I was left alone. My ears told me that the miller spoke truly of the water, for it lapped softly somewhere very near. Some moments passed, and then a faint shine came into the air about me. It, grew and gradually objects about me glimmered into distinctness. I saw that the building near which I stood was beside the road, that an open gate was half-a-dozen yards before me, and that the growing light was from a lantern or such held by a person coming along the way towards the mill. Cicely and I had evidently passed this open gate in the darkness and gone on to the next giving on the yard of the dwelling-house. I moved back round a near angle of the building, for as I stood the light would fall directly upon me. I heard the footsteps, but could gather nothing clearly from them, for the way was very sandy hereabouts, and muffled the tread.

The light came nearer, striking up strongly

into the trees which overarched the road, and causing a smooth ashen trunk to shine like frosted silver, and it paused opposite the gate. This I could judge by the shadow of the building, which swept steadily back, then stood still. The light striking into the mill premises from the road showed a broad path, a path of grass, and then a full, smooth, dark stream lipping the bank within a few yards of me, and gliding on towards the weir which roared below. I heard a murmur of voices, and suddenly the light grew rapidly; projecting corners and angles sprang into view; the pebbles of the path shone. The person carrying the light, followed by his companions, was coming through the gate. I was drawing backwards across the grass as they came round the corner. As fortune would have it they turned my way, and the red light of a blazing torch fell full upon me.

'My luck again,' said a soft, laughing voice; 'my luck against the world. It never failed me.'

There was a shine of flashing steel as my Lord Kesgrave saluted me with his drawn sword. Colin Lorel was behind him, and a man lighted them with a torch.

'Twas an odd thing that I felt so resolute to turn in and see if aught were known here,' went on the Earl. 'The Fates had compassion on me, I suppose, and were unwilling to see me further balked. Atropos took up her shears. She knew there was a thread shortly to be snipped.'

Of a sudden Kesgrave's raillery was oddly interrupted. The man holding the torch was the fellow I had dashed against the hawthorn bole. I had cracked his skull in my rough handling, so much was clear, since blood had trickled from among the hair and dried upon his face. He whipped a pistol from his breast and fired full at me. He missed me, luckily, but I felt the wind of the bullet on my cheek. The crack of the pistol was followed by an instant cry of anger. It was from Kesgrave. Then, from his position a little behind the torch-bearer, he struck a fierce, sweeping blow. The sword, gleaming in the red light of the torch, flashed cold and bright as it darted through the air and fell upon the wrist still holding out the smoking pistol. So fierce and skilful was the stroke, so trenchant the blade, that the pistol fell to earth, the fingers clutched round the butt still clasping it. The hand was severed from the arm. For an instant the unhappy wretch stood at gaze, his eyes fixed upon the spouting stump; then he tossed aside the torch, grasped his wrist desperately to check the flow of blood, and hurried, groaning, from the place.

Colin Lorel had seized the torch instantly before I had any chance to take opportunity of the slight confusion, and Kesgrave puffed out a long breath slowly.

'Insolent rogue,' he murmured. 'To come within an ace of balking me of my vengeance.—Mr Ferrers, it has been a great temptation to me to despatch you along the common path of such as face Jeffreys in these days; to hear you harangued by that past-master in the art of consoling those who are presently to dangle from a beam, and then to see you in the hands of the common hangman. But I could not do it. It is true that I am depriving thousands of my fellow-countrymen of the pleasant sight occasioned by the disposal of a rebel; but, at times, selfishness is too strong. As it would not be permitted that I should place the noose about your neck and drive the cart from under you, I am compelled to deal with you privately.'

While he talked Colin Lorel made one step aside, keeping a wary eye on me all the time, and thrust the torch into a bank of soft earth. There it stood, the flame running up to a point

in the windless night and illuminating strongly the patch of grass between the barn and the river. I had only one wish. I wished I had had a chance to strip off my coat. I love my shoulders free when I have tough work before me, and it was tough now with a vengeance. I had tried both men. I feared neither singly. But together! I had given odds at sword-play many a time; but such odds as these! Behind me the orchard wall ran down to the water's edge. I backed to it and stood on guard. My enemies addressed themselves instantly to their work, and came across the green toward me. For an instant I gave them no heed. They might have been in another world for the attention I paid them. Strongly, warmly, my thoughts went toward Cicely. She was in yonder black bulk of house consoling the bereaved mother. Who was to console her if—? I beat the thought back. I must come through.

COLONIAL METHODS OF SPAIN.

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M.A., F.R.G.S., Author of *White Man's Africa*.



NE hundred years before New England was settled by our Puritan ancestors Spain had secured firm foothold in San Domingo; and in Cuba she felt strong enough to send from that island an expedition against the mainland. Slavery was a popular institution in the colonies, however sentiment might be divided on the subject in Madrid or at the Vatican. One might have supposed that the handful of white men so far settled in the West Indies would have been satisfied to develop the land they already possessed rather than weaken their forces by organising new conquests; but the Spaniards of 1519 wanted gold and glory, and their imagination was inflamed by the stories then current of a country to the west, where the precious metals were to be had for the picking up.

In that year, 1519, an obscure monk in a North German cloister brooded and brooded with Teutonic thoroughness until at length the courage came to him from on high, and he challenged the Roman Catholic Church in the name of religious liberty. His voice found an echo throughout Northern Europe—at the courts of ruling princes, amongst the scholars of Leyden and Heidelberg, and, above all, amongst the rude but thinking peasantry to whose hearts the rugged speech of Martin Luther found immediate access. Papal excommunication and threats of violence only strengthened the force of this great awakening. Every courier brought to Rome news of fresh disaster to the army of infallibility and new conquests for Protestantism. The danger was great, and Rome realised it.

In Italy and Spain the act of the Wittenberg monk was received as an insult to the Latin race. There were numbers in the papal ranks who desired reform, who believed that the Church should take the lead in spreading scholarship and scientific truth no less than theology and morality. The birth of Protestantism brought with it a new force in Roman Catholic development—a force that was based upon knowledge of the world, mastery of the sciences, fluency in speech, diplomatic tact; in short, every art which assists one man in dominating the mind of another. This alone meant reformation to no small extent; but when to all this was linked the daring and fanatic zeal of a Loyola, there was created the one force capable of setting bounds to Luther's Bible. The great Reformation had a political and an intellectual side no less important than its theological one.

The year 1519, the year of Martin Luther, was also the year of Hernando Cortes. What the Pope lost in Saxony, Spain was conquering in Mexico.

It was in March of 1519 that Cortes landed on the Mexican coast, in Tabasco, with five hundred and fifty white men, two thousand three hundred Indians, and some horses, cannon, and negroes. Of these only three hundred whites started into the interior. Cortes had, besides fifteen mounted men, seven pieces of artillery and thirteen hundred Carib soldiers.

The Mexicans had never seen a horse, or a man in armour, or firearms of any description. They had no weapons that were in any respect half the equals of those of Cortes, their country was

divided by civil war, and their religious teachers had spread amongst them the fear of this invasion. They were morally beaten before the contest commenced; and if they fought, it was the fight of men made desperate by injustice, who struggle not in the hope of victory, but merely to make the tyrant pay dearly for his triumph.

The conquest of Peru was also a splendid feat of arms; but, as the records were kept mainly by the Spanish conquerors, we cannot expect them to contain the whole truth, which will only be ascertained should some strange accident furnish us with evidence on the other side.

The courage of Cortes was great; but those interested in comparing relative bravery might with profit compare the conqueror of Mexico with the man who won India for the British Crown. When Clive with only two hundred Englishmen and three hundred sepoys marched out to the relief of Arcot in 1751, it was to meet disciplined armies commanded by Europeans, as well armed as his own, famous as horsemen, and familiar with the white man's methods. No superstitious awe cowed the natives of India, who, when they laid down their arms, submitted not as to a god, but to a man superior to them in courage, in physical power, in organising capacity, and, above all, in knowledge of government. Clive entered India as a scourge; he left it amid the tears of grateful natives. The Spaniard entered Mexico as a guest; he remained a scourge; and he left it, after three centuries of misrule, amid curses.

Slavery entered Mexico with Cortes, and flourished from the start. The noble Las Casas, in the hope of bettering the lot of the Indians, had urged Charles V. to encourage negro slavery instead, and to supplement this by immigration of white labour. Therefore negro slavery was furthered, but Indian slavery did not cease; nor was any encouragement given to white labour, for of course no Spaniard would work in the hot sun when Indians could be made to work for him. Thus Las Casas, one of the great humanitarians, is practically the father of the slave-trade in African negroes.

Charles V. caused inquiry to be made as to how many negroes would be needed in the West Indies, and the Seville Chartered Company answered that four thousand in all would be sufficient—one thousand for each of the islands, Jamaica, San Domingo, Porto Rico, and Cuba. In parenthesis, to show how little of the prophetic was mingled with this opinion, let us note that in 1870 the number of black slaves in Cuba alone was three hundred and sixty thousand.

The license to import the four thousand Africans was given to a court favourite, and he in turn sold it to a Genoese broker for twenty-five thousand ducats, or about fifty-six thousand dollars. This sum purchased a monopoly of the American slave-trade for eight years. The Genoese

broker, however, had an interest in keeping up the price of negroes, so he only supplied a small number at a time. This did not at all satisfy the planters, who met this deficit by vigorous slave-raiding amongst the native Caribs. It illustrates the sentiment of the time that, while Las Casas was urging Charles V. to abolish slavery amongst Indians, the Bishop of Darien was proving to the same monarch that these very natives had been intended by the Almighty as slaves. No wonder that the 'most Catholic' monarch was puzzled when the Church itself showed doubt. So he passed laws which sustained Las Casas in theory while in practice slavery spread unchecked—both negro and Indian. The plantation system in Mexico was similar to that which was inaugurated in the islands: estates were given to settlers, who had to cultivate them for eight years before they got a clear title from the Crown.

The Church entered upon this new field with fiery zeal, and in thirty years claimed to have made nine millions of converts. These figures are open to question; but, however they may be modified, there is no reason to doubt that, in the absence of any competing religious denomination, the Roman Catholic Church did make substantial progress in Mexico.

Mexico had not been conquered more than five years when, in 1524, an expedition was fitted out to conquer Peru. Pizarro was to command the fighting force; but the profits were to be shared by a little syndicate consisting of three people—one of them the Vicar of Panama. The Vicar, who had advanced twenty thousand *pesos* (dollars) towards fitting out the expedition, was to receive one-third of all the land, treasure, and slaves they might secure. Pizarro promised to make good any losses the Vicar might sustain; he had to be very careful with the Vicar, for it was known that this Churchman represented some capital subscribed by the Chief-Justice, who was forbidden by law from appearing in such transactions. It was also necessary to interest the Governor in the enterprise, and that meant another share in the concern. However, by joint effort of these three, Pizarro started for Peru with the blessing of the Church, the protection of the law, and the goodwill of the Governor. On that occasion all went well with Pizarro. On his preliminary journey the natives received him with hospitality.

Pizarro then returned full of plans for the future conquest of the country and the enslaving of the unsuspecting people. Going first to Madrid, he retailed his discovery and was made Governor-General, with all sorts of privileges; the Vicar was made a bishop; and the King made out a patent for Pizarro, enjoining, above all things, gentleness towards the natives! Pizarro promised everything, and sailed away in 1531 to the conquest of Peru.

In 1532, with one hundred and seventy-seven

soldiers and sixty-seven horses, Pizarro started to meet the Inca at Caxamalca. The Inca came forth to meet Pizarro unarmed, surrounded by his court dignitaries; and the great square was crowded by the curious. He was led to expect a meeting with Cortes; but, instead of that, a Dominican monk came toward him, a book in one hand, a crucifix in the other, and in a loud voice called upon the native ruler to turn Christian, and acknowledge Charles V. as his master. The Inca was naturally surprised and annoyed at this unexpected alteration in the programme, and expressed himself to that effect. This was what the monk desired, so he made a signal, and fire was opened by the Spanish guns on the people; and while the confusion was great the horsemen charged in and trampled women and children under foot. In half-an-hour Peru became Spanish—a conquest which makes us blush for the race to which we belong. There were thousands of corpses to be buried that night, and the booty was ample. Pizarro celebrated his victory by a banquet, and by his side sat his timid, gentle victim, who hoped, perhaps, to yet serve his country by bowing meekly to the Spaniard's yoke. The Inca offered to buy liberty by filling his dungeon with gold, and nearly kept his promise. Pizarro, however, probably concluded that he could fill it himself equally well; so, in 1533, he put his royal prisoner to death, first taking the precaution to have him baptised into the Catholic faith.

Pizarro now divided plunder to the extent of seventeen and a half million dollars. Peru was divided up amongst the followers of the conquerors. Soldiers who had never before known more than the fare of a Catalonian peasant now became grandees of the soil, and were waited upon by many slaves. There was no more desire to go home. Spain offered no such glories to them as were to be found here on the ruins of Inca palaces. Slavery became here as elsewhere the most important section in the colonial constitution. Men who had murdered inoffensive women and children were not likely to deal gently with any one attacking what they regarded as their vested interests.

Only eleven years after the murder of the Inca Atahualpa by Pizarro, Spain had to face in Peru her first colonial insurrection. In 1544 Charles V. attempted to enforce the successive decrees against slavery, which had uniformly been ignored, notably one of 1543. In Mexico one hundred and fifty thousand natives were nominally set at liberty, for the law of Spain proclaimed the Indians free by virtue of being vassals of Charles V. But it was too late; vested interests had grown too strong. In Mexico the law was evaded; for, since it applied only to vassals of the Crown, the planters who held slaves pretended that they had been seized for refusing allegiance, and that plea was rarely found defective by a colonial court.

In 1530 slavery was guarded as jealously in Spanish America as it was three centuries later in a part of the United States; no priest was allowed to teach a native anything that could harm his master, and to sell a horse or firearms to a native was punishable by death.

Mexico was much nearer to Spain than Peru; and where Charles V. had failed in Mexico, it was not likely that he would succeed in a land so much farther away. When, therefore, the Crown officials arrived with anti-slavery proclamations drawn up by Las Casas, it was the signal for open rebellion. The agents of the great Charles were openly insulted and driven out of Peru; it was a sort of Boston tea-party in a rough way—at least, so far as the nullification of a royal command was concerned. More strange still, this monarch, whose little finger was felt the length and breadth of Europe, bowed to the storm created by his far-away colony. He sent out a whitewashing commission, pardoned the rebels, granted all that the colonists demanded, and surrendered the natives as slaves to the white man's will.

The secret of this cowardice is not far to seek. Money, money, and only money, was the cry of Charles. He feared that a fight with the colonists of Peru would interfere with his supply of cash; and to accomplish his designs in Europe money was a vital necessity: it was not to be got from Spain, and could only be drawn from America. So Charles satisfied his conscience by promising reforms and closing his eyes when his laws were treated as dead-letters.

Up to this time the power of Spain over her colonies had not been seriously questioned by any European power, and her claim to the whole of America appeared to be acknowledged by the civilised world. The commanders of the Spanish treasure-ships sailed between Spain and her colonies with no thought of other dangers than those incidental to a journey from Cadiz to Barcelona; but towards the end of 1568 a new Viceroy, arriving at Vera Cruz with a strong fleet, was amazed to find that port occupied by two Englishmen. In the estimation of the Spaniards these men were pirates; but in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen they were important factors in the enterprises that made up the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake had inaugurated a series of visits to the Spanish Main, which not only caused panic on these coasts, but stimulated the spirit of adventure in every port of the British Isles. The contemporaries of Shakespeare were not the men to fold their hands and look on while gold and silver were to be secured at no greater cost than a hard fight.

Drake and Hawkins in 1568 commenced the uphill fight between little England and the great Spanish Empire—a fight which enlisted the sympathies of the world in so far as it measured the strength of Protestantism against

papal authority. To the Spaniards an English sailor was not only a pirate, but a pirate who had the audacity to deny the authority of the Pope; and for him death was regarded as a mild punishment. Lucky the English prisoner who was not handed over to the Inquisition for torture before being publicly executed! In *Westward Ho!* Charles Kingsley has drawn a dramatic picture of adventurous life in those days; and startling as his pages are, they scarcely outdo the cold recital contained in official Spanish chronicles. From the time of the introduction of the Inquisition into Mexico (1571), two thousand cases are recorded as having been tried in thirty years, or more than sixty-six cases each year—a terrible record in a young colony with only a handful of white men, and a native population almost feminine in their docility. Need we wonder that at the end of the sixteenth century the Inquisition, co-operating with the Crown officials, had produced such misery that the native population had dwindled to a quarter of what it was when Cortes first landed in 1519?

The British sea-fighters of that day were not respectable in the eyes of the law; but their freebooting acquired the halo of popular sanction when it became more generally known that their raids were at the expense of men who were the enemies of the Queen of England, the enemies of their religion, and, above all, capable of outdoing the Mohammedan pirates in cruelty towards their captives.

English adventurers were soon followed by Protestant Dutch, and by French who may or may not have been Protestants, but who were no less interested in intercepting treasure-ships and pillaging the palaces of viceroys. In the last twenty years of the sixteenth century eleven silver-fleets left Vera Cruz for Spain; but frequently, says the German authority (Zimmermann), they did not pay expenses because of the cost involved in securing them from capture. It is impossible to tell exactly how much gold and silver reached the Madrid Treasury during all the years when the Spanish flag dominated from the Golden Gate to the Rio de la Plata. Whatever the amount, it was never enough to satisfy the unceasing clamour for the precious metals which was the burden of every despatch from Spain to the New World.

Spain was burdened prematurely with a great colonial empire. She had not a teeming indigenous population, nor had she manufactures seeking a market. With the growth of her colonies a disposition to encourage the manufactures of the mother-country at the expense of the colonies might have been expected even at that period; and Spain did not encourage immigration, although the high cost of living consequent upon the discovery of America would normally have invited a stream of white wage-earners from neighbouring countries. Therefore, while Spain was steadily drained of her

most vigorous sons, she did nothing to fill their places. The State did not by any means encourage emigration to the New World—at least, not beyond the numbers thought necessary for conducting the government and securing tribute from the colonies. Spanish subjects in New Spain were regarded merely as an army of occupation, who were to act according to orders from home, and to have no interests in the New World except as servants of the Crown; so the Government passed many regulations intended to discourage those desirous of leaving the mother-country. The outgoing ships were carefully examined, and the intending emigrant had to show a special license, to secure which he had to prove, among other things, that no member of his family for two generations had fallen under the suspicion of the Inquisition.

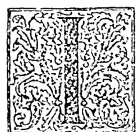
Suspicion, indeed, was the keystone of Spanish colonial administration. No sooner had a governor or viceroy sailed from Spain than a commission followed him, charged with the duty of reporting secretly about his doings. The Crown trusted no one, and the Inquisition machinery was set in motion for political quite as much as for theological heresy. The partnership between Church and State in Madrid was reflected in every Spanish colony, the sole difference being that on American soil the Church was the only partner seriously consulted.

Spain's legislation against emigration was due less to economic reasons than to her chronic distrust of her colonists. She instinctively felt her own weakness, and, in the belief that her children would break away from her as a matter of course, adopted the policy of keeping them individually weak, and even forbade on pain of death all commercial intercourse between one colony and another. The Court wanted gold and silver, but desired no further commerce with the New World. The number of ships that might annually cross the ocean and the number of men who sailed in them were limited. Spain took no interest in supplying the New World with Spanish products—she was not intelligent enough to be even a 'protectionist'—the looms of France, Holland, and England furnishing the produce which sailed from Spanish ports for her Western possessions. Local manufacturers complained; but the Government preferred the ready cash collected at the Custom-House to the remoter advantages springing from busy factories at home. Thus the very indifference, not to say contempt, which the Spanish Government entertained for trade led indirectly to the founding of mills and factories in America. Already in the sixteenth century guns were cast at Santiago in Cuba, as also in Mexico. The Spanish nobleman's inherited aversion to all useful occupations blinded him to the military advantage of having an army of machinists to fall back upon. It was reserved for the United States in 1898 to teach this lesson effectively.

BODEN GARRETT, SPY.

I.—THE EPILEPTIC.

By W. H. WILLIAMSON.



It was in the early part of the War of the Secession in the United States that General Beauregard, with about twenty-three thousand men, was near Bull Run River, waiting anxiously for information concerning the enemy that his secret agent, Boden Garrett, was to bring him. Students of American history will recall that it was on the banks almost of this river that the first big battle of the War of the Secession was fought. McDowell commanded the forces of the Union men opposed to Beauregard, and was at Centreville, six or seven miles east of Manassas Junction.

Near McLean's Ford a picket of raw Union men was stationed. They were very anxious, and at times ponderously silent. Now and again, however, some man would throw out a suggestion sufficient to startle his comrades or wring from one a speech either of contradiction or confirmation.

As they chatted a man walked very cautiously towards the camp. He was dressed like a peasant, but his general carriage was that of a wight. He shuffled in his walk, and his eyes had a vacant look—when there was a risk of publicity. Occasionally he stopped and listened with most acute ears; also, occasionally he had a tremor, for after all hanging is not a welcome kind of death.

He was pulled up at last, however, by a sergeant, who sent him to the General under the care of two soldiers. As the two men walked along with him, the peasant listened keenly to their conversation, and, by pretending to be anxious on account of his brother, wrung from the sympathetic Federals the admission that much drilling was taking place among the Union forces, that nearly the whole camp was composed of raw levies, and much other information that seemed of a valuable character.

There was great difficulty in reaching the General, and half-an-hour was wasted in the confines of his quarters, during which half-hour much shaking—and listening—were indulged in by our pseudo peasant.

'Well?' at last said the voice of the aide.

'Sergeant Donne of the 2nd New York Militia has sent us with this man, Colonel. He wants to find his brother in the 71st New York. George Taggart, he says, is the name.'

'What is he like? A lunatic? Here! where do you come from?'

'G—G—Greg's Farm.'

'Are you a rebel?'

'No, sir;' and the poor man's face lit up a trifle.

'Want to see your brother?'

'Y—yes, sir.'

'All right. I'll give you a pass to visit him.

'What's his name?'

'George Taggart, Colonel.'

'George Taggart in the 71st New York;' and as he spoke the Colonel wrote. 'Just show the poor creature where the 71st are,' he added most sympathetically.

The soldiers saluted and withdrew, much to the composure of the poor demented peasant.

The aide-de-camp was no sooner rid of George Taggart's brother than a doctor, who had been present during the last interview, said:

'That man is no lunatic.'

'Which man?' asked the aide, not thinking the remark of great importance.

'The man who says he is the brother of George Taggart,' replied the doctor.

'What! the epileptic? Do you mean he's a spy?'

'He is not a lunatic, nor do I think epileptic. His eye was peculiarly bright at times, and occasionally he stopped his shaking. The saliva running from his mouth was pushed out; I saw him do it.'

'Then he must be a spy. I'll get him slung up. You'll swear to what you've said, doctor?'

'You will have to be careful. If he is a spy he may act well; and the fact that I do not consider him a lunatic is no proof that he is a spy.'

'I'll have him watched. He won't suspect, now he's got clear of us with a pass.'

He called an orderly. 'There are two men of the 2nd New York escorting a lunatic man to the 71st to find his brother, George Taggart. Tell the two men they must return to their regiment now; the other man will be able to find his way.'

'Yes, Colonel,' said the orderly, saluting, and preparing to go on his errand.

'As you return with the two men tell them to keep the man who pretends to be an idiot in view. They are to watch him well without being seen. Report to me the moment you return.'

The orderly saluted, and went on his errand.

'Perhaps I might do something,' said the doctor.

'I shall be delighted,' replied the aide. 'Do what you can in any way you like.'

The doctor, on the return of the orderly, went in the direction the suspected spy had taken.

The wobbling peasant was now alone, and it is not unnatural to assume he was considering in his own mind that the journey to his brother, George Taggart of the 71st New York Regiment, might be along a path of facility and security.

Suddenly as he passed in front of a body of men a hand struck him a violent blow on the back, and a voice shouted, 'Stand up!'

I believe he thanked his lucky stars afterwards that he did not obey the behest. The instinct was strong. The very next moment the doctor had seized him by the shoulders, had pulled his head back, and was looking into his eyes.

Boden Garrett had a desire to struggle against his assailant, to look him in the eyes and meet him equally; but he was no fool, and kept his presence of mind wonderfully, and the situation demanded every atom of it. He rolled his eyes pleadingly, and allowed the swell of emotion to develop in a fearsome way. He shook violently.

'Stop that foolery,' said the doctor. 'Look at me.'

The poor lunatic was now shaking on the ground, groaning rather objectionably, and apparently on the verge of an epileptic fit.

Some of the Union men near were quite surprised at the incident, and wondered what it meant.

'He's shamming,' said the doctor, not caring to say more for the moment.

'A durned good sham!' said one of the men.

He spoke truly. The poor man on the ground looked a pitiable object.

The doctor was nonplussed. Hoping that a surprise-attack might win a victory for the theory he had advanced to the aide, he had not considered further steps. He looked at the man on the ground for a moment, and was probably influenced to some extent by the attitude of the soldiers present. They at any rate felt sorry for the man on the ground.

So the doctor shrugged his shoulders. 'He's all right,' he said. However, as he went away Boden Garrett fancied he heard him whisper to some of the men. So there was danger ahead.

After a few minutes' rolling, groaning, and frothing to the best of his ability, Boden Garrett attempted to rise. He knew that perhaps before him lay the most difficult part of his enterprise. He was amongst his enemies, and suspected. At any moment they might discover there was no such person as George Taggart in the 71st New York Regiment—a fact of which the aide was at that very moment becoming convinced. So Boden Garrett was, while playing the harmless lunatic, devising desperate measures to escape through the Union lines back to General Beauregard. He went

on cautiously and warily, skirting knots of men here, wagons there, and made deft avoidance of many things.

Suddenly, as he ambled slowly past a little clump of bushes, he heard a voice cry 'Hist!' He stopped instinctively, and cursed himself the next moment for a fool. Then he glanced round without much movement of his head, searchingly, swiftly, and secretly. There was nobody to be seen.

'Hist!' came the voice again not too loudly.

The next moment he heard the creak of bushes breaking, and a voice quite near to him said, 'Hey!'

With his tongue roving loosely in his mouth, his eyes wandering as if without a pilot-mind, Garrett half-turned.

A man was lying on the ground, soiled with the earth, and with leaves clinging to him here and there.

'Hey, mate!' said the man, 'hev you got anythin' to eat? I've tasted nothin' for thirty-six hours.'

Garrett mustered a simple smile and nodded. He began to wonder how epileptic people conducted themselves. He feared exaggeration.

'Say, what are you? Soldier?'

Garrett nodded and mumbled something which the man on the ground could not understand, inasmuch as it was not meant that he should. The simpering peasant also held out a paper, which the other man seized and read: 'George Taggart, 71st New York Regiment.'

'B—brother,' said Garrett, pointing to the paper.

'Ah!' said the other. 'Air you goin' to see him?'

Garrett nodded and threw grave idiocy into the nod.

'Got anythin' to eat?'

Garrett shook his head.

The other sighed. 'Any water?'

'No.'

The man licked his lips as if the thirst oppressed him.

Garrett wondered what manner of man he could be to desire food so vehemently. So he said, 'Pl—plenty food—there,' and he pointed to the camp.

'Plenty of durned rope too,' said the man grimly. 'Can't you see I'm hidin'? You won't betray me—eh, ol' man? You won't betray me? I'm hidin';' and he grasped Garrett's hands and squeezed them.

Garrett scarcely knew what to do. The vagaries of the imbecile are difficult to imagine. So Garrett smiled sympathetically and said, 'N—no;' adding, as if to give a touch of truth to his character, 'Sev—seventy-fi—first Ney—York'—

'Your brother—eh? Where are the 71st New York?'

Garrett shook his head stupidly, and described a semicircle almost as he pointed.

'B' jiminy! I've got it,' suddenly said the man on the ground. Garrett was startled by the first exclamation, so he caused more saliva to run from his mouth. 'You won't betray me? You'll swear you won't betray me—eh?'

Garrett nodded willingly, wondering what was coming next.

'I've bin in that there hole fer the last two days nearly'—Garrett saw a kind of hollow with a bush near it: it was not much of a hole—'an' the Feds want to catch me. I'll be your brother—eh? George Taggart. That's it—eh? George Taggart. I'm the cuss. If anybody asks who I am, I'm your durned brother, George Taggart. You understand, ol' man—eh? You do understand? You won't be a durned sneak—will you, an' give me up?'

The man stood up, knocked the dirt off his clothes, pulled his hat as much over his face as he could, and took Garrett by the arm. 'George Taggart,' he whispered. 'Come on. I want to get through the lines.' He had scarcely uttered the last word when he turned his eyes in another direction and gave a cry. Garrett, too, was startled, and stood almost rigid and cool; but he was quick to recover his imperfectness.

A sergeant at the head of half-a-dozen Union soldiers with fixed bayonets was in front of them.

'I guessed so,' said the sergeant. 'Here's the rebel sneak that slipped his noose two days ago. Well, we've got him this time, and he'll see Maryland no more. And this other chap: he pretends he's a durned idiot; but I reckon he's a blamed rebel sneak too. We'll take him, anyhow. March 'em both off, boys.'

Garrett could have cursed his luck. Even if he could play his part sufficiently well to impose on his captors, yet delay was dangerous. They might confine him till the information he had obtained would be worthless to General Beauregard. Moreover, they might also keep him sufficiently long under surveillance to find there was no Greg's Farm, as well as to ascertain there was no George Taggart in the 71st New York. He felt the desperation of his case in the twinkling of an eye; yet he had to play the half-witted. He shuffled, ambled, walked respectably, and stopped occasionally, saying in a quiet, piteous way that was uncommonly realistic, 'Bro—ther—G—George Taggart,' accompanied by a half-smile of vacancy. The saliva ran continuously.

When they had gone three or four hundred yards he had a fit. It was a luxurious affair, and he refused to allow any of the soldiers to approach him. He managed to foam this time, but it was very trying work.

'We'll jist wait till he's finished. These

durned rebs can play some,' said the sergeant, as he stood in a patient attitude.

Of course, Garrett came to in good—or rather appropriate—time, and was excessively weak; but even his weakness did not move the sergeant much.

One of the soldiers said, 'E seems wobbly. Ef we put 'im in 'ere, boss?'

'Sergeant!' corrected the non-com.

'Sergeant! Beg pardon. 'E'll lop over in a minute.'

'Put 'em both in here,' said the sergeant, standing outside a log-cabin that had been deserted by its owners. 'I'll go and make my report.'

Garrett and the other man were in an abandoned cabin consisting of two rooms. There was a quantity of straw in one room, which suggested that the cabin had been used as a sleeping-place by some of the soldiers. The only articles in the rooms were a couple of spades and some carpenter's tools.

Garrett began to ask himself if he should proclaim his identity to his companion. He did not wish to sit idly by, for his own safety's sake, and see a member of the Confederate Secret Service die, when possibly together they might manage to outwit the guard; but a shrewd prudence held him back, and he decided to wait. Perhaps there were soldiers outside watching them.

Both men lay upon the straw. The man who had accosted Garrett was looking eagerly at the door. He got up after a while, walked quietly round the interior of their prison, and examined it closely, then listened at the door.

'I'm hanged ef I'll swing ef there's a chance of escape,' he said. 'Guess you're no good, mate. Say! What can you do?'

Garrett was just weighing that question. He darted a look at the door: there might be eyes beyond. So he turned over and pretended to weep. The other man looked interested and convinced.

'Thet's no use, mate,' he said. 'Your brother's all serene, an' they won't hurt you. I'm the lucky devil. They'll use me for a target to practise at. Thet's the perticular part of the drama I object to. Say, mate!' and he waited for an answer.

Garrett rubbed his eyes vigorously, and they appeared red.

'Hey?' he said with careful speech.

'Do you think,' the other man whispered, 'we could manage to escape? They won't try us much. I reckon we can get out of here in the night if we're smart. Can you help some?'

Garrett was just about to reply when the door of the hut was pushed rudely open, and a soldier entered.

The soldier looked round to see where the

two men were, and said, 'You kin say your prayers. The Colonel's goin' to send you to your everlastin' home to-morrow mornin'. We don't want Sesesh spies round here.' However, just before he withdrew, Garrett noticed with mingled feelings of satisfaction and anxiety that the supposed Confederate spy and the soldier exchanged winks of familiarity and friendliness. Garrett, being no fool, understood the situation, which was half the battle. The man who pretended to be a spy was only trying to catch Garrett.

The genuine Southerner trembled with the wild surf of emotion that broke over him as he made this discovery, and thought how near he had been to betraying himself.

The other man, playing a rôle, was a trifle undecided and unnatural. Really, he was watching Garrett. Suddenly he threw himself on the latter as though in desperation, and spoke with well-simulated rage. 'Surely you can help some?' he said, and looked straight in Garrett's face, and the Southerner was sorely tried. The Yankee added, 'An' you weep without tears—eh?'

Garrett was very anxious. This other man was clearly no fool. Garrett found it difficult to drive intelligence from his eyes and bid tears flow; but the rôle was inexorable now, and he paid no attention to the Yankee's remarks, save to stare as vacantly as he could and murmur his refrain: 'G—George Taggart, 71st New York.'

The Yank gave a grunt of disgust. 'You'll be hanged,' he said, and threw himself full-length on the ground.

Garrett was not comfortable. The night was approaching fast, and yet the Union man lay still. Garrett wondered if he slept, and dared not inquire. He did attempt a groan as he edged towards him; but the man lay with his face buried in his hands.

Garrett wondered if the man were trying to tire him out. He forgot his epilepsy, and began to have doubts too. Was the man really a Confederate or a Federal? We know the fiend that Doubt is.

For quite three-quarters of an hour the big man lay prone, and during that time Garrett ran the gamut of doubt, desperation, and despair. Suddenly a plan entered his mind, and he got through the first act creditably. He had another fit, but managed in the access to pitch near the Yankee and knock the man's pockets. The Northerner betrayed much uncertainty, and almost seemed to be thinking his companion a genuine fool. In that, of course, he was mistaken, for Garrett had just discovered that his enemy had a revolver—which was valuable information.

The second act did not follow immediately; there was a long interval between the acts, for Garrett waited for his cue, which was simply

that the other man had to lose his patience first if possible, and that before the night passed away. However, time was passing, and Garrett began to get uneasy; but the other man did not disappoint him. This moment was distinctly exciting. There was not much light in the hut, as may be imagined, though it was not pitch-dark, for the cracks in the logs served as windows.

The Yankee had been watching Garrett and waiting; Garrett had been watching the Yankee and waiting. The Northerner was evidently trying another bait. He rose and swore, and seemed in perfect despair.

'I can't be shot!' cried the man. 'Did you hear what the Yank said, mate? They are goin' to shoot us—or hang us, maybe. I don't want to die; but I ain't afraid, mate—it ain't thet. I don't want a hangin'. I've done my best fer the South; but these Yanks hev been too many fer me at last. Do you know who I am? No. I'm the best spy of the hull Southern army. Maybe they'll let you go—you don't hev the appearance of a desperate man; ef they do, sonny, let General Beauregard know thet I died decently.' Then he broke down. It was a most touching affair.

Garrett, in his prudence, sat watching and waiting.

'Ef I could only escape,' groaned the other man at length.

Then Garrett played his part. He laid one hand on the other man's shoulder and said, 'I'll help you.'

The epilepsy was gone; Fortune was dangling her scales between the two men. Astonishment—nay, amazement—was written on the other man's face, and written beautifully! He was a capital actor. 'You!' he exclaimed.

Garrett nodded. 'Yes,' he said. 'I am a Southerner too. We can perhaps escape together.' But his right hand was ready for emergencies.

The other laughed deeply. 'You are a durned clever actor,' he said. 'Secret Service?'

Garrett nodded and smiled.

'I think I shall manage to escape now,' said the other; 'but I don't fancy your chances. You durned fool! Why, I've only been here to make you say that,' and his hand stole to his pocket as he chuckled.

Garrett, however, was at his hip-pocket first.

'Hands up!' said the Confederate.

The Yankee complied. Then he managed to compose a smile, as with his hands up in the air he said, 'Ef you shoot you're lost.'

'If I shoot, *you* are,' replied Garrett. 'Keep your mouth shut, please. If we are caught I am done for, in which case you will precede me to eternity. Let us understand each other. A shot might prove fatal to me; there is no doubt in your case. So we will avoid shooting if possible. Turn round.'

The Yankee obeyed, for he didn't hold the cards after all.

'You very nearly won,' said Garrett, quietly rolling his pocket-handkerchief into a ball and putting it into his left hand; 'very nearly, but not quite.' He darted forward and clapped the handkerchief over the Yankee's mouth, while he held the revolver to his cheek. 'Open your mouth.' The man's obedience was touching.

Garrett gagged him and abstracted his revolver. 'Now turn round.'

The two men faced each other, and the Yankee looked forlorn with Garrett's handkerchief in his mouth. They had both acted capitably; but the palm was for him who had reached his hip-pocket first.

Garrett talked as he considered. 'A trifle too late, matey. You did very well. Upon my soul! General Beauregard will be glad to hear from me that you are alive. Now you'll do as I command. If I get in a hole I fire, and that'll not improve your bill of health. Number 1: Take off your coat an' your trousers. Skin yourself. I fancy your things'll fit me sweet.'

These orders being complied with, the Yankee lay on the floor in his shirt and pants while Garrett reclothed himself with much satisfaction.

'Now I am a Yank,' he said; 'but I had better put garters round your wrists. Turn over, ol' pal, an' put your hands behind your back.'

The Yankee obeyed, and Garrett secured the man's arms. Then he looked hastily round the hut to see if escape were easy. The cabin was neatly knit, and, though escape might not be very difficult, celerity was necessary, for Garrett feared the arrival of some one at any moment. He made up his mind again quickly, and resolved on the audacious. He took the Yankee's pocket-handkerchief—since the Yankee had his—in his left hand, and surveyed the cabin carefully. He stood just at the entrance to the second room, and with his back to the door of the hut. He laughed loudly in a queer key, and his laughter was ironical. He tried to listen as he laughed, and he was very alert. He laughed again—very loudly this time, and managed to knock at the door. If the soldier outside were in the plot he had to be tempted inside. Garrett waited for a moment watching one man and listening for another. Then he laughed again loudly.

A key turned in the lock, and as a soldier

entered Garrett was doubled up in his ecstasy of hilarity. He pointed towards the figure on the floor.

'Got 'im,' said the soldier, and he began to laugh also; but Garrett checked his levity by flinging his left arm tightly round the soldier's neck, so that the handkerchief was over his mouth.

The soldier struggled; but Garrett was strong, and he had persuasive words and instruments.

'Shut up and be quiet, or you're a dead man,' he said.

The soldier, knowing that men did shoot, obeyed.

'Open your mouth.'

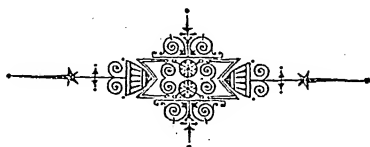
The soldier's obedience was touching.

'Drop your rifle quietly. Don't try any larks now, or this revolver will go off; or there's a bowie-knife for your throat if you prefer it. Be good, and keep all your teeth. Put your hands behind your back. Beautiful!'

Now that the two men were firmly secured, Garrett walked cautiously to the door, carrying the soldier's musket. He peeped out, looked around, and saw there was nobody in the vicinity of the cabin. With despatch he shut the door, turned the key, and shied it away. Then he walked quickly through the camp, his feet as light as feathers and almost rebellious.

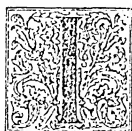
On passing a group of horses tethered he looked round furtively but quickly, and in a trice was astride a beast and trotting along the road towards M'Lean's Ford. Hearing a noise behind, he felt sure the whole Federal army was at his heels; but his own were in the horse's flanks in an instant, and the beast was tearing along at break-neck pace, with Garrett lying over its neck and shouting encouragement in his ears. A sentry tried to stop him as he passed through the lines; but Garrett shouted something incomprehensible, and rode on. There were cries from behind, and the hoofs of other horses were ringing on the ground. The pursuers yelled and the sentry fired, but it was all to no purpose, for Garrett passed M'Lean's Ford in safety, and laughed at the adventure from the other side of Bull Run.

General Beauregard, as we know, was successful in the battle, and Boden Garrett received many dangerous commissions as well as congratulations as the result of the errand on secret service to the camp near Bull Run.



COMMERCIAL METHODS: HUMILIATION WANTED.

By NORMAN ALLISTON.



IN a clear and convincing article on foreign competition, by Mr George Noble, published in the February number of this *Journal*, it was suggested, and rightly so, that organisation and combination were urgently needed to set the British farmer on his legs again. Nevertheless, I have a lurking suspicion that the mischief has not been traced quite up to its source. One cannot help thinking that the evil results primarily from the state of the British farmer's mind—he makes the bed he must lie on; and that, given a keen, alert, sensible British farmer, the organisation and the combination would come quickly enough from within. However, this short article is aimed at the British merchant rather than at his farmer-brother, although I fancy that it might easily apply all round the commercial circle.

It is one of the unpleasant characteristics of the British merchant that he is 'stuck up'—not personally, perhaps, but certainly so in his business methods. There is no taunt in this; it is a sober fact, and we ought to be very sorry for the poor fellow, for he has thrown away millions of pounds in keeping up his dignity. Our consular reports would make all the more pleasant reading were it not for this stubborn commercial arrogance. How often do we hear of high and mighty British firms disdainfully refusing a modest order, and of an obliging foreign firm eagerly snapping it up, supplying even at a loss, but thus securing the connection ultimately so profitable! There is no need, however, to go to Germany and America and Japan to drive home the truth that when commercial pride is pitted against willingness to engage in small transactions the latter invariably comes off with flying colours—and a handsome cash balance. For this reason, and to present the matter more forcibly, only home instances are given to point a moral that should be more widely practised and less widely quoted—namely, to 'take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

Here is a case in point. Not so very long ago a gentleman named Foster died worth two millions of money. Practically every penny of this snug little fortune was taken from under the very noses of railway companies who were too proud or too stupid to pick it up. In their infancy these companies—always irritatingly inelastic in meeting public demands—found it beneath their dignity to accept parcels for transmission at a less cost than one-and-sixpence. For this sum, it is true, liberal weight was allowed, so that those sending large and heavy parcels were satisfactorily catered for; but for the numerically im-

portant small-parcel sender the charge was preposterous. The companies were petitioned to reduce their exorbitant minimum; but, as usual, they remained sleepily obdurate. Then one fine day appeared a man with a head on his shoulders; he collected small parcels from City business houses at twopence apiece, packed them in wicker baskets, and sent off the latter at the companies' one-and-sixpenny rate. In a few years he had offices in most of the large towns, and was doing enormous business with the 'twopenny bookings.' The railway companies then woke up, and went to law to stop this man. The companies lost their case, but the man with the head on his shoulders made two million pounds. Railway companies have now reduced their rates and otherwise followed an expensive example; but it is safe to say that an enormous amount of business is now in private carriers' hands which, but for a stupid and short-sighted policy, should properly have become almost their monopoly.

Another section of their business which railway companies have neglected is that connected with tourist traffic. As tourist agents they have been beaten out of the field by enterprising outsiders. When wanting a tourist ticket, why we should go to a firm independent of the company over whose line we intend to travel is certainly curious. The truth is that, with a little insight, a little trouble, and organisation, railway companies could have kept the profitable tourist agency business to themselves. They thought it was too small a thing to trouble about, and so private firms have secured the business and the profits.

Bankers are decidedly overbearing in their professional capacity. Indeed, it is not so long ago that these superior beings turned up their noses at any one who dared to approach them with sums under four figures. To put the matter somewhat bluntly, they have had to pay through that upturned nose for their lofty airs. Had they from the first recognised the truth set forth in the homely motto just quoted, the Post-Office would not now be conducting its enormous savings-bank and money-order business. Is it not ridiculous to think that the banker of one in every four persons in England and one in every five and a half of the population of the whole of the United Kingdom is the *Post-Office*! With lofty obstinacy that would be almost incredible did it not distinguish the methods of so many British commercial firms, the ordinary banker has consistently ignored the small depositor. The result is that one hundred and thirty million pounds—a nice little sum for a clever banker to juggle with—is now deposited at the Post-Office. One hundred and thirty millions contemptuously

flung out of the office-door! This trade, of course, is lost and gone for ever, as far as the old-fashioned banker is concerned; although he will be the last person in the world to acknowledge in this a lost opportunity.

With regard to the postal-order business. Here is clearly another department of the money-merchant's trade that has been left for other people, engaged in other business, to exploit. He were a prophet indeed who had forecast the enormous development that has taken place in this great 'side line' of the Post-Office; but surely keen-sighted bankers should have had at least an inkling of the probabilities. Presumably they had; but evidently they were scared at the prospect of dealing with insignificant, laughable little sums of a shilling, half-a-guinea, or a pound. Shillings and pence—how ridiculous! The Post-Office thought otherwise; and let the latest figures of the Postmaster-General sound convincing applause. The poundage commission on the postal-orders sold during the year ending 31st March 1900 was three hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven pounds. Altogether, the modest postal-order has earned a net profit of close upon four million pounds during the twenty years of its flourishing existence. We have become so used to connecting the convenient little slips of sendable money with the Post-Office that it is somewhat difficult to realise that these handsome profits might have accrued to the banker had he, some thirty years ago, been thoroughly alive to the situation.

It is a characteristic trait of English licensed victuallers that they do not supply victuals. With stubborn stupidity they have allowed a whole trade to drift into other hands. To take but one concrete instance: it is clearly the victualler's business to supply a hungry public with tea and cakes. Instead of coping with this demand, and pocketing the profits, the publican adopts an insolent attitude, and makes everything as badly and as uncomfortable as possible for his tea customers. He could not, apparently, perceive percentage in tea and bread-and-butter. Then, suddenly, in London there springs up a great and most practical temperance advocate, the Aerated Bread Company. The company have now over one hundred dépôts in London. This statement sounds rather bald; but conceive Paris or Berlin with one hundred 'A.B.C.'s and all their legitimate victuallers (*restaurateurs*) selling only beer and absinthe! As to bread-and-butter profits, they are astounding. The average yearly dividend of the 'A.B.C.' for the last ten years has been at the rate of 34 per cent.; for the last two years it has been 43 and 42 per cent. respectively! It is with genuine pleasure that this pecuniary loss to publicans is indicated, for it is due as much to obstinate disregard of public demand as to dullness of perception.

To the very same stand-offish depreciation of

the small bargain is due the wonderful success of penny-in-the-slot machines. It is a test of courage to face the young lady behind the counter of a confectioner's shop when one's immediate needs are only a penny bar of chocolate, or to call in at one's tobacconist's for a pennyworth of cigarettes. There is no reason in the world why such transactions should not be made with thankfulness and politeness on the tradesman's part. However, as the short-sighted retailer persists in treating pennyworth customers with rude condescension, it is not surprising that polite automaticism should be paying a regular 20 per cent. per annum dividend. The Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company have now a round five thousand obliging automatic salesmen scattered throughout the country. During the last financial year of the company, twenty-two million packets of sweetmeats alone were purchased from them, and this without loss of self-respect to the purchasers. The average takings of each machine were twenty-one pounds three shillings—direct from the tradesmen's pockets!

The above are a few of the instances that may be quoted to show concretely that it does not pay to be 'stuck-up' in business. They apply, I believe, with additional force to the question of foreign competition as treated in Mr Noble's article. With organisation, humiliation! As a nation, from the great business corporation to the small manufacturer, we have this lesson of due—not undue—humility to learn in our commercial relations at home and abroad. Respect for the small buyer is more than asked—it is demanded; and by force of figures—the one force that will move some business people—it will be compelled. Commerce and conceit cannot be successfully bracketed.

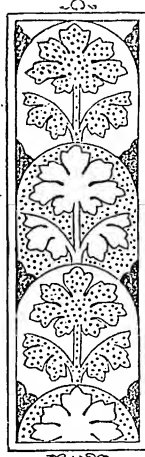
Let us, then, climb down from our lofty perches, apply ourselves with more assiduity to the apparently small, be less 'independent' and more obliging, take more pains and more trouble over lesser matters, and we shall have already forged a stout joint for the armour that is to defend our vitality in the combat with foreign competitors.

ENCHANTMENT.

THE perfect hush of summer broods o'er all:
The distant masses of blue, misty trees;
The sleeping clouds, like spell-bound palaces,
Lie motionless, nor heed the parting call
Of yon belated cuckoo. As in thrall,
The river scarcely moves; the gentle breeze
Is softer than the murmuring of bees;
And even the dew will hardly dare to fall.

This charmed peace has brought my soul so near
To Nature's heart of deep tranquillity,
That all the world is far removed from me;
And when my thoughts, as always, turn to thee,
It seems a hundred years since thou and I
Were here together. Did I dream it, dear?

JAMES SLAFFY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A QUAIN CORNER OF ENGLAND.

By HENRY W. LUCY.



F all parts of elder England, the Isle of Thanet is richest in historical interest. On the surface and beneath, it teems with relics of antiquity. Centuries after the waterway that divided it from the mainland dried up it bears its ancient geographical style. It is still 'the Isle.' Travellers by the railway that runs to Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Margate, Westgate-on-Sea, and newer watering-places find it difficult to realise that once upon a time, for ships making for the Thames, here was a short-cut. The cautious mariner, instead of going round the North Foreland, steered in by Sandwich Haven, sailed through the Isle of Thanet, coming out into the North Sea far to the westward of Westgate.

Thus, according to the *Saxon Chronicle*, Earl Godwin—outlawed, and bent on making the retort courteous by ravaging the English coast—approached the Thames. During the Roman occupation this was so important a waterway that the colonists, after their masterful fashion, built a stout fortress at both entrances. Their names, Richborough and Reculver, remain to this day. The island was created by a river the Saxons called the Wantsume. Its site is now level with the country round; but the Venerable Bede describes it as three furlongs broad. Oddly enough, the union of the island with the mainland has nearer connection with Holland than has Tenterden Steeple with Goodwin Sands. In the reigns of William Rufus, Henry II., and Henry III., there came to pass a great rush of Channel waters over Flanders and Holland. There does not seem to have been enough to go round. So the Wantsume dried up, and the Isle of Thanet was taken close into the arms of the adjacent island of Great Britain.

The Isle of Thanet, measured from its old boundaries, is rather more than ten miles long and about five miles broad. Its irregular shape most nearly approaches that of the equilateral

triangle. Being conveniently contiguous to the Continent, it was the jumping-on point of all our earliest invaders. Hengist and Horsa, invited in the fifth century to 'assist' the early Britons, landed their Saxon army, and found the country so pleasant that they remained. As for the Danes, they, like Christmas, came once a year. Having filled their boats with plunder, they sailed away home, promising to return. The usual landing-place is known in the early chronicles as Hyp-wines-fleote. It is written in the maps to-day Ebbsfleet, and is a portion of the island now snugly ensconced many miles from the sea. Here in the year 1216 landed Louis, Dauphin of France, on his way to join at Sandwich the barons in revolt against King John. Etymologists trace back the name Thanet—Tanet, the Saxons called it—to the beacons that blazed forth notice that the marauding Saxon or the devastating Dane was in sight.

Whilst the land encroaches on the ocean on the south-eastern coast, on the north the sea viciously strikes the average. Reculver, in Roman times the guardian of the northern entrance to Wantsume, has grievously suffered. So recently as the early years of last century the slim tower of Reculver Church, boldly set on a cliff, fronted the North Sea. Long ago, like Douglas Gordon, it was 'drowned in the sea.' For centuries after they had finally quitted the island, relics of the Roman denizens constantly turned up in the neighbourhood of Reculver. Rings, spoons, needles, bodkins, pins, brass ornaments of long ago, rust-eaten armour, gold bracelets, and illimitable deposits of broken earthenware were the treasure-trove.

Close by Birchington, a thriving though modern watering-place some three miles south-west of Margate, is the manor-house of Quex. London has heard, thanks to Mr John Hare and Mr Pinero, much about 'the gay Lord Quex.' It was from this neighbourhood the dramatist borrowed a family name, the pronunciation of

which at the outset embarrassed the pitite. The history of the family seat goes back to the fifteenth century. In the old house William III. several times dwelt, waiting for a favourable wind to carry him on a visit to his beloved Holland. There lingers round the place memory of a true story which illustrates incidents of daily life in 'merry England.' In the year 1657 the lord of Quex was Henry Crispe, sometime Sheriff of Kent. One night in that year Mr Crispe was called out of bed by a company of visitors who had just landed near Birchington. They literally collared Mr Crispe, conveyed him in his own coach—'convey,' the wise call it—to the seaside, lifted him into an open boat in attendance, and spirited him over to Ostend. Thence he was carried to Bruges, and held prisoner for eight months, when a ransom of three thousand pounds was wrung from his distressed but reluctant relatives.

It does not come easy to connect Margate as we know it to-day with the respectably antique. Yet Margate was known to Leland, who writes: 'Here is a pier for shippes, but sore decayed.' Though it does not rank as a Cinque Port, Margate has from the first been linked with the Cinque Port of Dover. When in the eighth year of her reign Queen Elizabeth ordered survey to be made of maritime places in Kent, Margate was returned as numbering one hundred and eight houses. It had no less than fifteen vessels—eight of one ton, one of two, one of five, one of sixteen, and four leviathans of full eighteen ton measurement. St John's Church has a parish register which shows how Church dues ran towards the close of the sixteenth century. For marriage and 'banes,' as the word was spelled, you were charged three shillings and sixpence; 'for burial in a sheete' only sixpence. If buried in a coffin the rate was doubled. 'If'—extreme of luxury—'the corps be brought into the church,' bang went two shillings. 'For churching a woman, but must compound for the face-cloth or crysome,' one shilling.

Margate was ever disposed to be arbitrary in connection with charges incurred on behalf of a 'corps.' In the schedule of the act passed in 1809 for the building of the old pier there is wide discrimination of charge. For example, you might land a mahogany bedstead on the pier on payment of a shilling, whilst a thousand bricks incurred no higher duty than two shillings and sixpence. But 'for every corps' the charge was two guineas, contrasting abruptly with the cases cited, or with the modest sixpence charged 'for every hundredweight of pork or beef contained in any cask.'

The name Margate, like Kingsgate, Ramsgate, Westgate, and the rest, is graphically indicative of the earliest conditions of the islanders. Cooped up inland by the cliffs that sentinel the coast, they just cut a way through. These were their

gates to the sea; and, slowly broadening, on them was built a town. Kingsgate was earliest known as St Bartholomew's Gate. There was a small bay here, and in Cromwell's time the fishermen cut their way to it through the solid rock. In June 1683 Charles II., accompanied by his brother the Duke of York, journeying from London to Dover, landed in the bay. He was graciously pleased to order that thereafter it should be named Kingsgate. When an opening to the sea was cut where Margate now stands there was a little mere. Meregate in time became Margate.

Amongst other evolutions, Margate witnessed the birth of the bathing-machine. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century bathers were carried out to sea in a covered cart recruited from the ordinary farmyard. Upon the active mind of a local Quaker, one Benjamin Beale, there flashed the idea of the caravan that may be seen to this day in some of Keen's pictures, with its pendant covering of canvas, umbrella-shaped, capable of being let down or drawn up at the pleasure of the modest bather. Sad to say, Mr Beale, like some other public benefactors, lost his fortune in the endeavour to popularise his invention. He died in extreme poverty; and a grateful town, beginning to prosper under the shadow of his big umbrella, provided his widow with a home in the Draper's Almshouses, where, aged ninety, she died, babbling of bathing-machines and of man's ingratitude.

Charles Lamb, writing in the *London Magazine* for July 1823, speaks of a week at Margate as the most agreeable holiday of his life. 'Can I forget thee, thou old Margate hoy,' he exclaims in rhapsody, 'with thy weather-beaten, sunburnt captain and his rough accommodations exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet? To the winds and waves thou committedest thy goodly freightage, and did ask no aid of magic fumes and spells and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly, or, when it was their pleasure, stood as still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced as in a hotbed. Nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphurous smoke—a great chimera chimneying and furnacing the deep, or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.'

A line of steam-packets between London and Margate was established eight years before Charles Lamb made this protest. He voiced the conservatism of the day, which finds expression in a local record of the early century. It is there admitted that, whilst the Margate hoy took from twenty to thirty-six hours in achieving the passage, the new steamers did the voyage in ten or twelve. Nevertheless, it is complained that 'in the motion of the steam-vessels there is a very unpleasant monotony; and from the power of the machinery there is also a constant vibration

of the timbers, which renders the voyage unpleasant to many. These circumstances, conjoined with the liability to accident from the bursting of a boiler, &c., will most likely be the means of still keeping employed a certain number of the sailing-packets.' In spite of the ominous '&c.,' the long-endured hoy was doomed, the steam-packets in turn giving place to the railway.

In a darker age, Ellington, now a suburb of Ramsgate, had its ghost. The endowment arose out of a tragedy which in its fascinating horror exceeds that of the murder of Mr Weare, famous in song :

He cut his throat from ear to ear,
His head he battered in;
His name was Mr William Weare,
He lived in Lincoln's Inn.

Before the time of Edward IV. a stately mansion at Ellington was the residence of a family of that name. A century or two later it came into the possession of another ancient Kent family, named Sprackling. The head thereof had for nineteen years been married to Katherine, daughter of Sir Robert Lenknor of Acrise Place. Having wasted his substance in riotous living, he found it convenient to lock himself up in his house, the myrmidons of the civil law besieging. Time hanging heavy on his hands, he one night—it was Saturday, December 11, 1752—quarrelled with his spouse. He struck her on the face with a dagger, and on her attempting to open the door, cut off her hand at the wrist with a cleaver. According to the evidence given at Sandwich Sessions, she falling on her knees praying God to forgive him, he 'cleft her head in two, so that she immediately fell down stark dead.' Tried on the 22nd of April 1753, Mr S. was found guilty of murder, and with commendable celerity he was hanged on the following day.

It is a curious illustration of the manners of the time that in the dead of the second night after his execution he was buried in St Lawrence's Church, close by the remains of his hapless wife. Thus, though in life she was dissevered, in death they were not divided. This seems to be carrying respect for family feeling a little too far. Probably it is responsible for the fact that for years after, when the anniversary of the dread December came round, a woman with streaming hair, her right hand hanging from her wrist, was seen running through the shrubbery at Ellington, casting behind her fearful looks as if she heard the footsteps of a pursuer.

Lord Holland built his soul a lordly pleasure-house at Kingsgate, a little to the north of the Foreland. It was modelled on Tully's villa on the coast of Baia. He conceived the whimsical idea of surrounding the villa with ruins made on the spot by the British workman. One represented a castle, another a convent, a third a temple of Neptune, and so on. When he died

he bequeathed the property to a greater than he, his second son, Charles James Fox. I do not find any record of the great statesman having lived here; it was too remote from Brooks's. He certainly occasionally visited Dandelion, an ancient mansion a mile and a half out of Margate, which also came into his father's possession, and was bequeathed to his favourite son. Dandelion was the seat of a family who were big people in the reign of Edward I. When they came over from Normandy they spelled their name Dent-delyon. The Kentish man, turning the Lion's Tooth over in his lips, presently brought it to Dandelion, a form accepted by the eighteenth century descendant of the early Normans. Lady Holland died at Kingsgate. Writing to Lord Carlisle under date 'July 30, 1774, Saturday night, Almack's,' George Selwyn gives us a peep at the place and the times: 'Lady Holland will be removed on Monday, and my thief one of her outriders. All Lord Holland's servants since he had the house at Kingsgate have been professed smugglers; and John, as I am informed, was employed in vending for them some of their contraband goods, for which he was to be allowed a profit. He sold the goods and never accounted to his principals for a farthing; so now they make him sit up with the corpse of the family, and to act as one of their undertakers, that they may be in part reimbursed.' A gruesome revenge.

Near his pinchbeck Italian villa, with its grotesque attendance of ruins, Lord Holland had for statelier neighbour the lighthouse on the North Foreland. It was not the structure that to-day dominates the sea at this point—a pillar of fire by night, a pillar of stone by day; but it was a great improvement on the one it superseded after a hundred years' service. From 1683 to 1793 the North Foreland Lighthouse was a primitive building of flint. On its summit was an iron grate, in which, open to all the winds of heaven, flared a fire of coal, sedulously fed through the night. According to local record, its coal-bill in the reign of William III. reached proportions that compelled the attention of economists. By way of decreasing consumption, the grate was enclosed within a kind of lantern, bellows being kept going in order to make it flame; but ships perversely went ashore on the Goodwins when attempting to weather the North Foreland thus half-lighted. So the welcome fire blazed again, till, at the close of the eighteenth century, advancing science substituted lamps with a magnifying lens, and a highly polished metal reflector behind.

Minster, through which the nineteenth century railway runs, dates directly back to Saxon times. It derives its origin and name from the church and nunnery founded by the Princess Donneva, daughter to Ermenred, eldest son to Edbald, King of Kent, and wife to Merwald, son of Penda, King of Mercia. How poverty-stricken are the

pages of *Burke's Peerage* compared with this trumpet-toned roll! On the site of the old Minster stands to this day an ancient church, whose nave is said to be part of the Saxon predecessor. Its rare beauty has been curiously deformed by a miserable modern spire, stuck on

the top of its stately tower; but nothing can utterly spoil the grave, solemn beauty of the structure. Little known to the modern traveller, it carries us straight back to Saxon times, when England was ruled by the Heptarchy and there was a King of Kent.

THE LOVER FUGITIVES.

CHAPTER XXV.—HOW ALL SCORES WERE SETTLED.



PLACED myself in guard, my great sword gripped as I had gripped it on the night when the bloodhounds attacked us, the flesh of my hands wedged into the ribs of the stout brass handle. In my left

hand I held my hat.

Slowly, almost solemnly, and with even step, my opponents drew across the patch of turf. The torchlight flashed along the Earl's cheek. It was twisted into a smile. His eyes I could not see; but I knew quite well how they looked. I knew the cruel mocking which filled them. I had never been face to face with him since I learned of the foul marriage he had planned for Cicely. Fierce anger burned up within me; but I crushed it back. This was no time for anything but the coldest, nicest calculations. When almost within striking distance the two moved apart. Between them, the flaring torch struck full into my eyes. I drew myself closer together, felt my feet square under me, and was altogether surprised when Colin Lorel alone sprang upon me. His attack was swift, furious, and masterly. I held his darting blade, checked, parried, guarded—no more. I dared not attempt a return stroke. It would have laid me open to the Earl, who stood on my left hand. To extend myself for either cut or thrust would have given him the choice of where he should drive his weapon into me before I could recover. He would have had me still more at an advantage had he stood on my right; but I knew very well why he chose to stand on the side where my heart lay. I watched him with the corner of my eye, and, again to my surprise, I found Colin Lorel was watching him also. The Earl made a movement. I half turned. Lorel stepped back, relinquished the combat, and made a noise in his throat, a sort of dissatisfied growl. But the eyes of both men were upon me keenly; their swords were ready. I could take no advantage of this strange lack of common purpose.

'Well, well,' murmured Kesgrave tolerantly, as if humouring a foolish fancy, 'I hold to my promise. I was but marking the fifth rib.'

I was at no loss now to divine this promise. Burning with rage at his defeat, Colin Lorel had bargained for a chance to redeem his lost credit;

he would beat me single-handed if possible; if not, then the combined assault.

The value of the Earl's promise was seen within the instant. Lorel engaged me again with the desperate fury which marked his play when his sullen passion was aroused, and almost with him Kesgrave sprang at me. He gave no warning of his attack. He feared too much the jealousy of his follower; but I knew it was coming. I felt it in my bones. I dared not disengage my weapon. I had but my left hand. With my hat in it I made a swift snatch, and knew that I had hold of the sword. I felt the keen edge come through the stout felt and sink into my fingers; but I turned the blade up and away, and at the same moment Colin Lorel growled again like a dog whose bone is being snatched from him, and slackened his assault. It was my chance. There was no time for play of arm or body. I set the strength of my wrist against the sheer weight of my heavy weapon and slashed at Kesgrave's head. With a furious oath he tugged fiercely at his sword to disengage it from my grasp. I tightened my grip though the edge was grating against the bone. Better lose fingers than lose life. He saw that he could not get his blade free in time to meet my cut. With an angry cry he loosed the hilt and leapt back. I dropped the sword and put my heel upon it, and turned to Colin Lorel. His weapon hung threateningly above me. He had returned to the attack on seeing his master lose his sword, and was launching a furious cut at my head. I made my parry, barely in time. The sweeping blow was no more than caught on the guard of the hilt and turned aside, the flat of the blade descending on my wrist with such force and catching the bone so shrewdly as to benumb my grip. I felt my sword slipping from my hand, its own weight dragging it earthward. I tried to tighten my clutch. In vain. The jarred muscles refused to answer. I saw Kesgrave's hand drop to his pocket. I did not wait for the pistol to appear; I did not wait for Colin Lorel to mend his blow. I let my sword fall and sprang full upon the Earl. My leap took him utterly by surprise; I had him in my grip in an instant. I retained the command of the upper part of my sword-arm, and pinned him with the left hand and right elbow. I held him with his back to me, his

arms fast to his sides. He struggled furiously to get free; he lashed out with his heels like a wrestler at a west-country fair; he tried to dash his head into my face. Many such a bout had I played, and my experience stood me in good stead. Colin Lorel was up in an instant. I interposed his master's body as a buckler. He darted about; I wheeled. He swung up his sword to strike at my head, which stood higher; he hesitated. I felt the life begin to tingle back into my numbed fingers; I locked my hands together; I put out every effort to crush Kesgrave into stillness. My strait was desperate: my strength was the strength of fury. I crushed his shoulders together; I felt bones strain and go. My enemy screamed, and called upon Colin Lorel. The latter sprang in, his sword shortened to stab me without fear of striking his master, when round the corner came the miller, the scull over his shoulder. I was facing him. I saw plainly the look of surprise he cast upon the flaring torch, the look of wonder upon the knot of combatants. Then the old man laid his scull before him, pike-wise, and ran upon Colin Lorel. The latter had seized my shoulder and drawn his arm far back, when the broad blade of the heavy scull took him in the ribs and trundled him over like a ninepin. I had a moment free in which to act. I took a stride to the edge of the river, and giving a mighty heave, tossed Kesgrave a couple of yards into the stream.

'Tis deep and swift!' cried the miller.

I knew it not before I threw him; my only object was to have him out of the way for a while. 'I do it for you as well as myself,' said I as I sprang for my sword. Supposing Colin Lorel held me in play, I had no mind to venture the old man armed only with an oar against the Earl, who had pistols without a doubt. Come what might, charge and priming were ruined for the present; and time—a little time—was everything. As Lorel gained his feet, splash! dropped his master into the dark, smooth current. The man ran to the bank, taking no further notice of us. I stood once again, sword in hand, ready for what he would; but I was now no more than a spectator, and the old miller, still clutching his oar, remained beside me.

'Tis deep and swift, master,' he murmured. Upon the instant I had a proof of it. Colin Lorel gave a cry, and ran full ten yards along the bank. I followed him with my eyes, and saw a white face rise to the surface—a white face with wild eyes. The stream had carried Kesgrave so far between sinking and first rising. Colin Lorel cast aside his sword and plunged into the mill-race. He swam with swift, powerful strokes, and seized his sinking lord. That conquered me. I had no reason to love either; but I could respect that staunch, dogged faithfulness. Who better? I had been so served myself.

I caught the scull from the miller and ran for the torch. 'Gather the swords!' I called to him as I went. I hurried to the bank, and tried to reach the struggling man with the oar. I say man, for Kesgrave was doing nothing to help himself. Whether he could not swim, whether I had crushed him helpless, I knew not, and I shall never know. I saw only that Colin Lorel had fixed his teeth in the cuff of his master's coat, and was striking for the bank with strong, sweeping strokes. He was a good two yards beyond my reach, but drawing nearer inch by inch as he travelled down with the current and forged in towards the shore. His strong, white teeth shone in the torchlight; his dark, strained face was full of the eager passion of his struggle. I encouraged the swimmer with a cry of hope. I thrust the oar down beside the bank to see if I could wade out, yet not lose my depth; but the long scull went down, down, and touched no bottom.

'Tis a sheer ten feet,' said the miller, who came up. The strength of the stream, too, was prodigious. It nearly snatched the oar from my grasp.

'God help them!' murmured the miller. Then he demanded suddenly of me, 'Are they King's men?'

'It comes to the same,' said I. Now that I knew the strength of the flying race, I could measure the splendid fight Colin Lorel was making, and I lay down on the bank, stretched my body across the water, and held the oar at my farthest reach. It was a yard from him still, and his eyes were now wild, desperate, like some creature in its death-agony. His strength was failing, and he felt it; and the pitiless, inexorable stream, its strength could not fail.

'He is yielding,' said the miller. It was true. I sprang to my feet. The old man clutched my arm and pulled me back.

'What madness is this?' he cried. 'And would you also throw your life away? What of the lady?'

What of the lady indeed? I gasped and came to myself. The sight of that grand fight for life for himself and master had utterly carried me away. It was beyond mortal power to stand by idle and not take a hand in the game; but the miller's words sobered me, and the next instant the water was blank. Without a sign, without a sound, Colin Lorel had yielded in the unequal strife, and the dark, smooth stream was empty of all save the swift bubbles and streaks of foam gliding over its polished surface.

'We may reach them below,' said the miller.

I caught up the oar and hurried after him. He was running round a thick clump of willows which edged the stream, and as I cleared the trees the noise of the weir grew and grew and thundered in my ears.

'No, no,' said he. 'Look!'

He held the torch high, and a faint glimpse of white showed in the middle of the stream: it was a face come to the surface; the current had carried them farther out. We followed step by step; but we saw no more of them until the brink of the weir was reached. Then, just as the water curved to its leap, smooth and full and round, before it broke into a thousand foamy falls, a dark mass rose at the very lip of the descent, as if some power had thrust it upwards to ride over clear in our sight. 'Twas but for an instant we saw it. Yet, plainly, we made out two men locked in the fierce death-clutch of those who go down together in deep waters. They shot with frightful speed down the smooth water-slide, and the roaring turmoil below received and swallowed them.

'Naught can help 'em now,' said the miller. 'We can go no farther along the stream here. An' the river'll carry 'em like a racehorse down into the creek.'

I told the old man of all that had happened since he left me, and he went to search for the severed hand. He found it at once, and tossed it far into the deep stream. In like manner he disposed of the two swords, and lastly flung the torch after.

'Not a sign left,' said he. 'I'll throw some earth on the blood. Come!'

I stumbled through the darkness after him back to the house. He had both oars now, and laid them down by the door. He opened it, and I looked in over his shoulder. The lamp burned brightly; the fire blazed and crackled. Cicely and the miller's wife were seated in talk near the hearth. It was the quietest, the most peaceful scene. We went in. It seemed to me that Cicely must surely turn eyes of wonder on me, marvelling what had delayed me; but she only glanced up and smiled toward me, and returned to her talk. Could it be that it was but a short time ago we had left the quiet kitchen, and that then my Lord Kesgrave and his man Colin and a poor varlet rejoicing in two hands had been walking along the way in as good case as man could wish to be? And now!

I glanced at my watch. It was a matter of minutes. So I told myself, but it was a thing beyond acceptance to the reason. I took a handkerchief from my pocket and wrapped it round my fingers. The bleeding had stopped, but I wished to hide the stains. The miller's wife pressed me to eat, but I had no heart for food.

'What time did ye bargain to be wi' Jem Peeke at?' asked the miller.

'By the turn of the tide,' I answered.

'Ye see, wife,' said he, 'they must be away at once. The tide's turning now.' He lighted a lantern, and we all set out. Now we moved in

the other direction, leaving the roar of the weir behind us. We went through a garden, a field, a coppice, and came to a little wooden landing-stage at the water-side. Here a boat was moored by its painter. The miller drew it in, and his wife took the lantern. We parted from her with many thanks, and the good soul, who had room in her heart for other feelings besides her great sorrow, wished us good luck and happiness a hundred times.

Then we sat down in the stern seat, and the miller took the oars and pulled away down the river, a red shine from the lantern following us as we went.

'Hasn't everything turned out fortunately for us?' whispered Cicely, with a little fond pressure of my arm.

'You may well say so,' I replied, for she spoke truer than she knew; nor did I add more at the moment. There would be plenty of time soon, I hoped, to relate the story at leisure.

I had unwound the handkerchief from my left hand, which hitherto I had been lucky enough to keep out of sight, and was trailing my fingers through the water to wash the blood away, when the boat struck something. It was something soft and yielding, for it scarce checked the boat's way, and there was no sound of impact. Then I felt that my fingers were among a tangle of floating hair and sweeping a cold, wet face. The boat shot, swiftly on again, as the miller dipped the oars, on which he had hung for an instant. In a moment he began to speak. The tone was that of a man who talks to himself. It was low, musing, and yet had a ring of decision.

'I care nought,' he said—'nought. 'Twill never trouble me for a second that I saw it. Such as they care less for a man's life than a sheep's. 'Twas their turn this time.'

He said no more, but pulled steadily on. It was plain he suspected what the boat had struck upon, and was chewing the affair over to himself.

Soon the little vessel began to rise and fall upon somewhat rougher water. My eyes by this time had become accustomed to the faint starlight, and I could make out that we had been moving along a broad creek and were now coming out upon the open water. The miller considered his bearings for a moment, then pulled along-shore. A quarter of an hour passed, and I saw the rigging of a vessel rise against the starry sky.

'Ship ahoy!' cried the miller softly.

'Ay, ay,' came a voice in return.

''Tis the *Merry Brother*,' said the miller to me.

''Twas Jem Peeke who spoke.'

'Who's wi' ye, Silas?' asked Peeke, for the recognition by voice had been mutual.

'Your passengers,' replied the miller, shipping his oars as we ran alongside the lugger.

There was a whistle of surprise, and then a lantern was hung out over the vessel's side.

A few words between the skipper and myself assured him that we were the people he had been engaged to carry. He flung a rope-ladder down and blew a shrill note on a whistle. The ladder was for us, the whistle a signal to the shore. We had barely reached the deck when the plash of oars was heard, and a seaman who had been awaiting us rowed up. The boat was hoisted, the anchor raised, and sail was made. The good miller stood by to see the last of us, and waved his dusty cap as the lugger felt the breeze and moved from her anchorage, leaving him beyond the glow of the lantern. Soon we were well in the fairway, and the lantern was put out. Wind and tide favoured us, a lively breeze swelled the canvas, and the *Merry Brother* slipped southwards through the night towards the open sea and safety.

As there may be many who would like to know just how things ended with people in our strait, I add this note, written in the month of November in the year 1689. We reached Holland safely, and lived for three quiet, cheerful years in a house overlooking a canal which runs from the Hague to Scheveningen. In November 1688 I came over in the train of the Prince of Orange to Torbay. All England rose at us, but in friendship and joy at our coming. The day of James and Jeffreys was over, once and for all. Our leader came to the throne as easily as ever man did in like case, and Cicely was free to join me, and we settled down in our house at Whitmead in January of this year. Whitmead had been redeemed at an easy composition by Sir Humphrey, but my wife lost Great Barrow utterly. 'Tis fortunate the loss

never costs her a thought. My scattered servants have rallied about me; Tom Torr, Jim, William Quance—all of them. The Lees and Jan have been to see us and wish us joy on being home again.

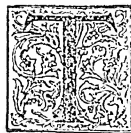
In the summer I rode over to see the miller and his wife, and found them hearty and cheerful, being in great hopes of redeeming their son through a ship-captain of their acquaintance. They had never heard a word more of that night's doings, so the man with the severed hand must have kept his own counsel. Of him I know nothing. Of the disappearance of the Earl and his man strange stories are current. I have been told some of them myself since my return, but not one comes within a long shot of the truth.

A month since Cicely and I went to London to pay a visit to her aunt. One day towards dusk I called at 'Old Man's' to see Major Temple, who is to be found there at that time. Oddly enough, the circumstances of four years before were repeated, yet perhaps not oddly when it is remembered how fixed are the habits of men. I was standing in chat with my friend, and yet the current of underthought was running upon the wretched, hopeless afternoon of four years ago, since which time I had not been in the place, when up came a carriage and in came Damerel. He saw me at once. It is possible I was not looking over-friendly; but, to the great delight of my companion, he turned and fairly ran for his coach, and beat an instant retreat. I could afford to laugh with Temple. He laughs best who laughs last.

THE END.

THE BASUTO AT HOME.

By JAMES CASSIDY.



WENTY-FIVE years ago the state of affairs prevailing in Basutoland differed very much from the conditions of the present day. Then the tribes were not amalgamated; in fact it was scarcely correct to regard the Basuto people as a nation. True, the process of amalgamation was in progress; but this was very slow. Nevertheless, it was progressive.

It was Mosheesh (Mshwehshwe), the finest black man that ever stood in South Africa, who drew around him the remnants of the various tribes, which had been almost exterminated in the innumerable Zulu wars, and taught them that in union lay strength; that their country was inaccessible to foreigners; that Thaba Bosigo—the Mountain of Night—was impregnable and might be held against all comers. This mountain stands eight hundred feet above the plain, and there are only

two or three paths by which the summit can be reached. These paths are recesses and ravines exceedingly steep, where half-a-dozen resolute men could keep an army at bay. The top of the mountain is flat and well watered, affording good pasturage. The most remarkable fact concerning this stronghold is, that it has never been taken by an enemy, European or native, although often besieged.

It was Moselekatsi, a Matabele chief, who besieged the Mountain; but failing to take it by assault, he sat down with his warriors at the foot, and tried to starve out the defenders. At last, however, his own people were themselves obliged by hunger to raise the siege. Then the Basuto chief, Mosheesh, the holder of the Mountain, when he found that the besiegers were reduced to such straits that they had marched away, hurriedly despatched a messenger with some of his own cattle, and with instructions to say that he would never

see a brave enemy starve, and so had sent on food for their refreshment. That was partly policy and partly bravado, and affords a key to the character of Mosheesh, who never, if he could by any means avoid it, lost an opportunity of buying friendship. To the Basuto people 'the Mountain of Night' is a 'holy mountain,' because their great founder and chief lies there. It is some distance from where Mosheesh was born; but his fine military eye recognised its importance. Noné, the chief who owned it prior to that time, actually lived at the base when Mosheesh dispossessed him and dispersed his followers. Of great administrative capacity, Mosheesh was a wonderful statesman, a splendid soldier, yet withal one of the mildest-spoken of men.

As members of the great Bantu race that occupies the whole of Central and South-Eastern Africa, the Basuto people believe in witchcraft, they have faith in charms and fetiches, and procure their wives by dowry; they differ, however, from other members of the race in their dress, the division of labour between men and women, and, above all, in their dialect.

Basutoland itself may well be called the African Switzerland. A glance at the map shows that it lies along the inner slopes of the highest portion and along the lowest point of the Drakensberg, and is more than five thousand feet above the sea-level. During the winter months—May to August—the mountain-tops are frequently covered with snow, and in summer violent thunderstorms pass over the country.

Between Basutoland and the Orange River Colony flows the Caledon River; and between two ranges of mountains, and only seventy-two miles from Bloemfontein, is the town of Maseru. The streets are planted with the fragrant eucalyptus, which flourishes well in this country, where trees are very scarce and wood consequently is of fabulous value; it is very rare—quite a luxury, in fact—for the house even of a European to possess a wooden floor. Mud floors are the order of the day. These are frequently renewed, and it is customary to turn in a flock of sheep to trample down the loose earth, the family taking an outing for the day! The houses of the Basuto are built of sods well cemented together with clay, the walls being about five feet high and the roof constructed of poles thatched with reeds and grass. The general style of hut is round; those deviating from the usual type are oblong. When in ordinary health, it is seldom that the native is found within his wattled hut during the day; he lives in the open air, unless sick or when sleeping. Built around the hut and protecting it from wind is a substantial palisading of reeds, which is quite handsome in its way, and affords an excellent screen. Within the courtyard of this screen cooking operations are carried on. Here, on the hot summer afternoons, men, women, children, and animals all lie huddled together in sleep. It

is quite easy by glancing at any of these huts to tell the points of the compass, the doorways invariably facing east, as the natives love to catch the rays of the rising sun; indeed, so much was this a custom with Mosheesh that he invariably got up as the first rays of morning sunshine appeared, and stepped outside, exclaiming as he looked towards the east, 'The light! Ah! I have seen the light.' He would then re-enter his hut and resume his repose.

The everyday life of a Basuto village is a very simple affair when compared with the life of a British village. Take, for instance, the food-supply. Porridge is made of mealies, and thickened and flavoured with sour-milk (*mafi*) or herbs; and it is seldom that a Mosuto—Basuto in the singular becomes Mosuto—comes to his meal leaving his appetite behind him. Another standard dish is locust-porridge, a plentiful supply being kept up by the constant showers of locusts, which are veritable godsend to the natives in a country where food is very scarce. The Basuto collect tons and tons of these insects, and carefully store them, first pulling off the heads and wings. As occasion requires, they place quantities in large pots, and boil them until soft and pulpy, flavouring the porridge with fat, and making it savoury with salt. The locust to an unprejudiced European is not unpalatable, closely resembling the shrimp in taste, though scarcely so nice. Greatly as the Mosuto appreciates stewed locust, he likes still better the young green maize stewed and served with melted butter; and certainly not the most fastidious could desire a more delicious food.

The native beer is not of good quality, being very pungent, and almost maddening in its effect. It is true that, besides this, they make a light, refreshing drink of a sub-acid flavour, known as *leting*; this, however, cannot be considered as beer proper. To skim the flies—very prolific in Basutoland—from their beer the Basuto use straw spoons, which they manufacture in a pretty open pattern.

Turning from a consideration of the food of the Basuto to their dress, we find them more advanced towards civilisation in the manner they clothe themselves than are their Kaffir neighbours. To begin with, they wear more clothes than other native races; they do not content themselves with the skins of beasts rubbed with red clay and fat, nor with the *kaross*, or coloured blanket. On the contrary, they patronise European clothing, and finery too. It goes without saying that the Basuto women are even more fond of dress than their lords, evincing the greatest pleasure in the possession of all kinds of European trumpery. On one occasion an English lady, the wife of an official, presented to several of her native female guests a handful of blue glass beads. 'They are very fine,' said the recipients, showing them amongst their neighbours; 'and there can be no doubt that the

Queen of England wears such every day of her life.'

Amongst the curious customs of the Basuto—customs which never change, but are handed down from generation to generation—are those connected with marriage. Suppose, good reader, you were a young Mosuto, and had been smitten by the sight of a pretty face (the Mosuto idea of beauty is quantity; the lady must be fat—very fat—or she has no chance of being considered beautiful), you would be an aggressor against all the laws of etiquette were you to speak to her, though you might look at her admiringly. Should the attraction prove irresistible, your proper course of procedure would be to hunt up some old lady friend—if a mutual friend so much the better—and confide to her your wish to settle down and marry that particular fair one, begging her to arrange everything for you as soon as possible. This she would gladly do, taking the first opportunity to call on the mother or friends of the wished-for bride. The two ladies would then talk it over, discussing ways and means, and your position in Basuto society. A large amount of tact is necessary, as the mother of the lady must be convinced that the marriage is in every way desirable. If your friend could convince her that such was the case, you might consider that fortune smiled on your cherished plans.

To secure to the lady of your choice the full rights of a wife you would pay over to your future father-in-law so many head of cattle, according to agreement, which is always based on the supposed value of the bride, her social position, personal appearance, height, size, beauty, &c. This transfer of cattle makes binding the marital contract, securing the woman from ill-treatment at the hands of her husband; for, should he ill-use her, she may return to her father or guardian, and so the man loses both his wife and his oxen. The parents of your wife would argue that the payment of cattle was the very least you could do to recompense them for all the terrible anxieties and expense that they had gone to in bringing up their daughter for you. Nor do the Basuto ever alter in this respect; even should they become Christians, their chiefs compel the payment of cattle for their wives. Of course herein lies the explanation of the joy manifested at the birth of a girl in a Basuto family. She is taken up and exhibited by her grandmother, who first slaps her and then kisses her, saying, 'Luck! From this child come many herds of cattle.' The birth of a boy, on the other hand, is deplored; for he is regarded as an expensive and unprofitable trouble.

But to resume. Being now a son-in-law, you must have a care how you deport yourself towards your father-in-law, as you will be expected to take a subservient position in regard to him. He may send for you at any hour of the day or

night to do all kinds of menial work, and you may only refuse at your peril. He can require you to prepare skins; bray, dry, and clean them for him; plough his fields, sow seeds, and attend to his crops; in fact, you are virtually his servant. For the first year after your marriage you would not take your wife far away from her father's home, but would dwell with her in a kraal quite close to her parents. On the birth of the first child you would perform the ceremony of *mokadee*, which consists in presenting your mother-in-law with a certain number of cattle. Until this time you are not allowed to speak to your mother-in-law, or even to look at her; should you meet her unexpectedly, politeness and custom make it necessary that you should hide your head.

As a Mosuto you need not limit your attentions to one wife, although you would distinguish your favourite lady as your 'chief' wife, and it is her children who inherit, her son being known as the 'great' son. The present ruler of Basutoland, Lerothodi, is the 'great' son of the 'great' son of Mosheesh, before referred to.

Passing from the marriage customs of the Basuto, we will refer only very briefly to another custom connected with their social life—that of dancing. It goes without saying that all natives of South Africa are fond of dancing, and the Mosuto is passionately so, no matter whether the dance be an ordinary *moketi*, or dance following a feast, or a more virile war-dance. The war-dances are held before going to battle, and with still greater enthusiasm and intensity of feeling after a victory.

In their combats their shields present a remarkable sight, being of a curious form and surmounted and balanced by tall plumes of black ostrich feathers. When attacking lions these plumes are invaluable, as the beasts will not advance against a number of them stuck in the ground. Should a herdsman wish to leave his cattle he sticks one of the plumes in the ground, and the cattle gather around and lie down beneath it, regarding it as a protective friend. So many feathers are used in the making of a single plume that one plume is considered equal in value to an ox. The chief weapon of warfare employed by the Basuto is the assegai, fitted with a short handle formed of reeds; a long handle is also carried in case of need.

It will not be out of place here to offer a few remarks with regard to the Basuto horses, which have been so serviceable in the South African war. These animals are more accurately described as ponies; and the real history of their pedigree seems to be that about sixty years ago a butcher in Grahamstown, named Canood, imported from Scotland a number of Shetland ponies. The ponies were lost, and subsequently found their way into Basutoland; and it is quite probable that it is from these lost animals that the famous

Basuto cob has been evolved—a cross between the Shetland ponies and the Dutch horses first introduced about 1830. The characteristic of these animals is sure-footedness over rocks and great stones and up steep mountains, which they climb quite easily, descending the sharpest inclines, and traversing maybe a narrow path on the edge of a deep precipice, with the blue waters of a foaming river rushing to the sea just visible at the bottom. The ponies prefer to hug the edge when ascending or descending a ravine, and they never fall. Their Shetland derivation is distinctly traceable in their small round feet and long mane and tail.

The Mosuto is not nearly so brave in warfare as the Zulu. The people of the latter nation invariably come out on the open plain and attack, but the Basuto send out mounted men where they don't expect to meet opponents. In past times they committed very great barbarities; but their mode of defence is to draw an enemy into their country, and then defend their strongholds. In 1867 and 1868, when at war with the Dutch, their women were put in front, and they sheltered themselves behind, many being killed on that occasion. If, however, the Basuto men are not as brave as the Zulus in the field, they compare favourably with them at home in time of peace, as they are not ashamed to work in the fields, whereas the Zulus leave work of every kind to women and children. The Basuto males are certainly the most industrious of South African natives; but, like others, they require excitement at times, and when they can obtain it legitimately they do so; otherwise they go in for fighting. The work of the Basuto men is not all agricultural and pastoral; they, as well as the women, are very skilful at basket-weaving. Many of the baskets are of a size sufficient to contain from nine to thirty-six bushels, and may be seen arranged about the native huts, outside the fences, filled with Kaffir corn; they are secured by flat stones cemented on the narrow opening at the top by means of a little cow-dung. They are a sufficient protection against the weather, and thieves would appear to be disregarded.

We now turn for a moment to the government of the Basuto. The real ruler of Basutoland is Lerothodi; but the country is nominally governed by the Resident Commissioner of the British Government, as it is now an imperial possession; he alone, assisted by a Court of Commissioners, can inflict capital punishment. The task devolving on His Majesty's representative and his helpers is very difficult; it is no less than the keeping in order from a quarter to half a million savages, or people just emerging from the state of barbarism. The representative of Great Britain has no armed force behind him that can be summoned in a moment of difficulty; only the talismanic name of the British Sovereign. All the world knows how loyal the Basutos have

been to us during the Boer war. The native Basuto have a keen appreciation of moral rectitude and integrity in their governors. 'Is he a straight man?' is the invariable question asked when they learn of the appointment of a new official. It is character alone that tells as an irresistible force amongst these rude men. The national assembly of the people is the *pitso*, or native parliament; it is convened by the Resident Commissioner, and is held annually at Maseru, the government capital, or in the neighbourhood. New laws and regulations are not as a rule introduced into Basutoland without being first laid before the *pitso*. All the great chiefs are summoned to the gathering, and every Mosuto can attend it if he pleases. As a rule the people leave the talking to their superiors. The number of natives assembled at a *pitso* varies between six and ten thousand men, and includes the chiefs and the representatives of His Majesty; and the speeches from both sides are carefully listened to and discussed. A very spirited and interesting *pitso* was that held at Maseru on Thursday and Friday the 16th and 17th of October 1879, when the Hon. J. Gordon Sprigg spoke in the name of the late Queen on many subjects, including those of the hut-tax and disarmament. Lerothodi replied to that speech, concluding with the words, 'I say to you, chief men of the tribe, I asked you to intercede for us with the Government, and asked the Governor's agent to intercede for us. I do not wish to say many words; but the custom with us is that when a boy begins to run about he sharpens a stick and calls it an assegai and stabs field-mice with it, and now we have grown up we have guns, and these guns, we say, belong to the Queen. . . . If we have committed a crime and trifled with the peace of the Queen, then let it be said right out to us, and let us be told that we are naughty boys, and that we have broken the peace of the Queen. All that I have to say is, that my gun belongs to the Queen, and that I will follow the Queen about with this gun wherever she goes, and I will stick to it. I have a gun that my father lent me; but there is also one, my own private property, that I worked for.'

The Basuto are addicted to metaphor, and their metaphorical sayings are numerous and interesting. The following are a few in common use, and are given as specimens: 'Men may meet, but mountains never'; 'Do not prick an enemy with a two-pointed needle, as that hurts yourself quite as much as it does him'; 'A mother is like the cow which sustains the family in time of drought'; 'One hand washes another'; 'A sitting-hen never gets fat'—an answer to our 'rolling stone' aphorism. When all is quiet in the land they say, 'We are sitting down building houses.' Another saying is, 'A man who is patient eats fatted beasts; but an impatient man has to content himself with the flesh of a lean goat.'

The Basuto people are very superstitious, and rain-makers and witch-doctors still flourish. A rain-maker in good practice will receive, during a season of drought, as many as ten fat bullocks for his incantations. Not long since a lady resident in Basutoland, who had nursed the chief's wizard-doctor during an illness, received from him a charm worn as a necklace by the Basuto chief. The charm was composed of men's fingers, bits of bone and joints of the hands, baboons' fingers, and small horns of goats, &c., and was credited with bringing good luck and curing all diseases if a little were scraped off a bone and eaten by its possessor.

The crest of the Basuto, and of several other tribes of the Bantu race, is the *kuena*, or crocodile. The Basuto call themselves the Ba-kuena, or 'people of the crocodile,' and they are proud of the title. The rivers of Basutoland are now cleared of crocodiles; but if a skin at any time finds its way into the country it is seized by the medicine-man and cut up into strips for charms, &c.

Of course it will be understood that these superstitions have no hold on the Christian Basuto; and that more than one-fourth of the entire Basuto nation is professedly Christian is mainly due to the devoted labours of the French missionaries of the Paris Evangelical Society, who have been working now about seventy years in the country. Mosheesh, the astute and large-minded, knew their value and made use of them for his purposes. They taught the children, established schools, and showed the Basuto how to cultivate the fields and grow wheat; they also introduced garden-plants into the land. In everything they displayed remarkable tact, and were able and good men. Among their converts are many fine specimens of native men, one of whom, Job Motuane, is really intelligent and useful, and a thoroughly good man, too. There are to-day

between thirty and forty French missionaries in Basutoland; the mission was commenced there with three.

We cannot perhaps do better than conclude with a speech made on the occasion of a missionary gathering by Mosheesh to his father, who, by the bye, was too aged and feeble to be present: 'Rejoice, ye Macare and Mokachane [his father]; ye rulers of cities, rejoice! We have all reason to rejoice on account of the news we have heard. There are a great many sayings among men; but the false have remained with us and multiplied. We ought, therefore, to pick up carefully the truths we hear, lest they should be lost in the rubbish of lies. We are told that we have all been created by one Being, and that we all sprang from one man. Sin entered man's heart when he ate the forbidden fruit, and we have got sin from him. These men'—the missionaries and converts—'say that they have sinned; and what is sin in them is sin in us, because we come from one stock, and their hearts and ours are one thing. Thou, Macare, hast heard these words, and thou sayest they are lies. You that are grown in years are the great men to us, therefore we look to you; but if these words do not conquer, the fault will be with you. You say you will not believe what you do not understand. Look at an egg. If a man break it there comes only a watery yellow substance out of it; but if it be placed under the wings of a fowl there comes a living thing from it. Who can understand this? Who ever knew how the heat of the hen produced the chicken in the egg? This is incomprehensible to us, yet we do not deny the fact. Let us do like the hen. Let us place these truths in our hearts as the hen does the eggs under her wings; let us sit upon them and take the same pains, and something new will come of them.'

THE MINERVA BUST.

By JOHN STAFFORD, Author of *The Golden Bars*, &c.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



OUTH MAITLAND! The sight of the printed name moves me strangely. Like a whiff of forgotten scent, or a tune of old days heard once again, it brings crowding to me a thousand memories which else had rested on in the sleep of years, many of them perhaps never to awaken more; but there be a number of them whose slumber is light, which start up at odd moments without any bidding, especially in the night hours, when dreams are afoot, and the mind, shut out from the present, gets busying with the things past which have sunk most deeply into it. Little

wonder that the happenings of that summer and autumn should have made a haunted house of my brain, and that the name of Maitland should have power to set it so astir. Yet so it is, and I will take up pen and tell you why.

It had been a year of tribulation to us from the very start. The terrible winter floods, the loss of sheep and cattle, the unfortunate lambing-time, the long weeks in early summer of drought and blasting heat, then the heavy rains, and again the rise of devastating waters: all these brought matters to such a pass that ruin itself—though never a word did he say—was staring my father in the face.

A cruel fate it had been that my father, after his own father's death, should have had such a hard struggle to keep both ends fairly meeting. He had been brought up as the son of a yeoman of standing; had been allowed, as an only child, to spend all he liked in reason, and to marry, when he was barely twenty-one, with the assurance that he was well able so to do and to rear his children—if the Lord willed to send him any—without fear for bit or sup so long as he helped to keep things together and to make the farm continue its proper duty. It had been, indeed, a time of plenty, and now and again of abundance; and, as sharers in it, my sister and I had had an upbringing which ill-prepared us for the hard and narrow living of later days. On the death of my grandfather everything was changed. I was but a slip of a lad at the time, but well do I remember it.

It was in the thick of the hop season. The old man had been to Warstone market, as his weekly custom was, though my father now managed all business dealings. My grandfather liked the noise and bustle of the stockyard, and to meet there and at the market dinner at the 'Green Dragon' old familiar friends who had bought and sold with him a generation or more. It was one of these men, as I have been told, who, standing at the hotel window, beckoned to him, and pointing to the small crowd gathering round Marston's Bank, gave him a look and a nudge as hint that he should also be there. There had been a heavy bank failure some days before at Holchester, and it was not unnatural to think at the moment that Marston's was tottering too. My grandfather therefore hurried out, and forthwith drew all he had to his credit—a matter of some two thousand pounds. It was but a scare, as he came to know later in the day; but it had stirred his timorous nature. Instead of redepositing the sum, which he ought surely to have done, he kept it in his possession; and he accepted an invitation to make one that night at a dinner at the same hotel in honour of the local member.

Wandering round the quaint and winding streets to kill the time, he happened on a curiosity shop. He had a liking for old odds and ends of all sorts; and, looking in at the window, his eyes suddenly fastened on a life-size bust of Minerva. He knew not whose face it represented; but it was so startlingly like the fair young wife he had lost years ago, and for whose memory he had a tenderness most pathetic, that he entered the shop and straightway bought the image. It was a whimsical fancy in one respect; but he never saw the incongruity of a Greek helmet surmounting the peaceful girlish face which in his younger days had been so much to him: he saw only the comely features, and they were hers. So it followed that he was one of the blithest of the guests round

the table that night; and at a late hour, bearing off his prize, he mounted his gig, a little unsteadily it may have been, and headed for home.

It was a dark and cloudy night; and though the way was long, it was familiar to man and horse alike, and all would have been well had not a party of drunken hop-pickers stopped the gig in the black middle of Copston Wood. Two of the men were up in the gig and rifling his pockets before the astonished traveller could lift a finger. He struggled hard, as became a Haynes, whatever his age; but his days of strength were passed, and the tipsy rascals were all too much for him. Then they jumped to the ground, laughing, and disappeared among the trees, my grandfather swearing after them, with never a halfpenny in his pockets.

Slowly and miserably he drove home; and my father, anxiously waiting for him, was told the sad story. Its effect may be imagined. Two thousand pounds, and twenty more in gold, all gone at a stroke! It was terrible. Of course the police were informed of the robbery, my father galloping hard to Copston the moment he heard of it; but the constables round our part are more fit to catch frogs after a shower than a slippery gang of money-lifters; and from that day to this the authors of that midnight outrage remain undiscovered.

One effect of the untoward incident was to apparently upset my grandfather's wits. On the following morning he was too unwell to go to Warstone, as he had intended; but quite early he called for his purchase of the day before, and when I went up later to take him an egg and milk—for he had had no food—I found he had removed the paper covering and placed the bust on the mantelpiece. He was then sitting up in his dressing-gown, and rubbing his hands and chuckling in a way most uncanny. After handing back the glass, he looked at the bust with the tenderest eyes, and asked my opinion of it. Being but an ignorant boy, I asked in turn if it was meant for Joan of Arc. He smiled and rubbed his hands again, saying maybe it was, but that, Joan of Arc or Joan of anywhere else, it was the very picture of my grandmother—rest her soul!—and that was why he had bought it. Then suddenly he put his hand to his heart and gave me an affrighted look. He had a weakness there, and I too felt some concern. However, he was soon himself again, and once more gazed fondly up at the Minerva.

'Look here, lad,' he suddenly said, dropping his eyes and staring at me half fiercely; 'if anything should happen to me—I don't say it will, but the years are telling on me—if anything should happen, sudden-like, don't let Dick' (my father) 'nor any one part wi' that image. It's the face of my dear little wife—yes, it is

—and the moment I set eyes on it I said, "Why, that's my Marjory," I said, and went straight in and bought it. But it wants her colour, lad—such colour she had! The blush-roses in the garden would drop their petals at the sight of her. Then those plaster eyes, they are not hers! Hers were as the woodland violets, George; an' the lashes of them were as black as night, an' they had an upward curl. Ay, they were the sweetest eyes a young blood ever lost all his heart to. But them features be hers, bar the mouth maybe; for her lips were tenderer nor them, an' as red as hips, they were.'

Then he went on muttering to himself of his lost Marjory. Turning quickly to me again, he said, 'D'ye hear, George? Never you part with it. Sooner nor that, smash it—smash it! An'— Here the pain took him again, and he fell back in his chair, with a screwed-up face as white as milk.

'Brandy, lad, brandy—quick!'

I shot downstairs three steps at a time, and with my startled sister Edith, then nearly a woman grown, hastened up with the spirits, half fearing, from what I had seen, to find the old man in some dire extremity, if not in the grip of death itself. He was lying as I had left him, gasping hard for breath, his features all distorted, and his eyes fixed with a stare as of death on the impassive face of Minerva. Edith put the brandy to his lips, and he took a hearty pull. Then he came slowly round, and blew off at last a big sigh of relief. Yet so battered and broken did he seem, so unlike his usual hale and ruddy self, that poor Edith's eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to hide them.

'Nay, don't take on, lass; don't take on,' said he in quavering voice; 'it were but a sudden turn—a twist o' the heart like—an' I'm all right now, though you may as well leave the brandy. There, leave me—leave me! I'm all right now—all right now.'

So we left him; and twice during the next two hours I went softly up, to find him deep in a peaceful slumber.

Early in the afternoon my father returned from Warstone, and told us of his visit to the county police, and of the measures taken to recover the stolen money, of which nothing at all had so far been heard. Nor was it likely we ever should hear of it. The numbers of the notes had not been taken; and they were as untraceable now as the odd gold itself. It was heart-rending.

Troubles, like rooks, rarely come singly. Even while my father was talking to us, and before we had time to tell him of what we had seen that morning, we heard a heavy thud above us, and rushing upstairs, we found the poor victim of the robbery stretched prone and apparently lifeless on the floor. It was a stroke

of paralysis; and though he came quickly round, and was conscious of all going on about him, he was unable to move a limb or speak a word. He died at eleven next morning without having uttered a sound, though he tried to do so in a way almost desperate. The look in his dying eyes I shall never forget; but towards the last a blessed peace came to them, and they turned slowly to me and then to the Minerva bust; and fondly gazing at that he died.

With Dr Maitland that morning Ruth had come, having always been a pet of my grandfather's; and it was while we were standing in the room together, her little hand in mine, because of the sympathy moving her, that, after the final moments, she turned impulsively and gave me her first kiss. I don't know why, but my heart went out to her then as it had never done before, and from that day on we were friends inseparable, she with the years growing only too fond of me, I remaining just as a brother to her—that and no more. Ah! if I could only have returned her passion, how much might have been saved to all three of us! But it is all well now, so let me not think unkindly of one whose great love led captive her conscience, and urged her to doings which in days after brought the red of shame to her cheeks.

Time went on, and I shot up into a long, stalky youth, loose of limb and awkward of movement, as all half-growths are; but promising, as my father said, to fill out into a fine fellow enough when the sap of me was become less active, and not so much inclined to run to wood. I looked at his six feet of sturdy manhood, and hoped heartily that I might some day grow into as fine a figure. People tell me that it has come to pass; but that is neither here nor there. Yet it was while I was still in the lathy stage, and therefore little likely in shape or manner to woo the eyes of a gentlemaid, that I first exchanged words with my Lois.

I had seen her several times since her mother's recent coming to Holly Cottage, on the margin of Copston Wood; and my eyes had taken in her fresh young comeliness, till, working in my consciousness, it made a ferment there the like of which I had never known. It could only be love which had so transformed her pretty cottage home, making it a thing sacred in my eyes; which took me so often up to Fir-tree Knoll to gaze ardently across at it, with hopes belike of a sight of her; which made the thumping inside me almost painful whenever I passed it by; and my sick heart, which knew what the matter was now, because I had told it, could no more stop its hammering, whensoever I took it thereabouts, than it could leap from out my breast. And on that very day of June, as I was tramping the road through the wood, after the Beckley coursing, I was trying to keep it quiet without avail, when, all at once, it almost

stopped dead with fright. A sudden and piercing scream had rung through all the wood. Pulling myself together I ran as hard as I could out in the direction of the trouble, and came quickly upon it. First of all my stick broke the back of a snake, and by its markings and the flattened head of it I knew I had killed a full-grown viper. Three yards away *she* stood, with pain and terror in her face, and with one foot lifting and falling, as though a giant had trodden upon it.

'The snake—it bit me!' she cried. 'And, oh! it is so painful. What shall I do? The right foot, just above the ankle. Yes—there. But what are you doing? You mustn't!'

I had knelt down and having whipped out my pocket-knife, was callously cutting open her beautiful silk stocking. It was no time for ceremony.

'Lean against that tree,' I said pretty sharply, 'and keep your balance. I'm going to draw the poison.'

I looked at the little red spot standing out against the white of the skin, and without more to-do bent and drew what I could of the poison in nature's simplest way. Then I rearranged the damaged stocking as well as I was able, and rose to my feet. Her face and neck were as red as sunset, but a light there was of gratitude in the gray of her eyes; and without a word, because she couldn't say one, she obeyed my request to take my arm and hasten home for the benefits of salad-oil.

That was how it began; and how I went so coolly through it, and could speak so sternly to her, puzzles me to think, unless it was that the masterful side of me—now so strong, they say—was having a bit of practice. From that day on our lives' romance began to open out. She was but sixteen, a short-frocked, free-haired girl; but love came early to her, her heart being very warm, and already waiting for it.

Of course such a boy-and-girl affair could not remain long unnoticed; and it was Ruth, I grieve to say, who, after seeing us wandering through the wood one evening—she had followed us there, as now I know—went home and wrote the two unsigned letters which were the cause of our being so cruelly parted. Lois, I doubt not, had as severe a reprimand as I got, for the letter put my father in severest temper; but our hearts had grafted for good and all, and there was no undoing what nature had so well begun. We were in love with one another; and, as God was in heaven, we knew we would never be out of it. We saw each other occasionally, as we were bound to do, being almost neighbours; and sometimes we would meet and have no one nigh to know of it. Though we were pledged on our honour never to go beyond ordinary civilities, our eyes naturally broke the bond, and our smiles backed them up; and in spite of parental cruelty—which perhaps was wisdom—our lives grew more and more as one blessed thing, and in the midst of our woes sat Happiness ever drawing their stings.

A NEW FIELD FOR ENTERPRISE: THE SOUTHERN SHAN STATES.



PROBABLY few British subjects outside the adjoining province of Burma are aware of the immense capabilities in the way of trade and agriculture possessed by the Southern Shan States. Inhabited as they are at present by nearly half a million of the keenest traders in the world—who themselves think nothing of carrying heavy pack-loads over journeys of six weeks' or two months' duration—these fertile lands are rapidly increasing in population, and are destined when joined with the Burma railway system to advance with still more rapid steps on their prosperous career. The peaceable and law-abiding nature of the population may be gauged by the fact that they have only one policeman to six hundred and seventeen square miles of country; and, except where natives of India and Burma have settled, the inhabitants manage to exist in comfort without this ordinary appendage of civilisation.

Prior to 1886, when Upper Burma came under

British rule, the Shan chiefs were tributary to the Burmese kings; but the chiefs often rebelled, and their states were constantly the scene of strife. When they were not harried by the Burmese they occasionally indulged in internecine struggles. They were also plundered by the Red Karens, an independent tribe who lived only by committing depredations on their neighbours—plundering their cattle, and carrying away women and children, either for ransom or to be sold as slaves in Siam, China, or Upper Burma. The British annexation of Upper Burma has put an end to this state of things for ever, and the Red Karen is now as quiet and law-abiding as the Shan. As a pure race, he seems to be dying out; but he intermarries with the Shans and Taungthoos, cultivates and trades where he formerly robbed, and to some extent has migrated to Burma. The Superintendent, Mr A. H. Hildebrand, C.I.E., who had travelled in the country in 1875, says the change in the people is most striking; from being a blustering set of semi-savages, all going about armed

to the teeth with guns, swords, and spears, they are now a shrinking, timid people, going about almost unarmed. Where twenty-five years ago hundreds visited their camp, each one carrying two or three spears or swords, and most of them a gun, they now seem to have wholly lost their predatory instincts, and are completely reformed. They had no complaints to make; they are well treated by their chiefs, who, supported by us, have much more influence over them than they ever had before; and their taxation is light, their harvests good, and their food-supply plentiful. The Red Karens themselves seem to be surprised at the change that has come over them; and the very ease of their present life appears to be antagonistic to their instincts and constitutions, to judge from their dwindling numbers. The Shans, on the other hand, are rapidly increasing everywhere. Villagers who used to live in large communities with a stockade around them as a protection against the Red Karen forays are now breaking these up, and small hamlets of five or ten houses are springing up everywhere, to be near the cultivated ground.

The Southern Shan States have no large navigable rivers to convey their surplus produce to a market; the consequence is, that a large proportion of it is wasted. Wheat grows splendidly; but no kind of grain or agricultural produce can be conveyed profitably over long distances by bullock-carts. After supplying the requirements of the commissariat department, the surplus (some two hundred thousand pounds) was sent down to Burma in carts, and realised three rupees per hundred pounds, the cart-hire amounting to two rupees. Potatoes were such a drug in the market that large quantities were left in the ground undug, often selling at the absurd rate of eight annas per hundred viss—about forty-five pounds for a penny! Salt, costing twelve rupees on the Burma railway, brings from thirty-four to thirty-five rupees in the Shan States, owing to the heavy item of cart-hire.

Friendly intercourse took place between the British Assistant-Superintendent and the French officers at Keng-kok, on the borders of their respective administrations. The French Commissioner, M. Ganese, asked Captain Drage to try to arrange that the French dollar, or *piastre de commerce*, which at par is worth two rupees five annas, should be taken by the Shans at its proper value. The French estimate the rupee at forty-six cents, whilst the Keng-tung traders will give only one rupee twelve annas for the French coin, and sometimes only one rupee eight annas. Captain Drage bought some for one rupee twelve annas. The matter is considered a grievance by the French authorities and their subjects, as the dollar is not current as a coin in British territory, whilst the rupee circulates everywhere in Laos, where the French have only the dollar and a few twenty-cent and cent pieces. The Shans use the French

coins, which they buy so cheaply, by melting them down for handles of swords and betel-boxes. If the French would agree to coin rupees of the same standard as our own, an arrangement between the two countries for the mutual circulation of the coins of each, such as exists between India, Goa, and some of the native states, should be easily arrived at, and would at once do away with the difficulty the French have brought on themselves by the introduction of the dollar, or *piastre de commerce*, where it was not previously known.

All the Shan chiefs have shown themselves zealous in opening out roads, making bridges, sinking wells, planting roadside trees, building rest-houses, and all other works for the convenience of travellers. These works acquire 'merit' from a Buddhist point of view; but they also encourage trade and add to the chief's income and popularity with his subjects. Many of the chiefs have received remissions of tribute from the British Government in token of the public service they have rendered.

Both chiefs and people, as well as the British Superintendent, are urgently asking for a railway. As railway carriage is not yet available, it might be as well to state that one pious Buddhist asked why galvanised iron sheeting used for roofing monasteries and other buildings were always made in such large sizes, which was so inconvenient to carry on mules, ponies, or bullocks. If, instead of making sheets six and eight feet long, our manufacturers could give the Shans a tile of eighteen or twenty-four inches in length and proportionate width, the demand for these light and handy tiles in hilly districts would be enormous. Perhaps, if our British manufacturers are too conservative to alter the sizes of their galvanised iron sheets, German or Belgian manufacturers will be more accommodating in endeavouring to meet the wishes of the consumer; and the first firm which does so will soon have a monopoly of the inland trade. For, whilst large sheets may suit admirably for seaports from which there is no inland carriage except transmission from the wharf to the place where the sheets are to be used, it is different when the sheets have to be taken several days' journey on pack-animals and over hills of from three thousand to five thousand feet high.

Mr Hildebrand, the Superintendent, has recently submitted a scheme for joining Taunggyi, the headquarter-station of the Southern Shan States, with the Burma railway by a light-railway line. He points out that the benefit to the enormous area—some fifty thousand square miles of the states—would be incalculable. The line would pay its way from the commencement; and the expansion of trade and stimulus to exertion given thereby would soon raise Rangoon, which now gets its wheat from Calcutta, into a wheat-exporting port. In the Southern Shan States

every European grain, fruit, and vegetable can be successfully grown; but the produce cannot be sent anywhere profitably by cart, nor can it stand the journey of so many days which transport to Burma now requires. It is to be hoped the period of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty will be associated for ever with the introduction of railways into the Southern Shan States, where they would pay so well and be so greatly appreciated by the loyal and law-abiding population, who have proved for the past fifteen years how well they appreciate the blessings of peace secured to their country under British rule.

There should be no money difficulty in connection with the Southern Shan States railway. In Churchill's *The River War* we may read how the Egyptian Government got its Nile reservoirs on the instalment system, its contractors being paid not with money but with promissory notes. These were arranged to be discounted or cashed with a corporation, payment commencing in July 1903, and extending over thirty years. The Government of India might readily get the amount required for a paying railway on the same terms. As it progressed, the revenue derived from it would be sufficient to meet the instalments, and at the end of the period the cost of the railway would be paid up, and the line would be State property. The Southern Shan States are far away, whilst Egypt may be said to be at our doors; but if British Chambers of Commerce are interested in railway extension in a country of keen and loyal traders, where there are no physical or diplomatic difficulties to be encountered which could not be easily surmounted, then they should press for this line of railway, which is in a country administered by Great Britain through native chiefs, whose positions we have improved and who are all thoroughly loyal, as they see it is their interest to be.

We have only touched on the agricultural wealth of the Southern Shan States; but there are parts recently visited by officers of the Geological Survey of India which appear to be rich in minerals. Gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, zinc, coal, plumbago, sulphur, and nitre are all worked in a more or less primitive way. A Chinaman who had no previous experience of mining obtained from his silver and lead mines over five hundred tons of pure lead and thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven taels of silver last year. Until there is a railway to bring in labour, machinery, stores, &c., and to carry away the minerals, the primitive method of working will continue. There is abundant coal within easy reach of all the mines; but, as in the matter of agriculture, horticulture, and natural forest produce, no appreciable advance can be expected without a railway.

For the information of those interested in the subject of this article, and who desire further

details, we may state that the official *Report on the Administration of the Shan States* is obtainable at the Government Printing Press, Rangoon, at a cost of two shillings, including postage.

WHICHEVER WAY I TURN MY EYES.

WHICHEVER way I turn my eyes,
Or listen with a hearing ear,
Nature prepares some sweet surprise
Of sight or sound to soothe and cheer.

The emerald gleam on mossy stem,
The rough red-brown of northern pine,
The tender pinky-white of birch:
These and a thousand joys are mine.

Dew-pearls and diamonds scattered free,
A myriad gems, a shimmering bliss,
The magic of a frosted tree:
What are the Orient mines to this?

The fairy sprays in mossy bed,
The half-blown primrose faintly sweet,
The bright-veined ivy brown and red:
These are the treasures at our feet.

The trailing garlands of the rose,
Fit for the pearly gate of Heaven;
The glory that at sunset glows
Like benediction freely given.

The ripple of a tiny brook,
The deep-toned murmur of the sea:
Page after page of Nature's book,
A wondrous choral symphony.

The colours on a crumbling wall,
The shadow of a leafless bough;
Beauty abounds in great and small,
God-given wine to cheer us now.

The silent beauty of the night,
The solemn stillness of the morn,
The colours paling into light,
The joyous songs at day new-born.

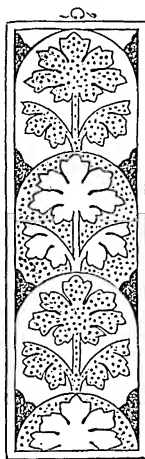
The lights and shadows in the wood,
The thousand voices of the spring,
When all creation seemeth good,
And joy in every living thing.

The beauty and the tender grace
Are earnest of a brighter day;
In golden outlines we can trace
A Land not 'very far away.'

C. F.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

By GILBERT STANHOPE,

Author of *Bobby's Protégée*, *Spray of Jessamine*, *His Darkest Hour*, *The Colonel's Little Girl*,
On the Honeymoon, &c.

CHAPTER I.

JULIUS STANDEN was walking along the field-path that led from Trevanion Court to the little town of Penruth, lost in a brown study, his hands behind him, and the cigar between his lips forgotten.

It was not often that his busy professional life left him time to saunter across the fields. More often than not his cob, his dogcart, and his bicycle would all be in turn put into requisition to enable him to get through his rounds; but to-day he had taken a great and decisive step in life, and he wanted leisure and solitude to think over what he had done.

He had started out that morning without any idea of making a change in his way of life, and was now trying to trace in his mind the various phases of feeling he must have unconsciously passed through before he became the accepted lover of Effie Lessingham. He smiled as he thought of all the stir and excitement the announcement of their engagement would cause in the little provincial town. People would consider it great promotion for him to marry the lovely young widow, the niece and probable heiress of old Mrs Trevanion of Trevanion Court; but he knew that if one sentiment more than another in the complex state of his mind had influenced his proposal it had been that of compassion. There was something so child-like in her confidence in him. She had grown so dependent on his counsel, had got so into the way of appealing to him in her loneliness and her grief; and to-day, when she had broken down in talking to him about the baby-girl they had both loved, she had looked so lovely and so pathetic in her girlish abandonment of grief that, before he realised what he was doing, he had found himself laying his heart at her feet.

He reached home at last; and, slipping into

an easy coat, he flung himself into a comfortable chair by the fire and slowly and meditatively filled a big pipe. He wondered at himself that he did not feel more elated. He thought of Effie Lessingham's sweet voice, of her slender and pliant figure, of the grace and charm of her every movement, of her clear-cut, delicate features, and of the soft, wild-rose flush that came and went in her cheek. He ought to be the happiest man in the kingdom; he was—of course he was; he tried to assure himself of this, and yet—and yet—

Meanwhile, at the house he had not long left, Mrs Trevanion had come to an end of the leisurely tour she had been making through her hot-houses and conservatories, and entered her drawing-room, where her niece came forward to meet her with a little nervous trepidation in her manner.

'Aunt Clara, I have something to tell you,' she began, rather breathlessly.

'I wonder if I can guess what it is,' the old lady rejoined archly. She was stout and pale and ponderous-looking, and archness did not suit her. You were irresistibly reminded of an elephant performing comic tricks.

'Dr Standen'—began Effie again.

'Was here a very long time,' pursued the old lady, still graciously. 'I thought he left half-an-hour ago; but I just saw him go down the shrubbery path. You look a little flurried, dear. What has happened?'

'Dr Standen has proposed to me,' said Effie, clasping and unclasping her hands in a rather nervous manner, 'and I—I have accepted him.'

'My child!' said Mrs Trevanion, folding the girl to her capacious bosom, 'nothing could please me better! I shall always have you near me now.'

Effie Lessingham gave a sigh of relief.

'I was afraid you might not approve,' she said.

Mrs Trevanion sat down in a comfortably up-

holstered arm-chair and proceeded to unfold her views in a sententious manner.

'Of course, my dear, you won't have the position you would have had if poor Philip had been spared.' Philip was the departed Mr Lessingham. 'There is no doubt that you might make a more brilliant match from a worldly point of view. But Dr Standen is quite an exceptional young man. He is not a common country doctor either; every one knows that he is one of the Warwickshire Standens; and, taking into consideration *my* position in the county, you will be able to hold your own with the best of them. As for Dr Standen himself, you know what a high opinion I have of him. I shall be quite pleased to admit him into a closer relationship.'

Mrs Lessingham sat in a low chair opposite her aunt, and listened attentively to this exposition of the state of affairs. She sprang up when the latter had finished, and bent over the old lady, kissing her lightly on the brow. She was very youthful in all her movements, looking rather less than her actual age, which was only twenty-three. About the middle height, she appeared taller than she was, her head being small and her figure very slender. Her face was delicately beautiful; the softest tinge of pink on her cheeks relieved the clear pallor of her complexion, and the blue-gray and rather deep-set eyes were shaded with long lashes several shades darker than her hair. She was dressed in mourning, but wore no widow's cap, and her light-brown hair was beautifully dressed. One must call it brown for want of a better name for the shade; but it was that sort of hair that startles one when the sun shines on it by revealing unexpected gleams of gold. She had not expected such a ready acquiescence in her engagement, for Mrs Trevanion usually thought a good deal of rank and social position.

Mrs Trevanion had lived at the Court ever since she had, rather late in life, married its owner. Being left a childless widow, she had taken her niece, Effie Wilson, to live with her. Fond as she was of the girl, she had never formally undertaken to provide for her. There had always been a tacit understanding that her benevolence was contingent on Effie's good behaviour; for Mrs Trevanion clung to power and patronage with all the tenacity of a weak character that must stand by the aid of extraneous circumstances if it is to stand at all.

Effie's conduct had been eminently satisfactory. In her first season she had won the heart of the eldest son of a wealthy baronet of ancient lineage. 'A very nice family to be connected with,' Mrs Trevanion had murmured approvingly to her intimate friends; and she had been very generous in the matter of the trousseau. It was not Effie's fault that her husband had died from the result of a polo accident within two years of her marriage, nor that her baby was a girl.

Mrs Trevanion was very glad to have her niece back again, as the companionship suited her ex-

cellently; but she had been all along a little piqued that the Lessingham family had not been more cordial to Effie and Effie's relations. The old baronet had increased the widow's jointure with some liberality, considering that he had three other sons; but he took no further count of the connection than civility absolutely required. This was a sore point with Mrs Trevanion, who, not having been of much consequence before her marriage, was uneasily sensitive now about being treated 'in accordance with her position.'

The only member of the Lessingham family who kept up an affectionate intercourse with the young widow was the second daughter, Beatrice, who often paid long visits to Trevanion Court—a solace to Mrs Trevanion's pride; for, after all, it was not so much the fact of the baronet's holding aloof from her that grieved her, as the thought that other people might observe that he did so.

When Dr Standen had first come to Penruth, an elderly cousin of his father's, Lady Letitia Standen, had come down to help him to start his housekeeping. She happened to have known Mrs Trevanion in the early days of the latter's married life, and for Julius's sake she renewed the acquaintance now. She was a homely, hard-featured old maid, dressed far more shabbily than her own housekeeper; but Mrs Trevanion knew her to be an earl's daughter, and that fact was sufficient to make Mrs Trevanion unusually gracious to the young medical practitioner. However, she soon grew to like Julius Standen for his own sake. He had that chivalrous regard for all women most commonly found among men who have no female members of their own family to serve as continual object-lessons on the foibles of their sex. His mother had died in his infancy, and he had no sisters to tease and tyrannise over; thus feminine nature had for him the charm of an undiscovered country, with its endless wealth of possibilities.

Mrs Trevanion was something of a *malade imaginaire*; and though to many of the mysterious aches and ailments of which she complained it was difficult to assign a name and a cause, Julius Standen had a large store of sympathy for ills that, for aught he knew, might be real enough to the inscrutable feminine temperament.

Then, when Mrs Lessingham returned to her aunt's house as a widow, with her delicate little girl, they were always wanting Dr Standen, either professionally or to give advice on those thousand-and-one matters about which women like to have 'a man's opinion.'

'Little Fairy,' as they called the child, though she had been christened Clara after Mrs Trevanion, was a lovely little thing, with a fluff of light golden hair round her head, and big, serious blue eyes; but she was wilful and capricious as only a thoroughly spoilt child can be. When laid up with the chill that eventually snapped the slender thread of her life, she would hardly let her 'dear dotter,' as she called him, out of her sight; and

Julius spent a great deal more of his time than he really ought to have done at the bedside of the little mite, whose hours, he knew, were numbered, though he could not find it in his heart to say so to the poor young mother, who was hanging on her darling's every look and word. It was he, too, who had done his best to comfort the heart-broken girl when all was over, and he who had helped the two ladies with all the arrangements for the funeral, and planned with Mrs Lessingham how that corner of the cemetery in which the child lay was to be turned into a veritable fairy bower.

All this had brought them very near together; but he—though his heart was full of sympathy for her—had no thought of anything more, until to-day, when in her talk with him the sense of her desolation had swept over her like a wave, and she had burst out crying, saying in her low, tremulous voice that 'she had absolutely nothing to live for now.' Then she had turned and looked at him, her beautiful, tender blue eyes gleaming through her tears, her slight form quivering with emotion, her face and whole attitude an unconscious appeal; and, giving way to a sudden, irresistible impulse, he had taken both her hands in his and told her that if she would trust her life in his keeping he would do his best to comfort her and make her happy. Effie had yielded herself to his guidance with what seemed to him the most touching confidence; she had nestled up caressingly against him; and, when, with a touch of trepidation, he had bent down and pressed his first kiss upon her lips, she had received it with a blush and a laugh of happy embarrassment that could not but provoke a repetition.

What more could man want? Julius asked himself the question as he sat after his dinner and mused over his meerschauum. He came at last to the conclusion that the fault lay in himself. He was one of those fools—he had thought so often before, and he was now convinced of it—who expect too much of life, whose dreams are too transcendental, whose ideals are too lofty for realisation in this work-a-day world, and who are therefore predestinated to disappointment 'as the sparks fly upward.' He must learn to moderate his expectations, to take the goods the gods provide and be thankful. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and rose and stretched himself. It was early yet, not quite nine o'clock; he would go round and see Geoffrey Ormiston. He had had enough of self-introspection—a dismal occupation at the best—enough of his own society; and a talk with Ormiston was always a treat.

CHAPTER II.



GEOFFREY ORMISTON lived in a house that, though nearly in the town, was by no means of it. The river that ran through Penruth cut it into two unequal portions. The larger portion of the town con-

tained all the principal streets; the other consisted mostly of rows of small houses occupied by the workers in the neighbouring factory, and from this the road led up over the brow of the hill to the open country. Half-way up, commanding a view over the whole valley, stood Geoffrey Ormiston's house. The high walls round the garden, flanked with trees that completely shut the house off from view, had given rise to its being named 'The Hermitage.'

The saying that *le gîte fait connaître le gibier* is often falsified in these days, when few people stay long enough in one habitation to impregnate it thoroughly with their own individuality; but Mr Ormiston had bought this house ten years ago, and had declared his intention of making it his home for the remainder of his natural life.

The extreme, almost unnatural, neatness of the garden and the velvety smoothness of the lawns, without the vestige of a dead leaf anywhere, spoke of a bachelor tenant who could command the best of service; the square entrance-hall with its tables spread with newspapers and scientific journals in various languages, and the library with its wealth of books, betrayed at once the studious and the cosmopolitan tastes of their owner. The pictures, busts, and ornaments were few, but each was the very best of its kind. The furniture was simple almost to severity, but solid and handsome. The surroundings spoke of a man whose wants were few, but who had no need to count the cost in gratifying them.

When Standen was ushered into the library—a long, lofty room opening into a conservatory at one end, and into a room that had been fitted up as a laboratory at the other—Geoffrey Ormiston rose from his chair to meet him, and welcomed him with genial friendliness.

Geoffrey Ormiston was a very tall man, and his frame was broad in proportion; but nature's obvious intention of making a fine specimen of humanity had been thwarted, for he was thin, almost emaciated, and his shoulders were very much bowed. His face was the face of a dreamer; heavy-lidded, gray-blue eyes looked out from their almost cavernous sockets rather wearily upon a world from which he had ceased to expect the impossible; the lines about the mouth spoke of an eager, passionate nature rigidly self-repressed. He was a man of few friends, but he had always taken kindly to Julius Standen, and many were the questions the two men had thrashed out together over their pipes in that comfortable room in the long winter evenings.

'I felt restless to-night,' said Standen as he sat down opposite his friend, 'and couldn't settle down in solitude, so I came to inflict my tediousness upon you. There's an atmosphere of calm about this house that's infinitely soothing to a man who has been knocking about all day.'

'Glad to hear it,' said Ormiston; 'it makes me feel that I do not keep up my establishment here altogether in vain.'

'It's like an oasis in the desert to me,' pursued the other—the desert of provincial gossip and petty worries. But whether I could live altogether in this aloofness is another matter. I think I am more human than you.'

Standen was a great contrast in every way to the man before him. Not above the middle height, his sinewy frame looked alert and vigorous to the last degree. His fair hair was crisp and curly, and his face, clean shaven except for a slight moustache, was full of energy and resolution, not belied by the keen, well-open blue eyes. It was a face instinct with life and power, and his movements corresponded with it, and had nothing of the meditative languor which characterised Geoffrey Ormiston's every action.

'I'm afraid,' said the latter, smiling, 'I shouldn't be a success in your place, however well you might fit into mine.'

'I can't imagine you feeling old women's pulses and prescribing for the "brown kitis" and other strange diseases,' laughed Standen. 'But I've a great piece of news for you to-night. I'm going to make a change in my way of life. I'm going to marry.'

'You don't say so!' cried Ormiston, aroused out of his usual calm. 'Well, you do astonish me! I hadn't seen a sign of anything unusual about you to prepare me for news of this kind.'

Julius laughed in rather a shamefaced sort of way. 'If you were more in the habit of hearing local gossip you would surely have heard of my frequent visits to the Court commented on.'

'The Court!' cried Ormiston, with unwonted animation. 'Then it's Mrs Lessingham, that sweet-looking young widow?'

'Yes, it's Mrs Lessingham,' said Julius.

'Well, I wish you every happiness, my dear fellow. You're the sort of man who ought to marry, and I congratulate you heartily.'

'Thanks awfully,' said Julius, who was greatly relieved now that 'the murder was out.' He had rather shrunk from introducing the topic, for, with all the intimacy that existed between the two men, the subject of love and marriage had never been discussed between them. There was a feeling of delicacy on Standen's part, who feared to touch a tender spot, since Geoffrey Ormiston's

marriage had been an unfortunate one, and his wife was now, as some people euphemistically expressed it, a nervous sufferer under the care of Dr So-and-So. As a matter of fact she was hopelessly insane.

'I am running up to London to-morrow for a couple of days,' remarked Ormiston. 'There's a meeting of the Geographical Society I want to attend, and a sale of old books that tempts me. Is there anything I can do for you?'

'No, thanks. I shall have to take a day off and go up myself soon. I almost wonder you don't live in town, so as to be in the midst of all that is going on.'

'For the matter of that, distance is practically annihilated nowadays. I'm not too far off to feel the throbbing of the great pulse of the Metropolis. One's mind can live in the vortex of modern thought and activity while the body enjoys the peace and quiet of rural solitude.'

'You always seem to me to be pure mind,' said Standen, looking at him thoughtfully. 'I often wonder that, living for the intellect alone, as you do, you still have that fund of human sympathy on which I come and draw.'

Ormiston smiled constrainedly.

'We cannot judge of lives of which we know only one side. I have compensations you do not dream of. But that is not my own secret. Let us turn to your affairs. When is the marriage to be?'

'Oh, that's a question we haven't come to yet. Remember, it was only settled to-day.'

'Only to-day!' echoed Ormiston, wondering. He looked keenly at his visitor, whose manner showed none of the usual elation of the young lover who has carried his wooing to its triumphant close. Then their talk turned to other and impersonal topics; but when the two men parted each found his mind occupied with the problem of the other's conduct.

Ormiston could not understand how Standen, a man of quick impulse and strong feelings, should be so little moved at such a crisis in his life; while Julius was pondering over the other's words about unknown compensations, and wondering what secret tie there could be which kept warm the heart of this solitary man, who apparently cultivated only scientific and literary friendships.

(To be continued.)

ON PET ANIMALS.

By F. G. AFLALO.



HEAD-MASTER advocated, some little time since, the educational advantages of establishing school aviaries; and his proposition brought home to some of us the curious fact that, in an age given to all manner of movements for the better treatment of animals, from horses to lobsters, no change

should have come over public opinion touching those caged captives facetiously termed 'pets.' It had almost seemed as if the times were propitious in this country for a general resolve to incarcerate at least only such animals as take almost kindly to captivity and, above all, to the British climate.

Those who have never strayed amid tropical forests can scarcely, perhaps, be expected to realise

in quite full measure how very horrible the British climate must appear to many creatures unable to voice their loathing and dread of its fogs and changes. I am not for one moment alluding even indirectly to the lions and anthropoid apes confined in our Zoological Gardens, for every precaution is taken against the fogs that will not be denied; and it is absolutely right that such animals should be on view, even at the cost of some individual lives. To strain such principles as it is hoped to advocate in the present article beyond the practices of private individuals, those more particularly who are not endowed with the means of giving their captives all the comfort and attention that they would get in the large public gardens, with specialists to care for them, buildings skilfully constructed to reproduce the conditions of temperature and light to which they are accustomed, and food cunningly adapted to a plausible imitation of their natural diet, would be to strain them to breaking-point.

The schoolmaster's dream of school aviaries is, I think, open to criticism on more grounds than one. If the study of wild life means anything to the young—anything, that is to say, beyond an excuse for 'cutting' cricket and school athletics—it means an inducement to them to pass some spare time in the open air, an incentive to walking and climbing in the fields and woods, together with the mental gain of developed powers of observation under the very practical tests of patience and discernment. Loafing in an aviary would be little better than loafing in the school museum; for the captives, under the constant influence of an artificial environment, cannot possibly teach the same lessons as those which are to be learnt at first hand from nature.

Besides, this pedantic proposal invites contemplation from another standpoint; and it is more particularly with this that I am at present concerned. It is very questionable to what extent it is desirable to encourage in boys this practice of keeping 'pets.' It is a truism that hobbies are wholesome in the boy as in the man; but it is not to the advantage of the boy that his moral education should be accomplished at the expense of lasting discomfort, if no worse, to dumb creatures. There are plenty of hobbies, from stamp-collecting to model-yacht racing, to engage the leisure of healthy boys of every taste without any further immolation of silkworms and white mice forgotten in the waistcoat-pocket, goldfish and newts dying of hunger in bowls of filtered water, or tortoises and hedgehogs seeking in vain those garden worms and insects on which, relying on the assurances of the venders, boys commonly believe them to subsist.

There is, of course, an even graver aspect of this captive-animal question, and that is the sufferings of lions, tigers, and bears, which from formerly lending distinction to the triumphs of Roman generals, have now sunk to the still more vulgar

level of performing for the amusement of peaceful citizens, safely sheltered by strong bars. This, however, is before Parliament as I write; and it opens such wide issues, involving the share of responsibility that may fairly be debited to those who patronise these shows, that with this passing mention it must be omitted from these remarks.

It is not proposed, then, to compare or contrast the lot of the 'pets' with that of the performing animals, but with domesticated animals—the half-dozen species, that is, which man has reclaimed from the wild state for his own uses; and such comparison is not unwarranted by the facts. Man has been brought in touch with the wild creatures, most of the correspondence having been conducted with arrows or bullets, ever since Adam named them and Noah went afloat with a selection. Man, as the Destroyer, has held the stage. Here and there, however, there have been signs of a gentler association; and some few of the beasts and birds, not wholly to their disadvantage, have been brought within the pale of domestication. True, the majority are eventually slain for food or worn out by hard labour; but they are well fed and sheltered from stress of weather—it pays even the most callous to treat a horse with consideration—and their lot is on the whole rather better than it would be in the natural state. The 'pets,' however, stand on another footing, for most of these unhappy parasites are either overfed and pampered to the verge of apoplexy or neglected and bullied into a decline. Wild birds are penned in vermin-infected cages, scarcely commodious enough for the vermin alone; cockatoos are chained to poles in such manner that a broken leg is certain as the result of a fall; snakes and lizards are shut away in boxes, and would be forgotten until the Day of Judgment were it not that nature has forbidden forgetfulness of decaying bodies. These and many more creatures are the martyrs of a cruel and idiotic fashion. There is no scientific value in these captives. The great menageries of the world, continually replenished by paid and amateur collectors in every land, contain all the material requisite for the student of every degree. Useful as many of these animals may be in a state of freedom, they cannot possibly, in direct contrast to the horse and dog, serve any purpose in bondage. A tortoise that has survived the most fearful horrors of overcrowding on the high seas—and no other creature, except perhaps the parrot, as I can testify from personal observation both on board and at the docks, is so cruelly packed for transport—may possibly so far recover as to swallow a few noxious garden worms ere it is put out of its misery by the merciful vagaries of a climate designed perchance for the moulding of the British character, but assuredly not for the comfort of the human or any other animal. Likewise, a more than usually conscientious cat may occasionally leave the most comfortable arm-chair

in the room and ostentatiously enough capture a sporadic mouse. But these are the exceptions.

The useful animals dedicated (by himself) to the service of man must be briefly noticed in their past and present relations, as it would otherwise be impossible to appreciate the position of the 'pets' in the social fabric. The actual chronology of our modern live-stock is obscured in the mists of the past. Exactly when the horse and ass (and their compound, the mule), the dog and cat, the ox, yak, sheep, the camel, the Indian elephant, and the reindeer, otter, cormorant, pig, rabbit, poultry and pigeons, came under human control we shall never know. To the above list might be added, on reasonable grounds, the fallow deer of our parks; but the inclusion of these and the hand-reared pheasants would invite consideration wide of the truly domesticated animals of house and farm, and they are best omitted.

Laboratory palæontologists and groping antiquaries, wantonly revelling in such complex exercises in the higher mathematics of social evolution, have from time to time based credible but unconvincing attempts to assign dates in the arts of domestication on the cave and river remains or on the figures crudely depicted on Assyrian monuments. These endeavours have not met with much success, and their practical bearing on the present question is almost negligible. At the most, some little reasoning is admissible in tracing the order in which the domesticated animals came within the sphere of human influence. It is perhaps fair to suppose that the dog came first; then probably flocks and herds; then the horse and camel and reindeer. However, such a supposition may equally be in error, resting as it does on nothing more sound than the probability of man's first four-footed companion having helped him to capture and keep the rest; his subsequent discovery that to breed sheep and cattle for their flesh might be more profitable than depending on the precarious supplies of wild game; and the later need of saddle, pack, or harness animals in a more advanced stage of prosperity and further developments of nomadic enterprise.

Clearly, this is all merest guess-work; nor can it be pretended, however convenient such hypothesis might be, that the history of animal domestication has been written at uniform speed and along homogeneous lines in every continent. Much has depended on racial aptitude for asserting this prescriptive dominion over the brutes. The higher races of man have been able to tame, where the lower could only destroy the individual and endanger the type. The case of the two species of elephant in adjacent continents is a somewhat trite illustration of this difference; but it is difficult to find a better. The African elephant, formerly, as we know, used by man in both peace and war, has long been regarded as untamable; whereas the Indian animal, pronounced by those who have had long experience of both

in menageries to be not a whit more docile than its African cousin, has continued down to the present day the close associate and faithful servant of man, and is in that character strictly preserved by the Indian Government.

The existence of wild elephants, with a proportion of dangerous 'rogues' side by side with the educated animal, suggests to the historian of the subject the useful distinction between those domestic animals of which the identical species survives in the absolutely wild state—such are the elephant, reindeer, and otter—and those, on the other hand—like the dog, cat, and horse—which no longer have identical wild prototypes. Any investigation of this contrast must necessarily be gravely complicated by the presence of 'feral' individuals, particularly cats, that have reverted to the wild state; and a case in point, recorded only last summer, of a cat rearing a family of kittens in the upper branches of a lofty tree at Richmond may indicate a reversion to the wild habit of the race. On the borderland of these categories stand such doubtful species as the ass, rabbit, ox, pig, and camel. The wild and domesticated ass and rabbit are perhaps, if we make due allowance for variation in captivity, practically identical; but uncertainty is generally allowed to rest on the survival of genuinely wild camels and British oxen. The famous British strains of wild park cattle—the Chartley, Cadzow, Chillingham, and others—are, however, allowed by Mr J. E. Harting and other authorities to be the descendants of the old stock of our shorthorns, red-polls, and Jerseys.

Not in every case has domestication made in the direction of increased physical beauty. The splendid wild asses that may be seen at the Zoological Gardens are a reproach to the down-cast donkeys of Covent Garden; while the lazy sty-pig, with its defunct teeth and snub face, has degenerated beyond recognition from the challenging wild-boar, with his suggestive tusks and taper muzzle, a metamorphosis induced by such overfeeding as is outlined in the *Rothamsted Memoirs*. Wonderful changes, physical and mental, have thus been wrought in the animals of the farm by selection and breeding. The hornless Cheviot ram and the short-coated South Down have no equivalent among the wild sheep that tempt ambitious hunters above the clouds and into the pall of the eternal snow. The Rouen duck may recall the mallard, but nature gives us no white counterpart of the Aylesbury; and it is the whiteness of many of our British wild cattle that, in the opinion of some well qualified to judge, points to a domestic origin.

However, having glanced at the conditions of domestication, I must not go off at a tangent on the very fascinating variation of domestic breeds, worked out by Darwin, Piétrement, Marsh, and many others. The poverty in point of numbers of man's domesticated animals is a strange comment on his claim of ownership of the whole. Yet it

would seem as if the limits of his art had been reached. The performing bears and lions above mentioned can in no sense be viewed in this light. A few more deer and game-birds may possibly be acclimatised by sportsmen; but any permanent addition to our saddle or pack animals is beyond our imaginings. The only recruit that suggests itself for the stable is the zebra; and the careful experiments already made on that unpromising quadruped in harness have not been such as to encourage our belief in its usefulness for saddle purposes, while the man who would, in his sober senses, put his foot in the stirrup is yet to be found. Compared with the horse, too, the camel is only half-domesticated, as those know who have travelled with it in the land of its adoption and watched the morose ruminant, which fears, indeed, its scantily dressed master, but feels no affection for him.

The usefulness of man's four-footed and feathered associates is thus limited to species that may be counted on the fingers of his two hands; but what of the useless companions of our home-life—the functionless cats and dogs, ornamental survivors of a more practical age; the birds that mope behind bars; obscene parrots chained to posts; the hedgehog that counsels respectful handling; the mischievous and wholly unprofitable monkey? What of these captives, which, being retained for neither use nor profit, run a far greater risk of neglect than the farm animals that must, on selfish grounds, be well cared for? In what implanted instinct, divine or the reverse, shall we seek the genesis of this remarkable mania for imprisoning quite useless animals about our dwellings? This universal hobby of all lands and all ages, the strangest perhaps of all the manifestations of human eccentricity, this love of owning 'pets'—whether it takes the form of adopting and spoiling a child or of confining a rattlesnake in a sugar-box and giving it the wrong food at the wrong intervals—obviously rests on motives which are not all bad. The frail and attractive ladies of olden time took special delight in such property; and it was to so commonplace a creature as a sparrow, a pampered fellow with only sharp pecks for his lady's finger-tips, that we are indebted for a dozen lines of the most perfect Latin ever printed. This proclivity for keeping pets has indeed a quite respectable antiquity, dating back even farther than cock-fighting. Yüdisthira parted with his dog only at the gates of heaven, and Mohammed treated with such kindness his cat Muezza that cats have been all but worshipped in Mussulman communities ever since. Great Englishmen, and Frenchmen too, have cherished their cats. Chesterfield pensioned them, Johnson fed them with oysters, and Gray melted into tears and poetry when the 'pensive' Selina was drowned in a raid on some goldfish. Yet the cat is never domesticated like the dog. There is almost the same difference as between the camel and the horse. The uselessness of the modern cat

and dog in many households is appreciated, as regards at any rate the latter animal, by the Board of Agriculture, which, in its recent warnings touching the admission and isolation of dogs from foreign ports, carefully differentiated the dogs imported for useful purposes.

Without the least desire to be consigned to the serried ranks of those uncomfortable persons who criticise, for criticism's sake, every institution, old as well as new, I have ventured to regard this fashion of keeping pet animals as one of questionable benefits. Not that the mere uselessness of these animals for strictly practical purposes should in itself constitute a serious impeachment of their place in the family circle. Beautiful paintings on our walls, exquisite flowers in our gardens, have an influence for good quite apart from utility. So, too, with folks of a certain temperament, a few of these furred and feathered prisoners may serve some moral purpose, as providing companionship for the solitary; but as the love of the lower creatures grows, the esteem for their fellows is apt to wane. I am not prepared to regard this as a wholly desirable attitude. Desirable or not, however, it is certain that the spinster hugging her fondled cat and scorning man and woman alike is the exaggerated type of a class.

There is, however, a curious contrast between this love of dumb animals and the apparently compatible indifference to their sufferings in captivity. A captive lark, beating his wings against the bars of a small cage, might possibly afford relief to some nonagenarian nailed to his couch by a well-earned visitation of gout; but it is difficult to understand what pleasure the well-balanced mind can derive from the contemplation of small wild birds cabined and confined in sight of liberty. A comfortably appointed aviary, with room for the beating of wings and stretching of legs, something after the style of the attractive aviary of ibises and flamingoes beside the main entrance to the Zoological Gardens of London, may be a delight to its owner and a joy even to its inmates. The happy birds in such an asylum and a dragged nightingale cooped away in the fifth floor attic in a slum are not less far apart than the prisoners in St Helena and the prisoners in Holloway. Captivity is a relative horror, as liberty may be a relative blessing; liberty is a very relative blessing indeed to men stationed at Gibraltar.

It will perhaps be urged that I am proposing to confine the right of keeping pet birds to those who have country mansions, and to deny it to those who live in slums and need the bright company of their pets. It is certainly hard to have to condemn as unwholesome a practice that implies such wholesome regrets as those of the city labourer for the rural districts he has been forced to leave. I have every sympathy, in principle, with the yearning that sees in every pet a fragment of wild life to mitigate the hideous monotony of cities; but there is no help for it, and it is only injustice.

that compels the freer creatures of air to share a captivity from which not they but their owners draw some slight material benefit.

Carelessness, not cruelty (unless in this connection they are inseparable), lies at the root of half the sufferings of pet animals. Those who keep them will not, for want of a little energy, acquaint themselves with their prisoners' natural requirements in the matter of food and temperature. In the rare cases of exotic animals reaching this country for the first time little or no blame can attach, as the specimens are sometimes brought in by natives who have no knowledge of their natural food, and then shipped to England as soon as possible in order that they may arrive alive. An example of this occurred a little while ago, when some of the little blind fish from the Kentucky caves, presented to the London Zoological Gardens by Mr Walter Rothschild, died in a few days owing to the improper temperature of the water. They were deposited in the Fish House, in water of probably 40° Fahrenheit, whereas their native water is at least 60° Fahrenheit, and the error of course proved fatal. As these fish, however, cost several sovereigns apiece, they are not likely to find their way into the possession of schoolboys, who commit constant, though unintentional, cruelty on the erroneous hypothesis that gold and silver fish can find sufficient nourish-

ment in a bowl of filtered water. Thus, parrots are thought capable of dispensing with drinking water, and of finding in maize a perfect substitute for the oily nuts and juicy fruits of their forest homes. Yet nuts and pure water were evidently prescribed as far back as the days of Ovid. I have seen chameleons, too, more popular perhaps as pets than any other reptile, die off on board ship by the score. A man who should attempt to keep a pet chameleon without some knowledge of the wonderful mechanism of the animal's tongue ought to be kept for a month or two as a pet by a polar bear. Only a few animals are capable of looking after themselves if given a certain amount of liberty. Such, no doubt, is the cat, a clever forager in times of scarcity; though I imagine few cats would be so lucky as to find a dormouse under a chair, like the inquisitive animal that came up to London to look at the Queen.

This added care with our pets, if we must keep them, is surely a desirable extension of the modern movement in favour of dumb animals. The man gains as well as the brute. The ancient Egyptians who meted out their equivalent of lynching to any one killing a cat or an ibis were something better than superstitious savages. Their creed, at any rate, took more kindly account of the wild animals than has any other before or since; and for this let them be remembered with kindness.

THE MINERVA BUST.

CHAPTER II.

SO it went on for two years or more, till Captain Thornton, son of Squire Thornton, came home from India, and set his yellow falcon eyes on the dove in the cot by the wood.

He had right of entrance there, having known Lois's father, Major Varney, in the wars among the Afghan mountains. He had right of entrance; but knock as he would at the door of Lois's heart, it was never opened to him. She bolted and barred it firmly, and called up thoughts of me to help in keeping watch and ward. Poor girlie! I know now all she passed through at that bitter and unquiet time; for her mother, foolish lady, had joined the enemy for reasons which her social ambition thought the best in the world. The peace of God and man alike were driven quite from Lois's life; and, not being made of rubber, but of flesh and blood of the finest, she began to whiten and fall away as though with some wasting sickness.

That was why my soul rose up one day in mighty anger; and I made the resolve to see Mrs Varney at the very first chance, and respectfully reason with her. She had just driven by in their little pony-carriage, with Lois beside her looking like a lily beside a peony. It was a mad resolu-

tion, and to carry it out would, I knew, be most discourteous; but they were slowly killing my dear one, and I was not going to stand by and see the sin of it without strong expostulation. So that very evening, after a wash and a change of clothes, I made my way to Holly Cottage, and was duly admitted. Mrs Varney was alone, and her florid placidity, once I had opened mouth, gave way to a breeze of anger, which quickly waxed to a storm. Before such my judgment could only tack; and in that fashion I did at last manage to sail into her motherly conscience. So much so that I came away plus a glass of wine and some kindly-meant advice never to interfere with the affairs of other people.

'You'll be a man some day, and less emotional,' said she at the door. 'Had it not been for such sure evidence of your sincerity I had rung for Sally to show you out.'

Then I remembered that in my pleading the wet had come to my eyes, and I had seen two peonies instead of one. With a lift of my hat, and in no wise ashamed (I had but shown honest feeling, and all for Lois's sake), I came away, and turned through the wood to Copston—for I wanted some No. 6 cartridges, as well as a rousing walk.

It was not a chance that, coming back an hour later, I should meet, midway through the wood,

my Lois. She had seen me leave the cottage from the window of her room, and had crept out to wait there for me. Without a word she drew me into the thick of the trees, and without a word she put her arms about my neck and sweetly kissed me. What could I do but pay her back with interest and fondly draw her to me? She had much to tell of her daily woes, and I listened with boiling blood; but of comfort I could give her very little, beyond the fact that I had touched the soft side of Mrs Varney. That seemed to ease her a bit, and she gave me another kiss as guerdon. The minutes flew, and the first gray of night was creeping through the trees as we turned hand in hand towards the cottage. At the garden-gate we parted in a manner only decorous—for every window was an eye—but our exchanging looks said more than many words, and we went our ways with lighter steps for having had our woodland meeting.

It was Lois who saw Ruth walk out from among the trees just as I was turning by Hangman's Corner; and it was Ruth—I grieve again to say it—who sat down that night and wrote to Captain Thornton another unsigned letter. Oh, the wickedness of woman once jealousy has poisoned all her good and tender better self! Ruth had a heart as big as two; but, alas! the devil had entered into it, and her good angel, unable to stand such shady company, had gone weeping out, not to return for many a day.

It was on the evening following, as I was coming back from the ten-acre field, after having a dismal look at the wet and blackening grass which lay waiting there for warmth of sun, that I met in the wagon-track the persecutor of Lois. He had chosen the meeting, and owned it. Then he told me why, frothing the while at the mouth, as though mad jealousy had given him the rabies. No words of mine would he wait for, though they were all ready for him, as full of scorn as his of anger. With a sudden lift of his walking-cane, and before I could raise a guarding hand, he struck me across the cheek. In another second he was lying full length on the ground. He scrambled up, and made for me, stick in air. I caught the stroke with bent elbow, and with a quick twist of the hand laid hold of the cane, pulled it from his grasp, and promptly threw it over the hedge into the turnip-field. At that he seemed—passionate man—to lose his reason. Forgetful of all science, he made a wild rush at me, which, though I was his match in height and weight, forced me to fall back a good half-dozen paces before I could return a blow; and it was one right between the eyes, which sent him down like a skittle, and to my consternation he lay there as still as one. Only while I was bending over him, with his own flask in my hands, did I realise what I had done—knocked down and stunned the future lord of the manor; but there was no time then to think much about it. His

eyes opened, closed, and opened again. Then with my help he sat up. Slowly a smile grew to his face, which was not an ill-favoured one, despite the yellow eyes.

'Yours is a fist of power, Haynes,' said he.

'I much regret to have had to use it, Captain,' I answered; 'but yours is a stinging cane. Have another pull at this, sir; then let me help you up.'

He emptied the flask, and, declining any assistance, got on to his feet.

'Better say nothing about this, Haynes,' said he as I offered him his hat; 'but some day you must come up to our place and have a turn with the gloves. I should like to show you that I too can box.' He did so, when all the trouble was over, and floored me beautifully.

I felt a softening to him, and, reasoning that he had just as much right to love Lois as I, though he had no right to go so cruelly about it, seeing that she hated him as a coney does a weasel, I put in a quiet word or two—not of pleading, which would have choked me, but of explanation of the harm he was doing. He was embittering a sweet young life, making misery where only happiness should be, filling days with darkness whose light had been a joy to live in; in a word, doing all the hurt he could to one who was none too strong, and who was fast becoming a shadow of her former self, if he had only eyes to see. Thus did I talk to him. He listened, surprised, but with a darkening frown. His native hauteur had risen, and that now caused him to turn on his heel and walk away with a curt 'Good-evening, Haynes,' and no more. However, I had done good service. Next day he left the Hall for the Continent; and only once again, on his return three months later, did he trouble Lois with his advances. That was after my father's sudden death, and when I was struggling alone, with heart well-nigh fainting, to keep home and farm together.

What I went through during those aching weeks it matters not; but I never see a Michaelmas daisy now without thinking of the crisis which came upon us at the end of that summer quarter. Three months' rent was due—I was a tenant of Squire Thornton—and how to pay it I knew not. To meet going expenses I had, a month before, taken out a bill of sale on the household furniture. Everything under the roof had gone into the inventory, bar a few personal belongings of my sister's and mine, and—the Minerva bust. This stood on a pedestal my father had bought, and graced a corner of our sitting-room. It was our habit to spend the closing hours of the day in that room—which was why I was sitting there on the eventful night of Ruth's surprising visit.

My sister, feeling poorly—as well she might, poor creature! with such worry and anxiety upon her—had retired to rest. I was alone in the elbow-chair, trying to get what soothing I could from the pipe I was smoking, when in came

Ruth, without any warning and with an impetuous rush, which made me stare; but it was just like her, impulsive as she ever was, and daring in all her doings. She sat down in the chair opposite to me, and looked me full in the face.

'Now, look here, George Haynes,' said she, her dark eyes all of a shine; 'this cannot be! You must tide it over—we must tide it over! The Haynes have lived and died on this farm for generations. Shall it be said that, for the sake of a few pounds, the last of their race had to turn his back on it, and go forth into the world a beggared man?'

'I see no alternative, Ruth,' I said sorrowfully, looking admiringly at her. Her rich, glowing beauty was a sight to see.

'But can't you borrow? Have you no friends who have faith enough in you to lend you a few hundreds till the advent of brighter days? You can never have two seasons such as this.'

'I can't think of any one likely to risk it,' I said. 'The Squire may give me a little time; but the crash is bound to come, sooner or later.'

'When it does come what shall I do with that?'

I added to myself, with my eyes on the Minerva bust. Ruth saw the look, and glanced frowning round. The fair deity smiled calmly on, heedless of both of us.

'Risk!' said Ruth, turning to me. 'There is no risk! You are bound to pick up again. Let me advance you the money! I have a thousand pounds in my own right. Why should it lie idle?'

I stared, feeling a sudden warmth all over me. It was news to me that she had such a nest-egg; but the offer of a loan was still more surprising. We had not been very friendly for months; but I knew nothing then of her letter-writing, or we had been enemies quite.

'You are most generous, Ruth; but better keep the money intact. The risk, I tell you, is too great—too great.'

Though I said so, I knew it to be otherwise. With four or five hundred pounds I felt sure I could spread sail and steer safely out of my sea of trouble; and, arrived in calmer waters, I might head for Port Prosperity without any more misgivings. And then—but thoughts of Lois made my heart to bleed. Had this ill turn of fortune not undone me our union might have been a possible happiness; for Mrs Varney, as I had reason to know, had lately taken a fancy to me. I had one day stopped her pony, which had bolted from the puffing ogre of a traction-engine; and, now that Captain Thornton was out of the field, she would not have greatly opposed a betrothal between us. Of course I could not take money of Ruth's; it was out of the question.

'Too great! It's not that; it's because the money is mine. If I were a man, now, you would not hesitate a moment. George dear,' she said, rising and coming behind my chair, 'think better of it. Let me help you. We have known

each other from childhood up, and our lives have been entwined more or less for years; and I—I—you know I care for you more than any one else in the world. It's unwomanly to say it; but I do. Think, George—think! You will be able to repay every penny; and—and no one need ever know. Say "Yes," George; say "Yes."'

Her breath was on my cheek, and her flushed face, as it leant over my shoulder, almost touching mine. I sat, strangely moved; still, I could not decide to take her money.

'It cannot be, Ruth; it cannot be. Have no fear for me. If I go out into the world it will be to fight a winning game; and maybe a little battling in the open will make a man of me. At least it will do me no harm; and I can easily earn enough to keep Edith and myself in comfort. There are farm-bailiffs, you know, who get excellent money.'

She straightened herself, and I could hear a heavy sigh. I sat gazing again at the Minerva. It was a trick of mine when deep in thought; but, for the sake of peace, I had better have ruffled my hair or stroked my chin just then, for Ruth, walking round the table, saw what my eyes were fastened on, and the devil broke out in her in the queerest way.

'Why are you always staring at that stupid bust? Why do you barely glance at me, and keep all your eyes for that plaster thing? Is it—is it'—here she gave a sort of gasp—'is it because it has some resemblance to your precious Lois? I've noticed it before. Is it because of that? Tell me!' she cried, all on fire. 'Tell me!'

'I was but thinking, Ruth,' I said, half-amused at this freak of her jealousy; 'and that plaster thing, as you call it, somehow helps me along. Like Lois, is it? Hardly. About the brow, perhaps, and the cut of the chin, too, now I come to think of it. That's why, maybe, I've unconsciously got into the habit of'—

'Then you can get out of your habit,' she cried again; 'and you shall gaze at nothing to help you to think!'

With three strides she reached the pedestal; and taking up the bust in both her hands, she raised it high above her and dashed it to the floor, where it flew into a thousand fragments.

I started to my feet in speechless anger. She turned a blazing look on me.

'So I should like to treat the living face! Curse her and you! Curse you, I say! Between you, you have blasted my life! You would have learned to love me had she not been here. I would have made you love me—yes, made you! But she came with her waxen, yellow-haired prettiness—came and won your heart with the first glance of her great baby eyes. Faugh! Marry her! Marry her—when you can!'

Saying this, she swept from the room, and the loud bang of a door a moment later told me that she was gone from the house.

With real pain did I look down on the white débris of Minerva. After all, she had only come by the fate which my grandfather had wished for her. I remembered his crazy words, grimly smiling; then I stooped to gather a few of the pieces—one beautiful ear—half of the lovely mouth—a chip of rounded chin. Suddenly my eyes widened, and I picked up something which was in no wise part of the Minerva. I held it to the light, and my fingers, as I pressed it between them, caused a crackling sound. How my heart leapt! It was a roll of bank-notes! With hands all of a tremble I slipped off the elastic band and began an ecstatic counting. Twenty notes, each for one hundred pounds! I shouted aloud, and shouted again. Old Hannah came running in, with Betsy the dairymaid at her heels; and, once more I shouted, frantically waving the notes. Indeed, for the moment I was crazy with joy; and so almost became poor frightened Edith when I told her through the door the news of my find. She threw off her illness, got into some clothes, and came beaming down to learn all about it.

What I then told her, though part of it was theory, came to this: My grandfather, having noticed that Minerva was hollow of head, had bethought him, before leaving Warstone, of putting the notes inside her for greater safety; but as he had probably dined and toasted only too well, on reaching home he had forgotten all about it, and imagined that the hop-pickers had relieved him of notes and gold and all. However, on the morning following, some memory had stirred in his unhinged brain, and he had

called out for that wonderful bust. In it he happily found the notes; but the scare of the day before was still upon him, and he decided in his whimsical way that for a time at least they could not be in a safer place than in the head of the image. It was fair reasoning in a way, because in the hop-season burglaries in our parts are frequent occurrences; and we had nothing stronger in the house than an ordinary cash-box. So he returned the notes to their hiding-place, ramming well home the handful of hay with which he had choked the slender throat—a fact which, strange to say, we had never once noticed—and there the money had ever since lain. That my father would have been told the secret I doubt not; but, alas! he had arrived in the bedroom too late that day for the passing of a single word. Thus I reasoned, and, I think, with a show of truth.

So the night of our dolour ended, and the day-dawn of happier things broke full upon us. And when Lois returns with the youngsters from the schoolroom concert I will ask her if the best part of this writing be not a true history of what befell us before the good bells rang out, and we who had been two were made by the power of the Church into one. Then I will show her the thing which set it all going again—namely, the newspaper announcement, a copy of which here follows:

‘THORNTON—MAITLAND.—On September 9, at St Nemo’s Church, W., by the Hon. Rev. Septimus Surman, D.D., Hector Priam Thornton, Royal Hampshire Regiment, to Ruth Maitland, only daughter of Guy Bartholomew Maitland, M.D., of Copston, Hopshire.’

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SHOOTING AT THE CLOUDS.



HE discharge of blank-cartridge at the clouds would seem to the uninitiated a most fatuous proceeding; but this kind of bombardment is just now receiving serious attention in the wine-growing countries of the Continent. The object of this attack on cloudland is to prevent the falling of hail; and there is no doubt that the percussion of the air caused by heavy discharges has this effect. The Italian newspapers contain many accounts of the wonderful results achieved. Thus at Rogeno three successive storms passed over the place, and were received by a simultaneous discharge of fourteen cannon. A little sleet fell, whereas at neighbouring places the hail which came down did enormous damage to the vines. Again, at Vicenza a summer hail-storm devastated the country for many miles; but one spot escaped injury by reason of the

shooting experiments which had been carried on there. The Italian Government are so impressed with the efficacy of the method that they are supplying vine-growers with gunpowder for ‘weather-shooting’ at a nominal price. In Hungary experiments are in progress with a cannon thirty feet in length, which is loaded at the breech with a metallic cartridge of blasting-powder.

AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

The Countess of Warwick has long had in hand a scheme for fitting women for the lighter departments of agriculture, such as poultry-keeping, market-gardening, bee-keeping, fruit-growing, and the like; and so far her efforts have been crowned with success. She is now appealing for funds to build and endow an agricultural college to accommodate two hundred female students, and His Majesty the King has given the scheme his patronage and support. The college will be fitted with laboratories for practical and theoretical

work, and will also be furnished with a garden and farm, covering about two hundred acres; the estimated cost of the undertaking being something like forty thousand pounds. The Countess believes that her scheme, if put into practice, would be of national importance in helping to meet foreign competition, and inducing residents in our decaying villages to remain on the land, and live by the land as their forefathers did. Subscriptions may be sent to the bankers, Messrs Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co.

RUST.

The corrosion of the plates of a ship by the action of sea-water has long been a matter of serious import to marine engineers, and many are the anti-corrosive compounds which have been invented to cope with the difficulty. Recent experiments have shown that the amount of rust greatly varies with the metallic composition of the plates. During the inquiry referred to, steel and iron plates were immersed for definite periods in sea-water, in river-water, or exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather; and it was found that under these varied conditions they corroded to much the same extent. Curiously enough, it was also noted that when steel plates containing an addition of only 3 per cent. of nickel were exposed to precisely the same influences, the oxidation was reduced by about 23 per cent. Steel plates containing 26 per cent. of nickel showed a much greater immunity to rust, for it was found that the loss by oxidation in their case was only about one-third that of wrought iron. Possibly a suitable metallic compound will presently be found which may prove inert to the action of water.

THE TOPOPHANE.

This is an instrument which has been invented by Lieutenant-Colonel D. P. Heap, an engineer of Tompkinsville, New York, for use on ship-board to determine the precise direction of sounds, more especially as a precaution against collision during foggy weather. Any one who has had the uncomfortable experience of a Channel passage in a fog knows well enough that warning fog-horns are continually heard, and that it is most difficult to locate their origin. The imagination is liable to play us curious tricks in the matter of sound; and the clever ventriloquist trades upon this human weakness when he succeeds so well in deluding us into the belief that the sounds of his feigned voice come from the mannikins under his manipulation. The tophane consists of two tubes with trumpet-mouths pointing in opposite directions, and mounted upon a stick which is held above the head. From these trumpets flexible tubes are carried, one to each ear, and are held in position after the same manner as a modern stethoscope. By turning the instrument in various directions, not only can a distant sound be located correctly, but it

becomes audible before it can be appreciated by the unaided ear. The contrivance is likely to prove of great value to the shipping interest.

DOMESTICATION OF THE ZEBRA.

In a report issued by the Foreign Office on veterinary work in British East Africa and Uganda Protectorates, there is an interesting note by Mr R. J. Stordy on the domestication of the zebra. Mr Stordy believes that the zebra, which is immune to the ravages of the tsetse-fly and horse-sickness, and which exists in enormous numbers in Africa, could be domesticated and used not only for African service, but also for army transport work at home and in India. He apparently gives up the idea of domesticating the adult animal as an impossibility, and proposes to solve the problem by confining, say, fifty adults in a kraal, where they would be allowed to breed. As it has been found almost impossible to rear a zebra foal apart from its mother, the young would not be separated from their parents, and would be accustomed to the sight and presence of man and of horses and mules. A second generation would probably be more tractable than the first; and Mr Stordy believes that the experiment, although costly at first, would have most valuable results.

MANGOES FROM JAMAICA.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* recently brought from Kingston, Jamaica, a small box of that delicate fruit the mango, which is so common in Jamaica that it forms the staple food of the peasantry for six months in the year. Hitherto, however, it has been found impossible to export it long distances. The correspondent rightly remarks that a good deal of public interest attaches to his experiment. He travelled in the steamship *Port Morant*, which made on this occasion the record passage of eleven days eighteen hours. The fruit he brought with him was picked green, and after thirteen days, when it arrived in Edinburgh, was in perfect condition. The *Port Morant* also brought over twenty-one thousand bunches of bananas, which had been kept in the hold of the ship in a special temperature of 56 to 60 degrees. It appears that the mango requires no special treatment, for the box in question had been kept during the voyage in the stateroom of its owner, under ordinary conditions.

MOTHS AS FOOD.

According to the *Scientific American*, a species of moth is greatly esteemed and relished in the Philippine Islands as an article of food. In the mountainous districts these moths exist in enormous numbers, and are scraped from rocky fissures into buckets. The heads, wings, and legs of the insects are rejected; and in order to get rid of these heat is employed. Holes are scooped in the earth, and fires kept burning in them until

the ground is quite hot; then the fuel is removed, and the moths are placed in the pits, where the wings, &c., become shrivelled up and very brittle. The moths are next sifted through netting, so that the rejected parts fall in the form of powder, leaving only the bodies behind. The moths, so prepared, are eaten with sugar, or form a part of puddings and other dishes. Coconut is also often allied with a preparation of moths, and in some cases the insects are baked and reduced to powder before being mingled with other kinds of nutriment.

A NEW ANIMAL.

Among the many curiosities of science shown at the last conversazione of the Royal Society was one which aroused more than ordinary interest—namely, part of the skin and a drawing of a mammal which has been discovered in the Semiliki Forest of the Uganda Protectorate by Sir Harry Johnston. Stanley heard rumours of this animal when he was in the Dark Continent, and supposed it to be some unknown form of zebra; but Sir Harry Johnston has obtained more definite information and the specimens of its skin already referred to from the Congo dwarfs, who state that this curious animal is seen in pairs in the densest forests. It is described as being the size of an ox, with the neck of a horse, but without horns, while its colouring is most gorgeous. It has prehensile lips like the giraffe, to which it is distantly related. A perfect skin and skull are being sent home by Sir Harry Johnston, who hopes later on to secure a living specimen of the mammal. The native name for this strange beast, which is quite inoffensive, is the *okapi*; but it is generally assumed that it is identical with the fossil animal *Helladotherium*, supposed to be extinct, whose remains are found in Greece and Asia Minor.

THE ACETYLENE INDUSTRY.

It was believed only a few years ago that the cheap production of calcium carbide would cause acetylene-gas quickly to assume the position of a formidable rival to other methods of illumination; but beyond its use for a time for bicycle lamps it has not hitherto made much progress in this country. It is different in Germany, where, according to a recent American consular report, no fewer than thirty-two of the smaller towns are lighted entirely by acetylene, and others are following suit. Altogether, there are in that empire two hundred thousand plants producing acetylene-gas equivalent to nearly ten million gallons of petroleum. Possibly, when improvements come in the matter of fittings, and consumers are guaranteed against all chance of explosion, smoke, and smell, acetylene will be better appreciated in Britain than it is at present. The beauty of the light is unquestionable; but until its use is made as easy and free from draw-

backs as coal-gas, it will only attract a limited number of customers.

TUNNELLING UNDER THE SEA.

A bill has been passed by a committee of the House of Lords sanctioning the construction of a tunnel beneath the waters of the Solent, which is a waterway about four miles in width separating the Isle of Wight from the mainland; and the proposed tunnel—which will be the longest submarine tube ever constructed—will be between the island town of Yarmouth and Lymington on the Hampshire coast. Although the residents of the beautiful island may naturally regret a new avenue for the admittance of trippers, holiday-makers will welcome a quick route which will dispense with the steamboat and its troubles. The tunnel will open up the beautiful scenery of Freshwater Bay and that portion of the island associated with the memory of Lord Tennyson. It is also considered by military authorities that the tunnel will be valuable in the event of invasion, for the Isle of Wight would be certain to attract the attention of a hostile force as an admirable position for preliminary occupation.

PINE-APPLE FIBRE.

The *Journal* of the London Chamber of Commerce for May contains an interesting note concerning the value of pine-apple fibre as a substitute for flax, to which it seems to be in some respects superior. The plant can be used both in its wild and cultivated state, and surpasses flax fibre in strength, fineness, and glossy appearance. Trials lately made at Singapore showed that while a certain quantity of flax fibre would support a weight of two hundred and sixty pounds, a like quantity of pine-apple fibre would not give way until a weight of three hundred and fifty pounds was reached. The fibre will also resist damp, so that ropes made from it can be immersed in water for any length of time without suffering damage. The simple process of bleaching destroys adhesion between the bundles of fibre, and spinning can then be proceeded with as in the case of flax. It is stated that pine-apple fibre can be successfully employed as a substitute for silk, that it can advantageously be mixed with cotton or wool, and that its special qualities render it very useful as sewing yarn, and for lace-work, curtains, &c. In the Philippines a very beautiful material is woven from pine-apple fibre, its threads being as fine as hair.

A MODEL RAILWAY STATION.

No one would venture to assert that the common type of British railway station is a thing of beauty, however admirable it may be from an engineering point of view; indeed, many would maintain that in such a structure it is impossible to combine the useful with the ornamental. The contrary has been proved in the

splendid new station in the French capital of the Paris and Orleans Railway, on the site of the ruined Palais d'Orsay. At a cost of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, this building, which presents a noble frontage to the Seine, has been erected and completed with the help of the most accomplished architects, sculptors, and painters; as much pains having been taken in its artistic embellishments as in its solid structure. The use of smokeless (electrical) locomotives has permitted the employment of gilding and lighter tints, which would under the old conditions have been impossible; and the whole of the ironwork of the roof has been masked by a ceiling of ornamental plaster-work. Paintings of the more famous towns along the line, by some of the first masters, framed in gold and let into the wall, form one feature of the decorations. At the same time the comfort of travellers has not been overlooked, for the station is fitted with every possible convenience to secure that end.

MUSICAL DENTISTRY.

To dispel the agony of tooth-drawing by means of music seems to be rather a far-fetched idea; but the subject was recently broached, in all seriousness, before the Paris Academy of Medicine. A well-known physician brought forward the subject on behalf of a Paris dentist who had already been successful with the system advocated. The dentist was induced to try music in his practice by the observation that most of his patients in the initial stages of anæsthesia seemed to suffer from a kind of nightmare. He attributed these bad dreams during the state of semi-consciousness to the perception of noises round about, and he thought that the soothing power of music might be tried to counteract these bad influences. He succeeded beyond his expectation. The patients ceased to gasp and groan under his hands, and tooth-drawing became quite a pleasure both to operator and subject, the latter waking up from the artificial sleep with reminiscences of Beethoven, Wagner, or Gounod, as the case might be. However, as it is obvious that a dentist could not be expected to maintain an orchestra at his establishment, the phonograph has been introduced to give up its borrowed melodies through the medium of tubes placed within the patient's ears. Let us hope that these instruments give a more pleasing rendering of the music entrusted to them than some we have heard, which were the reverse of melodious.

THE KINGSLAND AND OTHER SURFACE-CONTACT SYSTEMS OF ELECTRIC TRACTION.

We have already alluded here to this system; but attention is again directed to it by the fact that the Wolverhampton Tramways Committee have lately made an inspection of the Kingsland mechanical surface-contact system of electrical traction, of which the inventor and patentee is

Mr W. Kingsland, M.I.E.E. The Kingsland surface-contact system is composed of a number of metal studs placed on the track between the two tram-rails, approximately rather less than the length of a car apart. The studs project slightly above the level of the setts in the road, but there is no obstruction. A skate or bar runs underneath the car, and is a little longer than the distance between the two studs. The part which the skate plays is to glide on the surface of the studs, making contact with one before it leaves the other. If the studs are connected with the main cable conveying the current of electricity from the generating station the car can collect the current continuously as it proceeds along the line. The novel point in this system, and one on which considerable ingenuity has been expended, is that only one stud is alive—that from which the car is collecting the current—and that as soon as the car has passed the current has been cut off automatically. Mr Kingsland's automatic switch consists of a revolving tappet wheel operated by a striker-bar depending from the tram-car. The wheel lies between the ordinary tram-rail and another put alongside it. Into the slot thus formed the striker goes, and meeting the wheel as the car passes, turns it just one-sixth each time. This process switches the current both on and off by a clever mechanical contrivance, which, however, is of the simplest character when carefully examined. The tappet wheel as it revolves one-sixth carries with it a commutator-switch. The electric current is never broken, the switch in advance of the car being always put on before the one in the rear is put off. This system differs from the Lorraine method, in that only one skate is carried. The Lorraine system comprises three skates, two to carry the magnets and one to take the current, and a battery is carried. With the Kingsland system the skate takes the simplest form, and there is no battery. The boxes along the track which contain the necessary mechanical parts, and into which the main cable runs, can be changed in one minute should this be imperative. The boxes cannot be disturbed; they are of concrete, and a solid fixture, but exceedingly neat. Mr Kingsland emphasises as a point strongly in favour of his system that it can be adapted to any existing line, and that any car to which the skate and striker are affixed may be utilised, as no other equipment is necessary. The Dolter, Lorraine, and other surface-contact systems have also been under consideration by the corporation of Wolverhampton.

THE FIRST RAILWAY BRIDGES ERECTED.

Within the last few weeks the first iron railway bridge ever erected has been replaced by a new one. This interesting structure was erected for the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1823, at the western extremity of their line, at St Helen's,

close to Bishop Auckland. The bridge, composed of cast-iron, spanned the river Gaundless, a tributary of the Wear; and it was near this place that, on the opening day, 25th September 1825, the proprietors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company assembled and were taken up the Brusselton incline—a distance of 1960 yards, in seven and a half minutes—in carriages which were also loaded with other passengers and goods. A certain amount of doubt exists to-day as to who was actually the constructor of that bridge; but the name of one Mr Storey is mentioned as having been responsible for its 'erection,' presumably the engineer at that time of 'the first public railway'—Mr Thomas Storey. In this early period civil engineering was scarcely recognised as a distinct profession; and it has even been claimed that George Stephenson was the first civil engineer. The bridges erected prior to 1825 were constructed either by architects or by millwrights. Perusing the early correspondence of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, we learn that Bonomi of Durham was the architect employed to construct the first railway bridge at Darlington; and we believe it is asserted that the 'first railway skew bridge—one spanning the Tees at Croft Spa—was the work of a millwright! As was to be expected, the North-Eastern Railway, on acquiring and absorbing in July 1863 the old Stockton and Darlington Railway, came into possession upon the lines of their system originally worked by the latter company of many relics of the early days of engineering. By an act of Parliament dated 23rd May 1828, sanction was obtained to a bill authorising the construction of a line between Stockton and Middlesbrough, including the build-

ing of a bridge across the Tees at the former place. This structure is entitled to more than passing notice, as it was the first railway suspension bridge ever erected. We find that the building was entrusted to Captain Brown, R.N. Great things were from the first expected from it. Before, however, bringing the structure into use for traffic the proprietors instituted a number of tests. In the first, carried out on 10th December 1830, a weight of eighteen tons was placed on the centre of the bridge, which showed a deflection of nine and three-eighths inches. Further experiments were made on the 17th of December, when twenty-eight wagons were placed on the bridge, with engine and tender, weighing altogether thirty-seven tons, and extending from one end of the bridge to the other. The result was a depression of two and a quarter inches. Eight loaded wagons were then placed on the bridge at equal distances, so as to cover the bridge. The weight was thirty-four tons one hundred-weight, and the depression two and seven-eighths inches. Subsequent tests took place with equally unsatisfactory results, and the engineers recommended that 'trade might be carried on with the bridge as it was by passing loaded wagons over one by one, the engine passing over first.' It was added that 'the engine might return with the whole train of empty wagons connected closely together,' and that 'twenty wagons may be passed over in this way in about five minutes, after the men got into the method.' This mode of procedure was adopted, and continued for a short time; but it is not surprising to note that it became necessary shortly afterwards to construct a more solid and substantial erection.

THAT SCHOOLBOY!



Of the majority of people, perhaps, a schoolmaster's life appears monotonous and uneventful; but to one who is apt to look upon the humorous side of things, this is far from being the fact. Most boys are careless, irresponsible creatures, certainly; but there is a fund of genuine, unadulterated humour in the average boy. A schoolmaster of fifteen years' standing writes: 'I have corrected, I might say, a few thousand examination-papers in my time. Some of the answers to questions set are wonderfully funny and original—unconsciously funny.' The following are specimens:

A boy, aged ten, thus answers a question as to the cause of the Transvaal disturbances: 'Krugger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blud. Mr Chamberling has wrote to him sayin come out and fite or else give up the blud of the English you have took. he is a boardutchman and a wickid heethin. lord

Kitchener has sent for his goary blud and to bring back his seanderlus hed ded or alive.'

An essay on Mr Gladstone by a boy of eleven, states: 'Mr Gladstone lovd everybody. he lovd publicuns and cinnors and irishmen. he wanted the irish to come to England and have home rool, but Mr Chamberlin says, no, no. so alars he got his blud up and killd Mr Parnel. Mr Gladstone died with great respect and is burrid in Westminster with pieceful ashes.'

Rather ambiguous is this description of Queen Elizabeth by another boy: 'Queen Elizabeth was a vurgin queen and she was never marrid. she was so fond of dresses that she was never seen without one on. she was beautefull and clever with a red hed and freckles.'

The boy-writer of the following is decidedly backward in his Tennyson. Concerning the late Poet-Laureate he writes: 'Tennyson wrote buteifull poems with long hair and studid so much that he sed mother will you call me airly dear?

his most 'gratist poim is called the idle king. he was made a lord but he was a good man and wrote many hoads. he luvd our dear Queen so much that he made a poim to her called the fairy Queen.'

Another boy wishes to become an editor. In an essay on 'The Choice of a Profession' he gives his reasons in these words: 'A editur is always a happy man because he can read luvly tales and artikels all day and pages of sweet luv poems. a good editur has branes but it must be very sad for him having to read melankolle stories of luv so as to make him allmost weep with tears from his eyes. a editur is a rich man because he never pays for artikels and so has all this interlect for nothing.'

One could hardly put the following ideas of a certain youth on 'Honesty' to a practical use: 'It is a nobel thing to be a honist man. If you are a honist man you can look the world in its face and never be arshamed of the devill. it is good to be honist when sum one is looking becaws you may get a reeward. I know a churchwarding who is a honist man who collects money on Sunday in his black clothes. if you are honist when you are young you may grow to be rich and the lord mare and then of caws it dusn't matter.'

This is from an essay on 'My Hero': 'My hero is my father because he is a Christyun clergyman. my father says o my son gro up like your father and respect yourself because nobody else will respect you. I am goin to be a clergyman because my father says I am a ass in school and have no branes to get a livin in bizniss.'

Shakespeare is hardly appreciated by the young 'hopeful' who writes: 'Shakespeare was a famus poit and poachur. he wrote luvly plaze called the tame shrew, hamblet and a scotch piece called Macdoogul. In Shakespeares time some of the plaze were very rude but now everything is so polite that a innercent father can take his baby and it wont disgust it. Shakespeare was so ill when he died that he cried out oh my cursid bones.'

A certain young scholar described the 'Provisions of Oxford' as consisting of 'buttur, eggs, cheese, bread, and beer,' and 'The Constitution of Clarendon' as being 'so shattered through greef that he died quite a young man, before he had time to grow old.' Another youth stated that 'the duke of Clarence was a relashunship of the king. he loved drink so much that he jumped in a barrel of wine and drowned himself.'

One youth, who is a poet in embryo, is a great admirer of Longfellow. 'Longfellow,' he says, 'wrote a grate poem called "The brik." he butefully poemises in this way—I stood on a brik at midnight and gazed at the clock for an hour.'

A boy, mourning the loss of an uncle, writes the following letter to his master: 'Dear Reverend

Sir, I am injoying my holidays and have only been ill twice. my unkel died with being old in three days larst week, and we have had a plesant fevneral. I want to work in my arithmetic sir as you sed but it would be wickid if I did it with a ded unkel. my father says if I dont get a prize next term sumthing will happen.—I am sir Your respectabul pupil JOHN.'

After reading these extracts, who will dare to say that schoolboys are devoid of humour or originality?

THE OLD BOOK.

'Twas shattered by that fall. Ah, well!
The poor old book! it had its day.
I picked these up from where it fell—
These bits of paper. What are they?

Just little scraps with crease and fold
To make them look like letters. Oh!
They bring to mind those nights of old
When little Ned and Will and Joe

Would play at post-office; this book
Their letter-box. How many years
Have passed since then! Yet, as I look,
How natural each one appears!

How plainly, as I try to read
Each little laboured, childish scrawl,
I see the face bent o'er the screed,
And lovingly I now recall

That Joe could never learn to spell.
Poor little fellow! none can blame
Him now: 'I hope that you are well,
Deer ma, as this leeves me the same.

No more at present from your son.'
And Will's: 'Dear ma, I take my pen
In hand to tell you that I won
A prize in school; it's *Little Men*.'

And this one, printed with such care—
I seem to see the curly head
Above the table: would 'twere there
Again to-night!—'i LUv YU NEd.'

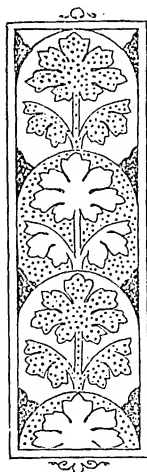
The eldest, Will, is with me here,
Upright and honoured, good and brave;
But flowers have bloomed for many a year,
And withered, on one little grave.

And yet, 'tis not for him that flow
These bitter tears ye see me shed.
I long have ceased to weep for Joe;
But—ah, my baby, little Ned!

I know not where his footsteps roam,
Nor how it fares on land or sea
With him to-night, so far from home
A wand'rer. Wheresoe'er he be,

Do Thou protect and guide him still,
Who wert my stay when Joe was dead,
Who blessed me with a son like Will:
O God, bring back my little Ned!

ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A GUERDON FROM THE GRAVE.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

By H. HERVEY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.: THE COMING.



DOZEN or so of men, all ensconced in easy-chairs set in the mess-house veranda; said mess-house being that of the 63rd Madras Infantry, garrisoning Quilon, a deadly-lively seacoast town in North Travancore, South India. Time: 9 P.M., after dinner, in October. Period: the early sixties. It was not 'guest night,' so the muster was limited; it included the colonel commanding (a grass-widower), some three or four subalterns, and the regimental doctor; the remainder being made up of 'black coats'—that is, civilians—all honorary members and bachelors, who preferred dining at the cheery mess to the solitude of their respective bungalows. We were all intimates, and knew a good deal of each other's affairs; the only element of novelty for us was some little curiosity! concerning a guest who was present that evening.

A month previous to the date on which this story opens, a stranger had been landed from the coasting-steamer, ill with a severe attack of dysentery; but, thanks to the regimental doctor, who also did duty as civil surgeon, he speedily recovered. As soon as he was able, the new-comer paid a round of visits. His card bore only the name Mr J. H. Polwarth, and he occupied a vacant house in the cantonment. A considerable quantity of luggage had been landed with him; and as his diction and bearing generally proclaimed the gentleman, he was received without credentials by the society of the place, made honorary member of the mess, and soon was considered an agreeable addition to our small circle. That efforts had been made to ascertain the motive for his sojourn in India goes without saying—else we had not been human; but he was somewhat reticent as to his affairs, and had hitherto vouchsafed no information further than

No. 188.—VOL. IV.

that he intended leaving Quilon as soon as he felt strong enough, and had come to India on a certain quest, on the result of which depended all his future happiness.

Naturally, this caused conjecture: he had come to hunt up somebody or something; but that somebody or that thing was still a mystery. Mr Polwarth was a tall, good-looking fellow of some thirty years; he appeared well-off, and this was evidently his first visit to India, for he evinced that verdancy on matters Oriental usual with all 'griffins,' and did not understand a word of any of the numerous 'lingoes' wherewith we in India are blessed. However, he had apparently made up his mind to unbosom himself that night, for before the party broke up a good deal had been heard about him and his quest.

'I think I shall be setting out on my travels again in a day or two,' remarked Polwarth during a pause in the conversation; 'and I shall carry away pleasant reminiscences of Quilon and all the kindness and hospitality I have enjoyed here.'

'Only too glad to have had you,' replied the colonel. 'Where are you intending to go?'

'Well, a place called Paumben is my objective; but I know nothing about it.'

'Paumben!' echoed the doctor. 'From what our friend Hervey here has told us, it's a wretched little island of a place somewhere between India and Ceylon—isn't it, Hervey?'

'Do you know anything about Paumben?' asked Polwarth, eagerly turning to me.

'I ought to know it,' I replied, 'as it is one of my stations, and my range traverses the whole island. What do you want to know?'

'To say what I want to know about Paumben opens up the whole story of my presence in this country. I was on my way thither when they landed me here the other day, sick. As you

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JULY 6, 1901.

have all been extremely good and kind to me, gentlemen—receiving me on trust and treating me as one of yourselves—I think an explanation of the object of my journey is your due; more especially as I have, no doubt, been somewhat of a mystery,” he added, with a smile.

“Yes, I think it may be confessed that you have been a subject of speculation to us, Mr Polwarth,” answered the colonel; “and you may rely on our not abusing the confidence you place in us by telling your story. So fire away! Let’s have it by all means.”

“Thank you all. I’ll make it as brief as possible; and I shall be glad of any advice you can give me, and equally glad to answer any questions. First, a word about myself. I am a man of means, I am alone in the world, and my home is in the neighbourhood of London. Up till a twelvemonth ago I had no more thought of coming to India than of making an expedition to the moon. The cause of my journey is a woman.”

“Ah! The old story—eh?” interrupted the doctor. “*Cherchez la femme!* However, go on.”

“Yes, it is a woman—or rather the quixotic whim of a woman—that, indirectly perhaps, makes me your guest this evening. Avoiding unnecessary and irrelevant details, I may state that I first met the lady about two years ago, and that she has promised to become my wife, but only on certain conditions. It is in fulfilment of these conditions that I am here. The lady is a Miss Kennedy—Beatrix Kennedy—a beautiful, lovable woman, accomplished and high-spirited; her only fault, if fault it is, being an extravagantly romantic sentimentality in regard to her father.”

“He objects to you, I suppose?” hazarded the colonel.

Polwarth smiled. “I have yet to meet him, colonel,” said he. “I have come to this country to find him, alive or dead.”

“Alive or dead?”

“Yes; these are the conditions on which the lady consents to marry me. She is devotedly attached to her father, and thinks it her bounden duty to obtain his approval to our union. “Find papa, Herbert,” she said. “Bring him home to me, and let him acquiesce in our marriage, and I will be yours; or prove his death, and I will act on my own responsibility.””

“How are you going to fulfil these conditions?” asked the doctor.

“To explain the task I have before me I must go back to the year 1846—the year of the battle of Sobraon, in which the lady’s father, Major Kennedy, who served in the East India Company’s army, fought and was wounded. After the close of the second Sikh war he paid a short visit to England, but soon returned to this country. What with *loot* and *batta*—I think the terms are—and prize-money, and his successful

speculations, Major Kennedy was a wealthy man. During that visit to England his wife died; and Beatrix, then a child, was left in the care of an aunt. He arranged his affairs to the daughter’s interest and advantage, investing his savings for her benefit; and his will made her heiress to a considerable sum of money. Soon after returning to India he retired from the army, but instead of going to England, remained in this country, telling his daughter and sister that he preferred India, that England was no place for a man who had passed twenty years of his life out here, that his taste of home during his recent furlough was enough for him, and that he intended his bones to be buried in India. He said that, as it was his purpose to travel about for an indefinite number of years, Beatrix must remain where she was till he had somewhat settled down, when she could come out and join him. This brings us to the year 1851, when Beatrix was eleven years of age. Up to 1862, or about two years ago, Major Kennedy kept up a regular correspondence with his daughter; but when I had won her affections a little over a year had elapsed since the receipt of her father’s last letter. That letter is dated from Paumben. Here it is.”

He produced a letter-case from his pocket, and drew forth a paper, faded and crumpled with age and frequent handling, bearing this brief communication:

‘PAUMBEN, SOUTH INDIA, 2nd May 1862.

‘MY DARLING BEATRIX,—These few lines in case my letter by the mail miscarries. All is at sixes and sevens here, a terrible outbreak of cholera having disorganised everything. I am quite well so far, darling girl; but I shall clear out of this by the first available country brig for Colombo, from where I will write again. The mortality is fearful; it is pilgrim-time, and devotees from all parts of India are flocking here, but, alas! only to die like rotten sheep. Good-bye and God bless you.—Your loving father,
DAVID KENNEDY.’

Not a word was uttered as we severally perused this letter.

The doctor at length broke the silence. “That letter is two years old,” said he, “and I gather that you won’t look for Major Kennedy among the living, but among the dead.”

“I fear so too,” replied Polwarth.

“Then I suppose all you have to do is to go to Paumben and obtain either proper evidence of his death and burial there, or, if you find that he was able to get away, to prosecute your search in Ceylon—eh?” asked the colonel.

“Yes; though I expect it will prove a wild-goose chase at the best; for, look you, gentlemen, Miss Kennedy and her aunt have literally moved heaven and earth to ascertain what became of Major Kennedy since that letter was written.”

They applied to the Indian Government for evidence of his death if not of his existence. Both the Indian and Ceylon authorities have done their best, the former being only able to trace Major Kennedy to Madras, where he appears to have embarked on a country vessel for Paumben at the end of February 1862, two months before he wrote his last letter. It is not known whether he ever landed in Ceylon.'

'Well then, that, taken with the letter, pretty closely localises him,' said the colonel. 'If he were alive he would have written again, or the Ceylon people would have given some information about him. As it is, there is little doubt that he is dead, and you will have to look for his grave in Paumben, Mr Polwarth.'

'Not much difficulty in that,' I observed. 'There's a small church in the place, and a cemetery. A missionary resides on the island; he will give you all the information you require.'

'Covers that have already been beaten,' said Polwarth wearily. 'Read that.' He handed me another paper, which proved to be a letter from the Madras Government saying that no entry of the interment of Major David Kennedy at Paumben was traceable in the records of the diocese.

'That's bad!' ejaculated the doctor. 'How, then, are you to carry back the evidence required by Miss Kennedy? How fulfil the conditions imposed on you?'

'How indeed?' sighed Polwarth.

We had listened to this strange tale with rapt attention. All our sympathies were with the poor fellow, while our mental contemplation of the far-distant Beatrix Kennedy, with her 'conditions'—compared with which those imposed by Laban on the long-suffering Jacob were as child's-

play—partook of a complexion the reverse of friendly.

'And that's the young lady's ultimatum—eh?' asked the colonel.

'That is it, sir. If I am to win her, I must either produce her father in the flesh or indisputable evidence of his death.—And now, Mr Hervey,' he continued, addressing me, 'when do you go to Paumben?'

'Almost immediately. The working season has commenced; but I go by land the whole way.'

'Would you mind my coming with you?'

'Not in the least. I shall be glad of your company; but as I have to work along, we shall be some time on the road.'

'That does not matter; a month or so more or less will not make much difference to me, especially as I feel convinced that the man I am in search of is dead.'

'All right, then; it's settled we go together?'

'Yes; and, selfishly speaking, I am glad, for I shall rely on your experience of the country and knowledge of the languages to aid me in my search.'

'You are heartily welcome to any services I can render.'

'Thanks. As I have already said, I was on my way to this Paumben *via* a place called Tuticorin by steamer, when, fortunately rather than unfortunately, illness landed me here.'

'Why fortunately?'

'Because it has thrown me in your way—a coadjutor in my quest—one, I'm sure, who will help me to success.'

'You are good to say so. Rely on my doing my best to aid you. When shall we start? Day after to-morrow?'

'So be it.'

THE HEART OF MONTROSE.



AS that no one knows where—but somewhere, certainly—the heart of valiant James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, awaits the collector of curiosities! Tossed among bits of armour, old china, *bric-à-brac*, in some old curiosity shop in the north of France; possibly now carried to Paris or London, it may lie in some old lady's lumber attic; or, trampled years ago into the ground of a back-garden in Boulogne, Pierre and little Marie may turn it up any day with their spades. '*Qu'est-ce que c'est donc,*' this little, old, beaten, egg-shaped box of steel? Why, Pierre and Marie, it holds, if you only knew it, the dust of a Scottish hero's heart, and the case itself was fashioned out of his good steel sword.

Montrose knew Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh,

well; it was, in fact, a second home to him in his boyhood, for his sister Margaret had married Sir Archibald Napier when Montrose was six or seven years old, and he spent much of his time with them. The Napiers had, besides, a town mansion within the precincts of Holyrood House; but to little Montrose, brought up in the country, the old castle, with its barns and outhouses and granges, was no doubt a more attractive holiday-home than a dull town-house in the fashionable Canon-gate. One can fancy the little figure, in its clothes of 'green camlet' or 'mixed pargone' and 'cloak with pasments,' wandering with his bow and arrows about the parks, or, maybe, escaped from his watchful 'pedagog,' Maister William Forreth, imperilling himself, boy-like, on the battlements of the castle.

But to get to the story of the heart one

must leave the life and hasten to the death of Montrose. His sister and brother-in-law had died long before, and the owner of Merchiston in 1650 was Montrose's nephew, the second Lord Napier. A great affection existed between Montrose and his niece by marriage, Lady Napier; and as a mark of it he bequeathed to her his heart—a strange, and, if one must tell the truth, an embarrassing, legacy; but looked on by the lady herself as a supreme honour and a sacred trust.

Montrose was executed at the Market Cross of Edinburgh on Tuesday, May 21, 1650. The extraordinary composure and gallantry of his bearing are well attested. An unsigned letter in the British Museum, written by a spectator while the execution was actually going on, says: 'I never saw a more sweeter carriage in a man in all my life. He is just now a turning off from the ladder; but his countenance changes not.' Another account says: 'He stept along the streets with so great state, so much beauty, majesty, and gravity as amazed the beholders. And many of his enemies did acknowledge him to be the bravest subject in the world, and in him a gallantry that graced all the crowd.' Clothed in 'fine scarlet richly shamaded with golden lace, and linen with fine pearling about, his delicate white gloves in his hand, his stockings of incarnate silk, his shoes with their ribbons on his feet,' his dress was 'more becoming a bridegroom than a criminal.'

After hanging on the gibbet for three hours, the body was taken down, and the head was affixed to the Tolbooth; the limbs were dispersed to various places throughout the kingdom, and the dismembered trunk was enclosed in a 'little short chest,' and buried on the Boroughmuir. The Boroughmuir was the usual place of execution and burial for the worst of criminals; it was a place of evil reputation, little sought during the day, and much to be shunned by night. No wonder, then, that some 'adventurous spirits' were required who would steal to that gruesome spot, raise the hastily and none too deeply buried body, and cut from it the heart of Montrose. The master of Merchiston was in exile in Holland; it was Lady Napier alone who planned the night-excursion and saw it carried out. Did her heart fail her that May night, waiting at the foot of the turret stair until her messengers, returning, put in her hands *something* not seen but felt within the square of fine linen all 'tricked with bloody gules'? That same square of linen and the pair of stockings of 'incarnate' silk, showing a still darker stain, have remained ever since among the treasured possessions of the Napier family.

For a time, then, the heart was safe at Merchiston. It was embalmed and enclosed in a little steel case made of the blade of Montrose's

sword; the case was placed in a fine gold filigree box which had belonged to John Napier, the inventor of logarithms; and the box in its turn was deposited in a silver urn.

Before very long, however, Lady Napier despatched the casket by some faithful hand to the young Marquis of Montrose, who, with Lord Napier and others of the connection, was still living in exile in Holland; and here begins the first part of its adventures, of which, unfortunately, no record now remains.

For many years the heart was completely lost sight of, and any hope of ever regaining it had long been given up, when a friend of the Napier family recognised the gold filigree box enclosing the steel case among a collection of curiosities in Holland. He purchased the relic at once, and returned it to Merchiston, at that time the property of Francis, the fifth Lord Napier. There for a second time the heart reposed, but not for long. On the death of the fifth Lord Napier it passed into the keeping of his only surviving daughter, Hester, afterwards Mrs Johnston. Some years after her marriage Mrs Johnston was on a voyage to India with her husband, her little son, and all their household gods, when their ship, which formed part of the fleet under Commodore Johnston, was attacked by a French frigate, and a stiff fight ensued. Mr Johnston busied himself with four of the guns upon the quarterdeck, while his wife, who had refused to go below, remained beside him, a heroically obstinate figure holding by the one hand her little boy, and in the other a thick velvet reticule, into which she had hurriedly crammed all the things she valued most, including, of course, the heart. In the middle of the fight a splinter struck Mrs Johnston on the arm, wounding her severely. The velvet reticule gave little protection to its precious contents, and the gold filigree box was completely shattered, but the inner steel case remained unharmed. It must have been some consolation to Mrs Johnston that, when the attacking frigate retired, the English Commodore left the flag-ship and came on board the Indianman to offer his thanks and compliments to the lady and her husband, who had set the crew so gallant an example.

Arrived in India, it was easy to find a clever goldsmith, who constructed another gold filigree box in place of the one broken, also a silver urn like the original. On the outside of the urn was engraved in two native dialects a short account of Montrose's life and death. The urn soon came to be regarded by the natives as something uncanny, and the report spread that it was a talisman, and that its owner would never be wounded or taken prisoner in battle. So one is not surprised to learn that before long the urn and its contents were stolen, and in spite of every effort could not be traced. Mrs Johnston, however, discovered after some time

that it had been sold for a large sum of money to a powerful chief in the neighbourhood of Madura.

It was part of the training of the little boy who had stood beside his parents during the attack on the Indianman to spend four months of every year with a native chief, in order to learn something of the language and native methods of hunting and shooting. While on a sporting expedition the boy distinguished himself in warding off the attack of a wild-hog; whereupon the chief, to show his appreciation of the performance, promised, in true Oriental fashion, to give the lad practically anything he chose to ask. As this chief was the purchaser of the urn, young Johnston naturally begged that the family property might be handed back to him. The chief made a generous speech in reply, explaining that when he bought the urn and its contents he had no idea that they were stolen goods, and adding that 'one brave man should always attend to the wishes of another brave man, whatever his religion or his race might be; therefore he considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose wish had been that his heart should be kept by his descendants.' Accordingly the boy returned home laden with gifts of all sorts for himself and his mother, and carrying with him the urn and a

letter of apology from its late custodian. The death of this liberal-minded chief forms an interesting sequel to this adventure of the heart. Having rebelled against the Nabob of Arcot, he was taken by English troops, and he and many of his family were executed. When the chief was told he would be put to death, he referred to the story of Montrose, and said that as there was something alike in the manner of their dying, so he hoped that after death his attendants would preserve his heart as the heart of Montrose had been preserved, for future generations to honour.

The Johnston family returned to Europe in 1792. Being in France at the time when the Revolutionary Government compelled all persons to give up their gold and silver plate and jewels, Mrs Johnston entrusted the silver urn, with its enclosures, to an Englishwoman living at Boulogne, who promised to keep it hidden until it could be safely conveyed to England; but the woman died soon afterwards, and from that time nothing has been seen or heard of the heart of Montrose.

There would appear to be little hope of the ultimate recovery of the relic; yet stranger things have happened, and it may be that even after the lapse of a hundred years the heart of the Graham may once again rest on Scottish soil.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

By GILBERT STANHOPE,

Author of *Bobby's Protégée*, *Spray of Jessamine*, *His Darkest Hour*, *The Colonel's Little Girl*, *On the Honeymoon*, &c.

CHAPTER III.



THE news of the engagement naturally afforded a choice bit of gossip for the good people of Penruth. Some few wiseacres had, of course, long foreseen it; others were genuinely surprised; and, as it disposed of one of the very few eligible bachelors the town possessed, that astonishment was not unmingled with consternation.

Colonel Parkinson's wife, the mother of four grown-up daughters, might surely be forgiven a sigh as she saw this chance for the settling of one of them nipped in the bud. The showy and rather fast daughter of the principal auctioneer, who bitterly resented her exclusion from the 'best society' of Penruth, and dressed better than any one in the place, turned down the page on which her most glowing hopes were written, and determined, when the next illness in the house occurred, to send for a new young doctor who was trying to set up a practice in the place.

However, I do not think Julius Standen had the breaking of any feminine hearts to be put

down to his score. The modern girl has more distractions and more scope for her surplus energies than the 'young female' of the period Jane Austen has portrayed for all time; and if still as ready to fall in love as her predecessor, she does not 'brood over her silent heart, as on its nest the dove,' but goes out and has a game at hockey—an excellent specific against vaporous love-dreaming.

The rector and his wife looked at the matter exclusively from the point of view of the benefit, or otherwise, to be derived from it by the parish, and they regretted the engagement. If the doctor had married some one who would have been a good 'parish worker,' what a help her coming would have been! Mrs Lessingham, they knew, aided languidly in some of her aunt's charities; but she was not the energetic fellow-labourer they longed for. The Reverend John Talbot and his wife were from Yorkshire, and their restless activity and the strenuous way in which they took life made them a great contrast to the easy-going west-country folk among whom their lot was cast.

Their curate, an ugly but very lively little Irishman, also disapproved; but his objections were purely personal. He admired Mrs Lessingham immensely, and he thought the irresistible fascination of his Irish wit and humour, and the pathos he could put into his voice when he sang the songs of his native land, would in time have won for him the matrimonial prize which the brutal Saxon was now carrying off under his very nose.

Meanwhile Julius Standen had to fit himself into his new rôle of engaged man. His busy life did not leave him very much time for love-making; but Mrs Trevanion, who was still all complacency about the affair, gave him graciously to understand that a cover would be laid for him every evening, and that she would cease to invite him specially to dinner; but he was to come whenever his duties permitted and his inclination prompted him. This was said with some of that archness which she occasionally and not very happily assumed. Her greeting of him the first time he appeared at the Court in his new character was cordial; but there was a mixture of condescension in it which had not hitherto been apparent in her treatment of him.

'Dear Doctor Standen,' she said, holding out both her hands to him, 'I am indeed rejoiced that my dear Effie is to find a protector in you. To think that she will be settled near me is such a comfort. I cannot tell you what I suffered when she left me before, though that was a most brilliant match, and everything promised to be so highly satisfactory.'

Julius could not help thinking that it would have been in better taste to have refrained from alluding to Effie's previous marriage at this particular moment; but he submitted his hands to her fervent clasp, and as soon as he could get in a word he said, 'I need hardly assure you, Mrs Trevanion, that it will be my first care to make Effie happy.'

'Not Mrs Trevanion now,' she cried, giving his hands a last vehement shake before letting them go; 'you must call me Aunt Clara, my dear Julius. I have always thought Julius such a pretty name.'

'I have always hated it myself,' said Julius bluntly; 'but perhaps I shall get to like it better now.'

'Flatterer!' cried Mrs Trevanion, flicking him lightly on the shoulder with her hand—still a pretty, plump little hand, of which she was inordinately vain. 'You will find Effie in her morning-room. Go and make your pretty speeches to her.'

Julius escaped all too willingly from her effusiveness.

Effie's sanctum was upstairs and at the end of a long corridor. It was a pretty, bow-windowed room, overlooking the old flower-garden. He knew it well, for Little Fairy had lain there

until she grew too ill to leave her bed; and the room still seemed to echo with the sweet, childish laugh.

He had not got far down the corridor when a door before him opened and Effie came out; she did not see him, and was passing on to her morning-room. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and she started violently and turned round. The bright flush that leapt to her cheek and the light of joy that danced in her eye were unmistakable tokens of her delight at seeing him. Julius felt the sweet flattery of it to his inmost core; and, as no inquisitive housemaid was there to spy, he drew the pliant form within his embrace, and kissed the upturned face with all the warmth that the most ardent of lovers could have shown.

'Put your hat on, Effie, and come out for a turn,' he said; 'it's not so cold outside as it looks, and the air is most invigorating.'

Effie hesitated a moment. She hated walking, and she loved lounging over the fire, holding out her daintily-shod toes to the warmth; but there was a new sort of luxury in being ordered about by this masterful lover. Her first husband had been of a weak nature and her devoted slave; there was a charm in being dominated by this stronger will, at any rate while the novelty lasted. So she obediently went off, and presently reappeared in sealskin jacket and toque.

Julius felt he could talk more freely as they paced down the long avenues, with the ground crisp and frosty under their feet, and wintry gleams of sunshine lighting up the wide prospect of hill and dale, than shut up in Effie's silk-hung boudoir.

Hitherto they had always talked of her affairs only, and she really knew very little of his life and his aims; but to-day she led him on by gentle flattery and sympathetic questioning to open out more of his heart to her than he had done to any one for years.

'Look in the glass and see what a pretty colour you've got,' he said as they re-entered the Court; 'I'm sure the walk has done you good.'

Effie made a little *move*.

'I've gone out to please you to-day,' she said; 'to-morrow you must stay indoors to please me.'

'To-morrow I shall have to go to Sampford, and shall not be home till late. You have no idea yet what it is to have to do with a professional man, who can never call his time his own. I wonder,' he went on, taking a corner of her sealskin coat between his fingers, 'whether I shall be able to afford you costly things like these. You will have a good deal to put up with, Effie, in becoming my wife. If your love is not strong enough to stand the'—

Effie would not let him finish. Her arms were round his neck, and she bent his head down till her lips could reach it.

'I love you! I love you! I love you! So there's nothing more to be said.'

A talk about ways and means with Mrs Trevanion was of course inevitable; so Julius resolved to get it over at the earliest moment possible.

Effie's jointure, she told him, was very small. Her father-in-law, old Sir Robert, had doubled it, as he thought it insufficient for the widow of his eldest son; but whether he would continue that when she remarried she could not tell.

'Of course not,' interposed Julius. 'I think the suggestion to discontinue it should come from Effie's side. Thank goodness! my wife will not need any man's help. She can keep her jointure for her dress and personal expenses.' Then he entered into a few details, which showed her that he was earning a very fair income. 'Though I am not the eldest son, there will be a good sum'—he named the figure—'part of the fortune that was my mother's, coming to me at my father's death. I will insure my life for Effie's benefit, so that if I die before my father'—

'I am quite sure that you will do everything that is generous and kind,' said Mrs Trevanion, smiling upon him benevolently; and it was then that she had informed him that her house would be open to him every evening.

When Julius left her he was a little irritated by her condescension. He knew that, in the matter of family, he was a good deal superior to Mrs Trevanion. The Standens of Longleat Manor in Warwickshire had owned their present estates for hundreds of years. In posts of command on land or at sea they had served their country worthily, if not brilliantly. He had been the first of his name to follow the profession of medicine, and he remembered how his grandfather had opposed his doing so, saying that in his youth no gentleman's son would have thought of such a thing.

'*Autre temps, autres mœurs!*' the old squire had said, and sighed heavily, as he leaned on a five-barred gate and watched a covey of partridges rise in an adjoining field. The life of a country gentleman seemed to him the only life worth living, and he sighed to think its joys were nearly over for him, and that in these degenerate days young men were not content to do as their fathers did before them.

The boy had always had a strong turn for botany, chemistry, and natural history; and when he had once begun to study the wonders of the human frame, nothing would satisfy him but that he should devote his life to aiding in the long struggle fought out by science against ignorance and disease.

It was the theoretical part of the profession that most fascinated him; and after his studies at the London hospitals, he went to a famous medical school in Germany, the cradle of many important discoveries, where the most patient and

minute investigations into the secrets of nature were carried on by devoted men of science, who were rewarded for their incessant toil with—so it seemed to English eyes—a starvation wage.

Coming back full of theories, and longing to revolutionise medical practice, it was like a dash of cold water in his face when his friend and mentor, London's greatest medical scientist, advised him to take a country practice.

'Systems and theories are all very well,' he had said; 'but it is practical knowledge of human nature you want now. Go and make up pills for dyspeptic squires and rheumatic farmers. It won't be the waste of time it seems to you now. At the end of ten years you can begin to write your book. You won't feel so cocksure about all your theories then.'

This is how Julius Standen came to be settled down in the little Cornish town of Penruth. He was a man who did well whatever he set himself to do; and he soon took a leading place among the members of the faculty in the neighbourhood, managing at the same time to find time for study, so as to keep himself abreast of modern progress.

His friendship with Geoffrey Ormiston was an agreeable mental stimulus, and there was one other resident of Penruth for whom he had a strong liking and esteem. This was Miss Dorothea Caradoc, a maiden lady of middle age, who lived in a pretty cottage just outside the town. Her sweet, faded face, that still retained some of its former beauty, had always attracted Julius; and the more he knew of her the more he found to like and admire.

Two special hobbies seemed to divide Miss Caradoc's interest and occupy her time: she loved flowers and young girls. Her house and garden always displayed a mass of blooms; and her richer acquaintances, who spent large sums on their gardens and hothouses, used to complain that nothing grew for them as it grew for Miss Caradoc. Her two neat maid-servants adored her, and vowed they would never leave her for any man alive; but she merely smiled, remembering they had not been the only ones who had said so. She never grumbled when they left her for the risks and uncertainties of a poor marriage. 'It's right they should taste the joys and sorrows of life,' she would say; 'they can have ease and plenty with me, but nothing to fill their empty women's hearts.' From which it will be seen that Miss Caradoc was no ordinary old maid.

Some people called Miss Caradoc eccentric because, though she did a good deal for the poor, she did not do it in the usual and orthodox way. She did not join the rector's band of active parish workers, but she interested herself a great deal in the girls employed at the immense factory near Penruth. She would ask two or three of them at a time to have tea with her in the

garden on a summer evening, and she very soon got to know all their little troubles, and to find ways of helping them and winning their confidence; and even the manager of the works at last remarked on the improvement that had taken place in their manners since Miss Caradoc had interested herself in them. She usually spoke of herself as very poor, but there always seemed to be plenty of money forthcoming for any scheme for their benefit; and some people altogether disbelieved in her poverty, since, as they declared, her flowers alone must cost her a small fortune.

Julius went to see her soon after his engagement was made public, and received from her warmer congratulations than from any one else.

'I have always thought Mrs Lessingham so charming,' she said, 'and I felt so very, very sorry for her when her child died. I don't know anything I could have wished for better than this.'

'It is most flattering to me that you should say so. Every one seems to think that I shall be a model husband, but I wish I could feel so sure of it myself. I am getting fixed into bachelor habits, and I really know very little of women's ways.'

'Oh! I have no fear for you two. Mrs Lessingham is so sweet and tractable. You really seem made for one another.'

When Julius left her he felt more dissatisfied with himself than ever. Why could he not feel more elation at the prospect before him? Was all life going to prove so much flatter than he had anticipated, or was it that he had a heart incapable of deep feeling? He was fond of Effie: of that he felt sure. He recalled her flower-like prettiness and her caressing ways. He liked the gracious welcome he always received at the Court, the pretty and well-lighted rooms, the easy flow of talk, the subtle undercurrent of flattery that lay in Effie and her aunt's assumption of the position of feminine subordination to the ruling monarch, the flower-decked table and the perfectly cooked dinner—all combined to afford a pleasant vista lying ahead of his daily toil. But where was the rapture of the lover? How was it that his heart did not beat a bit the faster when he entered the long drawing-room and saw Effie rise from her lounging-chair with a low cry of delight?

The only conclusion that he could come to was that he was a selfish brute, quite undeserving of his good luck.

RIDING AND CAMPING IN MOROCCO.



On many Englishmen, maybe because their fathers for a short time held the port, Morocco has no meaning beyond Tangier; and a member of the 'Travellers' who has passed a winter in that threshold of the empire would scarcely hesitate to accept the modest credit of having travelled in the country. Yet Tangier is eminently unprofitable to those whose nostrils would inhale the true perfume of the East. Tangier is, in fact, a white-robed apostate, turning her back on the desert and casting the eyes of invitation at the Frank over the water; converted, like half her Moslem guests, to modern civilisation, though not perhaps to other faiths. Tangier, with her *entourage* of diplomatic mediocrity and commercial unrest, her telegraph and pale electric beam, her daily journal (save the mark!), and her tourists, is a continual vexation to the nicer taste. Her minarets, wherefrom is cried the true pronouncement at the ordained hours of prayer, are hidden from every standpoint by the rainbow profanities of Christian flags waving proudly from the Legations; stiff-necked sons of Israel, attired in the *et cetera* of progress,* violate the mosque steps; phlegmatic Nazarenes stalk unrebuked by the holy places.

* In the interior Jews would not be allowed to wear trousers.

Were it not for a climate like unto that which must pervade the pavilions of paradise, Tangier would be no whit superior to the other watering-places across the sea, for the Koran and Traditions are all but forgotten, while usury and loud women are flaunted from the housetop. Nay, has not the showman of the infidels—Cook—made the Kasbah and Soko his own; and is he not prepared, for fifteen dollars paid between each rising and setting of the sun, to guide and feed those of his kind who would shoot the father of gazelles and the red-legged bird that feeds on young grapes?—so my loader called the red-legged partridge! Wherefore let all who have a soul for the more mystic beauties of Al Moghreb gladly leave Tangier to the inexperienced tourists, whose consolation for their own infirmities is to sneer in the bazaars at the refined survivals of days that knew no such vulgarities as themselves.

Let them rather take the steamer to some point farther down that ocean coast, surf-beaten summer and winter alike, even were it only to Dar al Baida (called by those who shave the chin 'Casablanca,' which is merely a barbarous equivalent for the musical Arabic), passing in a single night Spartel, and that *shaitanieh* (devilment, as they call everything electrical) the semaphore; also Arzila, which lies low down on the sandbanks; also Larache, once offered to the British *Maghzen* (Government) in return for help against the

enemies of 'our master' the Sultan; also Sali, which smiles at Rabat across the malarial Bouregreg, and hides within its white walls red-haired Moslems descended from northern pirates who carried their trade into these waters, and there found among the Faithful able and willing disciples.

Dar al Baida itself has a pale and insipid profile; nor is the view from the port more promising. Withal, it is a capital starting-point for a ride inland through a district as rich almost in game as it is in grain; and there are one or two redeeming spots in the place itself—to wit, the British Vice-Consulate, embedded in a maze of roses, and more than one other garden belonging to such Europeans as spend a peaceful and not unprofitable existence while they sell grain and hides, and swell their balance against the day of reckoning when they shall shake the dust of Moghreb from off their slippers, and return to the fogs that filled their mothers' lungs. Will they be wholly glad? Surely not.

The landing at Dar al Baida is scandalously bad, worthy of all the worst traditions of a slumbering Government—almost as disgraceful, indeed, as that at Tilbury, where those who rule the world's waterways are wont in their haste to alight (repenting at leisure at the quay and station) for the headquarters of sin farther up the river. Yet those who have not before gone ashore at a Moorish port may find some distraction in the rhythmic imprecations of the sinewy rowers; while any one dangling an idle hand in the streaming water may have the good fortune to dispel any momentary *ennui* by contact with the purple filaments of one or other of the 'Portuguese men-of-war' which muster hereabouts more bravely than in the smoother waters of Lisbon or Aveira, and evoke the choicest compliments of wandering unbelievers, making their hands to swell even as pumpkins in the autumn markets. The Custom-House provides another interlude. Herein sit grave officials who seem to ponder much on the promise of another life, yet have the eyes of hawks for the matters of this, loving above all else worldly snuff and their master, yet not wholly despising the ripe fruits of discreetly projected *baksheesh*. Was not the Frank fashioned a fool for the better equipment of the Faithful? A quaint fiscal reasoning impels the chief of the three judges to impound a case of cartridges, and pass over the arm of precision for which they were intended. Yet, when one comes to think of it, does not this master-stroke at once render the weapon innocuous? How can even that practised sophist know that six other cases are packed away in tea-chests by hands long practised in circumventing the inland revenue of many flags?—thus providing ammunition against *hallauf* (boar), the father of tusk.

Once we have accomplished the landing and the ordeal of the *douane*, and, under friendly auspices, the finding of suitable quarters for our short stay, we lunch by invitation with a European of the place, and avail ourselves of his experience in the mustering of a caravan. Our itinerary is not ambitious, embracing only the route between here and Mogador—with such shooting of boars and partridges as we may get on the way: it is the middle of April, so that we may look for the last of the partridges, just as Tangier is shooting its *sumecm*, or quail—and we shall there dismiss our following, and, our wanderings over, take the Spanish steamer up the coast, joining, if it ever gets as far as Tangier, the homeward P. & O. at 'Gib.' This means that we shall be home for the Derby, an adjustment that represents the fitness of things to, at any rate, one of the party. Our caravan for the fortnight's trip need not, of course, be large; and we consider half the battle won when our host puts us in the way of an ideal headman, one who has twice visited Europe, bringing back with him several mellifluous Spanish oaths and a nice taste in currying anything from a grasshopper to a chicken—the latter accomplishment he picked up from an Indian mess-cook, into whose shoulder he subsequently stuck the knife of temporarily interrupted friendship, at Gibraltar—and is in consequence a personage addressed by his fellow-servants as *sidi*. A faithful and handy servant he was duly to prove, permitting no man to rob his employers, so only his own little perquisites passed muster; shunning tobacco and strong waters; attending on Friday the bath and mosque, particularly when we urgently needed his services; and showing at intervals such tremendous zeal in our service that those under him were involuntarily driven to impious meditation on the ways and means of self-destruction, which means endless declension in the bottomless pit.

As we had no heavy baggage beyond the suspiciously weighty tea-chests and our guns, there would be no need of camels, mules amply sufficing to bear our belongings as far as Suera, as the followers of the Prophet style Mogador—Suera, the Picture! This consideration, while simplifying the problem before us, also robbed our camp of a picturesque Eastern flavour, much to the regret of the Impressionist, who rather wished to charter on his own account one of those accursedly obstinate yet most enduring beasts, that ever grumble and deal free favours with their foam-flecked teeth, yet are exceeding hardy and rarely fall by the way. First, however, we required three good horses for ourselves. In any other country so far west we should unquestionably, seeing how short was our stay, have hired such mounts as we might require; but our friend strongly advised that we should buy them, and laughed outright on hearing the protests raised against such quite unholy extravagance.

Needless to say, the intelligence of our landing, as well as the exact planning of our journey in greater detail than we knew it ourselves, was all round the town—in the European quarter and the Moorish quarter and the Jewish quarter—three minutes after we had juggled our belongings through the Customs, so that it may not have been all coincidence that sent those entrusted with the sale of three 'fast horses,' cried through the streets on the Dutch auction principle, past our friend's garden when we were at lunch. This method of disposing of horses in Morocco is simple and effective. The auctioneer himself mounts the fiery steed and starts off through the narrow streets, shouting some absurd price that makes men look askance and ask if his grandfather is 'tasting the eternal fires'—a colloquial expression of contempt. Our host's accustomed ear at once detected the approaching voice crying, 'Thirty dollars! thirty dollars!' and we went down to the gate to inspect the evolutions of these bargains, which their master was only disposing of that he might muster the expenses of a journey to the sacred shrine at Mecca, there to pray for his father, who lay bedridden of a fistula. One of the trio was a sorry screw, even for these parts; but the other two, having—since our faces showed no enthusiasm and our host was obdurate in our behalf—cantered somewhat rapidly down the auctionary gamut from thirty dollars to eight, were ranged alongside that we might have the saddles removed under our eyes and look for sore backs, no uncommon incentive hereabouts (religious ambitions apart) to selling—who but the *Nsara* (Christian or European) are honourable in their horse-dealing!—and note the extent to, which emancipation of the backbone might perchance indicate underfeeding. For a wonder—so our host said—the beasts were found to be fairly sound; and when the purchase-money had, amid much calling Allah to witness, been finally reduced to seven dollars in the one case and five and a half in the other, the deal was made. Two days more, as a matter of fact, went to finding the third mount, which proved, even at nine dollars, out and away the best of all.

Meanwhile we had hired our mules and muleteers. This had to be done with some ceremony through the *amin*, or grand-master of the guild—every trade has an *amin*, even the snake-charmers—and three worthy fellows, wearing yellow wool about their forehead (and not much beside), were soon attached to us for a period of two weeks, at a price that precluded all thought of haggling, and that shall not be named for fear those unsophisticated aids to cheap travel should be corrupted by evil communications from trades-unions at home. Suffice it to say that many an American who is anxious to visit in one afternoon the sights of Edinburgh would cheerfully pay for the round drive more than we

paid those three muleteers for the fortnight. Great indeed is the power of silver and bronze if you know where to lay them out to best advantage!

The horses and mules being thus respectively purchased and hired, and a couple of second-hand tents—relics of an unsuccessful mission—being likewise acquired, we naively suggested a start that evening. Only the old Government soldier, provided by the governor, was needed to complete our retinue, and he had been promised by the hour of the afternoon prayer. Our friends of the country smiled the smile of wisdom into the sleeve of homespun. 'No man,' said our host, 'hurries in this country. If you hurry yourself you miss its greatest charm; if you try to make a native hurry—well, try!' We did try, and we might as well have tried to make the waves down at the port roll backwards against the Americas. It was not until, on the eve of the second day, our men had realised that, in spite of their having already squandered the half of their meagre wage on *kief* (a narcotic of pounded hemp), coffee, and priestesses of the dance, their fortnight's work would date from our departure from the town, that we did contrive to get free of the gates at 5 P.M. on the third morning. At the head of our not unimposing caravan ambled the aged soldier, wrapped like his gun in an impenetrable cover of white canvas; then we ourselves cantered abreast immediately after him, eliciting remonstrance whenever we passed him; then our headman Hussein, bestriding the *suarries* (saddle-bags) on the best of the baggage-mules with a dignity that none but a Moor, caliph, or slave could muster in such circumstances; lastly, the three remaining mules, well laden, with their owners trudging, barefoot and uncomplaining, alongside.

So down the coast we rode for a space, the blue ocean peeping at us through yellow seas of maize and wheat and barley—Allah! what waving oceans of precious grain they would swell to under the persuasion of Chicago ploughshares!—with islets of stones, and patches of henna, which had been very solicitously coaxed by irrigation for a second crop, that presently would stain the rosebud lips in the grave old bashaw's harem. At every few hundred yards we would pass the little white shrine of some departed saint, our old henchman slowing down to a walk, the while he devoutly lisped the attributes of Allah; and on almost every hilltop, recalling the mediæval border raids of more northern climes, was a grim citadel, from the rudely mullioned windows of which retiring Moslems frowned down on the progress of the stranger they might not in these degenerate days harass to the glory of the true faith.

When the sun got uncomfortably attentive, about ten in the morning, we halted in a shady little orchard of fig-trees, with a surrounding, but

not very efficient, wall of stones; and Hussein, sending on the muleteers to a prearranged camping-ground, brought forth from the panniers of his own beast a wondrous miscellany of aids to comfort, including not only food and drink, but also rugs and pillows, in case we might like a *siesta*. One of us, at any rate did, the other two strolling over some flat country to the ocean, not half a mile distant, where one had revolver practice against a rock, while the other contemplated bathing, being only deterred by the spectacle of whole squadrons of the afore-named 'men-of-war' stationed just behind the surf and greedily stretching their purple arms in quest of obliging victims. A couple of brace of wild doves were, however, added to the potted horrors from the Stores, the sight of the tins strangely linking that peaceful Moorish coast scene and the foggy London street that runs even unto the Hall of Cadis. At two, carefully choosing for our renewed energy the very hottest hour of the Moorish day, we again took the road, trotting steadily on until the sun got well down on the ocean, tanning our right cheeks and withdrawing his declining warmth from the myriad insects that buzzed in the palmetto coverts. Not, indeed, until the stars were twinkling in a cloudless sky did we reach our camp, which was pitched beside the ruined castle of a very warlike old chieftain, with whom our Government relic had some *sotto voce* palaver—persuading the lord of the manor, we hoped, that our throats were not worth the cutting—before that dignitary seemed attracted by our company, and even went the length of sending out men to help our servants with the tents.

The evening meal was a marked improvement on that of the morning, for Hussein presently discovered, in addition to his skill in currying, a very pretty trick of boiling down the small chickens of the country to a very admirable broth; and some Spanish claret, lightened with apollinaris, went very well with this camp-fare. Our protector, the chieftain of the ruin close by, was a man with a family history—as family histories go in Morocco; for his father, having had an ill-timed difference of opinion on a financial matter with the last Sultan, had felt it good for his health to put himself under the imperial protection of Britain. The son's claim to a vicarious civilisation was made good by a very healthy appreciation of both our claret and our cigarettes; and had we not taken timely warning from the invaluable Hussein, who probably foresaw a shortage of luxuries not wholly despised by himself, the *cadi's* indifference to the tenets of his faith, which rigidly proscribes both wine and tobacco, might have cost us dear. There is a place and season even for the virtue of hospitality; but the first of fourteen evenings in a moving camp, with no possible renewal of supplies, is neither. Therefore did two of us

distract the *cadi's* attention with the mechanism of an ejector twelve-bore, while the third of the party, having the knack of such conjurings, made the allurements of the table vanish in thin air in a manner that would not have shamed Maskelyne or Bertram.

Our self-invited guest proved a sorry rogue enough, for he greatly overcharged us next morning for the barley sent in for our animals; nor would he give us guides to the nearest shooting-grounds. His directions, framed after his third glass of claret, fourth cigarette, and twenty-fifth milk-biscuit, were not much clearer than the 'first on the right, third on the left, bear round to the right and keep straight on, then ask again' of the country constable at home, the difficulty being aggravated by the total absence of anything resembling a road or turning beyond the camel-scratch in the stony desert dignified hereabouts with the name of *trek*—curiously enough, a current Moorish word, even in the interior—not to mention the improbability of again meeting any one during the next twenty-four hours.

After a broken night's rest, disturbed by the *cadi's* dogs and fowls, as well as by the disappointed mutterings of the guards he placed around our camp—'*hramiin*' (bastards, or sons of sin, a term used about once a minute), as Hussein put it, with a characteristic delicacy in referring to his compatriots, who would steal anything, from a gun to a cube of table-sugar—we got off soon after daybreak.

Our guns were slung in expectation of perchance a wild bustard or two; but never a shot we got that day, although we saw and heard an abundance of non-sporting animal life: grave old storks strutting head and shoulders above the waving maize, and bobbing every now and again to stab some wanton frog with their yellow bills; kites and kestrels, and great vultures, wheeling over the hot plain and keenly prospecting for such small deer or carrion as would, after their kind, allay their pangs of hunger; blinking and belated owls, that sat motionless on withered tree-stumps close by where we rode; flitting bee-eaters and skimming hoopoes; the singing bilbil and the mournful curlew; frogs croaking wherever we rode past water, and crickets making sibilant music in the drier tracts—great variety of fauna, commensurate with the variety of landscape. Eye and ear alike enjoyed Nature at her best, though eyes were shaded with smoked glasses and ears hid beneath a silk handkerchief, tucked for added protection within the pith helmet. The caress of the noonday sun need not, even in April, be treated lightly.

Late that afternoon we rode into the thick of a great country fair, where was strange bartering of fast camels and blood horses, haggling over European merchandise, and passing of light Spanish coin, with much reprisal and recrimination, dear

to the commercial heart under every hue of skin ; and as those on the outskirts of this great crowd made some show of hostile demonstration, we sent on our old Government soldier, having been told to rely on him in such emergencies, and feeling better able to spare him for experiments than either ourselves or the man who was to cook for us. The gesture with which this sexagenarian, with a flint-lock still more obsolete than himself, rode by grace of his master's livery right into that throng and pushed its many elements aside like so much dirt, clearing a path for us with the butt-end of his covered gun, was a study. A picture of the veteran treating that gesticulating and gibbering crowd like vermin would make a block in the Academy ; but the Academy will never have such a picture, and the grim old war-dog lives only in our memory.

On the second night we camped by a village, the men of which gave us excellent accounts of the partridges in coveys in some fields a few miles off the main road to Mazagan. Thither we accordingly journeyed, and in two or three hours, and with no dog, bagged an average of eight brace to each gun, which satisfied us in the circumstances. On the fourth day we crossed the river Um Erbeyia in boats a mile or two above a white town of considerable pretensions, the natives of which were reported uncertain in temper. We would not on this occasion risk even our old soldier, who had by now endeared himself to us, so we made a detour, and reached Mazagan late in the afternoon. This seaport offered nothing to detain us, and we pushed on the same evening, after paying our respects to H.B.M. vice-consul, Mr S., down the coast. Gazelles were sighted on the second day out of Mazagan ; but they fled at our approach, and nothing came within range. Boars, however, we got the evening before reaching Saffi—two old tuskers out of a couple of families. Not one of our true believers would lend a hand at either grallocking or carrying the unclean ones, so that much excellent bacon was left to the vultures

and jackals. Yet let the non-sporting judgment exonerate us on the ground that these wild swine play the mischief with the crops, the native weapons and marksmanship being as a rule quite incapable of keeping them under.

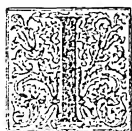
Saffi is attractive only in the same measure as an ugly woman veiled and sitting on a house-top. The ocean surf prevents Frankish steamers from calling there on five voyages out of every six, so that the genial vice-consul, as well as the resident partner of a well-known Barbary firm, has often to go overland to Mogador, there to pick up the boat. Thither on this occasion journeyed we, crossing the Tensift River (which has its source in the Atlas, beyond even the palm-girdled city of Marrakesh), arriving on the appointed day at the Palm-Tree Hotel, kept by R., one of the best sportsmen who ever made Morocco his home. Three days we had to wait before the rickety Spanish steamer hove in sight round the little island, and meanwhile we dismissed our camp, who found a cheap return job to Dar al Baida ; not, however, before two of the muleteers had been haled to the gateway before the *cadi* for riotous conduct in which some local ladies were not wholly uninterested ; and then the *cadi* stroked his snow-white beard, and praised Allah, and fined them a dollar each. It was written ! (In Moorish communities justice is administered in a gateway—hence 'The Porte : ' the Turkish Government.)

We tarried our three days in the best-laid-out coast port of the country—one that puts the narrow, evil-ordered streets of Tangier to shame. Here we sold off our horses and tents, actually at a profit, and sadly took leave of the fascinating country, with which our acquaintance had been all too short. Hamdullillah ! ('Thank God !') we are free to pay it another visit, penetrating perchance farther inland to Fez or Mequinez (the city of great gates), or even to Marrakesh (the city of red brick), most remote from civilisation, nearest to the mountains and the desert, best beloved of the Shereefian Court.

THE LUCK OF WILLIAM PHIPS.

A TRUE TALE OF TREASURE TROVE.

By THORMANBY, Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field*, *Kings of the Turf*, &c.



Ever there was a luckier treasure-hunter than William Phips, I never heard of him. It is true that the greater part of the wealth which he fished from the bottom of the sea went into other hands than his ; still, enough fell to his share to make him not only a rich but a famous man. In the search for this sunken treasure he met with perils and adventures more exciting even than those which

Mr Robert Louis Stevenson has apportioned to the heroes of his enthralling romance ; and in the face of danger and death he proved himself a right valiant and resolute leader.

From the very beginning there was something out of the common about William Phips and his surroundings. His father was James Phips of Bristol, gunsmith, who emigrated with his wife to New England some twenty years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed there from the *Mayflower*. Mrs

Phips is described by her son's friend and biographer, Cotton Mather, as 'a fruitful mother,' and she certainly deserved that epithet, for she bore her husband six-and-twenty children, of whom twenty-one were sons. William was the youngest but one, and was born on the 2nd of February 1651, at what Cotton Mather calls 'a despicable plantation on the river of Kennebeck, and almost the farthest village of the eastern settlement of New England.'

Up to the age of eighteen the lad lived with his mother, 'keeping of sheep in the wilderness;' his father, I presume, having died, for I cannot believe that James Phips would have allowed any son of his to reach the age of eighteen without having been taught either to read or write. William's friends were anxious that he should settle down on a plantation and live the humble life of a backwoodsman. 'But,' says Cotton Mather in his quaint style, 'he had an unaccountable impulse upon his mind perswading him, as he would privately hint unto some of them, that he was born to greater matters. To come at those "greater matters," his first contrivance was to bind himself an apprentice unto a ship's carpenter for four years; in which time he became a master of the trade that once, in a vessel of more than forty thousand tons, repaired the ruins of the earth—Noah's, I mean.'

So William Phips went to Boston; and there, whilst following his trade assiduously, he also learned to read and write. Moreover, being a youth with a keen eye for the main chance, he, 'by a laudable deportment, so recommended himself that he married a young gentlewoman of high repute, who was the widow of one Mr John Hull, a well-bred merchant.'

William's first venture in shipbuilding on his own account was a most unfortunate speculation. He built the ship to order, launched her, and had a cargo of lumber ready, by which he expected to make a large profit; but the Indians rose, took the settlers by surprise, and would have murdered them had not Phips, abandoning the valuable cargo, taken them on board his ship to Boston. It was a characteristic act of generosity to convey the fugitives free of all charges, though the loss of his intended cargo nearly ruined him. His wife, however, seems to have regarded his conduct as quixotic, and probably rated him severely for his folly; but William took it all philosophically. He had the profoundest faith in his own luck, and frequently told his wife that he should yet be captain of a king's ship and the owner of 'a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston;' and it might be 'this would not be all that the providence of God would bring him to.' Mistress Phips, however, did not share in these sanguine visions, but, says the chronicler, 'entertained them with a sufficient incredulity.' A practical

woman, no doubt, was Mistress Phips, who had no patience with dreamers.

The sea had ever had a fascination for William Phips. There he believed lay the path to that good fortune which Providence certainly had in store for him. So to sea he went, and in the course of one of his voyages he heard a wild tale of some great Spanish treasure-ship wrecked off the Bahamas with untold wealth in her hold. This story seized upon his imagination; and having ascertained that there undoubtedly was such a sunken treasure-ship, he 'had a strong impression upon his mind that he must be the discoverer.' So absolutely convinced was he that this was the source from which his fortunes were to spring that he set sail for England to obtain the necessary funds for prosecuting his search.

Whilst he was hanging about the Admiralty Office at Whitehall, waiting wearily from day to day for audience of the Duke of Albemarle, who had a patent from the king as Receiver-General of Wrecks, a strange thing happened to the New England skipper. There came one day to his humble lodging an old man, who begged to be allowed to talk with him. Phips, a forlorn stranger in London, was only too glad of any one to converse with. His venerable visitor was an astrologer, and he entreated leave to draw the New Englander's horoscope. William, being a stout Puritan, regarded astrology as part and parcel of the 'black art' of which the Prince of Darkness himself is the arch-patron. He wanted no dealings with the children of Satan. Nevertheless, from information which he let fall, the astrologer drew the horoscope and predicted six notable events which should happen to William Phips, with the dates for each. The New Englander glanced at the paper, and then flung it contemptuously into his trunk among other documents by which he set small store. What the contents of the horoscope were will appear subsequently.

Gifted with infinite patience and a persuasive tongue, Phips at length got what he wanted. The Duke of Albemarle and certain other persons of quality, believing his story, supplied the necessary funds, and gave the New England skipper the command of the *Algier-Rose* frigate of eighteen guns, on condition that the bulk of the treasure was to be handed over to them. So William Phips found the first of his ambitions realised. He was captain of a king's ship, with a crew of ninety-five men under him.

He soon began to find that treasure-seeking was not all plane-sailing. He had derived his information as to the locality of the wreck from an old Spaniard who proved to be woefully out of his reckoning, for no vestige of the sunken ship could be discovered near the reefs which Phips had marked down.

The crew, weary of the unsuccessful search,

plotted to seize the ship and do a little piracy on their own account. When the plot was ripe the mutineers, cutlass in hand, made a dash for the quarterdeck. Phips had no inkling of the mutiny, and was unarmed; but without a moment's hesitation he dashed in among the mutineers, felling them right and left with his fists. So fierce and sudden was his onslaught, so terrible his strength and fury, that the mutineers fell back before him, and crying out, 'The devil is let loose among us,' threw down their cutlasses and fled. Thus, without a weapon, but with only his bare hands, he cowed and quelled the mutineers.

However, the spirit of mutiny was only scotched, not killed. A few weeks later, when the frigate lay careening at one of the desolate Spanish islands, the crew, all except ten men, went into the woods, ostensibly for a day's diversion; but their real object was to mature another plot for seizing the ship, abandoning on the island the captain and those who refused to join them, and then sailing off to seek their fortunes in the Southern Seas. Finding that the assistance of the ship's carpenter was indispensable to their designs, they sent a messenger to the ship to fetch him. When he arrived they revealed their plans to him, and gave him the choice of joining them or dying on the spot. The carpenter asked for half-an-hour to consider the matter. The mutineers sent him back to the ship to allay suspicion, with a spy to keep watch over him lest he should attempt to play the traitor.

The honest carpenter was now in a fix. He had no mind to cast in his lot with the mutineers, yet knew not how to alarm the captain without being instantly pistolled by the spy who kept close to his heels. Presently a brilliant idea occurred to him. Feigning to be seized with a sudden fit of colic, for some minutes he writhed in agony; then, gasping out, 'I must have a dram, or I shall die,' rushed to the captain's cabin for a tot of rum. There he hurriedly broke the dreadful news to Phips. That cool-headed mariner received the tidings calmly, and said to the trembling carpenter, 'Go back to those rogues in the wood, sign articles with them, and leave me to provide for the rest.'

No sooner had the carpenter set off to join the mutineers than Captain Phips called together the ten men left on the ship, among whom was the gunner, and put the case before them.

'Now, my lads, will you stand by me in this extremity like honest English seamen, or not?'

To which the ten replied, 'We will stand by you if you can save us.'

'By the help of God,' said the captain, 'I do not fear to do that; and I'll bring those rogues to their knees before I've done with them.'

Then, without more ado, William Phips proceeded to make his plans.

Whilst the ship was careening, all the provisions had been taken ashore and placed in a tent, protected by a slight earthwork on which several cannon were planted in case of any sudden assault by the Spaniards. The charges were by the captain's orders drawn from these guns; the bridge by which the ship was connected with the rock to which she was moored was removed, and all her big guns, double-shotted, were trained on the tent.

Presently the mutineers came out of the woods all ready to seize the ship; but on reaching the tent what was their dismay to find the bridge removed, the ship's guns frowning grimly down upon them, and a man standing beside each gun with a lighted port-fire in his hand!

'We are betrayed,' they yelled in terror; but some of the more daring rushed to the spot where the bridge had been.

'Stand off, ye wretches, at your peril!' roared the captain fiercely, as he stood, port-fire in hand, at one of the guns. 'Move a step nearer, and I'll blow every mother's son to perdition!'

The mutineers fell back appalled.

'Now,' said Phips sternly, 'I mean to treat you as you intended to treat us. I'll leave ye here to starve and rot, ye mutinous dogs! I've got all the provisions aboard, and not a mouthful shall find its way to any of your bellies.'

Utterly cowed, the wretches begged for mercy, protesting 'that they never had anything against him, except only his unwillingness to go away with the king's ship upon the South Sea designs; but upon all other accounts they would choose rather to live and die with him than with any man in the world. However, since they saw how much he was dissatisfied at it, they would insist upon it no more, and humbly begged his pardon.'

The captain listened grimly; then he bade them all come forward, lay down their arms, fall back a hundred paces, and wait there on their bended knees until he had collected their arms. The bridge was run out, and four men collected the arms and carried them to the ship whilst the mutineers remained kneeling. As soon as he had got all their arms safe, the captain bade them rise and come forward. When they were within fifty paces of the ship he ordered them to kneel again, and kept them on their knees whilst he informed them that as mutineers they had incurred the penalty of death, and that he was in two minds as to whether it was not his duty as a king's officer to shoot them down. At last, when he had completely humbled them, he allowed them to return on board the ship.

After that there was no further talk of mutiny among the crew of the *Algier-Rose*. The men knew their master, and obeyed him.

The treasure-ship, however, eluded the search of William Phips; and, not deeming it wise to try the temper of his crew any further, he sailed back to England. It says much for his powers of

persuasion that, in spite of his failure, he should have prevailed upon the Duke of Albemarle and his other patrons to fit him out afresh, and let him cast his net again in the fishing-ground which had been so well baited half-a-hundred years before.

Phips made straight for Port de la Plata, in the island of Hispaniola, where he had first met the old Spaniard who had put him on the track of the sunken treasure-ship. From this ancient mariner he extracted further details, and most carefully took the bearings of the spot where the wreck lay. Out of a stately cotton-tree he constructed a stout canoe, or *periaga*, capable of carrying ten oars. This canoe 'kept busking to and again' in search of the reefs beside which the treasure-ship lay; but she could not hit upon the right one.

After many weary days of unsuccessful search, the officer in charge of the canoe was returning one day as usual, with nothing but news of disappointment for the captain, when, looking over the side of the *periaga*, he espied far down in the clear water a great waving sea-feather of singular beauty growing up out of the rock.

'I'll bring back something at any rate to the captain,' said he, and he bade the Indian diver plunge down to fetch the beautiful feathery seabloom by its roots. Overboard went the diver, and brought back not only the sea-feather, but a surprising story of a lot of big guns which he had seen lying on the bottom.

'By heaven, we've struck the true spot at last!' exclaimed the officer in great excitement, and the Indian was bidden to dive again. This time he brought up 'a silver sow'—a big lump of solid silver worth three hundred pounds at least. The officer decided to mark the spot with a buoy and return at once to the ship; but, being a man of humour, he determined to have some sport with Captain Phips ere breaking the good news to him.

When, therefore, the captain asked anxiously if they had any news, the company in the canoe shook their heads sadly and assumed a portentous length of visage.

Captain Phips, with a sigh of resignation, said, 'I will still wait patiently on the providence of God.'

Whilst the captain's back was turned, these humorists had slipped the 'sow of silver' under the table at which he was sitting; on rising his foot came against it, and he looked down at the mass of crusted metal.

'Why, what's this?' he cried. 'Whence came it?'

Then the faces of the officer and crew of the *periaga* suddenly changed and expanded into smiles as they told what had happened to them. The captain, his cheeks flushed and the tears standing in his eyes, raised his hands and exclaimed with deep emotion, 'Then, thanks be to God, we are made! Our good fortune hath come to us at last!'

Not a moment would he wait, but set out at once with the Indian divers to the spot. Every man worked with a will until they had fished up two-and-thirty tons of solid silver, which had not seen the sun for fifty years—the most part of it coated with a limestone-like crust several inches thick. Nor was this all, for they found also welded masses of gold coins, 'pieces of eight,' and a vast store of pearls in strings and jewels in costly settings.

Provisions began to run short before they could haul up the whole of the treasure, and Phips saw that it was time to be gone. Reluctantly, therefore, he left the rest of the rich spoil, resolving to return for it in the following year.

Captain Phips now found himself in a dilemma. His seamen had signed for the voyage at so much per month in wages. Would they be satisfied with those wages after they had seen all this silver and gold, and helped to stow it on board the ship? Would they not want to share in the booty and be off to lead a merry life and a short one, as is the way with sailors? Would their honesty be proof against such a terrible temptation?

After pondering the matter, the captain called the ship's company together, and told them that he thought it was only fair that, as they had helped to recover this great treasure, they should have a share of it. He therefore solemnly promised that every man should have a liberal bonus over and above his wages, even if he had to divide his own share among them. The men, to his immense relief, told him that they had always found him a man of his word, and that they were willing to trust him. The captain thanked them heartily, then went down to his cabin, fell on his knees, and vowed to Almighty God that 'if the Lord would carry him safe home to England with what He had now given him to suck of the abundance of the seas and of the treasures hid in the sands, he would for ever devote himself unto the interests of the Lord Jesus Christ and of his own people, especially in the country which he did originally belong unto.'

So, in the autumn of the year 1687, Captain William Phips brought safely to his patrons in London upwards of three hundred thousand pounds' worth of treasure. With such scrupulous honesty did he discharge his trust to his employers and fulfil his promise to his seamen that he had less than twenty thousand pounds left as his own share of the venture, which owed its success solely to his courage, resolution, and indomitable perseverance.

In consideration of his services, the king knighted William Phips, and offered him a lucrative post as Commissioner of the Navy; but neither this nor other tempting baits held out to induce him to settle in England could render him false to the vow he had made to devote his life to his own people in New England. The king pressed

him to name any further mark of honour that he would desire to be bestowed upon him. Phips elected to be appointed High Sheriff of New England, and with the patent of that appointment in his pocket he sailed home.

Five years had passed since he left New England an almost penniless adventurer on a quest which his wife and friends deemed utterly chimerical. He came back rich and famous—Sir William Phips, High Sheriff of New England. One can imagine the look of astonishment on the face of Dame Phips as her husband presented her with the magnificent gold cup, valued at a thousand pounds, which the Duke of Albemarle had sent her as a token of his appreciation of her spouse's probity and honour; whilst Sir William playfully rallied her on her disbelief in his predictions as he pointed with pride to the 'fair brick house' which he had built for himself on the very spot which he had foretold—to wit, the 'Green Lane of North Boston.' Assuredly his unshaken faith in his own luck had been justified.

Like all her sex, Dame Phips was gifted with curiosity. Rummaging one day in a trunk belonging to her husband, she found at the bottom, among a lot of loose papers, the horoscope to which I have referred. She read it with wonder, for the astrologer had prophesied every step in her husband's career correctly up to that date. The horoscope further foretold that 'in his forty-first year the king should employ him in as great a trust beyond sea as any subject could have.' There were three years to wait before that prophecy could be fulfilled or falsified. When the third year opened Sir William Phips was by royal patent made Governor of New England. Then Dame Phips thought the horoscope smacked of sorcery, and cast it into the fire. It was as well that she did so, for the astrologer had come to the end of his tether as a truthful forecaster of the future. The horoscope went on to foretell that William Phips should continue in his public station and spend the rest of his days in peaceful retirement.

Unfortunately, Sir William's luck did not follow him through his governorship. The disastrous failure of his attempt to wrest Quebec and Montreal from the French, coupled with civil dissensions in New England, brought his stormy term of office to a close at the end of four years. He was summoned to England to answer the charges made against him. His defence of his conduct, however, was successful, and it is said that the king had decided to restore him to his governorship; but whilst Phips was awaiting the decision, and busying himself with a scheme for recovering a treasure of fabulous amount from another wreck of which he had received information, 'that fell sergeant Death' arrested him in the spring of 1695, soon after he had completed his forty-fifth year.

He lies buried in the old City Church of St Mary, Walnoth, where his wife erected a hand-

some monument to him, with an epitaph of portentous length. She vowed to her friends that he was the kindest and best of husbands; and when she had mourned his loss for a decent period, she took to herself a third spouse in the person of Peter Sargent, a member of the Board of Councillors of Massachusetts.

It was long believed that William Phips was the father of Sir Constantine Phipps, sometime Lord Chancellor of Ireland, first Earl Mulgrave, and therefore direct ancestor of the present Marquis of Normanby. It is so stated in Collins's *Peerage*; but Constantine with the double *p* was not the son but the first cousin of William of the single *p*—the latter being, by the way, the earlier and more authentic spelling of the name. It has been further stated, even so late as in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that Sir William Phips was the inventor of the diving-bell, and that it was by this invention he recovered the great treasure; but that, as will be gathered from the narrative I have given, is also an error. Sir William has no claim to either of these distinctions.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE: CANADA.

Lo! here I stand, the independent man—

The first of men who won, when Time was young,
By strength of arm, from Nature's niggard grasp,
All needful things for those who looked to me.

And down the lagging ages subtle brains
Have multiplied inventions numberless,
Evil and good; but none to supersede
My trusty hoe. While thrones have risen and gone
To darkness, it shines brighter than when forged
Of yore by Tubal-Cain.

Ye bookworms' pale,

Why point at my slant brow and rugged hands?
Why wonder at my shoulders bent and wry?

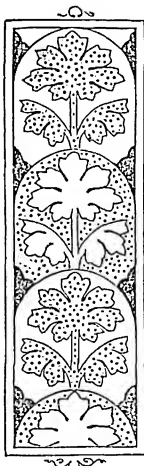
Full well ye know that I support the world
Whereon ye feebly crawl. Great Atlas I;
Kings, nobles, millionaires, all hang on me.

I, self-sufficient, have no need of them;
They, should I leave them, soon would starve and die.

Ye pinched and pent in cities, look at me.
I breathe the dewy freshness of the earth
In open fields, resounding with the song
And jubilation of bird and beast; while ye
Jostle each other in the smoke and grime
For leave to labour at the beck of gold.
Ye herding fools, come out where there is room;
Come out, and fill the earth's waste places up,
Make howling deserts laugh with running brooks,
Turn sombre woods to green, rejoicing fields;
Dot the vast, lonesome plains with cheerful homes.
Work for yourselves; live healthily, content,
On products of your own. If ye do thus,
The last curst Anarchist will quit the globe.

ERIC DUNCAN.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT FUNGI.

By Dr A. J. H. CRESPI.



SOME years ago I took part in the annual autumnal gathering (now discontinued, unfortunately) of the Woolhope Naturalists' Club of Herefordshire. My friend Dr Linde, of Lydbrook House, near Ross, offered me hospitality, and I accordingly stayed with him. The club had arranged for a foray near the Speech-House, and I promised to join in.

The easiest, indeed the only, way from Lydbrook was through the forest, so I determined to walk and join the Woolhope at Blackpool Bridge. The roads were not very direct, and the landmarks were few; still, nothing venture nothing win. It was familiar ground through Lydbrook, to which I had several times paid long visits, so I got on all right; and then I began inquiring my way to the Danby Lodge Beeches.

Near the Coleford Road I met a pleasant-looking mechanic; and, as his countenance bespoke intelligence and the Board school, I stopped him. Did he know the forest? Perfectly. Had he lived in it long? All his life. Where were the Danby Beeches? He reflected, looked puzzled, and at last frankly admitted that he had never heard of them. Perhaps I had better ask again.

Now, 'asking again' in sparsely peopled country districts is not always practicable, for there may be no one to question—the hardy villager preferring the shelter of his fireside, and not wandering farther from home than he can help. However, before long I reached a shut-up toll-house left to take care of itself. There I waited till a pleasant-looking woman came up, evidently the occupier. Did she know the forest? Of course. Then, which was the way to the Danby Lodge Beeches? The problem was too much for her; she was too old to have been to a Board school. There were, she knew, beeches near Coleford. Perhaps I had

better go to Coleford and ask there. As that would have been like going to London from Reading to ask the way to Oxford, I declined, and made my way to the Speech-House, which I had often visited in other years, asking the few people I met *en route*; but all to no purpose. No one had ever heard of the beeches, still less seen them.

After leaving the Speech-House I walked six miles, meeting a few intelligent people; but though they were anxious to direct me, their capacity was limited. One worthy fellow, a farmer driving along in a cart, suggested that I should go back a mile and a half and ask my way, if I found any one sufficiently well informed, to a Mrs Joynt's; that worthy woman would direct me to some one who could tell me. I declined to be sent back, and walked on, meeting a few lads and lasses who had never heard of the great beeches.

At last I came up to a big boy, clever and obliging. He had passed through the Board school and satisfied the inspectors. He knew it was half a mile, or a quarter, or at any rate less than a mile, to the beeches. You went down there, then over there, and you would come to them. Perhaps the best thing would be to go to the Lodge.

I took a fancy to that lad, his information was so accurate and distinct; and as a mark of esteem I handed him all the small change in my pocket. However, in spite of it all, I did not clearly ascertain the way to the beeches; and to them I never got, though I overtook the naturalists on their return from the big trees. One might not see the beeches, but there were other things to see; and from such men as Mr Vize; Mr William Elliot, President of the Woolhope, and sometime Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge; and Mr William Phillips, of Shrewsbury, the learned author of the *Discomycetes* in the 'International Scientific Series,' one cannot help learning much. Mr Elliot is a particularly excellent

lent specimen of the best type of clergyman, a man with all the instincts of the scholar and the gentleman.

My knowledge of fungi lacks completeness and accuracy; but it is sufficient to justify me in saying something about them. There are at least four thousand species of fungi to be found in the United Kingdom. A definition of a fungus is not easy; and what Dr M. C. Cooke, of Kew, the author of some of the ablest works on the subject in the English language, has failed to attempt I cannot hope to succeed in accomplishing. They grow almost everywhere—in houses, on wood, in the closed cavities of nuts, in animal tissues—in short, in and upon everything.

A blacksmith at Salem threw on one side a piece of iron which he had just taken from the fire, and next morning he found on this piece of metal, lying over the water in his trough, a fungoid mass two feet in length. It had crept from the iron to some wood near, and not from the latter to the iron; and this immense mass had formed in twelve hours. The late Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.R.S., saw a species of fungus on a lead cistern at Kew, and Sowerby found one growing on some cinders on the outside of the dome of St Paul's Cathedral. The great puff-ball will reach the size of a pumpkin in a single night, and Lindley calculated that the cells of which it is made up will multiply at the rate of sixty millions a minute.

Dr Greville records that a specimen of one of the largest British fungi—the *Polyporus squamosus*—had a diameter of seven feet five inches, and weighed thirty-four pounds. It took four weeks to reach that size, growing at the rate of nineteen ounces a day. A specimen of this species has been known to attain a diameter of eleven inches in a week.

The late Dr Benjamin Carpenter, F.R.S., recorded an instance of the tremendous power exerted by growing fungi. Many years ago Basingstoke was paved, and some time afterwards the pavement was found to be uneven; this increased until some of the heaviest stones were completely lifted out of place by the growth of enormous fungi underneath. One of these paving-stones was twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighed eighty-three pounds. Dr M. C. Cooke had a similar incident brought under his notice—a large kitchen-hearthstone being forced out of its bed by the growth of a fungus. Sir Joseph Banks relates a still more startling occurrence. A cask of wine leaked, and after a time a fungus grew from the leakage, finally filling the cellar and lifting the cask to the ceiling.

Fungi, like human beings, give off carbonic acid, and not oxygen, as do other vegetables. This is due, probably, to the absence of green colouring matters.

A curious error is to suppose that fungi are eatable and toadstools poisonous. There is no such line of demarcation; nor, strictly speaking, has 'toadstool' any precise meaning. Very many fungi are eatable, the number of poisonous varieties being greatly exaggerated. The common agaric usually eaten in England is not the most palatable and wholesome; indeed, in Italy it is said it was at one time condemned and not allowed to be sold in the fungus-market, which is there quite an institution; but this assertion is a traveller's tale.

Few foods are more savoury and greater favourites than well-cooked fungi, and vegetarians long for them. And no wonder! They have the reputation of being very nutritious; but physiologists say this is a mistake, and there is reason to believe that a given weight of them is not as sustaining as, from its chemical composition, it ought to be. This does not mean that they are not useful adjuncts to food, and as flavouring ingredients they have no superiors. Far greater use of them ought to be encouraged, and I cannot see why the supply of fungi should not be increased twentyfold, and in this way a most valuable industry might be developed, or, more correctly, built up, in our midst.

A physician I often met at the now defunct Woolhope fungus dinners, at Hereford, told me that he frequently experimented on fungi, and ate many species with impunity. If the smell was pleasant he tasted the raw fungus and then fried half of it. He rarely suffered temporarily, never permanently, and he believed that most fungi could be eaten with safety.

Dr Cooke's charming little work on British fungi contains the following lively passages, which I venture to abridge and transcribe:

'From among the most common of Continental modes of cooking mushrooms I have selected several. Having picked a number of freshly gathered mushrooms, cut them in pieces, wash them in cold water, and dry them in a cloth. Put them in a pan, with butter, parsley, salt, and pepper, and place them over a quick fire. When ready, add cream and yolk of egg, to bind them together. Some tastes prefer them dressed *à la Provençale*, in which case they must be cut in two, washed and dried as before, and then soaked in oil for one or two hours, with salt, pepper, and a piece of garlic; at the end of this time they should be put in a stewpan with oil, and cooked over a brisk fire. When done, a little chopped parsley and some lemon-juice should be added.

'There is a delicacy under the form of stuffed mushrooms which, although unknown to us by practical experience, is so strongly recommended by those who count it amongst their experiences that I am induced to quote M. Roque's directions for their preparation: Take mushrooms of medium size, and at the same time prepare the stuffing.

For this stuffing take a piece of butter, some bread crumbs; sweet herbs, garlic, salt, coarse pepper, and the least morsel of spice; when these are all well mixed, turn over the mushrooms with the concave side upwards; take away the stems, and fill the concavity with this stuffing; then wrap each in paper and cook it in a pan, adding a spoonful of oil as occasion may require.

There is also an economical method, and one which may serve alternately with, or as a substitute for, the slovenly old English plan, which reduces all cooking to three types: roast beef, boiled mutton, and grilled chops or steaks; even mushrooms must be cooked on one of these plans. Having peeled your mushrooms and removed the stems, place them in a stewpan with fresh butter, and let them stew over a brisk fire; when the butter is melted squeeze in the juice of a lemon. After a little while add salt, pepper, spice, and a spoonful of water in which a clove of garlic has been soaked for half-an-hour. Let them stew together for about an hour, and then add yolk of egg to bind them; pour your stew upon some small crusts of bread, which you have previously fried in butter. A variety that is charming may be found on "cold-mutton days" by hashing the mushrooms instead of the mutton, and making what our transmarine neighbours would call *hachis aux champignons*. To accomplish this, two dozen mushrooms should be picked out, washed, and well dried, then put into a stewpan with a piece of butter. When the butter is melted, stir in a teaspoonful of flour, two wine-glasses of vegetable gravy, salt, pepper, and a bay-leaf. These should be cooked until reduced one-half, and then poured over any hashed vegetables or pulses, such as haricots. The whole should be well mixed together, and served with small crusts of bread fried in butter.

The active chemical principle which in very rare instances causes inconvenience or even death from eating fungi is called muscarine—the same principle which, I believe, is found in putrid, poisonous meat. Some foul-smelling and repulsive species are rich in it, but most fungi are harmless; and a few country walks in the early autumn in the company of a mycologist would furnish hints enough to be an invaluable guide to any person of ordinary intelligence. Unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, no

amount of reading will make a man a practical mycologist. It is in the fields and in the woods that the science must be followed. There, and there only, and from the teaching of an old student, will the tyro learn to distinguish the wholesome from the dangerous.

We eat and cultivate the *Agaricus campestris*, or common field-mushroom; but Dr Cooke tells me that probably many other species could be as readily cultivated did we only know how, and that much still has to be made out. As to the propagation and cultivation of many eatable species, I can assure the reader that the *Lactarius deliciosus* and some of the *Agarici proceri* are excellent and abundant, and equal to the sorts held in the highest favour by the general public. The *Hepatica fistulina* and the *Agaricus procerus*, or parasol mushroom, are far and away better than the common field-mushroom—so at least my learned friend Professor John Horsfall, M.A., F.R.C.S., tells me.

The best way of getting information on this most difficult subject—which cannot, I repeat, be learned from books—would be to have lectures on fungi from some practical teacher. I can imagine the excellent and brilliant addresses which such a lecturer as the Rev. John E. Vize, of Forden Vicarage, Welshpool, would give; and in such a way, and in it alone, could reliable information be conveyed that would be of invaluable service to learners.

Most mycologists ignore the utility of fungi as foods, thinking it a degradation of the subject to approach it from the dietetic side; but usefulness ought to play an important part in the matter, and in that way the public would be led to see the beauty and value of the study of fungi. Rumour says that during last summer mushrooms were scarce in London, and were retailed at one shilling the pound, while the sale would have been enormous had the price asked been as low as eightpence. At that time they were so plentiful in south Lancashire as to be almost unsaleable, and in the markets of Hereford they were offered retail at a farthing the pound, and were a drug at that price. In south-east Dorset they were scarce, and were rarely to be got. I only once saw them for sale, and then the price asked was sixpence; in October, however, they became more plentiful, and fetched only threepence a pound till the end of the month.



THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER IV.



MEANWHILE the winter—according to the almanac—had passed away, and that period of abrupt transitions from biting east winds to soft and genial airs, from squalls and gales to calm and sunshine, which we call an English spring, had set in 'with its usual severity.'

Mrs Trevanion was expecting a visitor—that Beatrice Lessingham who has been already mentioned as the one member of her family who had been really kind and friendly to Effie. The old lady rejoiced at her coming. 'A *partie carrée* would be so nice,' she said. She could not, however, complain that the lovers were too much absorbed in one another, for Julius was always punctilious in respect to her; and many a little stratagem on Effie's part to get him entirely to herself failed through his obtuseness, real or feigned.

He was away on a short holiday at the time fixed for Miss Lessingham's arrival, and he stayed away a day or two longer than he had intended; and when he did return it was too late to go up to the Court that night. The next day, too, brought him plenty of work; and it was late in the afternoon before he found himself on the way there. At the lodge he dismissed his groom with the dogcart, and started to walk up to the house.

It was a long way by the drive; but there was a shorter cut across the park, and leaping the low fence that bounded it, he walked over the grass, where already here and there daffodils were rearing their golden heads.

As he came near a little coppice a voice suddenly rang out in the still air—a pure, rich contralto voice—and the words it sang were very familiar to him, bringing back memories of music-loving Würzburg, and of sentimental German students warbling love-ditties over their pots of foaming beer:

'Ich wollt' meine Lieb' ergösse
Sich all in ein einzig Wort,
Das gäb' ich den lust' gen Winden,
Die trügen es lustig fort.'

He paused a moment to listen, entranced by the rare beauty of the voice, and then caught sight of the singer, who had come out of the coppice and was sauntering leisurely down the path in front of him—a girlish figure, clad in garments of a colour that seemed made to harmonise with the spring tints all around. His quick eye noted the easy elasticity of her step, the perfect poise of her head, and the gently rounded curves of her figure, as she stopped an instant in her song, and raised herself on tiptoe to reach down a

spray of almond-blossom from a tree she was passing.

The very Genius of Spring! he thought to himself; Spring, as the poets painted her, all youthful grace, all hopefulness, all ripening beauty, all promise of love!

Then her voice rang out again, and the words floated down to him:

'Das gäb' ich den lust' gen Winden.'

This must be Beatrice Lessingham, he knew; but no one had told him she could sing like that. He knew the duet well, and involuntarily he took up the tenor part:

'Die trügen es lustig fort.'

Miss Lessingham turned round quickly, and showed Julius the most beautiful face he had ever seen. He always declared so, and maintained it to the end; though to other people Beatrice Lessingham was only as pretty and as pleasant to look upon as are a fair proportion of our English girls. She had a pair of wonderfully expressive gray eyes that seemed to vary in colour and depth with every passing change of feeling, a clear and healthy skin and well-cut features, a pretty mouth, and a resolute little chin. Julius had not time to take in all these details then; it was the picture as a whole that charmed him.

He sprang forward as he met her startled gaze, and lifted his hat.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Lessingham! I don't know what you must think of me. It was simply unpardonable; but I—I really couldn't help it!'

There was something about the unconventionality of this way of beginning an acquaintance that pleased Miss Lessingham. Her quick survey of his face confirmed the favourable impression. 'A man one would like to have for a friend,' was her mental verdict. She smiled frankly and held out her hand.

'I think you must be Dr Standen,' she said. 'I am very glad to know you. I have heard so much about you.'

Julius positively blushed. He thought he had long since lost the habit; but he was in reality younger than he knew. He walked by her side to the house, chatting gaily, and they astonished the other two ladies by coming upon them together.

'So you have dispensed with an introduction?' remarked Mrs Trevanion.

'Entirely!' cried Beatrice merrily. 'It's the first time I ever began an acquaintance by singing a duet; but I think it's an improvement on the usual way. However, it's not too late to

do the thing properly.—Effie, will you introduce us?’

Effie entered into the joke and named each ceremoniously. Beatrice bowed with becoming solemnity; but Julius held out his hand. It occurred to Beatrice that they had shaken hands once already; but she thought it would be foolish to demur, so she gave her hand again into his warm clasp.

Julius did not know why he had done it. He hardly understood himself that day; something within him seemed to make him speak and act without any conscious volition. The talk was merry and animated. He was in high spirits. Life seemed to him a worthier thing, the world a nobler place, since it could contain such a woman as Beatrice Lessingham.

Presently he produced a little package from his pocket, and handed it to Effie. It was his father's present to the future bride, a superb necklace of emeralds that had belonged to Julius's mother; and all three ladies exclaimed at the beauty of the really choice stones in their old-fashioned but artistic setting.

Beatrice tried to induce Mrs Trevanion to return to the drawing-room. Her experience of engaged couples, gathered painfully from instances in her own family, led her to imagine that the lovers would want to be alone together, since they had not seen each other for several days; but the old lady was obtuse, and Julius was never very quick at devising opportunities of getting his *fiancée* to himself.

‘You'll stay and dine?’ asked Mrs Trevanion.

‘In this coat?’ Then, to their assertions that they would excuse his dressing, he replied by protesting he had a patient to see on the way home.

When he rose to go, Effie declared her intention of walking part of the way with him.

‘Will you come too?’ she asked, turning to Beatrice.

Beatrice hastened to decline a request that was obviously only prompted by civility to a guest; but she respected this engaged couple all the more in that they did not parade their happiness too openly. Being, as she always declared, a most unromantic person herself, she never could understand how two people could be so absorbed in one another as to forget common politeness to every one else.

However, there was nothing of that sort about this particular couple. On the contrary, Standen found that his evenings at the Court gained in interest and attraction by the arrival of the new inmate. Beatrice was better informed and more widely read than the other two ladies; so the conversation was less exclusively confined to local and social topics, and it took bolder flights. Then Beatrice did not always treat his judgment as absolutely unquestionable. Mrs Trevanion and Effie thought it hardly lady-like to have any

opinions; but Beatrice had brought a clear intellect to bear upon what she had read and heard. Without being in the least opinionative or dogmatic, she would sometimes good-humouredly dispute his theories; and he found the combat of wits quite refreshing after the cloying smoothness of eternal affirmative.

Effie was amused at their wranglings, as she called them, after Beatrice had assured her that it was all meant in good part, and that she really had a very high opinion of the young doctor, and thoroughly approved of her choice. Effie was one of those women who always need their friends' confirmation of their opinion; she could not have held out for an unpopular lover.

When the spring days grew warm and languorous, as spring days will in the dear west-country, Effie rather fagged in health. She caught a chill, and was kept indoors for some time, during which Julius and Beatrice vied with one another in efforts to keep her amused. Seeing she did not pick up strength again easily, Julius thought a change of air would be advisable for her; and as his father had often expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of his son's *fiancée*, it was decided that she should pay a visit to his Warwickshire home.

Julius, having so lately taken a holiday, could only spare the time to escort her there and stay the night; but he promised to come again at the end of her visit and bring her back to Penruth.

‘You won't forsake us altogether now Effie is away?’ Mrs Trevanion said to him on his return.

‘Certainly not, unless you drive me away,’ he rejoined. He had been thinking already how dull it would be for Beatrice, alone with the self-absorbed old lady, and had come to the conclusion that it would be really his duty to try and amuse her a little; and when duty coincides with desire it is astonishing how conscientiously it is carried out!

‘We shall be hearing of Miss Lessingham following Effie's good example one of these days,’ said Mrs Trevanion to him one evening.

Dr Standen started violently. ‘Indeed! I had no idea!’

‘Nor has any one else, Dr Standen,’ said Beatrice in a tone of annoyance, finding herself, to her consternation, flushing a rosy red, thus lending figuratively as well as literally colour to the surmise.

The fact was, an all too eager admirer of Beatrice, who also knew the young widow, had written to enlist the latter's sympathies on his behalf, in the hope that an invitation to the Court would give him an opportunity of prosecuting his suit. Beatrice would fain have kept the matter secret from Mrs Trevanion; but Effie, in an unguarded moment, had let it out.

'Well, my dear,' pursued Mrs Trevanion placidly, 'it may not be settled yet; but I'm sure no woman could hold out long in the face of such persistence. I myself refused poor Mr Trevanion three times; but this gentleman'—

'Talking about gentlemen,' Julius hastily interposed, 'have you seen the new tenants of the Lodge?' He saw how vexed Beatrice was at Mrs Trevanion's pertinacity in attempting to discuss her private affairs, and he wondered at the latter's utter lack of breeding, such a conspicuous example of which he had never hitherto seen. He interposed thus to shield Beatrice; but he felt also vaguely annoyed and disturbed about the matter himself. He hoped to goodness she was not going to throw herself away on some idiot. He neither knew the man's name nor anything about him; but he took it for granted that he *was* an idiot, and that Beatrice *would* be throwing herself away.

Mrs Trevanion rose at once to the bait. It had not been ill-nature, but want of delicacy of feeling, that made her err. She honestly believed that Beatrice would like Dr Standen to know that she also had a wooer!

'No,' she replied eagerly; 'have they come? What are they like? I have only heard that the house was let to people of title.'

Standen laughed. 'Oh, the title is there right enough. Half the people in Penruth have looked them up already in *Debrett*. Lord George Bartlett is his name; but I have heard him spoken of in the London clubs as rather a shady character.'

Mrs Trevanion looked disappointed. She had already had her day-dreams about the aristocratic new-comers.

'Is there any family?' she asked.

'Oh no! Lord George is a bachelor, and his sister, Lady Alicia, keeps the house for him. Then there is another lady who appears to live with them, a Mrs Wilson, or Wilton, or some such name.'

'Have you seen any of them?' asked Beatrice.

'Only Lord George, a shabby-looking little man, with weak red eyes.'

'That does not sound very attractive,' remarked Beatrice.

'Don't you let Dr Standen prejudice you against him before you see him,' Mrs Trevanion interposed. 'These London clubmen are very censorious, and a title is always a title. I shall certainly call on the sister.'

Beatrice and Julius exchanged amused glances, and the slight cloud of annoyance cleared off his brow.

'I believe Julius is jealous,' Mrs Trevanion continued; 'he will be ousted from his position as the chief eligible bachelor of Penruth.'

'That's it!' agreed Julius gravely. 'I am afraid you will regret that Effie did not wait a little longer.'

'Foolish fellow!' said Mrs Trevanion, tapping him with her fan as she rose from the table. 'Don't sit here long,' she went on, as Julius sprang up to open the door. 'I want to hear those pretty German duets again.'

Once more Beatrice and Julius looked at one another, and smiled involuntarily. The music that the old lady professed to appreciate so much usually had the effect of making her nod rhythmically in her chair.

He found Beatrice at the piano as he entered the drawing-room, Mrs Trevanion being apparently absorbed in a book. He asked her to play some bits from his favourite composers, and then they sang together. Their voices blended admirably, and they both agreed in a partiality for Schubert and Mendelssohn. Sometimes the music paused, and they drifted into talk.

'Here is a pretty one,' said Beatrice, after one of these long intervals, as she opened a big music-book at hazard. 'Shall we try this?' Without waiting for his assent, she played the prelude and started her part.

When the time came that he should have joined in, she waited in vain. She looked round inquiringly. Julius had forgotten all about his part, and his eyes were fixed on her face with a dreamy, intent gaze that strangely startled her.

'I beg your pardon,' he said hurriedly. 'Would you mind beginning again?'

Beatrice did so, and as she began her words the recollection flashed upon her that this was the very song she was singing the first time they met: 'Ich wollt' meine Lieb' ergösse.'

He remembered to join in this time, but he did not sing with his usual ease. There was a tremor as of suppressed excitement in his voice. Beatrice felt her own face grow hot, and was conscious that her fingers stumbled over the keys.

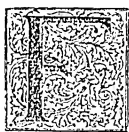
'That wasn't a very creditable performance,' she said when they had done, with a desperate effort to speak lightly.

'No. I'm afraid I'm not in good voice to-night.'

Then ensued one of those awkward pauses, which are always the harder to break the longer they last. At length Beatrice managed to find some commonplace remark, to which he hastily replied and then rose to go.

They had spent many evenings like this before, between music and talk, and their intercourse had been perfectly natural and friendly. What was this new constraint that had arisen between them? Beatrice could not understand it at all. She knew that she longed to, and yet dared not, meet his eyes. Was it that she feared what she might read, or what she might reveal? What had disturbed their frank, cordial relations?

ON THE FRINGE OF THE WORLD.



FEW among the remoter parts of the world which appeal to the instincts of the sportsman, to the searcher for ancient civilisations or for present wealth, to the antiquary and scientist, to the miner and the naturalist, are more difficult of approach or more rarely explored than those vast regions that lie between the Andes and the Atlantic. In these territories are great mountains with snow-clad, barren peaks, the home of the condor and the vicuña; rugged valleys descending to lower foot-hills densely covered with forests; great stretches of high wooded plains and vast pampas; and then the great districts inundated every year, and for several months a waste of waters that fall into the Atlantic.

The only occupants of the upper plains are isolated settlers owning great properties, each as large as a British county and producing almost all they use. They are the descendants of the Spanish adventurers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, tracing their descent from grandees of Castile; and they refer to the reign of Ferdinand VII. as the last Government by and for gentlemen. No travellers visit these remote lands; and yet here are remains of a long-past civilisation far anterior to the time of the Incas—remains so stupendous that they can only be accounted for by supposing that these now silent forests and prairies were once the home of a dense population. Here are half-ruined churches, with decaying shrines rich with virgin gold, erected by the first Catholic conquerors; here, hidden far away in the midst of unexplored forests, are ancient—and recent—river-beds laden with gold awaiting the hour and the man to increase the riches of the world; and here, when the appointed time shall come, will arise states and cities and peoples to turn to some account one of the richest portions of the earth's surface.

The writer recently had occasion to make a prolonged journey in the districts between Paraguay and Peru; and no fact was then more frequently forced upon his attention than that the old order is changing, and that the new cannot long be delayed. Great silent waterways, for ages only furrowed by the Indian canoe or the primitive boats built after the models brought from Vigo and Cadiz more than three hundred years ago, are now invaded by steamboats built on the Clyde and at Blackwall; and the inhabitants of some far inland town, who believe all foreigners to be rogues, and know them to be heretics, are astonished by the arrival of the ubiquitous German Jew, with his stock of flash jewellery, and the economical and enterprising Turkish or Syrian pedlar. Recently farmers in

the United States have been deputed by their neighbours to report upon this new land of promise, and such reports have not been unfavourable.

However, as a rule the descendants of the Spanish conquerors live undisturbed by any influences from the outer world, of which they have only the vaguest knowledge, and lead a purely patriarchal existence, surrounded by semi-civilised Indians who in reality are their slaves although nominally free. Each *estancia* possesses great herds of cattle, the proprietor himself having only the most uncertain idea of their number, as they are never counted, and run absolutely wild; some are never even seen by the human eye, as they are only kept more or less within a certain area by the annual floods, which drive them on to the higher lands and prevent them straying for great distances. Yet sometimes the cattle, missing their accustomed retreats, are driven by the advancing waters to the forests, which extend to the lower foot-hills, and in such circumstances rarely appear again on the pampas. Recently a proprietor lost a number of cattle in this way, and when asked the number missing he estimated it at two thousand head; but after an extended tour across the pampas over which his herds ranged he increased his estimate to twelve thousand head. These numbers were, however, purely arbitrary guesses; to a less experienced eye the diminution was unappreciable.

In spite of the existence of these vast herds, one can travel continuously for weeks without meeting a man or seeing any beast except the denizens of the forest. Of these there is no lack, from the pretty little señorita monkey to the anta—as the tapir is here called—who forces his ponderous weight through the most impenetrable thorns, and leaves the track of his great three-toed foot deeply impressed upon the sandy shores of the rivers. One would think that an animal of such great size, which is intensely awkward, stupid beyond belief, slow in motion, and unprovided with any natural weapon, would fall a ready victim to the hunter or to beasts of prey. This, however, is not the case, as no animal of equal size is more difficult to bag than a full-grown anta. Extraordinarily shy, it usually conceals itself in the most impenetrable thickets, and only ventures out at night in the most secluded spots; but, once out and free from any suspicion of danger, it is the most unwary of animals. Semi-amphibious, it plunges into the river, spurning water over its body, or blowing air into the water, trumpeting, splashing, and playing like a sportive bull. Then, if a hungry jaguar thinks he has here a handy supper, the chances, though apparently entirely in his favour, are in reality greatly against him.

Provided that the forest is sufficiently near or the river deep enough, the anta is certain to be the winner. In the latter case a prolonged dive is sufficient; and in the former, as soon as the spring is made and the anta feels the living weight upon his back, he makes for where the thorns and cane-brake grow thickest, and then it must be a powerful and determined jaguar that can retain his position for more than a few seconds. There is a belief that a jaguar will not tackle a man; and though it is probable he will avoid a man in motion and apparently armed, he will certainly attack a sleeper. Such a case occurred recently, when an Indian family of three persons were attacked while asleep and killed by these animals. It is curious that a man sleeping within a mosquito-net, though the net is transparent, is left unmolested. On one occasion the writer, while passing a night in the forest, was awakened by a shout from a companion, who was angrily complaining of the pulling of his hair. Upon investigation it was seen that the mosquito-net had at one spot not quite touched the ground where the man's head had slightly protruded, and a well-worn path showed where a jaguar had spent several hours pacing round and round the mosquito-net and its unconscious occupant, and had at last been so overcome by curiosity that he had evidently, with gentle pats of his forepaws, been investigating the nature of this new animal that possessed a body of such an extraordinary shape and a head which smelt so remarkably like an appetising morsel for supper. During the cane-crushing season on the *estancias*, work goes on day and night, and occasionally an inquisitive or very hungry jaguar makes a visit of inspection to the boiling-house; but it is more with a view of trying to pick up one of the oxen always waiting their turn of work than with any design upon the human workers.

Nothing is more striking and picturesque than coming suddenly at midnight from the dark and silent forest upon a sugar-boiling house in full swing. The oxen circle round the creaking crane-mill, followed by the black driver vociferating remarks upon their laziness and insults to their ancestry; and through the steam from the great vats are dimly seen the figures of the *paileros* skimming the cane-juice or anxiously testing the bright-brown liquid for the sugar-point. The furnaces throw long lanes of light; and with the shouts of the drivers and the calls of the carriers it makes a very surprising scene after days or weeks of lonely and tedious travel. In these *estancias* the traveller has not yet become common enough to lose his welcome. When months or perhaps years have elapsed since any one from the outside world has penetrated to these forest depths, a hearty greeting is waiting for one who will bring news of the day. The only visitor has been the *cura* from the nearest settlement, who

has his news at fifth or sixth hand from some itinerant pedlar; the great event of the year has been the journey of the *patron* to a similar settlement to sell his superfluous sugar, liquor, chocolate, and hides, and to bring back a few pieces of Manchester goods, some household necessities, and the current year's almanac. Yet these owners are men of education, as education was understood in Spain a hundred years ago; they have taken their degree in some old college, far in the interior, founded by the Jesuits and forgotten in the world's march, where they have acquired some medieval knowledge from textbooks that would be regarded with wonder by the modern British schoolmaster—geographies in which Norway still belongs to Denmark, where the Pope is still a temporal sovereign, and Chicago is not yet marked upon the map.

Nothing can exceed the old-world politeness and consideration of one of these eighteenth-century gentlemen. Upon your arrival at his 'post,' which is probably a house and some clearings on the nearest main river, and perhaps many miles away from his establishment, you will send an Indian to announce your arrival. In due course he will return, accompanied by your host, with half-a-dozen men, a cook, a large quantity of eatables, and apparently materials for a short campaign; but these, in reality, are merely to provide you with food until the main house is reached. The cook instantly prepares coffee, while his master welcomes you to his domain and inquires seriatim after all your friends and relations. It is not unusual to have to answer to the best of your ability various questions respecting Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, who was the only sovereign, except the King of Spain, who was generally known even by name. Their information as to current events is, in fact, usually somewhat inaccurate. Lately the writer was asked at a far-distant *estancia* how the civil war was progressing in England, and which side the Queen had taken. Apparently the Boers were supposed to be the inhabitants of some British county. Another *caballero*, a fine type of his class, courteous and anxious to show his sympathy, adverted regretfully to the fact that the Queen had found it necessary to fly to Dublin, as the Boers had captured London! The Spanish-American war is seldom mentioned. The United States are not loved among these relics of old Spain; but they are too courteous to air their dislikes before a stranger regarded as of kindred race.

The *estancias* to which these remarks more particularly apply are situate in the region bordered by the rivers Beni, Guaporé, and Paraguay, which in the wet season are very generally flooded. Here the settlers have availed themselves of the labours of long-forgotten races to protect their crops and buildings from the annual inundations. Deep in the recesses of the forest there are great

stretches of land artificially raised above flood-level, and usually dominated by two or more hills also raised by man, upon which tradition says formerly stood the temples of the forgotten people. The height of each terrace, or *terraplen*, varies from about ten to thirty feet above the nominal level, and the hills from forty to eighty feet above the terrace. Some of these measure from three to four miles in length by two to three in breadth; and the immense labour involved in moving such enormous quantities of earth without any modern appliances, where work was practicable during only half the year; the difficulty of providing food for such great numbers of men as must have been collected in one place; and the years or centuries through which the operations were continued, can only be guessed.

The mounds, which apparently were the sites of the temples, have occasionally been opened,

but nothing made of metal has been found; coarse pottery, figured tiles, bones, and ashes usually comprise all the contents. 'A very poor people' is the verdict of the present occupants of the land; but it would perhaps be more accurate to say, 'A very ancient people.' In the district of Chiquitos, where gold is abundant, smaller mounds have been found to contain articles of gold; but these appear to be of much later date.

The problem, however, awaits a fuller investigation at scientific hands. The day will doubtless come when a country capable of supporting a population of many millions, and containing all varieties of climate from temperate to tropical, will cease to be monopolised by the degenerate descendants of a few Spanish adventurers; and the attention of the world will be called to the vast riches now buried in the forests and pampas of the interior of South America.

A GUERDON FROM THE GRAVE.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.: THE SEEING.



WILL say nothing of our journey through Trevandrum, Nagercoil, Palamcottah, and Tuticorin; how, while I attended to my work, Polwarth, accompanied by one or more of my followers, would amuse himself by shooting, botanising, butterfly-catching, and such-like diversions; how he would frequently help me in my outdoor operations; and how, when we put up in the travellers' bungalow or under canvas, after the day's march, he would assist me in paying the men or writing up the day's work, and generally doing all in his power to be helpful, companionable, and useful. At length one morning we embarked in a boat at Tonitorai Point, crossed the Strait, and landed on the island of Paumben, our goal.

Shortly after our arrival we called on the resident missionary, the Reverend Mr Twisst—I had made the reverend gentleman's acquaintance when I first visited the island some months before—and forthwith entered on the subject nearest our hearts.

'My friend Mr Polwarth,' I explained, 'has reason to believe that a gentleman named, Kennedy—Major Kennedy—lies buried somewhere on this island, Mr Twisst; and he is desirous of finding the grave. Though we fear Major Kennedy is not interred in consecrated ground, we imagine you can assist us in our quest.'

'I'm sorry I cannot,' replied the missionary. 'The disappearance of Major Kennedy was the subject of correspondence and reference between the Madras Government, the Collector of the District, the island authorities, and myself off and on since the visitation of cholera in the

early part of 1862 up to within a few months ago. He was not buried by me nor by any of my native pastors; and this I have already reported.'

Although we had not lost hope, we were prepared to receive some such answer.

'Did you know anything of him?' asked Polwarth.

'Not much. He landed from a country ship, and pitched his tent in a *tope* [grove], about half-way between this and Rameswaram. It was at the commencement of the hot weather, I remember. I rode out to call on him. He did not say much; but I ascertained he was travelling for pleasure, and had come here to see the Rameswaram temples. Shortly afterwards the cholera broke out.'

'Was it very bad?' I asked.

'Bad is not the word; it was terrible! The native pilgrims died by hundreds; the authorities were paralysed, and utter demoralisation reigned supreme.'

'Major Kennedy wrote home to the same effect, and expressed his intention of leaving forthwith by sea for Colombo. You don't know, I suppose, if he succeeded in quitting the island?' asked Polwarth.

'No, I do not. I did hear that his tents and heavier luggage had been shipped for Colombo; but that he had moved into the engineers' disused shed near his camp, remaining on for the purpose of completing some investigations regarding ancient serpent-worship, traces of which are to be found in Ukkamuddum and the neighbourhood. Then, as the cholera came with terrific suddenness, I had my hands full with our own

sick and dying, and completely lost sight of Major Kennedy, as well as of everybody else, for that matter, outside our mission boundary, which soon became a veritable charnel-house, in spite of all our precautions. I also heard that the vessel in which he had shipped his belongings was lost.

'Then, what do you advise, Mr Twistt?'

'I don't know really what to advise. You are quite sure your friend is dead?'

'I'm afraid so,' replied Polwarth, 'otherwise he would have written. Up to the day on which he penned his last letter from this very place he corresponded regularly with his daughter.'

'I see,' said the missionary, stroking his beard reflectively. 'I would recommend your consulting Mr Busby, the sub-magistrate; however, he, like myself, has also already reported non-cognisance of the missing man's fate—whether he died here or escaped from the island. I wish, indeed, I could help you more practically.'

With heavy hearts we left to interview the sub-magistrate, and went over the same ground with him. We were no more successful with Mr Busby than with the missionary.

'Oh my!' exclaimed the old Eurasian, 'you don't know how everything turned upside down, sir. That cholera never came so severe, and never came so sudden. Police fellers nearly all run away; my clerks all shut up house, and two-three died; the bazaar all deserted, and dead bodies in street. Doctor, too, died; and apothecary chap doing all the work. I don't know anything about the gentleman. All I know is he came and put up tent at Ukkamuddum; but when cholera panic cooled down, where that tent? where that gentleman? God know; I don't. I sent report accordingly to collector when he wrote asking about him. We tried our best to find out; nothing came of it.'

'Would the offer of a reward have any effect, think you?' I asked of Mr Busby.

'Reward—eh? What for?'

'As an inducement to give information as to where he lies if dead,' put in Polwarth.

'How much you will offer, sir?'

My friend looked at me inquiringly and whispered, 'Would fifty pounds do?'

'I should think so. Put it to him,' I muttered.

'I am prepared to pay fifty pounds,' he said aloud to Mr Busby.

After a stare of astonishment, the sub-magistrate asked in an awed tone, 'You got the money, sir?'

Polwarth opened a hand-reticule he carried, took therefrom a small canvas bag, and counted out fifty sovereigns.

'Over five hundred rupees!' exclaimed Mr Busby. 'Native fellers ready to sell soul for hundred rupees. If gentleman is buried here, and anybody knows, you may be sure they will tell for that reward. But how you will know

him, sir? More than two years ago now; by this time nearly all dust. How you will know? Then, what you going to do with corpse—eh?'

'Never mind how we are going to identify the remains. I dare say the clothes or something else will help us. On finding him we shall give him Christian sepulture, for one thing.'

'Of course! of course! Very good, sir. I will have reward notice put up. I will tell that money is lodged with me—eh? For, you see, all our official investigations by collector's order did no good. Natives very timid people. Whoever knows about poor gentleman was afraid to speak; but now, five hundred rupees! Oh my! some one is sure to come off and tell.'

'We hope so. Suppose you draw up the notice now, Mr Busby, for us to see and approve,' I remarked, wishing to check the old man's garrulity.

At this suggestion he took pen and paper and wrote out the notice, which, after a little revision, read as follows:

'FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES REWARD.'

'Whereas an English gentleman is supposed to have died of cholera in Paumben after the 2nd May 1862, and his body is believed to have been buried, otherwise disposed of, or simply abandoned; friends interested in the deceased offer the above reward to any person or persons who will give such information as will lead to the discovery of the remains. The friends desire it to be known that their sole object in prosecuting this quest is the identification of the remains, and the bestowal thereon of interment or reinterment according to the rites of the Christian Church. The sum of five hundred rupees, representing the reward, has this day been lodged with the undersigned, to whom all applications on the subject of this notice are to be made. JOHN BUSBY, Sub-Magistrate.

'PAUMBEN, 5th December 1862.'

This being translated into Tamil by Mr Busby's *sheristadar* (manager), and duly gone over and checked, the whole *cutcherry* (office) staff, stimulated by promise of reward from Polwarth, sat till late that night making manuscript copies of the announcement; for those were not the days of manifold-copying-presses and the like, especially in an out-of-the-way corner like Paumben. By noon the next day the whole island was placarded with this notice.

Polwarth and I spent most of our time at Mr Busby's office in anxious expectation of the result. Crowds of natives read the proclamation exhibited on the board on the veranda, and the whole place, in fact, was agog with the news. Mr Twistt; Mr De Souza, the civil apothecary; Captain Dundas, the port-officer; and one or two Eurasian residents, came to the office in the course of the day to interview us, no doubt interested in a

matter associated with the offer of so large a pecuniary reward. The missionary, the medico, and the port-officer begged to be allowed to be present with us should aught turn up warranting a prosecution of the search. We readily agreed, for credible witnesses in a search of this kind would be desirable rather than otherwise.

However, not only did that day pass without result, but a whole fortnight elapsed, and nothing of consequence came to light. Evidence was furnished of Major Kennedy's erstwhile presence on the island; the spot was pointed out where his tents had stood; local natives he had employed told how he was wont to poke about all over the island for stones and slabs bearing representations of snakes, and, when found, how he would sit down and make sketches of them. All, however, stopped short at the day when the cholera demon came down on the place, bringing with it terror, chaos, and death.

It was weary work. My time was up. I had no business to remain in the place so long; but in those days rules and regulations were not strictly enforced, and my chief at Madras was an easy-going sort of individual—a species long since extinct. Polwarth, too, despaired of success. He spoke of returning to England; of appealing to Miss Kennedy's generosity, her magnanimity, her love for him; of persuading her to waive the successful fulfilment of his errand, and make him happy in consideration of his efforts to bring the matter to the desired issue. Yes, indeed, it was weary work, and that night we sat up very late talking the subject over. We had bade each other good-night, after resolving to see what one more day might bring forth, when we perceived a crouching figure on the roadway that ran past the bungalow.

'Who can it be?' muttered Polwarth.

I called out, 'Who are you?' in Tamil; whereupon an old woman came timidly forward into the light, and salaamed profoundly.

'Who are you?' I repeated.

The subsequent conversation, of course, was carried on in the vernacular, which I translated to my friend.

'Sir, I am a poor *toty* [scavenger] woman.'

'Well, what is it? Don't be afraid; come closer.'

She crept up the veranda steps, and peered about timidly.

'Speak out,' I said encouragingly. 'There's no one here besides ourselves.'

'Your honour,' she whispered, 'I can show you where the English gentleman is buried.'

Our hearts ascended to our mouths.

'Tell us all about it,' I said as calmly as I could.

'My village is off the road, sir,' resumed the old woman, 'about half a mile from where the gentleman's tents stood. Some of our men had

been employed by him, and I used to go to the camp morning and evening to do scavenger work. One day, about a week after he came, the gentleman struck his tents, sent them away with most of his luggage and servants, and moved into the engineers' shed. On the morning after the cholera came, the gentleman went out to a ruined temple at the back of our village. By noon that day all was panic and confusion, people dying on every side. In the afternoon, while we were all worshipping our village god, the gentleman came along crawling and stumbling. We at first thought he was drunk, but we soon saw he had cholera. My son ran to the engineers' shed to summon the gentleman's servants; but he returned and told us one was dead and the other dying. We did what we knew for the gentleman, but he died before evening. That night some police came, with their heads all muffled up, and carrying torches which they kept dipping into pots of tar, and ordered our head-man to bury all the dead instead of burning them. The next morning those of our men who were alive dug a pit and put ten or twelve bodies into it, side by side, and among them was that of the gentleman. Then the cholera became so bad that many of our villagers ran away to the mainland, and only returned when all was quiet again.'

'You can point out the spot, then?' I asked.

'Yes, sir; but I must have your protection.'

'Why?'

'Because my village people would murder me for telling.'

'Why?'

'Have I your honour's promise not to punish them?'

'Yes, yes. Go on.'

'Well, sir, because some of my village people who did not run away went to the shed in the night to bury the gentleman's servants, and—and'—

'Go on; don't be afraid. You have our promise. They took the gentleman's things, I suppose—eh?'

'Your honour,' cried the old crone, prostrating herself, 'yes! they took everything they could find; even the gentleman's and his servants' clothes we divided among us. I confess it, and rely on your mercy. We afterwards sold everything on the mainland.'

'Have no fear. We don't want the clothes and things, and will make no inquiry about them. This, I suppose, has prevented your people from giving any information on the subject hitherto?'

'Yes, sir. The police and the sub-magistrate's men have been several times to our village asking about the gentleman; but we dared not tell. We know about the reward your honour offers; but my people are afraid to say anything, fearing punishment for having taken the gentleman's things.'

'Then how is it you have the courage to come forward now?'

'Your honour, there is the reward. Besides, I have served English families in Madura, when I was younger; I know our masters are merciful and good. I went by night to the *Kunnakapullay* [village Government Accountant] and asked him to explain the notice to me. He said that you only want to know where the body is, and nothing more.'

'That is true. Have no fear. We shall not say a word about the things.'

'And the reward, sir?'

'It will be yours on our identifying the body. But we cannot let you go away now; you must accompany us in the morning, and show the spot.'

'I dare not leave your protection, sir; my life will not be safe till my brethren are convinced they have nothing to fear from what I have done. I will lie here.'

Throwing her an old rug, and bidding Polwarth to see that she did not get away, I sallied

forth, lantern in hand, knocked up the missionary, the port-officer, the apothecary, and Mr Busby in succession, imparted the good news, appointed a rendezvous for five o'clock in the morning, and returned to find the old woman curled up on the rug, while Polwarth reclined in an easy-chair, smoking a cheroot, on guard over her.

'This complicates matters—doesn't it?' I asked, and proceeded to light up.

'What does?'

'Absence of everything whereby we might identify him.'

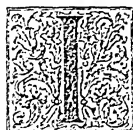
'It does in a measure; but we are sure to be able to distinguish his body among the others; all the rest, I presume, will be those of Asiatics. I imagine the apothecary should know enough to point it out.'

'I hope we shall not receive a check,' I remarked.

'Be easy, Hervey. I hope to-morrow to astonish not only the natives, but you too. No more to-night.'

SPECIAL SERVICE.

By EDWARD RYAN.



IN a former article in this *Journal* (for 13th May 1899, p. 381) I endeavoured to explain what 'secret service money' means: the very small sum—that is, compared with that allowed by the Continental powers—generally placed at the disposal of Ministers for the protection of British interests, and the time when such money began to circulate through our national history. I now propose to extend the subject, bringing it down to a recent date, showing the difference between Secret Service and the Intelligence Department of the War Office, so often and so strangely confounded, mentioning the while a few instances in which secret service has exercised a conspicuous, and sometimes a most mischievous, influence on British interests. With the space at my disposal, it is obvious that only the merest sketch can be attempted; but a sketch, however imperfect, may convey to the mind of those unacquainted with the landscape some at least of its most salient features.

Cromwell had unlimited faith in secret service, and on the whole was well served by his agents. Untrammelled by the prejudices which affected meaner men, the great Protector made full use of them to serve his purpose, and, like most men of commanding genius, never hesitated to show his contempt for those who attempted to hood-wink or deceive him. Not infrequently he would invite to his table men who, in the language of

the day, were suspected to be 'Trimmers'—men who 'ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds.' After dinner it was the pleasure of the Protector to banter these men, but with the good nature which was a marked feature of his character. He would tell them, to their surprise and disgust, where they had lately been, what company they kept, and advise them when next they drank Charles Stuart's health to be a little more circumspect in the choice of their companions. 'The knowledge,' he would add with an emphasis which sank deeply into the hearts of those who heard it, 'might not be so safe with some as with me.'

If Mazarin, in the name of Louis XIV. of France, concluded a treaty of alliance with Cromwell against Spain (in 1655), the Protector was none the less a perplexing enigma to the wily Cardinal. Cromwell was the terror of the Catholic Powers of his day, and Mazarin, like every one else, had to give way to him. Cromwell—as Mr Speaker Lenthall learnt to his cost when he indiscreetly styled him 'our servant'—would stand no kind of nonsense. When the French ambassador threatened to leave, the iron man told him he was welcome to go when and whithersoever he pleased. It was 'a word and a blow' with Cromwell; and in dealing with Giulio Mazarini, the blow not infrequently preceded the word. When Louis assumed the reins after the death of Cromwell and Mazarin, he found a tool ready to his hand in the person of the weak and

selfish sybarite Charles II. The covetous eye the French king had cast upon Spain and her possessions; the use he designed to make of England in the event of the coalition which he foresaw would be formed against him; the way in which Charles was bought over; the secret agent employed in the transaction; and, lastly, how the Revolution of 1688 completely disconcerted his politics—all this has been told by Macaulay and other writers, and need not be repeated here. The mischief, however, which Louis's secret service wrought to Britain and her interests is part of the business of this article. Under Charles and his worthy brother this country sank so low in the commonwealth of nations that any German or Italian principality which could bring five thousand men into the field took a higher position.

Louis, though a past master in the art of secret service, liked to do things as economically as possible. He perfectly understood the unstable, unreliable character of Charles, and never once lost sight of him. He sent over a secret agent in the person of Louise de Kerouaille, better known to us as the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom the English—unable to master the French 'll,' or, for that matter, the French language—called 'Madam Carwell.' The best of the joke—a sorry one for poor England—was, that while 'Carwell' let Louis know everything that was going forward, she personally cost him nothing—all the expenses came out of English pockets. In one year alone (1681) this creature received no less a sum than one hundred and thirty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-eight pounds out of funds intended to serve a vastly different purpose. If the reader will multiply this by three or four, he will arrive at some idea of the amount in current money. No wonder there was not a farthing to spend upon the national defences or for the protection of British interests. *Littera scripta manet*: the fact is matter of record, and cannot for one moment be disputed.

Nearly every one in that degraded time—meaning not only the time of Charles and his worthy brother, but that which immediately followed—received or (if he had it at command) paid secret service money. Sir John Trevor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, was proved to have received a bribe of one thousand guineas from the Corporation of London for 'assisting' in passing an act. He was expelled the House, not—mark you—because the House was virtuous, but simply because he had been found out. This is proved by the circumstance that after his expulsion Sir John remained a favourite with the worthy society of his period. The East India Company spent one hundred and seven thousand pounds in secret service money, much of it, no doubt, legitimately; for it is one of the peculiarities of the subsidy that, while it may be perfectly legiti-

mate in the hands of those who pay it, it may be worse than ignoble in the hands of those who receive it. There were honest, honourable men in those days, though few and far between. William's personal friend Portland was found proof against the temptation of secret service money, having refused a bribe of fifty thousand pounds.

In my former article I referred to certain English political leaders who received pay from the Committee of Public Safety, and also showed how the secretary of that sinister body was in turn subsidised by ourselves. I mentioned also the secret service system of Napoleon, and showed how poor, innocent Charles James Fox was made the unconscious shuttlecock of Talleyrand and Fouché. This now brings me by a natural transition to Napoleon III., certainly the strangest character the world has produced in these later days. It is a favourite delusion of the French that they saved our army from destruction in the Crimea. Unfortunately for the legend, the historian of the campaign has shown us that but for the French, or rather but for Louis Napoleon, Sebastopol must have fallen immediately after the battle of the Alma; in other words, but for the vanity of the Emperor of the French our losses would not only have been comparatively small, but the end for which we, at least, went to war would have been triumphantly accomplished. With this, however, except by way of necessary introduction, we have little concern. Louis's weaknesses had been studied by Russian statesmen. They sent him a secret service agent, a member of the sex poor Louis was never known to be able to resist, and, to the astonishment and disgust of John Bull, Louis not only concluded a peace with Russia behind his back, but left him—a circumstance which angry John is not likely ever to forget—to pay his share of expenses which, but for the incapacity and vanity of Louis, would never have been incurred.

During the progress of the present war the writer has been struck with the way in which some of his brethren of the press contrive to muddle the Secret Service with the Intelligence Department of the War Office. The mistake, however, is a natural one, and I will endeavour to explain the difference to the best of my ability.

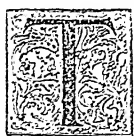
If we turn to the Order in Council of 21st November 1895, by which the War Office was supposed to be organised on a new basis, and the memorandum showing the duties of the various departments which followed that order, we find the duties of the Director of Military Intelligence are thus stated: 'The Director of Military Intelligence deals with the preparation of information relative to the military defence of the Empire and the strategical consideration of all schemes of defence, and the collection and distribution of information. *He conducts correspondence*

with other departments of the State on defence questions.' The department upon which the Director of Military Intelligence would be likely to rely in the first instance, at any rate in time of peace, would be that which has charge of the special or secret service. Both departments want to be strengthened and enlarged; both require more officers, and at least *five times* the amount of money at present expended upon them. When I say that the sum annually expended by Russia on her Intelligence Department alone amounts to four hundred and ten thousand pounds, while the sums annually placed at the disposal of our Special Service and Intelligence Departments together do not exceed fifty-one thousand pounds, this will be seen at a glance; the fact, too, supplies an answer to the question so frequently asked during the progress of the war: 'How came it that, having an Intelligence Department of the War Office, we entered upon the campaign in absolute ignorance of the equipment of the Boers?'

Starved though they are by the suicidal cheese-paring policy of successive Governments, the good

service which these departments render to the nation is nothing less than marvellous. The stoppage of the import of firearms on the Persian Gulf, which occasioned much comment and agitation at the time, may be cited as evidence of the excellent information of our Foreign Office. There was nothing whatever to show that the prohibited weapons were destined to arm the tribes on the north-west frontier of India; and the high prices ruling for rifles and carbines on the Afghan border showed that no imports had taken place at that time. However, Ghilzai merchants coming through the Kurram Valley brought trade rifles for sale, while on other parts of the frontier prices for Martini carbines suddenly dropped from three hundred and fifty or four hundred rupees to two hundred and twenty. It was evident, therefore, that a new source of supply for this weapon—a favourite one with the tribesmen on account of its length of range—had been opened; and it was probably the despatch of the first consignments which attracted the attention of our agents, and caused summary action to be taken against the importers.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD.



THE life of an Oxford undergraduate is a bundle of possibilities. Possibility, of course, is an unfortunately vague term, with a touch of ominous ambiguity; but it would be uncharitable to suppose that the possibilities of the young freshman at Oxford were any other than possibilities for good. The irresistible witchery of the name begins to work on the imagination long before the undergraduate has first paced the 'High' in full possession of his proud title of 'scholar' or 'commoner' in one or other of her colleges. Years before his aspirations are realised, he has elaborated an Oxford of his own; and the promised land is painted in his imagination with fond and careful detail. Then, years afterwards, when college-days belong to the history of life, when tutors and wine-parties and schools are mere memories, in its most complacent and self-satisfied hour, under the inspiration of walnuts and wine, the oracle utters itself in ponderous praise of the brave old Oxford days. Even if expectations formed before he became a freshman were scarcely realised, and if in after-years the uncomfortable glory of 'taking silk' (compared with which Craven and Hertford Scholarships were minor achievements) is the chapter of all chapters in his personal history, his first love puts him on his honour, and he clutches his illusions with unshaken and unshakable fidelity.

It is quite pardonable egotism which prompts the typical Oxonian to identify with his own the

life of Aristotle's cultured gentleman. If he educates his mind by the aid of Dons and Tutors, it is a matter of no less concern to school his body with Spartan discipline. The ancient idea of a harmonious blending of hard work and cultured leisure is strikingly in evidence. A cold sponge-bath at half-past seven on a January morning and sinew-cracking and pitiless labour at the oar on the Isis till the dusk of a winter afternoon are substantial elements in the gymnastic culture of Oxford life. The tasteful and costly adornment of college rooms, ready and confident criticisms of playhouse or concert hall, dramatic deliverances on political issues—and this among the same men lounging easily in the lazy evening luxury of coffee and smoke—are other elements in the same life. Only the initiated can appreciate the mysteries of the undergraduate's life. There is a ceremony and pomp in the merest trivialities as old as tradition itself. Dinner in Hall might well be a survival from the old monastic days. The College Hall replaces the Refectory, and a different fraternity throng within the doors on the stroke of seven. It would be possible to make an elaborate comparison, though the grave and reverend Don might make a feeble substitute for the 'oily man of God' and the jolly friar as red and rosy as his wine. Despite such formalities as a Latin grace, and such welcome prolongations of the feast as the sponcing in beer of some one who has been unfortunate enough to quote Scripture, dinner is discussed with wonderful despatch.

The Dons dine apart at High Table; and if by any chance they should not be the last to leave the board, there is a strongly dramatic incident. It may be that the ponderous flagon reserved for the scone has circulated round the scholars' table more frequently than usual, or that the scholars themselves linger late over their dessert. The Dons rise impatiently and flutter in procession to the door. The scholars also rise and stand in their places. Each Don as he reaches the door turns and makes a sweeping obeisance to the scholars, who pay a like compliment in return. With splendid gravity the procession of Dons moves on to the senior common-room, leaving the scholars to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their dessert.

The everyday life of the undergraduate certainly does not suffer from monotony. The ordinary routine of his day is coloured with an excellent variety. His scout enters his bedroom punctually at a stated time in the morning. He is usually a laconic kind of being, and his unpleasant morning greeting is expressed in the invariable formula—an exclamation and an interrogation—'Half-past seven, sir! Will you breakfast in, sir?' Thereafter he performs the old Homeric ceremony of preparing the bath, and retires to fetch breakfast from the college kitchen. There is nothing for it but to get up, tub, and dress. The chapel bell usually hastens operations. At eight o'clock the bell ceases, the chapel door is shut, and late arrivals have failed to keep their morning chapel. The plaintive refrain of the little novice's song should be set in superscription of Greek and Latin and English upon the closed door as a warning to sleepy-headed freshmen: 'Too late, too late; ye cannot enter now.'

The earlier part of the day up till lunch is spent in attending lectures, which the wisdom of the undergraduate generally condemns as a sheer waste of time. The quality of lectures—and there is something more than fancy in his impeachment—is usually inversely proportionate to the celebrity of the lecturers. Great scholars who have filled the shelves of college libraries with volumes of ethics and metaphysics, which weigh pounds upon pounds avoirdupois, spend their days of superannuated decadence in whispering theories which are carefully stored up by all except those who profess to be studying the subject. The sanity and logic of their earlier enterprise have gone from them, and they end their days as devoted worshippers of the idols of the den. The truth is, the typical Don is smitten with the taint of egotism. When the lectures are not vapourings of an obsolete philosophy, they are still of such a kind as to shock the æsthetic temperament of most Scotsmen who have come to Oxford. Compared with the decorous and oracular deliverances which issue from the lecture-rooms of a Scotch college, and which at the very least are

instructive lessons in rhetoric, the lectures of Fellows and Tutors recede into insignificance. They swerve not by a hair-breadth from the traditional lines, though—an important concession to liberty—the day has gone by when apostasy from Aristotelian dogma was mulcted at five shillings for each offence.

The type of the undergraduate is very various. His tastes and inclinations generally discover themselves in his public-school days, and proceed by rapid evolution after a few weeks in college. The doctrine of 'taste' is religiously acted up to in the spirit in which it is conceived. It may take the form of magnificent expenditure in keeping stables and kennels, or in entertaining in the approved fashion of a gentleman. These entertainments fairly represent the different schools of undergraduate life. An assemblage of sympathetic spirits in a friend's rooms to smoke and drink coffee is the most usual method of satisfying the social sense. It depends altogether on a man's social capacity whether or not his entertainments are managed on a more ambitious scale. Interesting incidents in the personal and private history of an undergraduate's life are sometimes made the occasion of revelry among a select party of boon-companions. The evening passes, as such evenings do pass, with

Spilth of wine; when every room

Hath blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy.

The high festival is concluded with a kind of saturnalia in the quadrangle. At this stage the revellers affect an expensive species of vandalism. They require a bonfire round which to celebrate their orgies, and contributions are demanded from the neighbouring rooms. Peaceable scholars are routed up, and have to buy the raiders off with a chair or a wash-stand. The Dean of the College, like a politic man, is generally asleep; but such events are a matter of little concern to the college. If the goods consumed by the fire-worshippers cost ten shillings per item, they are assessed at fifteen shillings per item, and more than the value is recovered by a fine distributed over the whole college.

Quite naturally these aggressions on the public peace are regarded from a different point of view as militant knavery, and the plundered scholars have some difficulty in suppressing the wish that the Philistines were projected into space. Half-expressed complaints emanate as a rule from the undergraduate of a counter type. He is of opposite virtues and opposite vices; he scrupulously regulates his conduct by the canon law of eighteenth century taste. In fact, he reads into his own idea of 'taste' the quaintly quixotic notions of Horace Walpole. He walks at early morn in the Christ Church meadows; he spends his afternoons in the Bodleian; he collects with indefatigable energy chipped vases and old Bibles; he pries with inexhaustible curiosity into the

traditional scandal and story of his college. His afternoon 'at homes' are of the nature of a cultured levee, where frivolity is an offence and the feast is purely intellectual. Indeed, no topic is fit for the palate of a savant which descends to anything lower than mythical kings or pristine popes.

The undergraduate takes his work for schools lightly, and does not allow his anxiety to get the better of his nerves. A moderately ambitious man has to face three schools—Smalls, Mods, and Greats—which indicate by their popular name a crescendo scale of difficulty. For those who have come to grief over Smalls it is a comfortable reflection that Mr Gladstone had the same misfortune before them, and after all Mr Gladstone took a double first-class. After reading the stereotyped classical authors for Mods, which is, strictly speaking, a continuation of what has been already done at Eton and Winchester, the undergraduate begins to read philosophy and history for Greats. He is released from his exercises in Greek verse, and congratulates himself that he has at last become a man and put away childish things. He dreams of interviews with Kant, and sees the mantle of philosophy descending upon himself. He reads essays to his tutors on the most problematic questions of morality, and writes disputations in the style of the medieval logicians. Whether or not he leaves behind him in the examination schools a fitting testimony of his labours is, of course, another question to be decided by the Public Examiners. The scorching heat of June is a distinctly inconvenient time for facing an ordeal. Yet it is then that candidates must repair to the schools in regulation dress, and write their papers in the heat of the day, although examination etiquette permits all who wish to remove their coats and roll up their shirt-sleeves! Beyond a doubt it is sweating labour, and unfortunately it does not quite end here. Each candidate gets a 'viva' some weeks later, and if the Examiners have any difficulty in assigning his class, he has to wrestle with them, single-handed it may be, for as long as two hours. In many cases the 'viva' is a mere formality; but formalities are occasionally expensive. It is a little more than irritating to come up from Scotland to Oxford in the middle of the long vacation to be asked the date of the battle of Salamis, and then curtly told to go; but of course considerations of that sort weigh very lightly on the conscience of Public Examiners.

It is only to be expected that the Oxford man should come forth from these ordeals with the refinement of gold tried by fire. If there still remains a residuum of dross in the shape of undue egotism or intellectual snobbery, the stigma of it need not attach to the university. With certain reservations, the culture is more expansive than that of any other university. She gives admirable effect to the root-idea of a university

which is an inclusive and not an exclusive spirit. Vigorous physical and mental training, conjoined with a healthy respect for the social virtues, is bound to place a man in confident competition with the best. This Oxford professes to give. Tradition, even, she enlists in the service of progress. The immense influences of great associations is her secret strength. Speakers in her Union debates feel they are speaking where statesmen learned to be eloquent before them, and the consciousness that one day they themselves may speak on a more ambitious platform to a wider audience is an incentive to serious effort. Even those who have no ambition to sit in high places, who wish simply to meet the tremendous pressure of modern competition, have to thank Oxford for the adequate equipment she has given them in the struggle where the race remains to the swift and the battle to the strong.

THE EARLY TIDE.

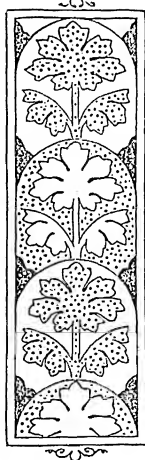
ALL night I had lain debating,
Awake with my struggling pride;
For your boat, you said, would be waiting
For the early morning tide.
I rose, went slow through the doorway—
The breath of the dawn came free—
Then loitered round by the shore-way,
And stood by the open sea.

Ah! how my heart remembers!
One bird in the silence sang,
While up from the night's dead embers
A new day flushed and sprang.
Rosy the east grew, tender
The light on the waiting sea,
Where dawn made a path of splendour
For my lover to come to me.

Far-off I could see your vessel,
A white sail kissed by the sun;
Then my pride forgot to wrestle,
And your cause was nearly won,
As I watched the quick oars swinging,
Steady, with rhythmic beat,
And the long, low waves came flinging
Spray on my heedless feet.

Then you turned, you saw, you knew me,
Leapt like a flash to land;
The look in your deep eyes drew me
Or ever you touched my hand.
My heart on your true heart beating,
Gone all my foolish pride;
How sweet was the end of our meeting
That dawn, at the early tide!

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE EVOLUTION OF A COMMUNITY.

By W. L. MANSON.



THE particular community to which I refer is one that bulks very much less in the public eye than it did a score or even a dozen years ago; and it is the evolution which has been going on, almost unnoticed, that has made the community to recede from the gaze of the individual who measures the importance of events by the size of the headlines in the daily papers. The evolution has changed the community in a remarkably short space of time, as social changes go, and it has done it in a way that has attracted no notice. It is only when one who knows the places tries to forget the past score of years that one discovers the glaring contrast. The community, it may be as well to say without further prelude, is the crofting community of the north of Scotland. As to the evolution, the course of this article will show its progress.

Time was when 'the crofters' agitation' engrossed a very large share of public attention. There was disaffection all over the Highlands, and at several places the law of the land was set at naught. In Skye officers were deforced and stoned and maltreated, and nothing but the military was sufficient to ensure order. In Clyth the 'no-rent policy' was the accepted creed, and the relations between landlord and tenant were as strained as they well could be. Everywhere there were meetings and demonstrations, denunciations and threatenings; 'The land for the people' was the best-known phrase north of the Forth, and the landlords the best-abused class under the sun. The story of the Sutherlandshire and other clearances was read over and brooded over, and told from every L.L.R.A. platform until the people got a deep-rooted grudge against landlordism that threatened to be content with nothing short of its complete extinction. The landlords, on their part, utterly failed to see the signs of the times. They met agitation with determination; they declined to admit that any one, crofter or agitator, or the Imperial Government for that matter, had a right to interfere with them

in the management of their estates. Surely one could do what one liked with one's own? That argument was freely used less than twenty years ago. He would be a bold man—or an ignorant—who would use it in the same connection to-day.

Even after Parliament did interfere there were able men on the side of the landlords who did not at all realise what the interference meant. When, in May 1883, Lord Napier's Commission, on the report of which the Crofters Act of 1886 was based, began sitting at 'The Braes' in Skye, one of the first persons with whom they came in contact was Alexander MacDonald, 'the King of Skye,' as he was called, whose death, curiously enough, took place in 1898, the same year as that of Lord Napier. Mr MacDonald was factor for the greater part of the island; and although he was a man of public spirit, and far-seeing enough in most matters, he did not see that the Commission was paving the way for the most drastic piece of legislation that ever bore on the social condition of the Highlands. The first witness who appeared was a crofter's son, named Alexander Stewart, and he quietly but firmly declined to give evidence unless the Commissioners or the landlord gave him an assurance that the family to which he belonged would not be evicted from their holding in consequence of anything he might say in the course of his evidence. 'Without such assurance,' he said, 'I cannot bear evidence to the distress of my people on account of the oppression, the unrighteousness, and the high-handed tyranny of the landlord and his factor.' Lord Napier, of course, said the Commissioners could give no absolute assurance of the kind desired; but he asked Mr MacDonald to make a statement regarding the matter. Mr MacDonald said there was no reason to be afraid of any such acts of severity as had been hinted at by the witness. They expected every man to tell the truth; but 'it is not human nature,' he added, 'that we should like to continue as tenants men who may bear false witness.' This was obviously begging the question, and Lord

Napier, in the course of half-an-hour's debate on this one point, insisted over and over again on a straightforward reply. At last Mr MacDonald, after consulting with his friends, gave his word that no proceedings whatever would be taken against any witness, whether in the opinion of the estate his evidence was true or false. In his hesitation he played his very worst card. Lord Napier was as fair-minded a man as ever lived; and if the Commissioners did begin work in the Highlands with a slight bias towards the landlords as an ill-used class, this one incident, coming right at the opening of the inquiry, did more to increase their sympathy with the crofters than any amount of special pleading could have done. It is not to be inferred that Mr MacDonald wished to intimidate the witness. He would give no promise to any man or to any court to govern the estates but as he pleased. The short-sightedness of his policy is now too apparent to require pointing out.

Slowly but surely the Crofters Act of 1886 opened the eyes of the landlords and of the people; and, as they saw better, both classes began to act differently. The landlords treated Sheriff Brand and his colleagues more as fully accredited agents of the Imperial Government, whose simplest decision was the law of the land, and less as meddlers who dared to trample under foot the sacred rights of property. The crofters, when they had grasped the great central idea of fixity of tenure—which they did slowly, and only as the older generation passed away—discovered that they were in a new world. 'The maister'll be maister,' said an old man in 1888 to the writer when he tried to explain to him how the laird could not then do as he pleased. 'What's the use o' ha'in' a maister if he canna dae as he likes?' To this old man the laird was ever 'the maister.' The younger people, however, accepted the new order of things rapidly enough; and, in accepting it, many of them considered it their duty to proclaim on the house-tops the fact that they could now flout the landlord to his face. They openly showed their disrespect for the power at the mention of which their fathers had trembled, called landlords and factors and land-stewards all sorts of opprobrious names, and showed generally that they too lacked the mental balance necessary to a true weighing of the situation. But as the years passed all these things passed with them, and now we have the two classes—once the despots and the down-trodden; later bitterly misunderstanding each other and the law which had interfered for the welfare of both—meeting as gentlemen on equal terms, dealing as gentlemen who have interests in common, not applying to the Crofters Commission in spite of each other, as at first in many cases they did, but each actually waiving quite legitimate objections in order that the court may have an opportunity of adjudicating. This in itself is a great evolution.

The Crofters Act has done a great deal more.

Previous to 1886 no crofter would spend money in improving his croft. He risked being evicted, and so losing his all; or if the risk of eviction was very little, the encouragement to improve was practically *nil*. So the people lived from hand to mouth from year to year. If the landlord cared to improve his estates, good and well; otherwise they lived as their fathers had done—that is, in the majority of cases. The act completely changed this. The landlords ceased to improve crofts or crofters' houses. Where before they had given lime and stones and wood, slates and fences and drains, they referred the applicants to the act, and pointed out the compensation for improvements clause; and the crofters gradually realised that their best policy would be to take advantage of the act and help themselves. They did their own drain-digging and fencing and house-building, taking a home-like interest in it all, and the result was another stage in the evolution process. Turf walls to houses began to get fewer and fewer, until now such things are rarely seen; slates took the place of thatch; and to a traveller in the Highlands who accompanied the Crofters Commission on their first tour, and who goes over the same ground now, the change is indeed remarkable. He would be a bold man who would now deny that the act has worked out for the good of landlord and tenant alike. Rents may be less, but they are paid regularly; crofters may be independent, but their independence leads them to do their own turn where before they would have stood at the landlord's gate. It is impossible to evict them, but no one wants to; they run up big bills for improvements that the landlord has to pay when they leave, but the improvements constitute a good asset, which the landlord does not object to acquire. The crofters insist on being treated as equals; but when the landlord recognises their claim, it makes but another aid to that mutual understanding which is a feature of this social evolution.

Contemporaneous with what has been described there has come about another evolution—revolution is, indeed, the more fitting word—which has dovetailed into, and had a remarkable influence on, the relations of the people to the land. When the fishing industry was in the full blaze of its glory, before the days of the steam-trawler and the steam-liner, every croft within sight of the seashore had one or two representatives, sometimes all the male members of the family, at sea during the six weeks of summer while the fishing lasted. Croft or no croft, the fishing could not be missed; and from a dozen to a score of boats hailed from each seaside township. But the change came, in a sense, suddenly. The seasons of 'the big fishings' over a dozen years ago made fishermen great in their own esteem, and made fortunes for fish-curers. Then came the crash, when curers toppled over in financial ruin

one after another, and men, although they caught fish by the boatload, got next to nothing for them. The old conditions whereby curers guaranteed crews a certain price and a sure market for all their catch were discarded for public auction and no security of a market at any price at all. Big boats that required big capital to start them, and big expenditure to keep them going, became the only possible medium whereby a place in the race for fish, and for the harbour after fish had been caught, could be kept; and the poor crofter, who had often but his three acres and a cow to fall back on, had to stand aside and let others take his place. The turning-point was just here. The others who took his place were all-the-year-round fishermen, who had some capital but no land, and could therefore afford to be fishermen out and out. The future of the industry was theirs, and is still theirs; and from the first dawn of this 'revolution' the man with a part of a boat which was afloat only a fraction of the year had not a ghost of a chance. It is little wonder, then, that he regretfully turned his back on the sea, and tilled his croft with all the greater assiduity. Now, in what were once fishing districts there is hardly a crofter-fisherman to be found, and the line of demarcation between the crofter and the fisherman is as well defined as that between any other two callings.

This cutting asunder of the two occupations and the desertion of the sea by the crofter was, however, but a rebound of the ball which was heaved at the sea by the landlords when they forced the people to the seaside for a livelihood. Back from the sea to the land again. But very opportunely, as if, indeed, it had been arranged by a wise Providence, the conditions on land were different. By this time the Crofters Act was fairly well understood in all its beneficent details, and there was something on the land to attract, something worth coming back to. It was seen that it would pay better to stick to the croft, even though it was only a few acres, than to potter away at two avocations, the one of which was Peter and the other Paul, and where the robbing and the paying went on continually. So it was back to the land again. The surplus young men who were left over after the crofts were supplied went to trades, or went south or abroad; and the young women too left home. There remained just enough people to till the land, with an ever-increasing desire among the young to learn trades and go out over the world. This has brought about yet another stage in the evolution, and at that stage this community of ours now finds itself.

The fishing was divorced from the crofting, and its children were left at the doors of the crofters' houses. That amphibious individual the crofter-fisherman is rapidly becoming extinct, and as an agent in the further evolution of the crofting community the fishing industry may be con-

sidered as of no importance. It is an industry by itself, and will no doubt develop along its own lines. At present the future seems to be all for the steam fishing-boat and the trawler. The land question, however, is at a more critical stage than it has ever been. Just too late to prevent emigration—or rather migration, for the tide is all towards the big towns—the law stepped in to have its say in the adjustment of the terms on which one man shall tenant land from another. Just a few years too late the landlords realised, as they realise now clearly enough, that big sheep-farms do not pay so well in the long-run as crofts; and just a few years too late the people realised that, after all, the land in their own immediate neighbourhood is the best place for them, and that by using the means ready to their hand in the Crofters Act it could be got.

The Congested Districts Board, which came into operation in 1897, is a further extension of the principles of the Crofters Act, and, providing as it does still better opportunities of obtaining land, is a decided step in the right direction. But it, like the Crofters Act, is hampered in many ways: sometimes, as at Sconser in Skye, by the unwillingness of the landless to change their homes, even for places where the conditions of life would admittedly be better; sometimes, as at Syre in Strathnaver, by the inability of the people to take over the stock on the land to be broken up; and sometimes by the restrictions placed on the land by the landlords, which the Board have no powers to remove. Had the reform of the land laws been initiated before the idea of going out into the world got a firm hold on the minds of the youth of the crofting community, the result would have been different. No one who studies the subject can help regretting that the Crofters Act did not come half-a-dozen years before the breakdown of the fishing industry; that when the industry did break down, the landlords did not step into the breach and give land to every landless man; and that the fishermen did not, instead of wandering afield, stick to what land there was, and determinedly ask for more. Now, what with the provisions of the Crofters Act, and of the Congested Districts Board, and the willingness of every sensible landlord to have people settling on his estates, the cry may very soon be, not land for the people, but people for the land. In the domain of farm-service the difficulty is already such that it is almost impossible to get hands to work a farm bigger than can be managed by a family and not big enough to support a regular staff of servants.

Youth has an idea that farm-service, with its drudgery and small pay, is hardly good enough, and that 'home, sweet home,' when it means three acres and a cow and no pocket-money, is an antiquated myth. The population of Glasgow, as this year's census shows, is increasing

at the rate of over ten thousand a year, and that of Edinburgh at the rate of four thousand; but the population of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Cromarty, and Inverness is decreasing at the rate of five hundred a year. Of that five hundred one is quite safe in saying that 90 per cent. help to make up the increases in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Thus the migration from the crofting districts goes on; and where it will end let the professor of political economy tell us.

The cobbling endeavour of Government to preserve the crofter-fisherman, by letting him have a boat on the hire-purchase system, totally failed; and the plan whereby small local piers and harbours are being erected cannot possibly do more than enable the people to catch as much fish as they require for their daily needs. It remains to be seen whether an honest attempt to provide them with land to an extent undreamt of by the framers of the Crofters Act, and which would make the provisions of the Congested Districts Board appear utterly insignificant, would also fail. At any rate, something should be done if we are not to have the Highlands totally depleted of the best of the youth of each generation as it grows up. Nothing a Government could do would be more radical in principle than the Crofters Act—even yet the people have not realised its revolutionary character—

and no remedy would be too extreme for the disease. Besides, if anything is to be done it will have to be initiated otherwise than the Crofters Act was. There is now no hope in agitation. Land-law reform agitation is dead, and can never be resurrected. There is not an agitator, properly speaking, in all the Highlands. The Crofters Act, curiously enough, though it was what they toiled for, by its very benefits put an end to the species: there, if we could afford to follow it out, is another phase of the evolution. The present agitation in the Outer Hebrides, where landless people have staked out claims for themselves in defiance of the law, means very little. It is not the result of any organised effort; and, while it has naturally drawn attention to their particular case, it can have but little influence in the way of promoting or furthering legislation. Agitation, to do this, must be widespread and organised, systematic and law-abiding. Of agitation of this kind there is now no hope. There will never be another popular demand for land-law reform, because there is no populace that can or will make it. It lies with legislators to grasp the situation and guide the future movements of this still-evolving evolution in such a way that coming generations will have sufficient inducements to make most of them stay all their lives in the places of their birth; otherwise the outlook is, to say the least, perplexing.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER V.



WHEN Standen got home that evening he found a letter from Effie awaiting him. The time fixed for the end of her visit was drawing to a close; but he had felt sure his father would insist on her prolonging her stay. Effie's letter, however, told him that she had been firm in her determination to come back at the original date. 'Can you not come on Saturday,' she wrote, 'stay the two nights, and bring me home on Monday?'

'Confound it!' was his first exclamation; and then he started and looked round guiltily, as if to assure himself that no one had heard. 'Heavens,' he cried aloud, 'what a cur I am!'

He could no longer conceal the truth from himself. The thought of Effie's return was positively distasteful to him, because—there was no use in mincing matters—because he loved Beatrice with all his heart and soul! He could no longer persuade himself that it was only a hearty liking he felt for her, only an innocent pleasure he took in her companionship. No, his whole being cried out for her; he loved her, loved her, loved

her. While Effie's caresses left him cold, the very thought of touching Beatrice's lips sent a fiery thrill through his veins and a rush of blood to his face.

'This is madness!' he cried. He had asked Effie to entrust her life to his keeping, and promised to make her so happy that she should forget her past sorrows; and he must not—could not—be false to her now! He must trample this wild passion of his under foot; other men had done it, had crushed down all that would have made their lives sweet to them, and had dragged on a maimed existence afterwards. There must be no hesitation about the matter, no tampering with the question; he *must* be true to his plighted word.

When he went to bed at last he was worn out with mental conflict, yet firmly, and as he thought immutably, fixed in this resolve; but, behold! when he awoke next morning the whole struggle had to be fought over again. He flung off the bedclothes and sprang out with a groan. It was not going to be such an easy victory after all. That he, Julius Standen, should ever contemplate the bare possibility of throwing over a woman who loved him, and whom he had

deliberately asked to marry him, was a thing he would not have believed a few weeks ago. He had not known then that he was capable of such vehemence of feeling; he had never dreamed that such a conflict between love and honour might arise, and that honour would have such hard work to gain the victory. He was so shaken in his self-confidence, and felt he could trust himself so little, that he determined not to risk seeing Beatrice again except in Effie's presence. Her sweet serenity must not be disturbed by any mad act or word of his; she must never know the feelings that possessed him.

He wrote a note to Mrs Trevanion before he started off on his rounds, telling her he was going home for two days, and would bring Effie back on the following Monday. For the next few days he would have his hands full of work, and would have no time to come up to the Court. If she had any message for Effie, would she let him know?

His conscience somewhat eased by this resolve, he went to his work with more than his usual determination to think of nothing but the matter in hand. He really had plenty to do, and this helped him through the intervening days.

However, on the Friday evening, as fate willed it, he was returning on his bicycle from a distant visit, when he overtook a lady who also was cycling. He thought he recognised the figure, and as he passed he heard Beatrice call out a laughing reproof for 'scorching.' He instantly slackened speed. Where were his resolutions now?

'Is it you,' he said, 'alone, and so far from home? Why, it's getting dusk!'

'Hardly that,' replied Beatrice. 'I shall get home before lighting-up time, even at my pace.'

'But it isn't safe for you,' he objected.

Beatrice opened her eyes wide. 'I thought your roads were as safe as one's own garden!'

'One never knows,' he said; 'there may be tramps about. I wish you wouldn't go so far alone.'

Beatrice looked at him, surprised at the moodiness of his tone. 'If it is really not advisable'—she began.

'Promise me you will not,' he urged.

'I promise you,' she said in a low voice. What a fuss they were making over a trifle! she thought; and why was he again so constrained and odd?

'I had better put on my best speed now,' she said gaily.

Standen did not answer. He was wishing they could ride on thus side by side for ever. Why would not some slight accident happen—something that would prolong the time of their being together without any culpability of his? Such things always happened in books. Why was fate so inexorable to him?

Beatrice pedalled along evenly and swiftly, and they were rapidly nearing Penruth. They had always been such excellent companions, and now neither seemed to have anything to say.

'You have been very busy?' asked Beatrice at last.

'Yes, very. I wanted to get all I had to do done before to-morrow, so as to have the two days clear.'

'Effie has a very attentive cavalier!' she said, with an effort to laugh naturally. Directly the words had passed her lips she would have given anything to recall them. She had spoken merely out of a nervous desire to say something, a feeling that silence was fraught with danger; but now that the words were spoken they sounded to her like a taunt.

Standen looked at her almost fiercely. How could she torture him so? Was she utterly unconscious of all he was suffering? He put a strong restraint upon himself, and made some indifferent remark.

He rode with her to the entrance of the Court, and sprang from his bicycle to open the gate. Beatrice did not dismount, but merely waved her hand to him, calling out, 'Thanks! Good-night, and *au revoir!* A pleasant visit home!' and then rode up the path, her heart full of a strange pain and unrest, for which she could not account.

'She might have stopped to shake hands,' Standen thought bitterly, and then he took himself to task. Was it not better so? If they had lingered in the twilight to say good-bye, how could he tell what he might have said? While these wild longings surged up within him, and were so hardly kept under control, he must avoid seeing her as much as possible. She would perhaps not remain much longer at the Court. In time he would learn to master his feelings, and to meet her calmly and without emotion. Only, it seemed to him that before that happened he would have ceased to feel at all!



THE STORY OF A FAMOUS MINE.



WHEN 'French Pete' Deville, in 1881, sold the 'Paris' claim to John Treadwell for \$350 in cash and other less tangible considerations, he did that which profited him little; but he made Treadwell rich indeed. The 'Paris' claim was the nucleus of the great Treadwell gold-mine of Douglas Island, Alaska, a one-sixth share in which was sold in 1888, seven years after the opening up of the mine, for just one thousand times the purchase-price paid to Deville, the prospector. 'Treadwell was soon a millionaire; 'French Pete' is growing potatoes on an island in the Yukon River, near Forty-Mile—the only man who has not grown rich by connection with the Treadwell property.

The story of the deal between Treadwell and Deville is pathetic in the light of later developments. Deville, who was then living on Douglas Island in the capacity of grocer, milkman, and market-gardener to a small mining community, located the 'Paris' claim in 1880, not very far from his shop. In the following year he was approached by John Treadwell, an old Californian miner and shrewd promoter, who offered \$350 in cash for the claim, baiting this magnificent proposition with a specious agreement to purchase all of his groceries, vegetables, and milk from Deville during such time as he (Treadwell) should find these commodities necessary to his corporal well-being. With this proposition the trustful Deville, after some hesitation, finally closed, Treadwell receiving a deed to the property, the stipulations of which he violated two months later by beginning to ship his supplies from 'below.' Deville protested; but being too poor to fight the matter through the courts, his protests were without avail.

Treadwell, with the property now fairly in his grasp, was master of the situation. He at once built a five-stamp mill, and proceeded to experiment with the ore which he took from his development tunnels. The showing that he made enabled him to influence capital, and the Alaska Mill and Mining Company was organised in San Francisco, and was capitalised at \$30,000. To accomplish this, however, Treadwell was obliged to surrender five-sixths of the property, and further to bind himself to pay for his share out of the mill returns before he should be entitled to receive any pecuniary benefit from it.

In the autumn of 1884 a new mill of one hundred and twenty stamps was begun on the Treadwell property, now enlarged by the purchase of three adjoining claims—the Mathews, the Alaska Belle, and the Beau; and a patent was secured covering the four claims and four mill-sites, this being the first patent so issued by the United

States Land Office. The new mill was started on July 18, 1885, with John Treadwell as promoter, W. A. Saunders as superintendent, and George W. Garside as engineer. The first year's product was \$242,319. Four years later, in 1888, the capacity of the mill was increased to two hundred and forty stamps, and works were erected for treating concentrates by the Plattner and Kiss process, consisting of roasting, chlorinating, and leeching, after which the gold is precipitated by the addition of sulphate of iron.

The Treadwell mill was now the largest in the world, its average rate of crushing being $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of rock per stamp per day. From June 1, 1890, to May 1, 1896, 1,422,545 tons of ore passed under the stamps, yielding a gross product of \$4,286,546.67, at an average expense for mining, milling, and treating the concentrates of \$1.54 per ton. This gave a net profit for the six years of \$2,402,628.49. In the last year of this period—namely, from June 1, 1895, to May 31, 1896, the amount of ore crushed was 263,670 tons, giving a total yield of \$782,829.67, at an expense of \$1.16 per ton, and a net profit of \$497,342.22.

These figures are almost without parallel in the history of gold-mining. Not only is the amount of ore crushed enormous, but the ratio of the net profits to the total yield of gold is the admiration of mining men the world over; while the low expense of mining, milling, and treating the sulphurets, which alone has made working the low-grade ore of the Treadwell profitable, is a source of envy to shareholders in less fortunate mineral properties. Since the opening of the one hundred and twenty stamp mill in 1884 the working expenses of the mine have steadily decreased, till in 1899 the wonderfully low figure of \$1.05 per ton was reached—mining, \$0.773 per ton; milling, \$0.2776 per ton—which, however, does not include the trifling expense of shipping the concentrates 'below' to a smelter, as the company has done since shutting down its chlorination works in 1898.

In May 1899 the crushing capacity of the Treadwell mine was still further increased by the addition of a three hundred stamp mill, the old mill being inadequate to cope with the vast quantity of ore blocked out. The new mill crushes rock at the rate of 1200 tons a day when in full operation, each stamp weighing 1050 lb., and consuming about 4 tons of ore per day. The stamps in the old mill are somewhat lighter, with a daily average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of rock each. Enormous as is the capacity of these five hundred and forty stamps, however, they are never idle for want of ore, though since the opening of the three hundred stamp mill there is sometimes in winter a temporary suspension of some of the stamps through lack of water.

When in full operation, the Treadwell employs about three hundred men. The scale of wages is as follows: machine drillers, \$2.50 per day in summer and \$3 in winter, with board, lodging, and bonus; machine helpers, \$2.25 per day, with board and lodging; mine labourers (white), \$2 per day, with board and lodging; mine labourers (Indians), \$2 per day, without board and lodging; amalgamators, \$90 per month, with board and lodging; feeders, \$70 per month, with board and lodging; vanner men and blocksmiths, \$4 per day, with board and lodging; blocksmiths' helpers, \$2 per day, with board and lodging. The mine is worked on Sundays as well as on the usual American holidays, with the exception of Christmas and the 4th of July, when even Alaska miners rest and recreate; and the actual running time of the mill for 1899 was three hundred and fifty-three days two hours and fifty minutes.

Connected with the Treadwell, and controlled by the same shareholders, are three other large mines, all on the Treadwell ledge, which consists of altered eruptive matter, largely feldspathic, with a gold-bearing zone several hundred feet in width. These mines are known respectively as the Ready Bullion, one hundred and twenty stamps; the Alaska-Mexican, one hundred and twenty stamps;

and the Alaska United, one hundred stamps—making, with the five hundred and forty stamps of the Treadwell proper, eight hundred and eighty stamps working on the inexhaustible ore of the Treadwell ledge. The Alaska-Mexican mill is a model, and is said to be unequalled for economy in handling ore; it is connected by a private railway with the Treadwell proper, and receives its coal and supplies from the Treadwell wharf over this miniature line. The Treadwell power is also used both by the Alaska-Mexican and the Alaska United. A system of ditches, aggregating twenty-five miles in length, girdle the upper portion of the island, and supply water at a 250-foot pressure to giant water-wheels, that of the Treadwell being 22 feet in diameter. During times of scant water this source of power is supplemented by powerful Corliss engines. All of these properties are lighted throughout by electricity, both in the mills and the workings; the question of light being of prime importance in Alaska during the winter, when the sun rises over the eastern mountains at about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and sets behind the rough ranges of Douglas Island before the good housewives of Juneau, on the thither side of Gastineau Channel, have finished washing their luncheon-dishes.

A GUERDON FROM THE GRAVE.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.: THE CONQUERING.



OUR cavalcade of six was, of itself, an unusual sight for the quiet little sea-girt village; but when it was noticed that an old woman of the scavenger caste, on foot, kept persistently in our midst, throwing

terrified glances on all sides, the natives guessed that something extraordinary was on hand; so in a short time a large crowd streamed after us. Mr. Busby had brought a dozen constables with him; every one, therefore, was orderly and quiet.

In due course we reached the spot. I cantered forward with Mr. Busby and shouted words of reassurance to the villagers, who, on sighting the coming throng with police and mounted men, had become alarmed and were about to run away. After a good deal of palaver, telling them we knew all about the plunder, that they were not to be punished, and that all we required was the recovery of the Englishman's body, we succeeded in inducing a party of men to bring their *mamoties* (spades), and the work of exhumation was commenced. The sandy soil was difficult to remove, and the poor dead lay deep down. The original burial-party had done their work well, as the exhumers were now realising to their cost. We six stood by, the police forming a cordon to keep the crowd at a respectful distance. A silence of expectation reigned; every one had now

learned to connect the proceedings with the reward, and every one was anxious to witness the *éclaircissement*. Our informant had gone among her people and made her peace with them, her overtures being more readily responded to as she promised—so we were told—to distribute one-half of the five hundred rupees among them.

'I don't see,' remarked the missionary, breaking the silence in a low tone to Polwarth, 'how you will identify the body. We know that it had been stripped of everything; so how will you distinguish it from the others? By this time discolouration and decay will have obliterated all individual differences.'

'I confess the absence of clothing adds to the difficulty,' replied Polwarth. 'I did not anticipate that he had been denuded of everything. I hoped to find his ring or something else beside him. However, the apothecary, I dare say, knows enough of anthropometry, or whatever it is called, to be able to distinguish an Anglo-Saxon skeleton from that of an Asiatic.'

'Do you think you can do this, Mr. De Souza?' asked Mr. Twiss of the medico.

'I don't think, sir. We didn't learn much of subject at medical college. Sometime can distinguish by superior height.—Was gentleman tall man, sir?' asked De Souza of Polwarth.

'Average height—about five feet eight, I should say.'

'Oh my!' exclaimed Mr Busby. 'How many natives as tall as that!'

'Ay!' added the port-officer, an old sea-captain. 'Them *bygragees* [pilgrims from North India] are taller nor that; and who knows but that some on 'em is buried among this 'ere lot as well?'

'Could you not tell by the shape of the skull, Mr De Souza?' again queried the missionary.

'No, sir; they not teaching all that in medical college.'

'Then it seems to me,' continued the missionary, 'that you are as much in the dark as ever, Mr Polwarth. You have only the assertion of an irresponsible old woman, influenced by greed, who has invented a story that carries improbability on the face of it.'

The others concurred in the missionary's opinion; and it seemed to me also that my friend was no nearer the end of his quest. I might have suggested the advisability of setting the police to search the village for any relics of the dead man, but our promise to the informant precluded such investigation; and, even if successful, such relics would not assist in proving the death of Major Kennedy or enable us to identify his remains when exhumed. Feeling considerably dispirited and imagining I saw failure before us, I endeavoured to dissuade my friend from further action. 'I really see no use in going on, Polwarth,' I said. 'How on earth will we distinguish Major Kennedy's remains from the others?'

'How indeed?' echoed Mr Twiss. 'Without calling into question the excellence of your motives, I really think you should go no further. Had you a basis to act on, any clue to guide us towards picking out any one of the skeletons lying here, and to say, "That was the man," we would be justified in continuing operations. As it is, I consider we are merely wasting time and incurring great risk of contagion for no good purpose.'

'I don't see no call in goin' furrer with this job,' remarked Captain Dundas. 'What do you think, Busby?'

'No use,' replied the sub-magistrate laconically.

'I say same,' put in De Souza. 'Only, why not think of this before, Mr Twiss—eh?'

'An after-thought is better than no thought at all, Mr De Souza,' replied the missionary gravely. 'I wish, though, I had spoken earlier.'

'Nevertheless, we will proceed,' said Polwarth quietly and firmly.

In due course the superincumbent sand was cleared out; and there lay the remains of the ten men exactly as the old woman had stated. The flesh had mouldered away, but the skeletons were intact; and there were no indications that clothing had been interred with the bodies. Holding handkerchiefs drenched in carbolic to

our noses, we looked into the pit; and at my suggestion the sand was yet more effectually cleared away from the skulls.

'Now, Mr De Souza,' cried Polwarth, 'can you point out the skeleton of the Englishman?'

The apothecary gazed earnestly at the ghastly row; and we did so too.

'No,' he said at length; 'I can't tell.'

His failure was quite within reason; for to the mind untutored in such matters, literally nothing presented itself to aid in distinguishing one of the skeletons from the other—at least, to the extent of establishing beyond doubt which of the ten was that of an Anglo-Saxon.

'Well, then,' rejoined Polwarth, 'we must examine them one by one.'

There was a weird fascination in the whole business, and we prepared to obey him.

'What for? What folly is this?' cried the missionary testily.

'I hope to show very soon that it is not folly. Come along.'

We descended into the pit. The remains lay far enough apart to enable us to move between them. Polwarth took no share in the actual handling; he stood somewhat aloof, leaving the manipulation of the gruesome objects to us. Inexplicable as this appeared at the moment, we afterwards understood his reasons.

De Souza took the lead. 'What you want to do?' he asked, his muffled voice sounding through the carbolic-saturated handkerchief which, in common with the rest of us, he had tied across his mouth and nostrils.

'See if you can find anything inside,' replied Polwarth.

We stopped to stare at the speaker. We thought him mad, and the missionary said so.

'Look in the cavities of the skeleton,' continued Polwarth; 'and if you find nothing, turn it over and search in the sand underneath.'

We obeyed. We examined the first, the second, the third. We came to the fourth; and De Souza, after peering about its interior and turning it over, picked up, with an exclamation of surprise, a small object which on closer inspection proved to be three links of a gold watch-chain instead of a bullet, which I had made sure Polwarth expected to find.

'That's what I'm looking for!' cried Polwarth triumphantly. 'Follow me, and I will explain.'

Scrambling out of the pit, we hastened to a spot well beyond the influence of the effluvium, and gathered round him, eager to be enlightened.

'Listen to me, gentlemen!' he said, as he took out of his waistcoat-pocket a small case, from which he produced two pieces of massive watch-chain of ruddy Indian gold. 'You see this chain?' he resumed, laying it out on the palm of his hand. 'There are several links missing from the middle: here is the cross-bar at one end, and the swivel to hold the watch at the other. Major

Kennedy was wearing this chain at the battle of Sobraon in the year 1846, where he was shot down, and the bullet that wounded him struck the chain and carried away the portion now missing. When the doctors came to examine him they extracted the ball, but could find no trace of the piece of chain, though they probed and exhausted all their skill in endeavouring to ascertain if the missing links were still in his body. Major Kennedy entertained a firm conviction that the fragment of chain had *not* come out with the bullet, and told his daughter so when giving her the pieces lying in my hand. "I shall carry those missing links with me to the grave, Beatrix," he said to her; "and if ever any one wants to identify David Kennedy, let him cut the links out of me while alive or look for them among my bones when dead." Major Kennedy, gentlemen, was the father of the lady to whom I am engaged to be married, and on whose behalf I am now acting. Before, however, she would consent to become my wife, she imposed one of two alternatives on me: either that I seek out her father and restore him to her in the flesh, or find his grave, and whether it be in consecrated or unconsecrated ground, open it, recover the missing links, and restore them to her. On production of these she will be convinced that he is dead, and then, and then only, will she consider herself justified in acting on her own responsibility and becoming my wife. She will not, she says, come to me portionless, although she knows I have an ample fortune. There being no legal evidence of Major Kennedy's death, his will at present is inoperative; and the only means of establishing his death in the absence of documentary or other incontestable proof is the recovery of the links missing from this chain. He has left on record with his lawyers a statement setting forth his belief that the piece of chain is in his body; and Miss Kennedy has the opinion of an eminent legal authority that its production would be incontrovertible evidence of death, and also of

her right and title to the money left by her father. When you have washed the fragment of chain just found, and if it fits in between these two pieces, I think I may say that I have accomplished the purpose for which we came here to-day.'

He *had* accomplished his purpose; no doubt of it. When the recovered links were washed they were found to fit exactly, and to coincide in all other essentials with the other portions of that chain which, eighteen years before, Major Kennedy had worn on the fateful field of Sobraon.

The next day the remains of the deceased officer were interred by Mr Twistt in the little cemetery, and the reward duly paid over to the old woman. Then, armed with a copy of the burial certificate, together with a statement of all that had taken place, to which we severally added our attestations and signatures, my friend Polwarth, fortunately catching a small steamer passing through the Straits *en route* to Colombo, left Paumben on the high-road for England, Home, and Beauty.

About six months after the events above recorded, I read in a home-paper the following announcement:

'At St Kenneth's, Herbert Polwarth of The Beeches, Stanningley, to Beatrix, only daughter of the late Major David Kennedy, H.E.I.C.S.'

A fortnight after I read that announcement I received a very handsome souvenir from my friend Polwarth in the shape of a gold watch, to which was attached a fac-simile of Major Kennedy's chain, part of which served so important a part in the elucidation of the mystery. Further, the mess-table of the 63rd Madras Infantry is now adorned with a handsome silver centre-piece, the gift of the stranger admitted within their gates.

I visited Major Kennedy's grave on my next trip to Paumben, and found that a handsome slab had been placed over it. *Requiescat in pace!*

A DAY ON AN EDIBLE BIRDS'-NEST ISLAND.

By NELSON ANNANDALE.



UP in the north of the Malay Peninsula, south of Tenasserim and on the other side of the land, there is a great fresh-water lake known to the Siamese—who are the dominant race upon its shores—as the Talé Sap, but more commonly called by Europeans the Inland Sea. Scattered over its upper reaches, where the water no longer has a taste of salt, a small archipelago affords in the caverns of its little islands a nesting-place for those swifts that produce the glutinous nest beloved by Chinese epicures. The right of collecting the nests is farmed by the

Siamese Government to a Chinaman of Singgora, the official capital of the Siamese possessions and protectorates in the Malay Peninsula, or rather the town which has virtually become the official capital through being the favourite residence of the Chow Kun, or Siamese Chief-Commissioner. Singgora lies on the southern bank of the narrow passage by which the Talé Sap communicates with the sea; and the most productive of the birds'-nest isles, the Koh Sih Hah, Pulau Lima, or Five Isles, are distant therefrom a good day's sail.

Not only are these islands precious on account of the nests, but they afford a type of scenery

rare amid the unhealthy luxuriance of Malaya, and most pleasant to the eye satiated with gazing on the undying green of the jungles in which the land is for the most part buried. Cool, gray, precipitous limestone cliffs—in places one might almost call them marble—rise from the still water in which they are mirrored; and they are dotted with arid screw-pines and euphorbias, and crowned with dense and tangled thickets. Their bases, and in some cases even their summits, are riddled with caves and galleries from which the swifts issue forth. Here and there are beds of reeds in which ducks and herons abound, and snails as large as oranges climb out at night to lay their eggs beyond the reach of skates and cat-fish.

It was on an evening late in March that we—the members of a small scientific expedition sent out from England—reached the Koh Sih Hah, in true halcyon weather; for the stormy season, when the shallow waters of the lake are so lashed by sudden gusts of wind that no boat may venture upon them, had not yet commenced. We anchored some little distance from the land, beyond the zone of mosquitoes that girds it when darkness falls, and waited for the dawn. As soon as day appeared we went ashore, entering a tiny inlet on the banks of which smoke was already curling in the still morning air. In the clear atmosphere, as yet unheated by the sun, the thickets resounded with the songs of many birds, which, though inferior to the varied notes of the blackbird or the lark, were sufficient to dispel the oft-refuted but perennial fiction that tropical birds do not sing. Daylight had not yet entirely silenced the harsh, machine-like stridulations of the cicadas and cockchafers whose chorus disturbs the quiet of tropical night; the grass with which the swampy shore was clothed was alive with many grasshoppers; and a troop of monkeys were disporting themselves among the branches of a huge acacia-tree on the bank.

The people whose smoke we had seen were busy too. They were cave-dwellers, living for the most part in a large and airy cavern whose mouth opened close to the lake. Nearer the water a few small houses of plaited pandanus-leaf, bamboo, and thatch, and a higher two-storied rice-barn of the same frail but picturesque materials, had been built beneath the shade of the tree on which the monkeys were playing. A couple of old brass pivot-guns set up outside the cave, and several 'Tower' muskets which were lying about on the bamboo platforms of the cottages, showed that the people were armed; though, unlike Malays, they wore no weapons in their belts. Their dress, such as it was, was Siamese: a kind of divided skirt (worn alike by men and women, generally made of pink native cloth) and a broad white sash of Manchester cotton, which could serve on occasion either as a turban or a shoulder-wrap. A few indulged in

the modern luxury of white duck coats, and one man possessed a wideawake hat very much the worse for wear. Foot-gear they had none. Their long black hair, parted in the middle and falling on the shoulders, gave them an air of savagery equally foreign to the Malays and to the majority of Siamese.

The roof of their cavern was pierced by many natural and irregular apertures, which admitted light, air, and rain. Platforms of split bamboo, raised a few feet above the floor, and in some cases sheltered from dripping moisture by roofs made of palm-thatch, were the family residences; the young men having bachelor quarters in remote off-shoots of the cavern. They were not luxurious, for their only furniture consisted of bamboo mattresses laid upon the ground or stretched between two jutting rocks.

The people took surprisingly little notice of us—though they were quite unused to seeing white men—but continued their business. The women were cooking rice in earthen pots over miniature fires, or bringing water from the lake in palm-leaf buckets or segments of bamboo. Some of the men were unloading bags of rice from a dug-out canoe that lay on the shore, and handing them up to others standing in the rice-barn; some were hanging a casting-net to dry upon a pole erected for the purpose outside the cave; others, inside their cavern, were making string by twisting pandanus fibre; but the majority were preparing for their day's work among the birds.

Just outside the entrance to the village were the two shrines before which the people propitiated the spirits of the caves; these were placed close together beneath an overhanging rock, and were connected by a common pavement of tiles laid on a little level space. Both shrines were in natural recesses at the base of the crag. The larger one had a rough framework of unpainted wood, on which were gummed little pieces of gilt and silvered paper ('spirit money'), petitions in what were said to be Chinese characters, and—strangely incongruous on such a hoarding—an advertisement of an American brand of canned tomatoes, with a picture of the factory in which they were preserved and a glorified presentment of the fruit itself. This was a work of art meet for the acceptance of the most powerful spirits; for, doubtless, with the lack of perception which is the special privilege of spirits, they took the shadow for reality, and dwelt in the picture of the factory as in a palace, feeding on the 'soul' of the monstrous fruit emblazoned beside it. The battered trunk of the wooden statue of an androphagous giant—his cannibal propensities demonstrated by his beast-like fangs—was propped against one side of the shrine, guarding it from the entry of malign influences, as grander figures of like form guard the great Buddhist temples of Bangkok and Rangoon. Probably he had once graced the portals of some shrine in Singgora or

elsewhere. In the centre of the recess a figure of gilded wood, dressed in ancient Siamese costume and holding a wooden sword, stood on a broken rhinoceros-skull, and round it were piled crocodiles' skulls, sword-fishes' snouts, rays' tails, curiously shaped sticks and stones (many bearing a natural resemblance to the human form), little clay figures of buffaloes, and vases containing sticks of incense. The figures were all broken in some way or another, probably in order to permit their 'souls' to escape to the realm of shades. In virtue of their likeness, sticks that resemble the faces or bodies of men are believed both by the Malays and the Siamese to have a 'spirit,' and therefore to be potent charms or drugs. Several times a Malay has brought me such a stick in the jungle, saying, '*Ini kayu hantu, Tuan; jadi abùt baik!*' ('This is a spirit-stick, Tuan; it becomes good medicine!') While we were examining the shrine, several men who were starting for their work came and did reverence before it, crouching down on the platform with their hands closely placed palm to palm and raised in front of their foreheads.

The smaller shrine was at right angles to the greater, in another recess at the top of several little steps. The objects of reverence here were a number of conical stones. They had been originally stalactites in the caves, and their adorers had gilded them; otherwise they were in their natural condition. The same Chinese (or pseudo-Chinese) prayers and 'spirit money' were hung above the shrine upon the rock, and on the steps in front of it a number of the edible nests were spread. We watched a man bringing the nests in a flat circular basket such as is used for winnowing rice, and making an offering of them; they consisted almost entirely of old dirty nests which were of very little value, but a few of a finer quality were also offered. The man laid them on the steps without uttering a word or making any obeisance. The mast of a boat and its plaited sail lay along the platform in front of the two shrines, whether for consecration or for mere convenience I cannot say.

There were no signs of agriculture near the village, neither rice-fields nor palm-groves. Even their rice, which is to the islanders far more truly the staff of life than corn is to Englishmen, is brought across the lake from Patalung. They have no time to spare for growing rice; collecting the nests for their Chinese master, guarding the caves from poachers, and a little fishing make up the sum of their occupations. Such is their employment; but it would need a skilled ethnologist to tell their race. They call themselves Siamese; our Malayo-Siamese interpreter from Singgora seemed to have much difficulty in understanding what they said. It was evident that they were tainted with Chinese blood; two young men, one of whom sold me a snake which he falsely said was poisonous, wore pigtails and Chinese

dress, though they were certainly not full-blooded Chinamen. The Siamese Commissioner of Patalung assured us that they were chiefly Malays by descent; and probably his view was correct, for the Malays of Patalung have already adopted the Siamese speech and dress, and are becoming as Siamese in other respects as the semblance of *el Islam* to which they persistently cling will permit them.

One thing, however, is certain: they are troglodytes, or cave-dwellers. Why this obvious fact should ever have been called in question I do not know; but Mr Warrington Smyth, an author whose accuracy is usually beyond reproach, has chosen, in his *Five Years in Siam*, to cast ridicule on the statements of former writers who said that the people who collect the edible nests live in caves. When these writers went further, and said that the islanders lived in the caves which formed a breeding-place for the swift, they became inaccurate, as the birds frequent only the caverns into which no light penetrates, while the men prefer those which have many openings in the roof. Mr Warrington Smyth's objections to the islanders of the Koh Sih Hah being called troglodytes are not, however, sound. He says that there are lake-dwellers also on the Talé Sap—a statement which is perfectly correct—and that the caves are believed to be haunted, as caves always are among the Malays; but there is no reason why cave-dwellers and lake-dwellers should not inhabit the same district, and the whole worship of the islanders appears to be a propitiation of the cave-spirits. Even if the natives of the Koh Sih Hah were not cave-dwellers, there are other, and far more primitive, troglodytes in the state of Patalung, which is just across the lake from the islands—namely, the aboriginal 'men of the woods,' the little black Negritos whom the Malays and Siamese have dispossessed of their country. These timid savages take advantage of any shelter from the weather that they can find, and consider themselves most fortunate when they discover a cave in which to stay for a period; for they are too much afraid of the more cultured races to live permanently in any one place, except in rare instances in which they have become practically slaves.

We were anxious to see the real bird-caves of the Koh Sih Hah; but the natives were just as anxious that we should not do so. Hour by hour through the darkness of the preceding night we had been disturbed by the beating of bamboo gongs, the din sounding from cave to cave round the islands as the guards stationed at the entrance to each replied to their fellows and carried on the message that all was well and that they were awake. It was nesting-time, and the servants of the Chinaman watched for poachers with loaded muskets at the mouth of every cave. What did strangers come to the islands for, if it was not to steal their costly product? We showed them our

letter from the Chow Kun, with its great official seal, and our interpreter spoke even faster than before; but still they were most unwilling to show us the birds. At last, after much talk, a man volunteered to take us to one of the smaller bird-caves, and we left the village in our house-boat, with four oarsmen paddling in front, and the steersman twisting and turning behind, in his efforts to see through the cabin which occupied the centre of the craft.

Our way lay along the base of the cliffs I have described, until the boat entered a bed of reeds which concealed the mouth of a cave. In what might be called the anteroom, which was well lighted from above, magnificent white lilies were in flower and fruit, their seeds germinating where they fell; and we saw the tracks of a crocodile leading through the mud to a deep pool of water. Farther in, it became necessary to light torches, and here we heard the swifts twittering in funnel-shaped recesses in the roof, and several of the birds flew past towards the entrance of the cave. But we desired to see a larger and better-stocked cavern, and at last the guide consented to show us one. Entering the boat again, we were rowed round the island to a marsh, in which we landed; and wading through this and panting up a steep hillside, we came to what we sought.

In the midst of a heap of rocks there was a deep hole like a well-head, and the rocks had 'spirit money' fastened upon them, and in front of the 'spirit money' caladium-leaves with offerings of rice were laid upon the ground. A long bamboo from which the branches had been lopped, leaving stumps about two inches long projecting

at regular intervals down it on both sides, served for a ladder into the pit, at the bottom of which we could dimly see several men seated round a small fire. The birds were flying out and in. No European foot, accustomed to be restrained by boots, could have found sufficient foothold on the stumps of the branches that had been severed from the bamboo; but our guide was down immediately, and after disappearing for a few seconds along one of the side-galleries that opened into the space where the men were seated, soon returned with several nests in his hand. We noticed that a rope of twisted rattan hung down the shaft, apparently fastened to nothing in particular, and perhaps serving the purpose of those ladders which St John describes in the Bornean bird-caves, and which permit the unwary poacher to compass his own destruction.

The nests are nearly semicircular in shape, very small, and not in the least like those of our own swifts; for they are made from the saliva of the birds, and have the appearance when fresh of the finest isinglass; when they have been used they become almost black, and are of very little value, as it is difficult to clean and bleach them. The natural galleries in which they are found are often of great length, and probably extend beneath the waters of the lake. The nests are fixed to the walls, as a rule, at such a height that they must be knocked down with long poles. The Chinese consume them in the form of soup, which, though exceedingly expensive, appears to a European palate to be tasteless and watery. The edible nests are also found in the Andaman Islands and in many parts of the Malay Archipelago.

THE CELESTIAL CARP.

By ALLEN UPWARD.



'THAT,' said Gilchrist as he came up behind me and saw what I was looking at—'that is connected with an extraordinary adventure of mine as a boy, an adventure which I have never been able to understand to this day.'

The Professor's chair creaked as he pushed it back quickly and got up to come to us.

The subject of interest was only the picture of a goldfish—a goldfish very crudely drawn in water-colour on a scrap of thin rice-paper. The paper was dirty and the colouring faded. As I continued to look at it, after Gilchrist had spoken, the drawing made a curious and disagreeable impression on me, which I tried in vain to analyse.

'Where did you find it?' Gilchrist asked. 'I have lost that book for years.'

I explained. Imprisoned in the library by the

rain while our host was busy elsewhere, the Professor and I had spent the morning rummaging through the shelves. The Professor's find had been a black-letter treatise on etiquette, in the French of the fifteenth century. I had unearthed from behind a row of tattered magazines what at first sight I had supposed was an empty book-cover, but which had turned out to be an old scrap-album of the kind popular during the first half of the nineteenth century. The album had been begun but never filled up. Its sole contents were a few newspaper cuttings, and the little rice-paper drawing of the goldfish was pasted on the first leaf.

'There is something that strikes me as peculiar about this sketch, but what it is I can hardly say,' I observed as we all three stared at it.

'The mouth is distended in a rather unusual fashion for a carp,' remarked the Professor.

Gilchrist turned to him sharply: 'What makes you call it a carp?'

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. 'The goldfish is a variety of the carp species,' he replied quietly. 'You appear to know that.'

'I know it; but I didn't think that many other people did.'

'It is a Chinese variety'—the Professor was continuing when I uttered an exclamation. The word China had come to me as a revelation.

'This drawing has come from China!' I proclaimed confidently. 'It is not the work of a European.'

Gilchrist nodded.

'Now I understand why it seemed to me that there was something strange about it,' I added.

The Professor shook his head. 'No,' he said, frowning slightly, 'that is not the reason. There is something strange about this sketch, altogether apart from the fact that it is the work of a Chinese draughtsman. Look at it again, and tell me whether it is fair to describe it as *badly* drawn.'

I examined the sketch once more with the closest attention.

'No,' I said; 'it is a bad likeness of a goldfish, and yet I should not say that it was badly drawn. At least it is not *carelessly* drawn.'

The Professor gave a series of nods of satisfaction. 'Exactly! That is to say, that wherever the draughtsman has departed from the correct type of a goldfish he has done so intentionally. He has had a motive for representing the fish in this precise position. Now, what do you infer from that?'

I was silent. Gilchrist came to the rescue. 'That is not intended as the likeness of a real fish,' he told us. 'It is an exact copy from a model which I happen to have seen. This is not meant for a picture; it is a symbol.'

'Good!' The Professor rubbed his hands as he moved back to his arm-chair. 'Now tell us your story.'

Gilchrist lounged over to the broad bay window and took out a cigar.

'You would tell the story better than I can, if you knew the facts,' he said to me. 'You will find the beginning of it in that scrap-book.'

'There are two or three newspaper cuttings here,' I observed, turning over the leaves.

'Read them out,' commanded the Professor.

'They are all from the *Shanghai Courier*, and they are dated in the year 1871,' I mentioned by way of preface.

'My father,' Gilchrist explained for the Professor's benefit, 'was a China merchant, and lived in Shanghai at that time.'

I proceeded to read from the cuttings. The first was a paragraph of six lines:

'Among the arrivals by the *Orellana* yesterday were Mr Alexander Gilchrist and his son, Master Kenneth Gilchrist, who has been educated in Scotland. We understand that Mr Gilchrist has brought his son out with him in order that he

may acquire a practical knowledge of the Shanghai trade.'

The next paragraph was longer. It bore the heading:

'SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH BOY.

'Yesterday a strange incident occurred in the outskirts of Shanghai, the hero of which was a young gentleman named Kenneth Gilchrist, son of one of our leading merchants. Master Gilchrist, who only arrived in Shanghai last week, for the first time was taking a walk by himself when he was accosted by a Chinaman, who addressed him in what Master Gilchrist described as a broken jargon—probably "pidgin-English." Master Gilchrist shook his head to signify that he did not understand what was said to him, whereupon the Chinaman produced some gold coins, which he offered to the boy, at the same time inviting him by gestures to accompany him. Master Gilchrist again shook his head, and, beginning to feel somewhat alarmed, turned round to go home. The Chinaman thereupon seized him by the arm, and tried to drag the boy along. At this moment, fortunately, Mr G. H. Staveley happened to drive past, and, seeing the struggle, pulled up and ordered the Chinaman to release the boy, which he promptly did. Mr Staveley then drove Master Gilchrist to his father's house; but the boy declares that the Chinaman followed them and kept them in view till the door was reached.'

Then came a cutting:

'ANOTHER CHINESE OUTRAGE—SUSPECTED KIDNAPPING OF AN ENGLISH BOY.

'The British colony in Shanghai has been thrown into a state of the deepest consternation and distress by the sudden disappearance of Kenneth, only son of Mr Alexander Gilchrist. It will be remembered that a few days ago we published an account of an attempt on the part of a Chinaman to lure away the same young gentleman, an attempt frustrated by the opportune arrival on the scene of an Englishman—Mr G. H. Staveley. A second attempt now appears to have been more successful. Master Gilchrist left his father's house at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, and has not been seen since.'

Immediately below came what appeared to be an advertisement bearing the same date:

'FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

'The above sum will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of Kenneth Gilchrist, son of Mr Alexander Gilchrist, Scotch Warehouse, Shanghai. The missing boy is aged fourteen, height five feet, well built, bright auburn hair, blue eyes, skin slightly freckled. When last seen he wore a white nankeen shirt and trousers, with dark-blue cap and jacket.'

I finished reading the extracts from the *Shanghai Courier*, and looked up at Gilchrist.

'I don't know how I ought to tell the story,' he said; 'but here goes. You have got to think of a typical young Scottish laddie, fresh from school, red-haired and freckled, and smelling of yellow soap and civilisation, turned loose in that Chinese hell. Of course I hadn't the very faintest notion of the gulf that separated Shanghai from Edinburgh. I don't know what the modern geography books have to say about China, but the book I learned out of dismissed it in a couple of paragraphs. I just knew that the area of China was, I think, five million miles, and the population five hundred millions; and that there were two rivers, called the Hoang-ho and the Yang-tse-kiang, and three chief towns, Peking, Nanking, and Canton. The geography book hadn't heard of Shanghai.

'I also knew that the Chinese were heathens, and that heathens were people who had never heard about God. Not having heard of God, they worshipped the first thing that came to hand, generally the ugliest they could find. To cut it short, I believed, like every wholesome, well-trained British boy, that all foreigners—or natives, as we call them out there—were more or less lunatics. I thought the Chinese were just a degree feebler than the rest.

'I doubt if my father knew much more about the people than I did. I think the English have a peculiar gift for passing their whole lives among other races without ever coming to understand them in the least. My father knew all about the tea, because that was in the way of business; but his mind was an absolute blank regarding the real inner life of the men who grew it. Otherwise he would never have let me go about Shanghai alone.

'In those days European youngsters were scarce in Shanghai; consequently I got a good deal stared at in the streets. I took this as a compliment, and I rather enjoyed going into a strange quarter and seeing the sensation I made. At first all the Chinese seemed to me exactly alike; the streets as I went along were a blur of yellow faces and of robes of every colour under heaven. It was some time before I got so that I could pick out one Chinaman from another.

'There was a little flower-shop in the street next to ours, and I soon noticed that the Chinaman who kept it took a great interest in me. Every time I went past he would come to the doorway and stare at me with what I took to be an air of profound reverence. This made me more conceited than ever, and I naturally began to show off to my admirer, as I considered him. I would walk past his shop very slowly, and sometimes I stopped and pretended to look at the flowers.

'The second or third time I did this the Chinaman came out of the shop with a bunch of red flowers like nasturtiums in his hand, and offered them to me, bowing with the deepest

respect at the same time. I took them, feeling gratified but a little uncomfortable. Then he said something that sounded in my ears like a baby learning to talk. I didn't understand it; but I thought he must be asking for payment for the flowers, so I pulled out a quarter-dollar. The Chinaman fairly snatched it out of my hand, and I came away feeling rather foolish.

'The next time I passed the flower-shop I kept on the opposite side of the way. I didn't want to buy any more nasturtiums; but out of the tail of my eye I saw the Chinaman watching as I went by. The next minute I realised that another Chinaman had come out of the shop and was following me. This was the man who is referred to in the cutting you have read out.

'When my father heard the story he was alarmed, and forbade me to go out again by myself. I rather resented this. I was as fond of money as most boys; and the thought of that handful of gold haunted me till I felt quite sick at having refused to take it. The whole incident reminded me of the story of Aladdin in the *Arabian Nights*, and it vexed me to think that my cowardice had robbed me of some splendid adventure. I waited a few days till I thought my father would have forgotten about it, and then I stole out of the house alone.

'The first thing I saw outside was the Chinaman who had followed me standing opposite the gate, with the lifeless resignation of a statue, as though he had been there without moving ever since. I saw his eyes gleam under their shutter-like lids as I came out; but, pretending to take no notice, I walked slowly away towards the flower-shop. The Chinaman at once moved after me. Finding, I suppose, that I was not so shy as the time before, he soon caught me up. As he did so he held out his hand. I turned round, and saw that this time, instead of money, he was offering me a little golden fish.'

'The carp?' I ejaculated.

Gilchrist nodded. The Professor made a movement of impatience at the interruption, and the other went on with his yarn.

'I took it, determined not to be balked again. The Chinaman appeared highly pleased, and at once began talking eagerly in his peculiar dialect. I made out that he wished me to come with him into the little flower-shop; and as I looked upon the proprietor of the shop as a friend, I consented without hesitation.

'The flower-seller grinned with delight when he saw us walk in. He took us through the shop to a room at the back. It was a regular Chinese interior, with mats and cushions instead of chairs, and all kinds of little pots and paper screens scattered about. We sat down—that is to say, I did, and also the man who had given me the fish—while the shopkeeper waited on us. The man of the golden carp seemed to have some authority over the other.

'We had tea and sweetmeats, and then the proprietor of the shop brought in two tiny pipes, in the bowl of each of which was a very small pellet of dark paste. Of course I guessed at once that this was opium; but my ideas about the drug were quite vague, and I had no suspicion that such a mere pinch as that could have any serious effect. In any case, I felt so much flattered by being treated as a man instead of a child that I would not have refused the pipe for any consideration on earth.

'Although I have never touched opium since that day, I can still recall the sensations which that pipe gave me. It was as though my skin had slipped off me, leaving me a different creature. The little room in which I sat seemed to me the most delightful spot on earth. Existence became more glorious than I had dreamed. All the circumstances of my past life appeared remote and inconsiderable. I had become infinitely wise and brave and happy. The moments burst round me like gorgeous bubbles, radiant with a myriad hues. I do not remember rising; but I became dimly aware of moving majestically through the glorified streets of an unearthly city. I moved as spirits move, without the least effort, carried by light volition. Then everything melted away.

'How long the torpor held me I don't know. The return to consciousness was like the difficult ascent from an immense abyss. There was something that hurt somewhere. It was a headache, and it was hurting somebody. The somebody was Kenneth Gilchrist, and that was myself. Slowly external facts began to jut out into my consciousness, like vessels looming through a fog at sea. I was lying on a rug in a place enclosed by walls and a high roof, from which lighted lanterns hung. I moved and uttered a cry, and at once a man came to me—a Chinaman—and gave me a cup of tea. While I was drinking the tea I was shaking off the fluff from my brain.

'I found myself in a large chamber, or hall, without windows. Their absence, and the dampness of the air, convinced me that the place was underground. As soon as I was able to get on my feet and move about, my attention was caught by a huge bowl of porcelain standing on a bamboo table in the centre of the floor. I went up to it, and found that it was full of water. At first I could see nothing more; but after a while, as I peered down into the depths of the bowl, I saw goldfish waving to and fro in the darkness like moving flames.

'I must not forget to mention that while I was under the influence of the opium some one had deprived me of the golden fish which had served as the bait to catch me. I never saw it again.

'It did not take me long to realise that I was a prisoner in this strange place. The Chinaman

who had brought me the tea, and who continued to wait on me while I remained there, could not speak even pidgin-English, so that it was useless for me to question him. I racked my brains to find out why I had been brought there, and I could only come to the conclusion that I had been kidnapped for the sake of the reward my father would have to pay.

'After a few hours the man who had inveigled me, and whom I learned to call Yen, entered the hall, together with half-a-dozen other Chinese. I received him with very sour looks; but, to my surprise, instead of showing anger or contempt, he appeared as anxious to conciliate me as he had been before I was in his power. One of the Chinamen with him could speak a little English, and through him Yen gave me to understand that he wished us to be friends. He told me to ask for anything I wished, and I should have it. Of course, I wanted to be set free; but that was the one thing he would not hear of.

'I soon saw that Yen was the head of the society, and that the others were his followers. During the weeks that followed they all treated me with the greatest kindness—in fact, with deference. They came to and fro, sometimes together and sometimes singly; but I was never left quite alone. Escape was out of the question.

'I was completely bewildered by this treatment. Another thing that puzzled me was a sort of ceremony they made me go through every now and then, to which they seemed to attach great importance. One of the Chinamen, usually Yen himself if present, would approach me with a lacquered tray, on which he had previously placed a knife and a piece of wood, covered with a paper handkerchief. I was expected to put out my hand and take hold of one or the other of these two things, of course without knowing which. If I happened to take hold of the knife, every one seemed pleased, and one or other would take the knife from my hand and go out with it. If chance led me to select the stick they appeared disappointed, and put the tray away. I knew that this singular ceremony must have some meaning, and I used to feel quite a peculiar thrill go through me when the tray was held out, and all their narrow, treacherous eyes were fixed on me.

'One day I ventured to question Yen about what they meant to do with me. I asked if my father had offered a ransom. He told me, through the man who acted as interpreter, that a ransom had been offered, but that they did not mean to accept it. Yen wished me to remain with them, and to join their society; but some of the others objected. I noticed, in fact, that I was no longer so popular as I had been at first. Several of the men had begun to eye me with more malice than friendship. One night I woke up from sleep, and saw a group at the other end of the hall disputing in low tones, and making

threatening gestures in my direction. I hastily closed my eyes, so that they should not know I had observed them. From that moment I literally went in fear of my life. It was to Yen, I have no doubt, that I owed my safety. But for his influence my throat would have been slit.

'Fortunately the term of my imprisonment was nearly over. The end came very suddenly. One day when there was no one in the hall except the Chinaman who acted as my guard and attendant, a knock came at the door. My companion opened it, and I saw on the threshold a young boy, who handed him a scrap of paper and instantly darted off. The Chinaman glanced at the paper, uttered a cry, and as he threw it away from him turned round and gave me a glance, as though he were asking himself what he should do with me. Fortunately his fears overpowered every other consideration, and with a gesture of despair he fled out after the messenger.

'I was free. I had already risen to my feet, prepared to resist any attempt on the part of my jailer. I now walked to the door, stopping on the way to pick up the piece of paper which had so terrified him. That is it.'

Gilchrist waved his hand towards the drawing of the goldfish, and stopped.

'You escaped, then?'

'I escaped. No doubt the society which had held me captive had received a warning that their den had been discovered by the Government. That, at least, is my interpretation of the affair. The proprietor of the flower-shop disappeared at the same time.'

'He belonged to the secret society,' the Professor put in tentatively. 'Did you ascertain its name?'

'I heard that the Chinese Government had been taking active measures against a body described as the Guild of the Celestial Carp. I concluded that those were my friends, and that the goldfish was their emblem; but why they should have gone to so much trouble to kidnap me, and why they treated me as they did, I have never understood to this day.'

The Professor smiled. 'I am afraid you are not an anthropologist—that is why. You have inherited your father's indifference to the habits and modes of thought of the race among which you found yourself. To me the explanation of your adventure lies on the surface.'

'What is your theory?'

'Simply this: you were a mascot.'

'A mascot?'

Gilchrist's face betrayed the most intense astonishment.

'Yes. The Guild of the Celestial Carp kidnapped you and kept you with them so long simply because they believed you would bring them good luck. It was for precisely the same reason that they kept the goldfish you saw in

the porcelain bowl. Your adventure illustrates a superstition which is widely spread among the races of mankind. The belief in lucky and unlucky persons is as common as the belief in lucky and unlucky days. The evil eye is another form of the same superstition.'

'But why should they have placed such faith in me?'

'Look in the glass and you will get the answer to that question. The symbol of these men's guild was a goldfish—that is to say, a fish distinguished from other fish by its colour. Now, it so happens that Nature has bestowed on you a distinction very similar to that of the goldfish. In the streets of Shanghai, I dare say, a boy or man with red hair is as remarkable a phenomenon as the goldfish among fishes. The moment you were seen by a member of the guild the comparison became inevitable. It was in the character of a human goldfish that you were trapped and detained. As long as their affairs prospered you were well treated; when things began to go wrong they ceased to believe in you.'

Gilchrist was silenced.

The Professor completed his explanation:

'There can be no doubt that the men in whose company you spent that time were a very dangerous gang of robbers and murderers, from whom you were exceedingly fortunate to escape alive. The ceremony you have described with the tray was evidently their method of drawing lots. When you drew the stick you probably saved a life, but every time you delivered the dagger into the hands of one of those men you ignorantly caused a murder.'

Gilchrist gave a strong shudder. Then he rose, walked over to the table, and seizing the book I had discovered that morning, crushed it down into the heart of the fire.

'THE LAND O' THE LEAL.'

In the Land o' the Leal, where the heather blooms purple,
The mist on the hills, and God's light on the streams;
Where the glen and the crag and the blue fir commingle—
The Land o' the Leal, that I see in my dreams.

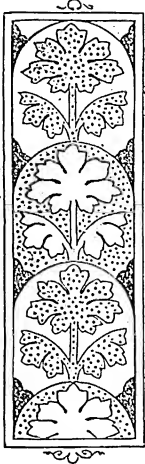
The scent of the morning, the breeze of the moorland,
The glorious trees in their majesty stand;
The ripple of water and rushing of river
Are glorified there, in my health-giving land.

The voice of the people, the Gaelic endearments,
The clasp of the hand for the sake of 'langsyne,'
The bonnie wee bairns, and the hardy braw laddie,
In the Land o' the Leal where their welcome is mine.

In the Land o' the Leal, where my spirit roams ever,
I stretch out my hands to the purple-clad hill;
While the mystical beauty weaves patterns unceasing,
And the spell of the moorlands is over me still.

HELEN URQUHART.

[The writer has, like Mr Gladstone, transferred the term 'Land o' the Leal' from heaven (in Lady Nairne's use) to Scotland.—ED.]



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

INTERPOLATED DIALOGUE.



THE actor who 'gags' in an undertone for the benefit of his comrades is, from the audience's point of view, somewhat of a nuisance, for the grin is seen without the joke being heard—a situation which is almost as unsatisfactory as hearing the sound of a pyrotechnical display without seeing the fireworks; but the actor gifted with a spontaneous wit, who 'gags' so that all may hear, can only be regarded, by those who have perused the books of the great majority of musical plays in which 'gagging' is legitimate, as an undoubted blessing only exceeded by the individual in the gallery who lightens an interminable performance by some audible and apropos comment.

It is related that Fechter was more than once the victim of an outspoken denizen of the top-most circle. On one occasion, in a melodrama, the tragedian was slowly paying over a sum of money to the villain. Everything depended upon whether he had sufficient money for his purpose, and the paying out was most deliberate—so deliberate, indeed, that a member of the audience, wearying of the scene, enlivened the proceedings by yelling, 'Say, Mr Fechter, give him a cheque.' On another occasion, when the play was *Monte Cristo*, the hour twelve-thirty, and the end not yet in sight, the curtain rose discovering Fechter in an attitude of contemplation; not a movement, not a sound broke the silence, until a small but clear voice in the gallery queried in tones of anxiety, 'I hope we are not keeping you up, sir?'

Sometimes the interpolation consists of a burst of inextinguishable laughter far more expressive than mere words; such a roar went up from an audience whose members were but few in number, when a character on the stage, immediately the curtain rose, exclaimed, 'Why, there's hardly anybody in the house:' a sentence most appropriate, but not interpolated. Little slips on the part of the author are never overlooked by the audience; and the unfortunate actor who had in

the second act of a farce to deliver the damning line, 'I have never been so bored in my life,' found that he was not the only person fatigued, a gentleman in the pit promptly adding, 'No more have I.' In days of yore it was not merely the pit and gallery that interpolated remarks; but on occasion audible comments, uttered by the highest in the land, proceeded from the boxes. In one of Dryden's plays an actress was delivering the line, 'My wound is great, because it is so small.' She then paused for effect; but, alas! the pause was fatal, for the Duke of Buckingham rose from his seat and added in a tone of ridicule, 'Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.' This remark so acted upon the audience that they hissed the poor woman and the play off the stage; and, as this was the second night only of the play, it made Dryden lose his benefit night.

There is yet another species of interpolation—namely, that of organised play-wreckers, who without uttering a word or an unseemly laugh have succeeded in destroying whatever chance of success a play may have had. Although not habitually of this class, the late Lemice Therieux once worked off a little practical joke at the expense of a play in which the Pelion of misery was heaped upon the Ossa of despair. Together with twenty friends, he secured a prominent seat in the gallery. When the pathetic moment arrived, Therieux pulled out a handkerchief and burst into tears. The effect was electrical. The man next to him also fell to weeping, and also took hold of the handkerchief; the epidemic of tears thereupon extended all along the line of the faithful twenty, and as each man succumbed to his emotion he took hold of the end of the handkerchief until at last all the confederates were weeping in it. The handkerchief was twenty yards long, and had been specially prepared for the occasion. The low comedian struggled gamely with this exhibition of woe; but his witticisms were of no avail, for the funnier he became the more frequent were the sobs of the sorrowing twenty.

When anything goes wrong on the stage the situation is frequently saved by some adroit remark interpolated by a ready-tongued actor. On part of the scenery falling down, a witty comedian coolly observed, 'Ah! Brought the house down, by Jove!' as though the occurrence was part of the play, and happened nightly. On another occasion, when a glass globe broke, the same gentleman remarked, 'The glass is falling; we shall have a change of weather.' However, there occur at times incidents that no amount of 'gagging' will carry off—as, for instance, when, in the fifth act of *As You Like It*, Rosalind, having delivered the line, 'Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers,' a great tom-cat leaped into full view of the audience and had to be chased off the stage by Orlando—as happened in the provinces some time ago. It is also related that a celebrated tragedian taking the part of Macbeth delivered the line 'There is blood upon thy face' with such intensity that the First Murderer, imagining some dire calamity had befallen him, started back, exclaiming, 'Is there? Great Scot!'—which was hardly Shakespearian.

An anecdote is related of the American actor Sneider which shows that he possessed a ready wit. It must be mentioned that the actor had the greatest disinclination to learn any of his parts, such as letters or proclamations, that could be read. Knowing this failing of his, a brother-artist handed him a letter to read on the stage with the remark, 'Read! read!' To Sneider's great disgust, on turning the pages over he found that the sheet handed to him was blank, which was particularly awkward, because the plot hinged upon the communication, of which he did not know two consecutive sentences. Rising to the occasion, however, he handed it back, after regarding it gravely for a while, saying, 'You read it!' 'Nay, nay—you!' urged the villain who had

substituted the blank sheet, forcing the same on the unfortunate Sneider, who responded sadly, 'Mauprat, would you know the truth? I cannot read!' 'Then,' responded the other, who was also ignorant of what the letter should contain, 'we will withdraw and discuss this matter at some length;' which we learn they did, leaving the audience completely befogged.

Few more astonishing actions have been interpolated in a play than that of Gesler's Guard in a German performance of *William Tell*. The bravery of the man was such that he was almost deserving of the Teutonic equivalent to the Victoria Cross. It was in the great apple-shooting scene that the incident happened. The brave Tell drew the bow and despatched the arrow seemingly with unerring aim; but, alas! when half-way across the stage the bolt ceased to advance. Nay! more marvellous still, in place of falling to earth, as is the nature of the arrow, it remained suspended in mid-air, setting at defiance all the laws of gravitation, as well it might, being supported in its action by an invisible wire. Vainly did Tell seek to aid the bolt in its flight by frantically shaking his bow; the arrow, like a German warship bound to the East, refused to hurry to its destination. The unfortunate son of Tell paled with fright, and even the apple that graced his cranium became infected with the excitement of its surroundings, and each time the archer shook his bow it bounced upon the youth's devoted head. All the shaking of Tell's bow and all the shaking of the audience, convulsed with laughter, had no effect upon the perverse 'super' intoxicated by playing the leading part; and had it not been for the bravery of the afore-mentioned Guard, who gave the arrow a smart rap with his spear that sent it forward with the result that it buried its head in the fruit, there is no knowing what would have happened to a mirth-provoked audience.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER VI.



OOD gracious, Julius! what have you done to yourself?' was Effie's greeting to him when he arrived at his home. They all agreed that they had never seen him look so worried and ill.

Lady Letitia, who was also staying at the house in order to make Effie's acquaintance, gently rallied him on the supposed effect of a few weeks' separation from his innamorata, little knowing that each playful word was like a knife in his heart.

His father felt really anxious about his health. Julius did his best to reassure him; but even to his father he could not unburden his heart on this matter. They had always been good

friends, these two, with more confidence between them than usually exists between father and son; but now, when the old squire had just expressed his thorough approval of his son's choice and his admiration of Effie, Julius could not find it in his heart to breathe a word about the difficulty he was in. So he kept his trouble to himself.

They returned to Penruth on the Monday, as arranged, and Mrs Trevanion would not on this occasion let him off dining and spending the evening at the Court.

Julius strove hard to make his manner to Beatrice as calm and unconcerned as it had been before; but he felt miserably conscious of ill success. She appeared quite unaware of any

alteration in the relations between them. He fancied she avoided meeting his eye; but it might have been only his fancy. He knew how easy it is for a man whose mind is occupied exclusively with one thought to imagine he reads that thought in the minds of others. He knew how he himself hungered for, and yet dreaded, one of those glances of perfect mutual comprehension into which they had once or twice been surprised.

He was a wretched man when he rode back to his lonely house that night, torn in two between love and longing on the one side, duty and honour on the other. It needed all his manhood to enable him to go on with his daily work, and concentrate his mind upon it, while Beatrice's face ever rose up before him, and a voice within him ever whispered, 'Were they two not made for one another? Was not love above all laws—the supreme good of existence?' Such phrases had been dinned into his mind often enough; modern literature is full of them, and yet—and yet—

Julius had been brought up—as, thank goodness! an English gentleman usually is—with a high sense of honour, that had grown with his growth. To throw over a woman who trusted in him would be a mean, unmanly act, impossible for him. No, the outlook was hopeless; there was no way of winning Beatrice save by a deed that would make him utterly unworthy of her.

It was a week or two later than this that Standen was called upon to fulfil a promise of long standing, and accompany the three ladies on an expedition to the coast. Penruth was only about twelve miles from the sea, and some of the bays and headlands within easy reach were as picturesque as any on that rugged Cornish coast. Not being easy of access by railway, they were little known to the tourist; and, in this early part of the summer, Penruth people could be pretty sure of having the place to themselves.

Beatrice was fond of sketching from nature, and Mrs Trevanion had often promised that they should spend a long day at Yendell Bay. Accordingly, one lovely June morning they started out, the three ladies in Mrs Trevanion's comfortable landau, with a well-filled luncheon-basket in the fourth seat—for they mistrusted the resources of the little inn where they were to put up—and Julius riding by the side.

Mrs Trevanion, whose walking powers were very limited, was to remain at the inn or potter about close by, while Beatrice explored the cliffs to find a suitable point of view, and the other two rambled about where their fancy led them. The old lady was provided with her knitting and the last book from Mudie's; and they left her in lively conversation with the mistress of the inn, a comely, fresh-coloured young woman, who was listening with awe-struck astonishment to the long list of bodily troubles and infirmities to which her stout visitor was subject.

Julius had armed himself with Beatrice's camp-

stool and sketching materials in spite of her remonstrances, and insisted upon carrying them until she had established herself; and this had led her, in her desire not to be a hindrance to the other two, to select a spot rather hastily and sit down to begin. Julius and Effie lingered near her a few minutes, and then took a path along the cliffs that soon led them out of sight.

The scene before Beatrice was a magnificent one. The rocks, with their grand, bold outlines, looked as if they could bid defiance to any power that existed; and yet the fretted fragments that lay at their feet showed how those waves, that seemed to dash so fruitlessly against them, were still stronger. There was a fresh breeze blowing, that curled up the face of the waters into a thousand laughing wavelets; gulls were beating up against it with strong wing-flappings, or lying upon it calmly with outstretched pinions. The sea had every shade of blue in it, from the deepest violet tints close to the shore to the softest and filmiest blue away out on the horizon, where it lay veiled in summer haze.

However, tempting as the scene was, Beatrice felt hardly in the humour for painting. She worked away mechanically, but her heart was not in it; in imagination she was following the two figures that had disappeared round that angle of cliff. Now he would be tenderly helping her up an awkward place; now they would sit down and rest a little, giving themselves up to

The delight of happy laughter,

The delight of low replies.

In vain she tried to throw off the thoughts that so tormented her, in vain thought to fix her mind on the beauties of the scene before her and her feeble efforts to transfer them to her paper.

At last she determined to try another and less extensive view. Taking only a few of her impedimenta with her, she walked on for some distance, tempted by the ever-changing beauties of the place, when suddenly, from a ridge above her, she heard her name called.

It was Effie, with Julius beside her.

'We've found the loveliest place!' she cried. 'Can you get up here?—Julius, go down and help her!'

Before Beatrice had time to protest, he was by her side, and she had to accept the help of his outstretched hand to lead her up the slippery path.

'The question is, Effie,' said Julius when they were both once more by her side, 'whether we can ever find the place again.'

'Oh yes! I'm sure I can. You forget that I know this place of old. I often used to come here when I was a child.'

They walked on a long way, Effie leading, until at last she began to show signs of hesitation.

'Are you sure there is such a place?' asked Beatrice suddenly; 'or is it like Mrs Browning's "Lost Bower"—a spot one comes across once, but can never, never find again?'

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," quoted Julius; 'and I suppose no landscape ever was so beautiful as the landscape one never manages to see.'

'Don't talk metaphorical nonsense,' cried Effie. 'Why, we saw it just now—you and I.'

'Did we?' asked Julius rather absently.

'If I could only see that point that juts out so oddly—Stonor Head, I think it's called—I should know exactly where to go. I must try and find it.' She approached the edge of the cliff and looked over.

'Don't go so near!' cried Julius hastily. 'I'll look over for you.' She drew back, and he passed her and peered over the edge of the cliff.

'There it'—But the next moment there was a sound of rending of earth and crumbling of sandstone. An overhanging piece of cliff was giving way. He tried to jump back, but it was too late; and, to the ladies' inexpressible horror, they saw his form, with the ground beneath him, disappear over the side!

For a second the two women gazed into each other's horror-struck eyes. Effie had involuntarily shrunk back; Beatrice as instinctively started forward. Both turned white to the lips.

'I must see what has happened,' said Beatrice; and, going on hands and knees, she crept forward to the edge.

'Come back, come back, Beatrice!' cried Effie in an agony; 'you will be over too.'

'A great piece of the rock has fallen,' said Beatrice, unheeding. 'If only he is not under it! No, I see him now; he seems to be lying free.

Effie,' turning to her suddenly, 'we must get down to him somehow.'

'Down that awful cliff!' cried Effie. 'Oh, it is impossible! Besides, it would be far better to go and get help.'

'You are right,' said Beatrice. 'There is a cottage down in that hollow; I remember seeing the smoke of the chimney. You run and get all the help you can. I will go down meanwhile and do what I can for him until you come.'

'Oh Beatrice! how can you?'

'I have a bottle of water with me,' hastily taking it out of the bag on her arm. 'If only we had brandy!'

'Julius has,' cried Effie eagerly; 'he always carries a small flask.'

'Give me your handkerchief too, Effie.'

Effie produced a little filmy thing; and at the thought of the use it might be put to, her lips quivered piteously and tears ran down her cheeks.

'Keep your heart up, dear,' said Beatrice, and kissed her soothingly; 'and run for your life.'

Beatrice put the water-bottle in the bosom of her dress. 'I shall want both my hands,' she thought.

There was no semblance of a regular path down the face of the cliff, but she had marked a place a little farther on where descent seemed possible. In cold blood she would never have dreamed of attempting such a thing; but she had no thought for her own safety now.

Slipping, sliding, scrambling, clinging with hands and knees to every projection of the rock, she got down somehow. 'Thank God!' she cried as she found herself on level ground again at the bottom.

(To be continued.)

THE BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

HAVING passed a fortnight on the Bell Rock Lighthouse lately, an account of the journey and my stay at this important station may be of some interest.

Journeying by rail from Edinburgh, I embarked on the steamer *Pharos* at Granton. This vessel, the commodore-ship of the Scottish Lighthouse Service, is a paddle steamer of two hundred horse-power, electrically lighted, and furnished with a powerful searchlight. Well manned, scrupulously clean, and with ample accommodation, she gives the impression of a large pleasure-yacht—with her smartly uniformed officers and men—rather than a vessel engaged in the onerous duties of a lighthouse tender.

Our first call is made at Inchkeith, which is reached in fifteen minutes from Granton, and a boat in charge of the second officer is sent ashore with the mail-bag for the lighthouse station. The island, though apparently occupied only by the lighthouse on its summit, is strongly fortified; and if Dr Johnson—who visited the island in

1773—had lived at a later period he would have found something more dangerously stinging than 'thistles' there.

After thirty minutes' delay, we are on the way for the island of Fidra; and on nearing this station a flight of flags is seen flying, which, on inquiry, I find means, 'I am in want of water.' The seamen are now busy handling the small water-casks to be sent ashore in compliance with the request signalled. As there is no water-supply on the island, the lightkeepers depend on the rain-water collected in tanks from the roofs of the houses, and, failing this, they requisition a supply from the steamer, as in the present instance. A steep pathway of concrete leads to the lighthouse, up which the water-casks and stores are hauled on a trolley by a windlass placed at the top.

Boats aboard, we are off again, this time at right angles to our former course, steering straight for the Isle of May, our next call. The historic Bass Rock is passed on our right, and the site of the lighthouse to be built there

is pointed out—an addition which will place the Bass Rock on an equal footing with its twin-brother in the Firth of Clyde.

Dinner is now announced. Our company, over which the mate presides, is composed of the mate, chief-engineer, purser, master of the North Carr Lightship, and the lightkeeper who, like myself, is *en route* for the 'Bell.' My neighbour—somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*—is rather inconvenienced by the proximity of our seat to the table; and, as both table and seat are fixtures, the suggestion that probably the arrangement was so ordered as a gauge on his carrying capacity is received with good humour. Returning on deck, we find that a smart breeze has sprung up, giving a decided salt smack to the air, which is now bitterly cold. The fore-deck is wet with spray, so the smoking-room claims our best attention.

The rattle of the anchor brings us out on deck again, to find we are lying off the May, and two boats are sent ashore loaded with a supply of water as well as the usual stores. Here, as at Fidra, the supply of water has to be supplemented from the steamer; for although there are a few wells on the island, they are considered unfit for use.

After leaving the water-casks, which when emptied by the keepers are called for, along with the mails, by the steamer next morning, we proceed to the North Carr Lightship. This vessel, the only one in this service, is stationed about three miles off Fife Ness, and is fitted with a light consisting of six argand lamps with silvered reflectors set in a lantern encircling the mast half-way up. The lantern is in the form of a collar, and can be lowered on deck for cleaning and other purposes; and a conical cage at the mast-head, apex upwards, serves as a day-mark. A powerful fog-horn also forms part of the vessel's equipment, the characteristic of this signal being a high note followed by a low one in quick succession every two minutes. To a stranger standing on her deck the sound is deafening, and yet the master assured me that it did not annoy them in the least or prevent them enjoying sound sleep. So much for custom! The vessel's complement is eleven hands all told. The relief is made fortnightly, and is so arranged that each man has a fortnight on shore after a month on the ship. The master and mate have each in turn a month on shore and a month on board. After transferring the relief party, consisting of the master and three men, and putting coals, water, and other stores on board, we receive the mate and three men whose turn it is to go ashore.

Casting off our mooring-ropes, we are saluted by a dip of the lightship's flag, which we similarly acknowledge as we head away full speed for the Bell Rock. Darkness is now setting in, and the hum of the dynamo is heard. While we are seated at tea, the conversation runs on the probability of effecting a landing at the Bell Rock. Judging

from the swell on the rocks at the May, it is expected that we shall at least get a wetting. We are now drawing close on the Rock, and what appeared at a distance of two or three miles to be a single red flash from the lighthouse is now seen to be made up of five different points of light, while the white flash consists of but three. When the boat is quite abreast of the tower, the anchor is let go in fifteen fathoms, about a quarter of a mile distant from the Rock.

All the stores for the Rock are on deck, and the seamen are standing by to lower away the boats. The searchlight is now requisitioned, and its powerful beams disclose the rocks just making their appearance above water, the iron landing-slips only occasionally showing between the runs. The lighthouse appears set in a mass of white foam, broken here and there by jutting rocks, which slowly assert themselves as the tide ebbs. No landing can be effected before four hours' ebb; and as it is already some minutes past that time, the signal arranged with the keepers for landing at the Rock is closely watched for. The landing-slips are seen to be uncovered save for an occasional big run which boils along their lower portions. Two men are noticed descending the ladder from the tower door, which is thirty feet above the Rock, each carrying a heaving-line and a signal-lamp. Barely escaping a ducking at the foot of the ladder, they take up position a few feet apart and clear of the tower, flashing their lamps, red and white, full on the steamer.

'Johnnie Gray! Lower away the boats,' some one sang out behind me. I thought this rather a large order on the party mentioned; but I find that this is but the name of the particular landing-place which has been signalled. Two boats now loaded are bobbing at the gangways, an accommodation-ladder is lowered, and I am requested to *step* on board the one in charge of the mate. This seemed easy enough of accomplishment; but on descending the ladder the boat appeared to have left; then as suddenly it made its appearance beneath me, and I am urged to 'jump when she rises.' In desperation I attempt this when too late; and as the boat has almost disappeared, what is intended for a jump in my best style turns out an ignominious tumble. Now I am seated in the stern-sheets with the mate and lightkeeper, ropes are let go, and we head directly for the Rock. The searchlight is brought to bear upon us, and we seem to be steering in a lane of sunlight. The green and white of the breaking waves swirling madly round the base of the tower is highly intensified; and, coupled with the appearance of the men rising, as it were, from the foam-covered rocks, one is reminded of the transformation-scene in a pantomime.

On approaching within a few yards of the breakers no passage is visible to untrained eyes; but an iron bolt set upright in the rock is suddenly disclosed as a wave recedes. This is the

famous 'Johnnie Gray' rock, and marks the entrance for which we have been steering. Watching his opportunity, as the last of three great waves break over the bolt, the mate, now standing erect, orders the men to give way; and with a mighty effort we are swept through a narrow, seething gut, our port oars grazing the bolt in our passage. Buffeted and drenched by a wave escaping over a low-lying reef sheltering our left, we are almost stranded on the opposite rocks. 'Strap her up, boys,' urges the mate; and with a few more powerful strokes we are carried into comparatively calm water. Heaving-lines are thrown by the keepers from the landing-slip, and we are safely moored on the Bell Rock. The second boat now repeats our performance, and is made fast alongside us.

The landing-slip on which we now set foot is seen to consist of an iron grating supported on iron struts, the whole being so constructed as to offer the least resistance to the waves. It is supported at a height of about three feet above the rocks; and its width enforces the maxim to 'walk circumspectly,' as the men in their passage to and from the tower have to edge past each other. To the keepers' anxious inquiry, 'All well ashore?' a cheery affirmative is given, and the work of storing proceeds briskly. In the bright glare of the searchlight the shadows of the men, boats, and surroundings are projected forward in large outline, and a weird picture is seen silhouetted in the darkness beyond. By means of a block and tackle suspended from above the doorway the stores are hoisted in; and in an hour from landing, the boats take their departure just in time to escape being 'neaped,' which would mean a detention of two or three hours till the tide had flowed sufficiently to enable the boats to float out.

A thirty-foot climb up a perpendicular ladder brings us to the entrance-door. To this height the building is solid, save for a drop-hole in the centre one foot in diameter, down which travels the metal weight that drives the revolving gear of the light. Aberdeen granite is used in the outer construction of the building to this height only, the remainder being of freestone.

Ascending a spiral stair which circles round a shaft—a continuation of the drop-hole—we are now in what is termed the provision store. Iron lockers forming part of the circle of the tower contain provisions sufficient to last for three months. Coal and water are also stored here, and a neat lattice-work locker contains fresh vegetables for a fortnight. Concerning the water, I may mention that there is one reserve-tank which was filled about the time the building was completed; and though it is now close on a hundred years old, I found the water to be as drinkable as that fresh from the shore.

The stair terminating at this landing, trap-ladders with brass hand-rails form the means of ascent to the various apartments, the next

in order being the oil-store. Paraffin-oil is the illuminant used, and brass-fronted cisterns capable of containing a whole year's supply—over a thousand gallons—are ranged around in a semi-circle. A carpenter's bench, tools, paints, and small stores occupy the opposite side. This and the remaining apartments above are partitioned off from the trap-ladders by a panelled framing of oak, extending from floor to ceiling.

On the next landing is the kitchen, where a cheery fire is burning brightly in an open range. Here all the necessaries of a well-arranged kitchen are in evidence; and the table, dresser, cupboard, &c., finished in solid oak, are so ingeniously arranged, that the amount of floor-space available is surprising, considering that the diameter of each apartment is barely twelve feet by nine feet high, of which a space of three feet by two is occupied by the manhole of the trap-ladders. For instance, the cushioned bench on which I am seated at table consists of a number of lockers containing all the necessary kitchen stores; while the table, when not in use, disappears along with its supports in the depths of the dresser. A neat little force-pump at the end of the dresser supplies water from the tanks below, the locker underneath conceals a wash-hand basin, and the triangular seat adjoining the range is in reality a receptacle for coals. The mode of construction of the floors of each apartment is here seen to advantage. A circular stone six feet in diameter, slightly arched underneath, forms the centre; while dovetailed into and radiating from it are the long binding-stones which extend to the outer circumference of the building and bind the course immediately beneath them by the system known as 'feather and groove'—that is, a groove is cut round the upper surface of each course, into which a corresponding projection on the course above engages. This system is pursued throughout the building from the entrance-door upwards; below that, stone joggles, oaken tree-nails, and wedges bind each separate stone into a solid whole. The immunity of the building from lightning is secured by two conductors, an inner and an outer one. The inner one requisitions the iron smoke-tube as far as the kitchen-floor, and after crossing this it is continued as a brass rod—bearing the scarcely correct appellation of 'Thunder Rod'—to the entrance door, where a junction is made through the gun-metal ladder with the grating at the base of the tower, which acts as a disperser.

Immediately above the kitchen are the two bedrooms, each containing three beds placed one above the other, with linen-presses and the keepers' private lockers adjoining. A window faces each tier of beds, while the glass panels of the linen-press doors admit light from a binnacle in which a lamp burns during the night. Adjoining each bed, in a specially constructed case, is a handsomely bound copy of the Bible.

On the next flat is the library, furnished in beautiful oak—as, indeed, is all the woodwork of the building. A handsome bookcase with mirror-panels contains a goodly, though somewhat antiquated, stock of reading matter. A beautiful marble bust of the builder, Robert Stevenson—grandfather of the novelist, R. L. Stevenson—is mounted on a marble plinth above the west window, while underneath is a marble tablet commemorating his services in the erection of the building. A large oval table, supported by three dolphins intertwined, in solid oak, occupies the centre of the apartment, along with oak chairs bearing on their carved backs the Commissioners' arms and motto, '*In salutem omnium.*' In this apartment is the magazine containing the explosives used as the fog-signal. An antique bronze lamp is suspended from the domed ceiling. The walls and ceiling are handsomely painted in decorated panel-work, the floor is carpeted, and the light from the four cardinal points gives a finishing touch to the noble apartment.

Another trap-ladder leads to the topmost flat of all—the light-room. Here, in the centre of the floor, stands the revolving machinery, enclosed in a highly polished brass case with fluted corners. Ascending from it is the shaft supporting the metal framework on which the lamps are fixed. The framework is quadrilateral, and carries on each of its opposite sides five and three lamps respectively. The five constitute the red flash and the three the white, the difference in colour being caused by the glass chimneys. Each lamp is set in a silvered reflector, and carries in front of it a lens. Although it has but three lamps, the white flash is visible at a greater distance than the red, which is composed of five lamps. The frame makes one revolution in four minutes, thus showing red and white alternately every minute.

The fog-signals in use at this station, and at the Chickens Rock in the Isle of Man, differ from the others in this service. An iron jib is mounted above the lantern, and it is lowered by means of a wheel within the light-room till its extremity reaches the light-room door. A cartridge containing a four-ounce charge of tonite with electric detonator is attached to clips which are the terminals of an electric cable wound round the jib, and the other ends are connected with a magneto-exploder within the light-room. The jib is then hoisted to its greatest altitude, and the charge exploded by the keeper stationed within the light-room. This signal is repeated every five minutes during thick or hazy weather, and can be heard distinctly thirty miles off. To one standing on the balcony, the force of the concussion impinging on the ears is as if one were struck on the head with some soft body, such as a feather-pillow; and even on the grating one hundred and thirty feet below the charge I have seen a newly opened barrel of loose lime emit a cloud of dust at each explosion as if a

stone had been dropped into it from a height. The tide rising about twelve feet on the building permits of the keepers fishing from the entrance door; and should they be thus engaged when the fog-signal is requisitioned, the first explosion suspends operations, as the fish immediately leave the rock for deeper water. An accident occurred in connection with this fog-signal a number of years ago, the charge being exploded while still hanging inside the light-room door instead of being hoisted clear of the dome, as the keeper on duty supposed it to be. Of the forty-eight panes of heavy plate-glass contained in the lantern, only one was left intact; the keeper himself miraculously escaping with comparatively little injury. Since then a safety appliance has been added to the apparatus, which renders it impossible to explode the charge until the jib has been fully hoisted. Two fog-bells placed on opposite sides of the balcony are also kept tolling by means of the revolving machinery as long as the fog-signal is in operation. These at one time formed the only signal at this station—a purpose they must have fulfilled but inadequately, as they can be heard but a very short distance from the Rock.

Four keepers are employed in connection with the lighthouse, three being in constant attendance while the fourth is on shore-duty. The reliefs are so arranged that at the termination of each fortnight one man is landed on the Rock and one taken ashore, the round of duty for each man being six weeks on the Rock and a fortnight on shore. The keeper while on the Rock is usually three hours on duty and six off, night and day; each man taking a week in rotation at the cooking, the principal keeper alone being exempted. The rations allowed by the Commissioners, which include a quart of beer per man per day, are fairly generous; and the skill displayed by the keepers in the concoction of the various dishes, and in fact the whole culinary management, would in no way discredit an able housewife.

The men employ their spare time with various amusements, including model-making, electricity, violin-making, shoemaking, woodwork, tinwork, and a pursuit one would scarcely expect to find in such a place—photography. As the men are omnivorous readers, the Commissioners indulge their taste with *Chambers's Journal*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Strand Magazine*, *Illustrated London News*, and the *Weekly Scotsman*. Outdoor exercise can but rarely be indulged in during winter, owing to heavy seas breaking over the grating even at low-water.

The shore station at which the keepers' families reside is situated in the town of Arbroath, from which the Rock is distant about twelve miles. A signal-tower rises from the centre of the buildings, from which the keeper on shore-duty takes daily observations of the Rock with the aid of a powerful telescope. A private attempt at heliography by the keepers has been attended with

some success; and as messages have been received and transmitted with but primitive apparatus, it is expected that it will ultimately prove a reliable method of communication between the Rock and Arbroath.

Lighted for the first time in February 1811, the Bell Rock Lighthouse has successfully withstood the assaults of the storms of nearly a century, and to-day it stands a noble monument to its energetic builder.

The following lines were inscribed in the album at the Bell Rock by Sir (then Mr) Walter Scott when on a visit there in 1814:

PHAROS loquitur:

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep:
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of Night.
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

THREE MATCHES.

By F. G. AFLALO.

MATCH THE FIRST.

IT was the second day of the Eton *versus* Harrow match at Lord's, and all London's well-dressed idlers were assembled to watch yet another draw, and to protest in languid invective against the headmaster's obstinate refusal to permit a third day's cricket with some likelihood of definite result. However, the headmaster very properly set his face against any further glorifying of result at the expense of play; and no one, in fact—except the few hundred vociferous lads, whose tasselled canes signalled with a not too sporting discrimination each point made by their own side, and the quieter gathering of 'old boys' in the pavilion and enclosures—cared much about the cricket. Luncheon, with the ensuing stroll over the lawn, filled the favourite hour of the day, so that the bell that rang to clear the ground for the afternoon's play had evoked not a few grumbles that cricket should once more be allowed to interrupt the social gathering on the grass.

The Eton boys had all the best of a foregone draw; and at five o'clock their captain, having just been bowled after putting together eighty-seven, was brought round to Sir George Montessor's coach by a proud showman, three or four years his junior, to be presented. 'Aunt Eleanor, this is Mr Yorke,' he announced pompously. 'Yorke, this is my aunt, Lady Montessor.' Aunt Eleanor welcomed the flushed young Etonian to a seat beside her; and Sir William, the mediocre Cabinet Minister, was graciously reminiscent of his own year in the eleven; and a little flaxen-haired girl of fourteen blushed happily as the hero's gaze condescendingly met her own wonderful gray eyes. True, he had missed a somewhat stiff catch at point just at the close of the Harrow innings; and he somehow found time, even in the zenith of his glory, to hope that Gray-Eyes had not been there to see. She had. Strangely enough for a girl without brothers, she was a cricket enthusiast; but his failure won her pity and increased the pride she felt in his innings.

He, too, felt vaguely in his immature way that this was the most attractive girl he had ever seen.

Four years passed, and indifference in the lad gave place to warmer feelings in the youth. He had meanwhile failed for the army, and quietly entered his father's bank; though, as this was a firm of high reputation and substantial South African interests, such choice of career had no effect on the welcome he invariably met with at the Montessor's house. When Geraldine was nearing nineteen and he two years her senior—when, with the benevolent neutrality of their elders, these two had all but come to an understanding—the crash came, for the bank suddenly collapsed after its integrity had endured for three generations. Old Yorke was left by the blow a helpless paralytic; and three months later his son followed him to a releasing grave, and then set himself manfully to investigate the history of the past ten years, particularly in reference to the operations of a German agent who had been entrusted with the firm's mining interests in some outlying Dutch territory. His mother, fortunately, had her own small jointure, and he himself had a couple of hundred a year under an old legacy. So the bank's creditors were met with a handsome offer for temporary compensation, and the promise of further satisfaction in case of certain eventualities.

Then this young man resolved to go out to the Cape and see for himself how matters went with the property, and how the German agent was bearing the collapse of his employers. An inherited business talent, that not even the 'liberal' education of Eton had deadened, suggested to him the propriety of going at once and without fuss, leaving his real name behind him; and, above all, he resolved, like a man, to have no scene, no harrowing exchange of pledges, with Geraldine. Ever since the trouble at the bank, he had been increasingly stiff and formal on the rare and unavoidable occasions of their meeting. Her parents appreciated the young fellow's delicacy, and hoped that the past might be past and the future bring

its new ties. A month after he had landed at Capetown they were both dead, struck down the same week by that insidious malady that had lately made such gaps in London's fashionable muster. Then Geraldine was left an orphan at nineteen, with four hundred a year, and a cabled invitation to pay an indefinitely long visit to her mother's brother, then stationed at Simla.

MATCH THE SECOND.

Cricket in South Africa is not the cricket of Lord's. It is a dry performance on coco-nut matting, and the lookers-on drink more than is good for their livers, talk more than is good for their hearers, and dress less than is good for their tailors. Archie Yorke had been four months in Natal, the fixed purpose of his voyage ever before him, but the charm of new impressions working irresistibly on a healthy and receptive mind. As she does with so many who blindly follow her lead, Fortune threw in his way the very man, of all others in that vast country, whom he wished to encounter. He was in the little bungalow that overlooked the parched cricket-field, and had to go in next wicket down in the scratch match of Married *versus* Single, with which the little English colony was amusing itself and its Dutch neighbours this Saturday afternoon.

'Well, Everitt'—it was his mother's name; but, feeling some claim, and assured that his mission would be fruitless if undertaken in his own, he had assumed it with less reluctance than he would any other—'do you feel like hitting to-day?'

'Depends,' he answered laconically, his thoughts flying back to that afternoon at Lord's, where he first saw little Gray-Eyes. Ah, well! life was not meant to be all beer and skittles. 'Can't tell till I am there, you know.' Then, after a short silence, 'By the way, who's that yellow chap getting out of the buggy there?' he asked as a ramshackle trap drew up close to the field, and a sallow, lantern-jawed, yet sombrely attractive man, in pepper-and-salt suit and slouch-hat, stepped down on the dusty road.

'Oh, him! Well, you won't hear much about him here, and, what there is, not much good. His name is Klotz—Herman Klotz'—Yorke became unobtrusively interested—'and he has a wife at that last bungalow there whom he treats worse than he dare treat a Kaffir. We know very little of him hereabouts, as he's backwards and forwards up-country; but it is said that some house or other in London put a good thing in his way last year, and then went stony. He wasn't giving any back—not much. If you're much interested in him, apply to Oom Paul & Co. He's thick enough with that gang, the'—

Put a good thing in his way! Was Archie getting anywhere nearer to that mining plant, worth thirty thousand pounds and ruined by the flood, of which a profusion of printed cuttings

from the local press had been furnished to the Board?

His musings were, however, interrupted by the fall of a wicket, and he had for the moment to give his mind to other matters, which he did with all the adaptiveness of youth, compiling a useful thirty in good Eton style, and then getting clean bowled by a slow. The sallow man had just entered the enclosure, and Yorke's eye for an instant left the bowlers. Any spontaneous joy that the residents might have felt at the temporary return of Klotz they discreetly subdued; and Yorke, on regaining his place on the pavilion, found himself pounced upon by the German as a possible oasis in that desert of silence. For a second their eyes met; then they were introduced in the informal and alcoholic fashion that obtains in the colonies. Klotz never once looked the younger man straight in the eyes again, though his shifty gaze would be transferred to the other's face when he thought himself unobserved, and he seemed to be troubled with some real or fancied resemblance, some trick, it might be, of memory. Everitt! He had had no dealings with any one of the name; and yet—and yet—

Small-talk about the birthday honours, rumours of war and federation, the rinderpest, and the latest restrictions on British mining soon became general; and Archie was able to meditate on the strange turn things had taken in bringing to his side the man he most had hoped to light on. The match ended in favour of the celibates, and the audience broke up.

'See you at the club to-night, Everitt, I suppose?' said Klotz interrogatively, and with a second pause on the name that seemed to fit the half-familiar face so ill.

'Oh yes,' answered Yorke, who had noticed the other's discomfiture; 'I get a game of billiards there most evenings. Play?'

'Very badly,' replied the German; 'but I'll be happy to take points and give you a game.'

There are men in life who invariably 'take points' before they give anything. Klotz was one of these.

They played that evening, and the difference in their skill at any rate justified the German's claim for some advantage. Many glasses of the local make-believe for whisky-and-soda stood before the company; and Klotz, in a boastful mood that took him from commercial successes—which he handled on this occasion with instinctive caution—to darker hints of social conquests that boded ill for the little Dutch wife up the hill, was even slightly more objectionable than in his more secretive moods.

And now there came a singular interruption to the evening's harmony, for a much younger man than the German, yet having the same features and complexion, his riding-boots mottled with dust, flung unceremoniously into the room and dragged Klotz—who was, in fact, his elder brother—by

the arm into the veranda. This interlude, while it did not by any means occasion the same surprise as would have ensued in the club-house of any wholly civilised town, was yet sufficient to attract general attention to the brothers, now pacing to and fro on the balcony. Fragments of the conversation reached the room: the oaths in excellent German, the rest in as excellent English. For somewhere about twenty minutes these two paced the balcony, and at last the younger struck savagely with his crop at the door of a cage that held a pair of unoffending meercats.

'But I tell you he is—him!' he said as they passed the open French window. 'Foolhardy—the only way—make sure—over there—don't look'—

Yorke had no doubt that he was for the moment the subject of their conversation; but a passing interest in a new arrival was easily accounted for in so small a community, and he attached no further importance to the drift of their conversation. Having imparted his momentous information, the younger Klotz was persuaded to remove his hat and coat and follow the general example, even playing billiards, which he did a great deal better than his brother. Conviviality soon reigned once more; and as Yorke walked up the hill to his rooms, with one of the brothers taking his arm on each side, he was certainly unprepared for this sudden remark from the younger:

'And it's really no cop for you, Mr Yorke. You've planned it out very well—no doubt about it; but, you see, if it comes to our word against yours, a false name isn't a particularly good start—is it now?'

Yorke was fairly staggered; and as the others wheeled and faced him, not another soul being in sight or hearing, it occurred to him for a moment that this surely was a case for two straight from the shoulder, ensuring at any rate present immunity from treachery; but the fancy passed, and indeed the Germans just then evidently meditated no violence.

'Better clear out, Mr Yorke,' added the younger, with a voice soft as a young mother's. 'We hold all the trumps, you know, if you insist on forcing our hands.'

'And if I don't accept your invitation?' The public-school training was getting the upper hand of more recently acquired deliberation; and those even who knew not of public schools recognised some subtle change.

'Well, if you don't, of course, we shall have to make things too hot for you.' With this vague threat the partners vanished swiftly in the darkness.

Yorke turned into his rooms and looked out of his window, and called up a last cigar to aid him in deciding how best he might meet these gentlemen on their own ground. The tobacco, as usual, gave admirable counsel, for he decided to let things take their course, keeping a careful look-

out for all developments, yet bringing no charges that he could not substantiate by proof-positive; and from that, for all his gathering suspicions of shady operations lying at the root of the bank's failure, he seemed as far as ever.

This policy of drifting, however, suited the brothers Klotz little better than one of more active hostility; and when, during the next few days, it became increasingly evident that the air of Grubfontein continued to suit the unwelcome intruder, they resolved on forcing tactics. These may have succeeded. At any rate, it became known ere the week was out that that pleasant fellow Everitt had gone, leaving his scanty belongings behind him; and if the Klotz firm knew anything of his movements, it kept its own counsels.

MATCH THE THIRD.

No one knew anything of Owen Merivale's antecedents. He was vaguely stamped as 'comfortably retired,' a social brand that fitted him when first, four or five years ago, he had settled in London from goodness knows where, with strong introductions to a great financier in Park Lane, who seemed to have good reasons for obliging him in such matters as club nominations and social 'legs-up' generally. For the rest, Merivale was apparently in no need of more substantial support from his friend and patron, since he at once drew cheques on an unimpeachable Strand bank with a readiness that left no doubt as to his depth of purse. He now had rooms off Piccadilly, his own hansom, and the *entrée* to three or four moderately good borderland clubs and not a few of the best houses in the hinterland of society. He was a man of many acquaintances, few friends, and, as far as was known, no relations. Some men get through life better without relations. This is sometimes a matter of temperament, and sometimes of the relations. He was, moreover, one of those whose opinion claims finality in its utterance. His fellow-men he viewed with pity or dislike, according to the standard he had appropriated to himself. He owned few equals, no superiors. Women were to him ribs of man glorified for his playtime, but filling no corner in the serious business of life. Altogether, the man was tolerated by many to whom his calculated generosity, or even his shrewd and cynical knowledge of men and things, was attractive; but he was one who could at any moment have dropped suddenly out of the set he moved in without leaving a gap. A cool and well-behaved man, allowing for admitted years of residence in only semi-civilised communities; a man, close observers noticed, who was for ever exercising strong control over his language and emotions.

This good-looking, middle-aged man was as near self-depreciation this warm July morning as he had ever been since his mother used to flog him with a wooden shoe beside the little cowshed on the veldt. He had just put the last

touches to his scarf, and was off to the club for lunch, *en route* for Lord's, where he intended, with some lingering qualm of pity for his self-immolation, to bestow his hand and fortune on a young lady who was doubtless preparing her timid surrender—no other, in fact, than Miss Geraldine Montessor, daughter of the late Parliamentary Secretary for War. Geraldine and he had met eight months earlier at a house in the shires, and the young hostess, an accomplished little matchmaker, unreasonably prejudiced in favour of further scheming by a chance happy marriage that she had contracted, had good-naturedly, and after satisfying herself herself that Merivale's worldly goods were all that could be desired, set her mind on giving 'Old Gerry' another chance. 'Old Gerry' had, by the way, already refused two distinguished Indian soldiers and a civilian with whom she had flirted rather liberally on the P. & O. boat coming home; and she now declared herself, at the ripe age of four-and-twenty, about to devote the brief remainder of her days to the poor. As her income was somewhat less than five hundred a year, and as her days were rendered yet briefer by the fact of her never rising before eleven, it was not quite clear whether the needy were henceforth to enjoy the advantages of her wealth or the assistance of her energy. Most of her friends, with a unanimity only attainable among intimates, voted her heartless; but in one blameless record—to wit, the lady's own 'journal'—it was writ down that the right gentleman had kept away from her, and that no other could ever take his place. Six years old, nearly, was the page bearing that oft-consulted entry; yet the same sentiment pervaded almost every folio of every volume in which she had since set down the unexciting jottings of her maiden life.

This was the fortunate lady on whom Merivale's choice had lighted; and they were both now proceeding, by converging routes, to Lord's on the last day of the Gentlemen *versus* Players.

There was a great crowd at the ropes when the lady drew up with her bosom friend, none other than the plotting little hostess of last winter, and made her way through the members' entrance to that block of the enclosure which adjoined the pavilion, and gave an end-on view of the wicket. Gerry had her preferences in the matter, and her friend approved the choice from considerations of shade. Almost simultaneously Merivale came strolling over the lawn—it was a quarter before three, and the bell was once again ringing the crowd off the grass—and joined the ladies. Mrs Oliphant, still on scheming intent, and scenting the near maturing of her plans, manœuvred her companions into two corner seats; then she managed, with ill-concealed desperation, to catch the eye of a dowager of her acquaintance two rows distant, and alertly made her way there, in deference to age and in defiance of her obligations as chaperon.

By the time the ropes were removed from the pitch, Merivale had come sufficiently near an explanation of the object of his visit for the young lady to have no lingering doubt of it.

'Three whole days you have simply cut me, Miss Montessor. Too bad, I protest. I hate being cut—who doesn't?—and by you, of all people. Why on earth are you so cruel?'

'My dear Mr Merivale,' answered the young lady, with perfect composure, 'you do me too much honour. Why should I avoid you? Why, indeed?' she added, with a sweep of the long eyelids that made him writhe like a specimen in the forceps. 'The thing simply never entered my mind,' she concluded, with an intonation so peculiar that, for one fearful moment of doubt of all that was most sacred in his one-god worship, Owen Merivale pictured to himself his fair companion alluding to him in the inner ring of her intimates as 'the Thing;' and this was, as a matter of fact, the case. However, his despondent mood was of short duration; and as the amateurs, led by the bearded hero of many a cricket-field, trooped down the steps for the last innings of a match that left them the almost hopeless task of dismissing their opponents for something less than two hundred runs, he put the matter finally.

'Geraldine, I don't want to be cut by you any more. There's no use in making a long story of it; but I think, if you would try, that we might get on very well together. You could have a town-house, and all that—and—what do you say to it?'

On the whole, during the few seconds that must necessarily elapse before her grateful acceptance of his generosity, he flattered himself that he put it rather crisply. Exactly what he said did not, mercifully, recur to him; but he had lunched well at the club, and had entered his hansom in a buoyant mood, and somehow he fancied that he had used up all the neat phrases planned beforehand. From the glitter in his eyes, rather than from the more pardonable incoherence of his speech, the young lady divined, with a passing disgust, something of that lunch, and she took time apparently to consider her reply. It never came. The long-field man, who, after the manner affected by his fraternity, had progressed backwards on tip-toe to his post, stood right beneath them, the setting sun glorifying his fair curly hair—he disdained a cap—and touching fitfully his broad shoulders. Some interest surrounded this solitary figure, for the eighth wicket down before lunch had retired hurt, and the whisper had got round from the pavilion that his substitute was an amateur formerly familiar on that ground, but for several seasons out of the cricketing world. To Merivale's ill-concealed annoyance, Miss Montessor seemed incipiently to share the general interest in this quite uninteresting youth. He awaited her answer with an outward indifference that one unaccustomed to ask favours these twenty years could not well feel.

Now, in the third or fourth over of the professional innings, a great chance came to this long-field—a high catch that wanted judgment. To reach it, he had for the first time to face the barrier and run. A murmur of disappointment went up from those who failed, as they had hoped, to recognise an old favourite; but Miss Montessor did not share the general indifference. Her sunshade fell from her hands, the colour that mantled her face and neck glowed through the gossamer veil, and she leant forward, utterly unconscious of her surroundings, and stared at the fielder, as if their lives hung on that catch. The effect of his face on her was, however, insignificant compared with that exercised on Mr Owen Merivale. That gentleman forgot utterly the beautiful young lady he had a moment earlier coveted for his own; forgot where he was, who he was, his very name, everything but the sunburnt face below. Once again he was in the little Dutch settlement in the parched veldt; the wife whom he had first deserted, then done to death, was hanging on the arm of a tall young Englishman, who held a *sjambok* intended for his own back. For a moment the issue had hung in the balance; then the clinging woman had her way; and, with a shrug, the Englishman had flung the dreaded cattle-whip in a corner and strode from the room. Three nights after this episode a bullet had whistled within an inch of the Englishman's head, and on the fourth he was sworn dead and in the river by three Kaffirs who pocketed the scanty price put upon his head. Yet here was the accursed young man, healthy and radiant, carrying only on his forehead a fading memory of that fourth night. For an instant their eyes met, and the howl of disappointment that sounded the knell of that lost chance rang in Merivale's ears as the accusing voices of demons. Unnoticed by Geraldine, whose eyes were full of tears, partly gladness, partly vexation for that missed catch, he rose and left the enclosure.

Archie Yorke turned back to retrieve his lost laurels; and at the drawing of stumps, when the amateurs had failed by only a narrow margin to defeat their opponents, he leaned against the enclosure and held a little gloved hand and looked straight into the gray eyes. She asked where he had been all this time, and why he had kept away from his friends; and he answered that he had been home from the Cape no more than three days, most of which he had spent in the pavilion of Lord's, and that he had not quite known whether his friends would remember him after long years.

'And what on earth made you lose that catch?' she sternly asked him; and he, not having the ways of many men who regard lying to women as permissible, missed the chance of a pretty compliment to her eyes and indirectly answered her question with another.

'Who was the man sitting here?' indicating the place now occupied by the vivacious Mrs Oliphant.

'Oh, that,' said Geraldine, without a particle of self-consciousness—'that was Mr Merivale—Mr Owen Merivale. Surely you must know of him. I thought he came from your part of South Africa, or,' she added—in mischievous allusion to his omission to keep those at home acquainted with his whereabouts—'at any rate from the part of South Africa where your friends imagined you to be.'

Merivale! So the fellow had been passing under an assumed name; and then he voted himself a fraud for forgetting so easily that he too had had recourse to a similar device during the past few years, and had in fact only resumed his right name on the homeward voyage. 'Merivale!' he ejaculated before he could check himself. 'Why, surely'—

'Then you do know him?' urged Mrs Oliphant. 'Pray tell us more. He was always such a delightful mystery!'

Yorke showed as plainly as politeness permitted that the subject of the 'delightful mystery' was unattractive.

'Do you remember, Geraldine, that catch I missed ten years ago?' he asked, as they now made their way out of the ground, that he might see them to their carriage before going to change.

'Do I not?' she answered. 'Why, you seem to do nothing but miss chances when I am there.'

Now, the lady's thoughts ran purely on cricket as she uttered this criticism, yet she blushed furiously as he looked straight in her face and asked, manfully facing the worst, 'Have I lost all my chances?'

'You deserve to, sir!' was her answer; but a light shone in the gray eyes that had not been there these six years.

Yorke had been able, on the strength of depositions made by a dying compositor whose life he had tried hard to save in a bush-fire, to prove a sordid story of conspiracy and forged newspaper details of a fictitious flood. Attempted murder, too, might have formed a second charge; but Mr Herman Klotz saved much trouble by leaving an ungrateful world at short notice; and it devolved upon his young brother to explain various obscure transactions, which he did with such indifferent success as to win himself a long period of enforced seclusion. So Archie Yorke came again to the little that remained of his own, cleared his father's memory, and married his Geraldine; and in due course he read the 'journal.' The last day of their honeymoon was spent at Lord's, at—but no; that would be a fourth.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE TSETSE FLY.



WE have all heard much recently of the terrible ravages among the horses in South Africa caused by the tsetse fly; but few possibly realise the means by which this small pest is able to work such awful mischief. The fly and its ways are splendidly illustrated by models which are now exhibited in the Natural History Branch of the British Museum at South Kensington; and the visitor is able at a glance to learn much about this South African scourge. The model of the fly measures about eighteen inches across, and is twenty-eight times (linear) the size of the original. The label attached to the case tells us that the creature is an African blood-sucking fly, with its mouth-parts adapted for piercing the skin of quadrupeds such as the antelope and zebra; and that the blood of some of these animals is infected with a tiny parasite adhering to the proboscis of the fly, which is introduced by the bite of the insect into the blood of domesticated animals such as the horse and the ox, producing the fatal tsetse disease. There are also models, as big as crown-pieces, of blood corpuscles, as well as of the dreadful parasite—the scale of enlargement being no less than six thousand diameters. It will be seen by this example of its methods that this splendid museum caters not only for the student but for ‘the man in the street.’

SELECTION.

A very practical as well as interesting illustration of the Darwinian theory of selection is afforded by what is now being done in the Dominion of Canada towards the improvement of agriculture. It has been proved long ago that no kind of seed, however excellent, will flourish in all soils and in all localities. The Canadian authorities, with this undoubted fact before them, experimented with sixty-five varieties of oats which were sown at farms in ten different provinces, by which they ascertained which variety was the one to be selected for each locality. Some of the plants, grown from the same seed, were more vigorous than others, and these were selected and the seed from them carefully garnered for future use. The entire system is well expressed in the report to the Standing Committee on Agriculture by Professor Robertson, who writes that ‘the only sure way of improving the grain of a locality, and of increasing the productiveness of varieties suited to it, is by a selection of the seed from the crops and plants that have succeeded best there, and by doing that year after year successively.’ An instance is given of one Canadian farmer who encouraged his daughters to

go round the wheat-fields and pick early heads from the largest and most vigorous seed. This seed was carefully cleaned and sown, and the wheat thus obtained took the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

TRANSPORT BY TUBE.

The pea-shooter principle, if we may so call it, has been applied to a small extent to the carriage of solids. Many years ago the mails were conveyed from the General-Post Office, London, to the terminus at Euston by means of a pneumatic railway, in which the vehicles were literally blown along. The extension of the pneumatic tube principle will be, according to *Cassier's Magazine*, one of the developments of the opening century; and it is probable that such goods as coal, grain, and ore will be rapidly conveyed from place to place in this way, instead of being dependent upon steam locomotives. A dozen years ago the experiment was tried in New York of sending small coal mixed with water along such a tube, the coal being afterwards dried and pressed into cakes for consumption. Wool is commonly sent from one building to another in the same way, and even clay paste in potteries is carried by pipes. There thus seems to be in the future a great opening for pipe-line engineering with solids.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The modern student of anthropology is, thanks to science, far better equipped for his work than were the inquirers of old, whose ‘travellers’ tales’ became at one time a byword, not always because they were lacking in truth, but because there were no means of corroborating them. Professor Baldwin Spencer, of Melbourne, who is penetrating the interior of Australia for the purpose of living among the aborigines and studying their manners and customs, takes with him as secretaries a cinematograph and a phonograph, by which he hopes to illustrate their war-dances and other ceremonies, and to bring home records of their speech. The Australian natives are rapidly becoming extinct; and such records should prove of peculiar value for that reason. It will be a matter of some anxiety to this venturesome explorer to note whether the Australian natives will regard the latest wonders of science with respect or antagonism.

RED-POLLED CATTLE.

Much interest was aroused among farmers and cattle-breeders by a sale of red-polls which took place recently at Tring Park, the seat of Lord Rothschild. Hitherto red-polls have been bred almost exclusively in Norfolk and Suffolk, counties which are famous for both milk and beef; but

Lord Rothschild, finding that these beasts thrive well on poor land, and have many other advantages, has interested himself in introducing them to other counties. The sale referred to is the second which has taken place with the object stated. That red-polls are finding more favour than they did is evidenced by the fact that the average price obtained at the recent sale was twenty-four guineas, as against fourteen guineas per head taken three years ago. These cattle live on what the farm produces, and want very little artificial feeding, the actual weekly cost of each varying from two shillings and tenpence to three shillings and sixpence. The yearly average of milk per head is about seven hundred gallons. Taking milk at the county price of eightpence per gallon, and the weekly keep of the cow at three shillings and twopence, each animal shows a profit of more than twenty pounds per annum.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.

Of recent years there has been some amount of competition among photographers to secure pictures of small animals and birds in their native haunts, and various ingenious methods have been adopted for approaching these timid creatures with the camera. Mr Pike, of Winchmore Hill, has adopted a plan which is said to be most effective in practice. He baits a twig with a piece of fat or other tempting morsel, and focuses his camera upon it, the apparatus being so arranged that directly the bait is seized a shutter is released and a picture is taken automatically. The system can obviously be extended so as to include many other creatures besides birds, and with a little extra ingenuity it can be made available at night by the addition of a flash-light apparatus. A picture of a deer crossing a stream at night was taken some time back by a contrivance of this description; and there are stories, of a more or less legendary character, of burglars being caught *in flagrante delicto* by a similar agency.

MOTOR-CAR SPEEDS.

In the year 1814 George Stephenson produced his first railway locomotive, which attained a speed of six miles an hour; and it was not until fifteen years later that he quadrupled this speed in his engine the *Rocket*. It must be confessed that the pioneers of motor-cars have made better progress, for in the few years they have been at work they have pushed ahead until now a speed of ninety miles an hour on common roads has been actually achieved, and one of a hundred miles is said to be possible. Such a terrific speed would be quite out of the question on the sinuous highways of Britain; but in France, where the roads are wide, smooth, and very straight, it is different, and the recent Paris-Bordeaux race has shown that high speeds can be indulged in without any great risk to life. A well-known motor-car owner who has had experience of both

the British and French highways is reported to have said of the latter, 'You can see right ahead to the horizon nearly all the time, and the result is that not only do you feel safe at such a great speed, but the people can see you coming, and they do not, therefore, feel endangered.' Of course these high speeds will never be permitted on our side of the Channel; but we may feel sure that they are serving a useful purpose in bringing about the evolution of the best machine. Racing cyclists did the same for the bicycle.

NEWS BY TELEPHONE.

Budapest possesses a unique newspaper, if a journal can be so called that utilises neither paper nor ink, and is quite intangible; but this curiosity of Hungary has an editor, four sub-editors, several reporters, and about seven thousand subscribers. The editor, or one of his assistants, talks the news through the telephone, and between the items of news are sandwiched advertisements, for which high rates are charged. This system has been in vogue for about eight years, and is much appreciated by the subscribers, each of whom has an instrument installed at his house. The great advantage of the system is the quickness with which items of news can be conveyed, without waiting for the action of the printing-press and its emissaries. On the other hand, it must be somewhat distracting for ordinary folk to be continually pestered with the tinkling of the telephone-bell. The ordinary tape-machine, or the more recent column printing telegraph—so common in our own country—seems to be a far more satisfactory news-carrier for those who can afford to invest in such a luxury.

A TURBINE-DRIVEN PASSENGER-BOAT.

There was recently launched from the ship-building-yard of Messrs Denny, of Dumbarton, the steamer *King Edward*, which has the distinction of being the first passenger-boat to be fitted with engines of the turbine type. The nature of these engines was recently fully explained in an article in *Chambers's Journal*, entitled 'Across the Channel at Railroad Speed.' The launch of this vessel, which may inaugurate an entirely new system of steam navigation, is an event of great interest, and it is not too much to hope that before long, by its aid, travellers will be able to run between Greenock and Campbeltown at the unprecedented speed of forty-five miles an hour. It was stated by Mr James Denny, on the occasion of the launch, that there were one or two questions to be settled in connection with turbine vessels. One was the question of efficiency of these engines as consumers of steam, and another as to the relative efficiency of small screw-propellers running at a high number of revolutions as compared with larger screws running at a lower number of revolutions. These points they hoped soon to solve in a satisfactory manner. Mr

Denny also stated that the turbine torpedo-boat destroyer *Viper* was so free from vibration that when travelling at its highest speed, and sheltered from the wind, it was almost impossible for any one on board to tell that the vessel was moving.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LOCOMOTIVES.

At a time when it seems to be the fashion in many quarters to take a pessimistic view of British manufactures, it is a comfort to know that in one important branch of engineering Britain still occupies her old pre-eminent position. In consequence of the disastrous strike in the engineering trades which took place two years ago, the Midland Railway Company of England were induced to place an order for forty locomotives with two American firms, who undertook to put these engines on the rails in a shorter time and at a lower price than any British firm would or could undertake to do. There were certain small details of design to which the American builders had to conform; but, speaking generally, they had a free hand. Six months comparison-trials between these engines and those of British build, the two types being set to draw similar mineral trains under the same conditions, show that in spite of the cheaper figure at which the foreign engines were supplied—the difference being four hundred pounds each—the native-built engines are superior in many ways and cheaper in the end. The American engines are found to cost from 20 to 25 per cent. more in fuel, 50 per cent. more in oil, while the repairs necessary cost 60 per cent. more than the British-built engines. The four hundred pounds saved is therefore soon swallowed up in the extra cost of working.

SCOTTISH SALMON-FISHERIES.

Dr J. C. Dunlop gave some interesting evidence before the Royal Commission on Salmon-Fisheries. A good supply of oxygen in the water he considered to be essential to the life of the ova, stagnation and deposits of fine sediment being fatal to them by stopping the ventilation. In salmon-hatcheries the percentage of fertile eggs proved to be as high as 98 per cent.; but it was impossible to show the percentage of fertile eggs which were hatched under natural conditions. Pure water was absolutely necessary, for in polluted streams the growth of weed was checked and the fish did not get a proper supply of food. Salt-water nourished the fish; and if parr were prevented from reaching the sea, as they well might be if forced to traverse a zone of polluted water on their way thither, they would never grow into big fish. The smaller fish as well as the ova fell victims to the pike, trout, and perch, while certain birds, crows and gulls especially, fed upon them. It is certain that salmon are periodic feeders, a fish having been carefully watched in an aquarium to ascertain this fact. From April 1873 to April 1874 it took

food; it then starved for a month, fed until September in the same year, starved until the following February, fed till September 1875, and so on until the death of the fish in 1878. With regard to the nutritive value of the fish the witness said: 'Assuming beefsteak at one shilling per pound as the standard, to get the same return of food for money the price of estuary fish in May to July would require to be sixpence per pound per entire fish, and upper-water fish in October and November twopence per pound.' Dr Dunlop had previously explained that the flesh was always poorer in the case of upper-water fish than in those caught in the estuary.

TELEPHONE MANAGEMENT.

For some undiscovered reason the telephone service in this country leaves much to be desired. Even in the Metropolis, which it is the fashion to call 'the first city in the world,' the operation of getting into communication with a friend or client is fraught with so much delay that a busy man will often rather send off a telegram than resort to a telephone-office. Here is a case in point: We recently wished to speak to a friend twelve miles away, and were told that there would be some delay because the communication was by a 'trunk' line. The delay amounted to forty minutes, when we heard by telephone that our friend had just left his office for the day. For this unsatisfactory message we were charged sixpence. It would be well if the home authorities would learn a lesson from go-ahead Montreal or any other Canadian or American city. There is no delay on the telephone there. A recent visitor writes: 'Within three seconds of your "call" you are answered; five seconds afterwards the bell of your friend's telephone is ringing, and you are conversing with him. They keep their lines in repair, too; hence there are no broken insulators or crossed wires, and the telephone never refuses to work, and it never goes *gluck-gluck-gluck, si-z-z-z-z, plack-plack-plack*, as those at home occasionally do. The people pay for a real telephone, and see that they get it; they also pay for a good staff of operators, and see that they get that too.'

MILK.

An interesting and valuable paper on 'The Supply of Milk to Large Centres' was read by Mr Charles B. Davies at the closing meeting of the conference in connection with the British Dairy-Farmers' Association, held at Edinburgh. He spoke of the value of milk as a food, and the advantage of procuring it from cows in a natural condition out on the pastures, rather than from those which were kept shut up in towns. The invention of refrigerating apparatus, which enabled milk to be brought from distant places in good condition, had tended to displace the town-produced article. Yet the daily consumption of milk per head of the population was

very small. The railway companies, who derived an immense revenue from the carriage of milk, should provide properly constructed and well-ventilated vans for its reception, and such merchandise as fish and poultry should never be carried with it. In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of this paper it was incidentally stated that an efficient milking-machine was about to be placed upon the market by a Glasgow inventor, the manufacturer of which described it as a perfect apparatus, which would be offered at a price within the reach of all.

MR ANDREW CARNEGIE AND HIS BENEFACTIONS.

Mr Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire, upon whom the University of Glasgow lately conferred the honorary degree of LL.D., was born in the thriving West Fifeshire town of Dunfermline, 25th November 1837. His father, a weaver, was an ardent Republican, and seems to have transmitted this same sentiment to his son; and this, coupled with the fact that the power-loom silenced William Carnegie's four damask-loom, led to the emigration of the household to join some relatives in Pittsburgh. In presenting one hundred thousand pounds this year for district library purposes in Glasgow, Mr Carnegie recalled the fact that fifty-two years ago his parents, with their two little boys Andrew and Thomas, sailed from the Broomielaw, Glasgow, for New York, in the barque *Wiscassett*, of 808 tons, which was forty-two days on the voyage. Young Andrew Carnegie, twelve years of age, began his industrial career, like Livingstone, as a 'bobbin-boy' in a cotton factory in Alleghany City, for which he received the munificent salary of one dollar twenty cents a week. This made him independent of his parents; and no amount of money he afterwards earned gave him more solid satisfaction than that first modest salary. The stages of his progress are well known: he tended an engine; became telegraph messenger, operator, then superintendent of the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; but his opportunity came after some lucky speculations in oil, when, seeing that the days of wooden bridges were over, he joined in starting the Cyclops Ironworks in Pittsburgh for the manufacture of iron bridges. The Bessemer process of steel-making was adopted, and one step led to another, until the companies with which Mr Carnegie was associated owned the largest works and turned out more iron and steel than any other company in the world. During the thirty-six years of his business life the works under his control have turned out over fifty million tons of iron and steel for railroad and other industrial purposes. In writing and speaking upon the *Gospel of Wealth* (under which title he has published a volume of essays), Mr Carnegie has asserted that the man who dies rich dies disgraced; and in retiring from his firm he crowned

some twenty years of giving by handing over one million pounds for libraries and pension funds for the use of the workers in the iron and steel mills he had built up, and another million pounds to equip sixty-five district libraries in connection with the Central Public Library of New York City. This fondness for the planting of libraries first arose from a feeling of gratitude, when a youth, to Colonel Anderson of Alleghany for the use of a small private library of boys' books; and was also stimulated by the words of John Bright: 'It is impossible for any man to bestow a greater benefit upon a young man than to give him access to books in a free library.' Including two million pounds for the better equipment of the Scottish universities and the payment of fees, Mr Carnegie had given away nearly eight millions sterling by June 1901. Withal the great ironmaster continues humble. In returning the proofs of a sketch of his career which was included in *Benevolent and Useful Lives*, published by W. & R. Chambers in 1890, Mr Carnegie wrote to the compiler:

'5 WEST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

'MY DEAR MR COCHRANE,—I think yours the fullest and best account of myself that I have yet seen—far too complimentary in a sense, of course, but still correct in facts, &c.—Very truly yours,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

'The talismanic letters, "W. & R. Chambers:" what their works have done for Scotland! My first lessons after learning to read were from their publications. If they publish something of my life, I think the Scottish lad has really climbed a little.—A. C.'

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE silence is no more: 'tis shattered by
A frenzied rapture from a feathered throat.
Or is't a Seraph drifted down the sky
The dreaming earth with sudden glory smote?

I know not: is it ecstasy, or pain,
Or sated love, or unfulfilled desire,
That, crystallising, falls in silver rain,
And turns a bird's breast to an angel-lyre?

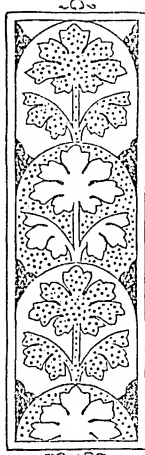
O wizard-voice, dividing all the dark!
O wonder-bird, that seeks night's sheltering wing!
Leaving the day to the ambitious lark,
When all the world's awake to hear him sing.

Wherefore so humble, master of thy art?
O peerless improvisatore! say.
Ah me! the answer comes from mine own heart:
'The Songs of Sorrow are not for the day.'

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



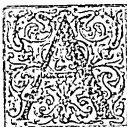
Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE STORY OF JOHN CORWELL.

By LOUIS BECKE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

 M I to have no privacy at all?' demanded the Governor irritably as the orderly again tapped at the open door and announced another visitor. 'Who is he, and what does he want?'

'Mr John Corwell, your Excellency, master of the cutter *Ceres*, from the South Seas.'

The Governor's brows relaxed somewhat. 'Let him come in in ten minutes, Cleary; but tell him at the same time that I am very tired—too tired to listen unless he has something of importance to say.'

The duties of the day had indeed been very harassing to the worthy Governor. The colony was then struggling weakly in its infancy, and only just emerging from the horrors of actual starvation, caused by the utter neglect of the home authorities to send out the needed supplies of provisions. Prisoners of both sexes came in plenty, but brought with them nothing to eat. The military officers, who should have helped the Governor in his arduous labours, were secretly plotting against him; and their spare time—and they had plenty—was devoted to writing letters home to highly-placed personages, imploring them to induce the Government to break up the settlement and not 'waste the health and lives of even these abandoned convicts in trying to found a colony in the most awful and hideous desert the eye of man has ever seen—a place which can never be useful to man, and is accursed by God.' However, the Governor took no notice of these incidents. Mutiny and discontent he had fought in his silent, determined way, as he fought grim famine—unsparingly toiling from dawn till dark, listening to complaints, remedying abuses, punishing with swift severity those who deserved it, and yet always preserving the same cold, unbending dignity of manner, which covered a highly sensitive and deeply sympathetic nature. On this

No. 192.—VOL. IV.

particular evening the intense heat which had prevailed, a violent quarrel between the major commanding the Marines and his officers, and many other lesser worries had made the day almost unbearable; so it may well be imagined that he was more inclined for rest than talk.

Ten—twenty minutes, and then the thin, spare figure raised itself wearily from the rude sofa. He must see his visitor, as he had promised, and the sooner the interview was over the better.

He called to his orderly: 'Tell Mr—Corwell, you said?—to come in.'

A heavy step sounded on the bare floor, and then one of the finest specimens of manhood the Governor had ever seen during his long naval career stood before him, and saluted. There was something so pleasant and yet so manly in the handsome, clean-shaven, and deeply-bronzed face of the visitor that the Governor was at once attracted to him.

'Be seated, Mr Corwell,' he said in his low yet clear tones. 'I am very tired, so you must not keep me long.'

'Certainly not, your Excellency; but I thought, sir, that you would prefer to hear the report of my voyage personally. I have discovered a magnificent harbour north of the Solomon Islands, and'—

'Ha! so you came to me. Very sensible—very sensible of you. I am obliged to you, sir. Tell me all about it.'

'Certainly, your Excellency; but I regret I have intruded on you this evening. Perhaps, sir, you will permit me to call again to-morrow?'

'No, no; not at all,' was the energetic reply. 'I am always ready to hear anything of this nature.'

'I knew that, sir, for the masters of the *Britannia* and another transport told me that you were most anxious to learn of any discoveries in the Pacific Islands.'

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AUG. 3, 1901.

'Very true, sir. I am looking forward to hear from them, and from masters of other transports whom I am inducing to follow the whale-fishery on their return voyage to England *via* Batavia; but I have heard nothing from any one of them.'

Encouraged and pleased at the Governor's manner, the master of the *Ceres* at once produced a roughly executed plan, and a detailed written description of the harbour, which he asserted with confidence was one of the finest in that part of the Pacific. A broad and deep stream of water ran from a lofty range of mountains traversing the island north and south, and fell into a wide, deep bay; and on the river-banks was a large and populous native village. The people had treated Corwell and his ship's company with great kindness, furnishing them not only with wood and water, but also an ample supply of fresh provisions.

During the two weeks that the *Ceres* lay at anchor, Corwell and two or three of his hands unhesitatingly trusted themselves among the natives, who escorted them inland and around the coast. Everywhere was evidence of the extraordinary fertility of the island, which in the vicinity of the seashore was highly cultivated; the plantation of each family being enclosed by stone fences, and the houses were strongly and neatly constructed. The broad, verdured slopes of the mountain were covered with magnificent timber, which Corwell believed to be teak equal in quality to any he had seen in the East Indies, and which, he said, could be easily brought down to the seashore for shipment, there being several large streams besides the one which flowed through the principal village.

The Governor was much interested, and complimented the young seaman on the care he had taken in preparing and writing out his description of the place and his observations on the character and customs of the inhabitants.

'Such information as you have given me, Mr Corwell, is always valuable, and I give you my best thanks—I wish I could do more; and had I the means, men, and money to spare, I would send a vessel there and to other islands in the vicinity to make further examination, for I believe that from the islands to the northward we can obtain invaluable food-supplies in the future. The winds are more favourable for making a quick voyage there and back than they are to the eastward; but'—and here he sighed—'our condition is such that I fear it will be many years ere His Majesty will consent to such an undertaking. However, much may be done at private cost—perhaps in the near future.'

The young man remained silent for a moment or two; then with some hesitation he said, as he took a small paper packet from his coat-pocket and handed it to the Governor, 'Will your Excellency look at this, and tell me what it is? I—I imagine it is pure gold, sir.'

'Gold! Gold!' Something like a frown contracted the Governor's pale features; then he continued: 'Ever since the settlement was formed I've been pestered with tales of gold; and a pretty expense it has run me into sending parties out to search for it! Why, only six months ago a rascally prisoner gulled one of my officers into letting him lead an expedition into the bush. The fellow had filed down a brass bolt'—He looked up and caught sight of the red flush which had suddenly suffused his visitor's face—'But I do not for a moment imagine *you* are playing upon my credulity, Mr Corwell.'

He untied the string and opened the packet, and in an instant an exclamation of astonishment and pleasure escaped him as he saw that the folds of paper held quite three ounces of bright, flaky, water-worn gold.

'This certainly is gold, sir. May I ask where you obtained it?'

'I made the voyage to Sidney Cove to tell your Excellency of two discoveries: one was of the fine harbour; the other was of this gold which I—assisted by my wife, a native of Ternate—washed out of the bed of a small stream. The natives also helped us; but they attached not the slightest value to our discovery; in fact, sir, they assured us, as well as they could, that much more was to be had on every river on the island.'

'Was it your wife, then, or you, who first recognised what this was?'

'She did, sir. She has not only seen much of it in the hands of the Bugis and Arab traders in the Moluccas, but she has watched the Chinese gold-washers at work in many places.'

The Governor moved his slender forefinger to and fro amid the heavy shining particles; then he pondered deeply for some minutes.

'Tell me frankly, Mr Corwell: why did you make a long voyage to this settlement to tell me of your discovery?'

'In the hope, sir, that you would advise and perhaps assist me. My crew are Malays and Chinese, and would have murdered me if they knew what I know. Will your Excellency tell me the proper course to pursue, so that I may be protected in my discovery? I am a poor man, though my ship is my own; but she is old and leaky, and must undergo heavy repairs before she leaves Sidney Cove again. My present crew I wish to replace by half-a-dozen respectable Englishmen; and'

The Governor shook his head. 'I will do all I can to help you; but I cannot provide you with men. The island which you have visited may have been discovered and taken possession of by France, two of whose exploring ships were in these seas a few years ago; and even if that were not the case, I could not take possession of them for His Majesty, as I cannot spare a com-

missioned officer to undertake such a duty. If such an officer were available, Mr Corwell, I should be strongly tempted to send him with you, to hoist the British flag, and then urge the Home Government to confirm my action and secure to you the right, subject to the king's royalties, to work these gold-deposits; but I am powerless—much as I wish to aid you.'

A look of disappointment clouded the young captain's features. 'Would your Excellency permit me to endeavour to find three or four seamen. There is a transport ready to sail for England, and I may be able to get some men from her.'

'I doubt it. Unless you revealed the object of your voyage—which would be exceedingly foolish of you—you could not induce them to make a voyage in such a small vessel as yours to islands inhabited mostly by ferocious savages. But, this much I can and will do for you: I will direct Captain Hunter of the *Sirius*, the only king's ship I have here, to set his carpenters to work on your vessel as soon as ever you careen her. I will supply you, at my own private cost, with arms and ammunition and also a new suit of sails. Provisions I cannot give you; we want them badly enough ourselves, although we are not in such an evil plight as we were ten months ago. Yet, for all that, I may be able to get you a cask or two of beef.'

'That is most generous of you, sir. I will not, however, take the beef, your Excellency; but for the sails and the repairs to my poor little vessel I thank you most heartily and sincerely; and I pledge you my word of honour as well as

giving you my written bond that I will redeem my obligations to you.'

'Even if you should fail I shall be content; for I well know that it will be no fault of yours. But stay, Mr Corwell; I must have one condition.'

'Name it, sir.'

'You must also pledge me your honour that you will not reveal the secret of your discovery of gold to any one in this settlement. This I do not *demand*—I ask it as a favour.'

Then the Governor took him, guardedly enough, into his confidence. With a thousand convicts, most of them utter ruffians, guarded by a scanty force of Marines, the news of gold having been found would, he was sure, have a disastrous effect, and lead to open revolt. The few small merchant-ships which were in port were partly manned by convict seamen, and there was every likelihood of them being seized by gangs of desperate criminals, fired with the idea of reaching the golden island. Already a party of convicts had escaped with the mad idea of walking to China, which they believed was only separated from Australia by a large river which existed a few hundred miles to the northward of the settlement. Some of them died of thirst, others were slaughtered by the blacks, and the wounded and exhausted survivors were glad to make their way back again to their jailers.

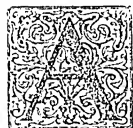
Corwell listened intently, and gave his promise readily. Then he rose to go, and the Governor held out his hand.

'Good-evening, Mr Corwell. I must see you again before you sail.'

DE WET'S FIRST AND WORST REPULSE.

By FRANCIS R. O'NEILL, Cape Mounted Rifles.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



T Wepener, Christian De Wet, the now world-famed Boer leader, crossed swords with the Colonial Division of our South African army. With seven thousand men and fifteen guns, and elated by two recent victories, he threw himself against eighteen hundred British stretched over a thin line of entrenchments seven miles in length. But the resistance he met with was so skilful and so dogged that after nineteen days' hard and continuous fighting and one determined night assault, gallantly repulsed, he returned the way he came, discomfited and badly beaten. I will try and tell the story of that beating, or what I saw of it from the trench of the Headquarter Company in which I, with twenty-five fellow-troopers of the Cape Mounted Rifles, was stationed.

It was in April last year, and on a Sunday

morning, at our camp near Aliwal North, that we received the order for every available man to move in three hours' time—a short notice, but we have since grown well accustomed to that. We tracked without losing much time for two days by Rouxville and Bushman's Kop, on the road to Wepener. After some fifty miles of this we reached Bushman's Kop, and camped opposite the small hotel standing at the foot of the rocky hill which gives its name to the place. After only a couple of hours' stay here, to give us time for collecting fuel (cow-dung), lighting fires, and cooking and getting rid of breakfast, the order was given to saddle-up again, and away we went, tracking this time in earnest, for although it was some thirty miles to Wepener, we only halted again a few hundred yards from the town late that evening, a great part of the way having been covered at the trot.

Wepener is one of the prettiest of the usual

type of South African towns. It lies at the foot of high rocky kopjes rising some thousands of feet, which are the continuation of one of the spurs of the Drakenberge Mountains, and mark the boundary of the Free State and Basutoland. The houses, built of corrugated iron, stand between avenues of eucalyptus-trees; the church, as usual, being the only imposing building. The hotels were flying the Union-jack as we rode through, only to change to the Federal colours a few days later. Three miles beyond the town the road leads across the splendid suspension-bridge over the Calydon River; and as we rode over it we were greeted with the cheerful news that a short time before some thousands of Boers had crossed it with a convoy of wagons, and that it took two days to get the wagons across.

On the other side, the road led up the centre of a basin bounded by a circle of rocky ridges; and it was this basin, and of course the bridge, that we were destined to defend for nearly three weeks against some seven thousand Boers under Christian de Wet, who, fresh from his victory at Sanna's Post and at Reddersburg, was so confident of 'blowing us to pieces in twenty minutes' that he invited the inhabitants of Wepener to witness the spectacle. On the first day of the attack the people crowded the surrounding hills with this object.

After pitching our camp near a small *vlei*, or pond, about five hundred yards from the river and some hundred feet above it, we settled down for three days, knowing only that a disaster had occurred somewhere near Dewetsdorp, and that we might possibly be attacked. Our force consisted of three hundred and eighty Cape Mounted Rifles, the two regiments of Brabant's Horse (numbering about one thousand men), and about four hundred Kaffrarian Rifles—in all, eighteen hundred men. The actual number in the firing-line who could be put to defend the position was under fifteen hundred. The position itself was far too extended for such a small force, for to walk entirely round the circumference of the basin from trench to trench would have meant a walk of nearly seven miles; but the only safe plan was obviously to defend the whole basin.

Let me try here to describe the position. If we cross the bridge and follow the line of these bounding ridges on the left, we shall see them rising abruptly from the Calydon River and forming a strong natural defence as far as the point where a small stream enters it at right angles. Here the rampart of ridges falls away; and up the course of this stream for about three-quarters of a mile, to the dip where the road again passes on towards Ladybrand, was by far the weakest point of the position. The ridges here were only some eighty feet high—in places not fifty feet—easily accessible across the narrow valley, the rocks on the opposite side making splendid cover for the eight hundred riflemen

that for the first two days of the attack poured a murderous fire on our trenches at a range of from six hundred to eight hundred yards, so that to only show your head above a stone was to have half-a-dozen bullets singing over it.

The Cape Mounted Rifles were entrusted to defend this, the weakest and most vulnerable point in the whole position. On our extreme right a dip of about a mile in width, partially filled by a large *vlei*, formed the only real opening in the seven-mile circle. A line of wire-fence had been thrown across this; but the best defence was the cross-fire from the trenches of the Cape Mounted Rifles and those of the Kaffrians on the opposite side. On the other side the ridges rose to a height of from five hundred to eight hundred feet, and on the side facing the enemy they were very steep, keeping an average altitude of some five hundred feet till they again met the Calydon River.

The ground within this great circular basin was smooth, open veldt, covered by the usual number of sun-baked ant-hills. At the entrance to the bridge above the river stood a large and elaborately constructed flour-mill built of great stone blocks. Near it were some half-dozen houses, a post-office, and a store. At the back of this small village was a very pleasing plantation composed partly of pine-trees; and in the middle of it stood two houses some five hundred yards apart—the prettiest houses I have seen in the Free State, with verandas and gardens full of flowers. These houses, which belonged, I believe, to a man of influence in the town and to a commandant at that time 'on commando,' afterwards became our hospital. A little higher up was a small chapel and graveyard; while higher up still, and more to the left, was the small *vlei* beside which the Cape Mounted Rifles had their camp. The whole village—houses, mill, and chapel—were, of course, within the position held by us. The mill especially was of great use, as it held flour enough to last a month for the whole force; besides this, we had our trek-oxen to fall back upon, and some sheep and oxen we had brought with us. So we were in no danger of famine.

The entrance to the bridge, the mill, and village were defended by the Royal Engineers—of whom about fifty had come with us under Major (now Colonel) Maxwell, an Imperial officer—and also by the fire from the Cape Mounted Rifles and Brabant's trenches on the ridges above. Two Maxims were placed here to repel any sudden attack across the bridge or the drift under it. From the camp of the Cape Mounted Rifles there was a walk of nearly a mile across the open veldt upwards to the farthest headquarter company's trench on the extreme right of the line, in which I was during the siege.

This will give a general idea of the position itself and the disposition of the force.

I will now begin to relate events as they hap-

pened. Our first three days here were quiet enough, and the night-duties were not very heavy: simply the usual pickets. On the third afternoon, however, there was a sudden order for a large number of men to fall in for fatigue. These were given picks and shovels, marched up to the ridges, and during the whole afternoon were made to dig trenches along the line of ridges at intervals of about two hundred yards. Even the officers, who are not generally seen at all at such functions, worked picks and shovels with the men; so it certainly looked as if fresh news had arrived. After evening 'stables' we were ordered to fall-in, and were warned that everybody would have to turn out at three o'clock next morning, march to the trenches, and stand to arms there till after sunrise. We were also told to keep our arms in readiness by us in the tents, to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and to make as little noise as possible in doing so.

This continued for two days: more trench-digging and standing to arms in them from three to six A.M., and then marching down again to camp, leaving of course the usual number of observation-posts during the day. It was one morning, after stumbling up to the trenches in the dark, and waiting till nearly sunrise, that from the hill opposite we saw our picket dashing in at least an hour before their time. They came across the valley in front of us; and as they rode past our trench the sergeant called out, 'You'll have all you want now: there's eight hundred of them advancing on the hill we've left.' So they were coming at last! Just before the sun rose I heard one of our men say, 'I wonder whether sunrise will be the signal for the attack; it would be very like them.' At that moment almost the sun began rising over the hills to our right, and at the same instant a dense white puff of smoke came from the left-hand corner of the flat-topped kopje—they had two black-powder guns, the rest cordite. There was perfect silence while you could count twelve slowly, then a dull boom; silence again for a few seconds, then a whirling, rushing sound, and something that you could almost see went screeching over our heads. We looked round just as the shell exploded with a crash, and a cloud of earth and flying pieces of rock showed where it had struck, some fifty yards behind us. Almost directly afterwards we heard the peculiar double report, the *crack-crack* of Mausers from the rocks opposite gradually increasing in frequency and rapidity until the noise was deafening, and a perfect hailstorm of bullets were flying over and about us, knocking pieces off the stones of our trench. The rocks opposite must have been alive with men, though we saw no one even at that little distance. Then came a loud report from the Kafirarian lines on the hills to our right. Our guns were now answering theirs; but we had little time for observation then, for we were

sending volleys and independent fire back into them as hard as we could pelt.

At one time, shortly after this, the enemy seemed to concentrate their fire on our trench; and as it was absolutely impossible to return it, we were ordered to lie low and keep a lookout through our portholes for any advance. It was dangerous enough work to do this even, as the hail of bullets upon the trench would have meant death to any one showing himself out of cover. It was just like a fierce, driving hailstorm. Nothing showed me so clearly the power of the modern quick-firing rifle as this.

The big guns were now carrying on a duel, the shells passing almost directly over our heads. Three additional Boer guns were firing, and all ours—four in number—were in action. The enemy did not take long, however, in getting their guns to bear on us; and as they had eleven, as well as a pom-pom and several Maxims, they were able to bring a cross-fire on each of ours from three of theirs. The noise was deafening, as was only natural, for fifteen big guns, one pom-pom, five Maxims, and some five thousand rifles were all roaring and spitting out their contents as fast as possible. The enemy's shells were bursting chiefly beyond the ridges and falling on the flat space or basin behind us. The surface of this stretch of ground was literally cut to pieces by them; and it would have been almost impossible for any one to have walked the mile or so across it down to camp alive.

The Boers were now completely round us, occupying the Wepener side of the bridge and the ridges on that side of the Calydon River. Our two Maxims guarding the bridge were going like steam-hammers, showing that the Boers were making a determined attack there; but their heaviest fire was concentrated upon us, as they evidently considered this was the vulnerable spot, as, indeed, it plainly was. Our artillery were making splendid shooting, and several times we obliged the enemy to move their guns. The ranges to every possible point of attack had been carefully found beforehand. The Boer gunners were just as good, though; but by some chance—either because they did not see our trench as clearly as they saw those to our left—we came in for the least of the shell-fire, the nearest shell bursting some fifteen yards outside our trench. We could see, however, that others were less fortunate, as shell after shell seemed to pitch right on the walls of the sconces, and twice during the day they were knocked right on the men kneeling behind them. Our gunners were also having a very warm time of it. We could see them working the guns on the ridges to our left-rear, the men being obliged to take every possible cover by lying down behind the rocks whenever the flashes were seen from the enemy's guns—lookout men being stationed to give warning—and then to rush out and lay and fire the gun. This was the only way to

keep the gunners from being knocked out, as the enemy had got the range exactly, and were dropping shells only a few feet from the limbers of our guns.

They were now attacking us furiously; and we all, I think, felt a little anxious as to what would be the end of it. We had no reserves, simply one single line of trenches, and these far apart, between twenty-five and thirty men in each. These trenches were about three feet deep, earth and stones being piled up in front to form a wall another three feet in height, the ditch being about four feet broad and of semicircular shape. Still this murderous fire went on hour after hour; and as the sun, even at that time of the year, was fearfully hot, we began to long for the evening, which we hoped would bring quiet again. Though the big guns were still firing incessantly, we were reserving our ammunition now, and firing slowly, only giving the enemy volleys now and then. For the whole three weeks' siege which followed, everything had to be left exactly as it was when the firing first started. The men told off on any special duty had to remain for nineteen days on that duty. The tents—hastily struck by simply pulling up the poles—lay scattered untouched all over the veldt. During the nineteen days of fighting no man could stir from his position either in the trenches or from the *donga* near to the camp (where the non-combatants, cooks, &c. were placed for safety) except at night. This was the order, and a most necessary one. It was very difficult indeed to find any effective cover, as the bullets and shells were now coming from all points of the compass.

The men on horse-guard had what proved to be a terribly arduous duty. Some of the horses had been loosed to graze as usual in the basin, and now they had to be collected and tied up on picket-lines in a place as much as possible under cover. A great many stampeded when the firing began, and wandered out beyond the trenches. All these poor brutes were shot without exception. The place was covered with dead horses and oxen. Those that the horse-guard succeeded in driving in had to be kept in one spot the whole time on little or no grain. Many were killed by shrapnel deliberately aimed at them, as they were partly visible from at least one of the Boer guns. Stray horses were constantly wandering about during the fighting, most of them wounded, and these were hit over and over again before being finally killed. We watched the main troop being driven in when the attack started. It was marvellous that men and horses were not all destroyed. A shrapnel burst right over one of the horse-guard; it fell over him like a douche of split lead, the ground round him being cut to pieces by the hundreds of little bullets. It was a miraculous escape.

The day was wearing on, and yet there was no change, the guns and rifle-fire pounding on hour after hour. Not a man in our trench had as yet

been touched, which was marvellously good luck considering the number of bullets that had struck our trench; but we felt sure there must have been many casualties among our force. We were getting accustomed to the squib-like report of what we felt sure must be explosive bullets, as they went off like large crackers among the rocks in front of the trench; but I feel bound to say there is a doubt whether it was not the splash of the soft-nosed bullets used by the enemy—a bullet I believe to be also illegal—as the sudden impact of such a missile fired at short range would immediately burst the bullet, the heat evolved being sufficient to melt the lead inside the hardened coating, and give an appearance in the dark as if a number of small shells were bursting around us. Indeed, on the night attack some days later, the effect of these flashes of flame and sharp cracks made some of the men certain they were explosive bullets; but I still think it may have been simply the result of the impact. Besides these sounds, the air was full of the weirdest noises: the *whir-r* of the spent bullet from a long range; the chirp of those at high velocity when fired from the rocks directly opposite—one single shrill chirp exactly like the high-pitched note of a small bird. The 'ricos,' too, made the most extraordinary sounds; pieces of bullets that had struck some obstacle—forced, I suppose, by their irregular shapes to take trajectories of all forms—made noises like the wailing of a lot of distant cats. All these made the air seem alive with flying and screeching forms. Occasionally—but very occasionally—a puff of smoke would show where some antiquated Boer had been indiscreet enough to use black powder, and it was a pure joy to have something to aim at from our trenches; but hardly ever were two shots delivered from the same position. Although we felt disheartened at the want of objective, our regiment—comprised largely of old Colonials and men of from ten to twenty years' service—had many crack shots; and in conversations I have had since with men who at that time were firing at us from the rocks opposite, I have heard many tales of the deadly effect of our fire and of the respect the Boers then formed of the shooting-powers of the Cape Mounted Rifles. They say it was impossible for them to show any part of the body out of cover without being hit, and often they put up coats and hats on sticks above the trenches, which were instantly riddled with bullets. Had we known this at the time it would have been distinctly encouraging. I heard one story of a Boer who showed afterwards at Ficksburg, as a curiosity, a match-box he had put on the top of the scone he was in, which was pierced by a bullet; but this at five hundred yards, the distance of the nearest Boer trench, could only have been a fluke!

The first day of the attack at last drew to a

close, and as the sun went down we were all thankful to have quiet again for a bit. Little did we think then it was the first of nineteen evenings we were destined to spend in those trenches. Then the reports of the day's fighting began to drop in from men who came up from camp under cover of the dark, and we learned how heavy our losses had been. Major Springer, our best officer, was killed, and dozens of officers, non-coms., and men were down. I believe by far the greatest proportion of casualties was on this first day's fighting. At dusk very strong pickets were thrown out from every trench, about one hundred yards to the left and right front, to keep in touch with those from the other trenches. We thought then that it was not at all unlikely a night attack might be made.

I may say now that these pickets formed by far the most nervous and trying work we have had in the campaign. You knew, when taken out by the corporal in charge one hundred yards to the front, directly overlooking the narrow valley separating us from the riflemen opposite, that the whole safety of the line of defence depended upon your seeing any advance on the part of the enemy and giving the alarm in time. I am thankful to be able to say truthfully that I do not feel nervous or excited under such conditions, and therefore am not inclined to use exaggerated or extravagant language to describe it; but it really was desperately dangerous work when the moon was not up, or on a cloudy night when it was simply impossible to distinguish anything more than thirty yards ahead. Then you had to depend upon hearing alone. Wherever you happened to be placed, there you remained, behind a rock or ant-hill—just cover enough for your head—lying flat down upon the ground, peering into the darkness beyond; and unless you were absolutely sure of an attack, you must not betray your whereabouts by a challenge or by firing. If you were sure, then challenge once; and failing an immediate and satisfactory reply, let drive. You then had to bolt one hundred yards across the open and against the sky-line before an advancing enemy and under a point-blank fire, as in all probability the first time you could possibly discover any advance would be when the enemy had reached the edge of the decline into the valley only fifty yards in front of you. There would, under these conditions, be one chance in a hundred of your reaching the trenches alive. All possible precautions were therefore taken to conceal the positions of the sentries. You were posted under cover of the dark by the corporal, both crawling cautiously out in a doubled-up position, treading very carefully to avoid knocking against stones and making a noise that would have been heard at once by the watchers opposite. On the first night our officers were so afraid of the changing of sentries betraying the whereabouts of the latter

that they were only relieved once. I shall never forget that first night, flattened behind a small ant-heap, lying on our rifles when the moon rose, to prevent the reflection showing them up. We were lying there in thin khaki for six hours without moving, straining every nerve the whole time to catch the slightest sound or a glimpse of crawling figures in front; for any advancing Boers would steal from rock to rock with hardly a sound. After the first three hours a heavy thunderstorm came on, with drenching rain, and still we lay there motionless for another three hours on streaming ground, soaked through and through; yet not for an instant could you relax the keen, intent watch, stiffened, in the same position, taking advantage of every flash of lightning which lit up the rocks in front. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time! Altogether I was on eight of these pickets during the siege.

The next day, with the very earliest light, came the *ping-pong* of the Mausers—or, as we called it, the *flip-flop*, which I think more nearly represents the sound. This first firing was at the pickets who were retiring; and you may imagine they came tumbling into the trenches like rabbits. The whole of the second day passed like the first: the guns began at sunrise and continued all day; but the rifle-fire was not nearly so heavy, and soon developed into 'sniping' only. All day we lay doubled up in the trenches, and after a time took to smoking and playing cards to pass the time. To get some shade from the broiling sun we made shelters of our blankets by fixing them to the stones on the earthwork in front; but we always had two men on the lookout, and kept up 'sniping' whenever there was anything to be seen that might be the head of a Boer among the rocks. We had to give up the blankets afterwards, for they drew the fire down on us, as they could be seen from some kopjes overlooking the position.

I think I may now say a few words upon what I know of the feelings of men and of my own sensations under fire. Every recruit very naturally desires to prove himself up to English traditions when in a dangerous position, and is therefore desperately anxious to prove to himself that he can behave as others do. I was consequently very thankful to find myself fairly tranquil in spirit under it. There is a feeling which a boy experiences when waiting at a dentist's to have some teeth out—a curious excitement and shrinking in the pit of the stomach. This, I imagine, all feel at first; but on no account must you let this excited feeling have the slightest effect upon your actions. A man who, when it is necessary, has not the slightest hesitation in exposing himself, and can behave exactly as he would behave in his garden at home, when the bullets are cutting up the ground round his feet and chirping past his head perhaps only a few inches away, is in the finest nerve-condition

possible; but what a fearful lot of experience it generally takes to arrive at that condition! Time after time I have tried, and am not satisfied yet; for, after all, the great thing is to satisfy yourself, as only then can you feel content and call yourself a soldier. What other people think does not matter; though it is necessary, for example, to keep up an outward appearance of perfect self-control. I can, however, honestly say that the struggle, so far as I was concerned, was entirely an internal one, and even when dissatisfied with myself nothing unsatisfactory was noticeable. This nerve-condition, together with the art of using your rifle—being, in fact, a marksman—makes the soldier. I think one of the great lessons of the war is that every cool-headed, plucky man who can shoot is a formidable soldier: surely a very welcome discovery to us, with our large force of volunteers. One of

the most useful acquirements a soldier can possess is a power of judging when to take care of himself and take cover, and only when it is really necessary to expose himself. He should not go about with the idea that the honour of a regiment forbids his lying behind rocks and crawling under cover to attack a position, but calls upon him to rush, bolt upright, into an entirely impassable hail of lead. He might just as well commit suicide at once as adopt such tactics against modern weapons. Some writer has said that the greatest heroism is to rush headlong into a danger, and the greatest prudence to avoid it; but the greatest wisdom is to know exactly when to be heroic and when to be prudent. The soldier should be wise. The throwing of men against an enemy under cover and in possession of the modern quick-firing rifle is murder. There is no other name for it.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

By GILBERT STANHOPE,

Author of *Bobby's Protégée*, *Spray of Jessamine*, *His Darkest Hour*, *The Colonel's Little Girl*, *On the Honeymoon*, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

RAUSING but an instant to recover breath, Beatrice made her way to the spot where Julius was lying. A large piece of the cliff had fallen with him, and fragments were scattered all around. He lay on

his back beside a great heap of debris, beneath which one arm was partly buried.

Beatrice bent over him. His face was deathly white and his eyes closed; but she put her hand on his heart, and found, to her great relief, that it still beat faintly. She knew better than to attempt to move him without knowing where the injury lay. She lifted off the stones and earth that partly covered him, and knelt beside him, taking out her handkerchief and water-bottle and moistening his lips and forehead.

He stirred a little like a man in sleep. 'Beatrice!' he murmured.

She started. He had not seen her. How did he know she was there?

'I am here,' she said softly.

He opened his eyes and saw her bending over him.

'Your brandy?' asked Beatrice hastily, for he seemed sinking into unconsciousness again.

He turned his head a little to the left; and, divining his meaning, she felt in his pockets on that side and found a small flask. She lifted his head a little and put the flask to his lips.

'Beatrice!' he said again. She turned her eyes to his, and in the long gaze fixed upon her she read all the love and all the craving he had been battling with for all those weary weeks.

'Are you in pain?' she asked. 'Do you know where you are hurt?'

'It's my back. It's broken, I think, Beatrice. From here'—and with his uninjured hand he touched a spot—'below here I have no feeling; from there downwards I cannot move. No, I have no pain; and that's the worst sign. My head feels quite clear. I know I have not many hours to live.'

'Oh no! oh no!' cried Beatrice through her tears; 'help is coming. They will send men to move you from here, and a doctor'—

'It's no use,' he said faintly; 'it will be better to let me die here in peace. Will you raise my head a little? I want to see the sea—and the sunlight—and—and your face—for the last time!'

She whipped off the light coat she was wearing and put it under his head. In all her misery and despair it was sweet to be ministering to him. The tears she could not check were streaming down her cheeks.

Julius stretched out his hand; she put hers into it, and his fingers closed over it tightly. 'Don't cry for me,' he went on; 'you don't know what a worthless fellow I am. I did not mean to be unfaithful to Effie; but I never knew what love was till I saw you. You will not be angry with me now?'

Angry! when her whole soul was so filled with love for him that it had no room for any other thought; when even the knowledge that he was dying could not quite check the wild thrill of joy that passed through her when she learned that he loved her!

'Will you kiss me, Beatrice, this once?'

She leant over without a word and kissed his pale lips.

'To have you here—with me—at the last—it is more than I could have hoped for. How did you get here?' he asked suddenly. 'You did not fall over too?'

'No, no,' she said softly; 'I scrambled down somehow.' The red blood flooded her face.

'You!' he cried, his eyes full of wonder. 'Down that cliff—for me! Oh Beatrice! if you had loved me, you'—

At last her overburdened soul found words. 'If I had loved you?' she said.

'Is it possible?' he cried, stretching out his one sound arm towards her, all his soul in his eager, questioning eyes.

The last barrier of maidenly reserve swept away by the strength of her feelings, Beatrice bowed her head on his breast. 'My love! my love!' she sobbed. She wound her arms about his neck, and laid her warm, wet cheek against his. For some moments there was no sound but the lapping of the waves upon the shingle and the hoarse scream of the gulls overhead.

Presently she felt him shiver, and a shudder passed through her. All the warmth and the strong, pulsating life in her vigorous young frame could not keep off the chill that seemed to be slowly spreading over him. She gave him a few more drops of the brandy, and he opened his eyes again.

'The waves sound nearer,' he said. 'Is the tide coming in?'

'I think it must be.'

He started up. 'Are you safe here, Beatrice? Does the tide not come so far?'

She had never thought of this; but she looked about her now, and saw that the high-water mark was some way above the level on which they were. 'But help is coming,' she said soothingly; 'they will come to fetch you long before the tide comes up here.' She did not feel in reality quite so confident as she appeared.

'You had better leave me, my darling. Come once more to my arms, tell me once more that you love me—thus—thus—and now leave me here. It will not be so hard to die now.'

But Beatrice only clung to him more closely. 'I cannot leave you, Julius!'

He drew her face down once more close to his own; but in doing so his grasp relaxed, and he sank again into unconsciousness.

Beatrice knelt beside him, her whole soul going up in one agonised prayer. The monotonous *plash-plash* of the waves on the shingle went on; it seemed to her that she would hear that sound for ever and ever!

Suddenly it was interrupted by a quicker, shorter sound—the dip of oars! 'Thank God!' she cried, 'if only they are not too late;' and she rose to her feet and went forward to meet the boat.

There were three fishermen in it, and two of them sprang out and pulled it up on the sloping shingle.

'Is the gentleman much hurt?' asked one of them, his rough face softened to pity as he saw the mute agony in Beatrice's eyes.

'I'm afraid so.'

'They've sent for a doctor, and maybe he'll be down tew the landing as soon as we; but my mates and I, we thought as 'twould be better to fetch him off right away, 'cause of the tide.'

'Yes, yes,' said Beatrice; 'that was right. But you must move him very carefully. His back is broken.'

Another and older man now came forward. 'We'm had tew deal with many an accident before now, miss. But don't 'e take on, my pretty; he'll pull through yet, sure enough. 'E can take my word for 't.'

Somehow this rough attempt at comfort cheered Beatrice, though she knew he could not possibly tell anything yet about the nature of the injury. She watched how cleverly they extemporised a stretcher out of an old sail and a pair of oars. Gently—very gently—they slipped it under the injured man and carefully transported him to the boat.

'You'll take his head on your lap, miss? I thought so. Then sit 'e here.—Now, my lads, push her off! There we are!' as the boat slid down into the water.

Julius lay motionless. Once or twice he moaned a little, and Beatrice's clasp of his fingers tightened. Once he opened his eyes and smiled faintly at her.

They had rounded the headland now, and saw the little bay where they were to land, and where a little group of people awaited them.

'There's the doctor's gig!' cried the old man. 'He'll soon put your sweetheart to rights, miss.'

Beatrice did not even blush. Face to face with the realities of life and death, it seemed such a very small matter what any one thought of her now.

The doctor came down to the edge of the water, and helped to lift the now unconscious Julius out of the boat.

Beatrice divided the contents of her purse among the boatmen, with a few words of thanks for their prompt assistance. To the old man she held out her hand, which he shook awkwardly. 'Thank 'e kindly, miss. We all hopes as how the gentleman'll soon recover.'

'We'll take him to this cottage first,' the doctor directed, 'where I can examine him.—The other two ladies are there,' he went on, turning to Beatrice, 'in a terrible state of suspense. Has he been unconscious all the time?'

He had to ask the question twice. Beatrice was looking at him in a dazed fashion. She had forgotten Effie—forgotten everything but that Julius loved her, and that Julius was very near to death.

This mention of the other two ladies recalled her to every-day life and its realities with a shock under which she almost reeled. With an effort she summoned her senses to grasp the meaning of his question.

'Oh no! and he seemed to feel hardly any pain. But he thinks—he thinks his back is broken.'

'Ah! Well, well, we must hope for the best; but it would be a wonder if such a fall as that did not injure him seriously. The ladies are in there,' with a jerk of his head towards a door in the cottage, which they had now reached, while they carried their motionless burden in at another entrance. 'If I want assistance I will send for one of you.'

Beatrice would have given at that moment all she possessed to be able to shut herself up somewhere and bear the awful suspense alone. Hers was the sort of nature that cries out for solitude when it is racked by suffering. It was the hardest thing she had ever had to do—the going into that tiny room and sharing her trouble with the two women who had more right to Julius than she.

She found them surrounded with a paraphernalia of scent and smelling bottles, handkerchiefs, and shawls. Mrs Trevanion had been faint and Effie hysterical.

Effie sprang to her feet as she saw Beatrice enter. 'Have they brought him here? What does the doctor think? Is there any hope?'

Beatrice hastily told her all she herself knew, and added that all they could do was to wait quietly there to hear the doctor's verdict. To her this passive waiting was the hardest task of all.

Mrs Trevanion expatiated largely on her own sufferings: how she had felt when Effie came in to tell her the terrible news; what an exertion it had been to get to the cottage, since there was no carriage-road down to the shore; how she could not leave Effie alone in her anxiety; and how her heart had palpitated when she saw the boat come in.

Beatrice listened and said a word here and

there mechanically, straining her ears all the while to catch a sound of a movement in the adjoining cottage. Effie had sunk back in her seat, where she sobbed unrestrainedly, and now and again Beatrice would try to soothe her with a word of encouragement and hope.

At length the door opened and the doctor entered. He was very young, almost boyish in appearance, and to counteract this he had cultivated a manner that was professional to the last degree.

'Our patient has recovered consciousness,' he began. 'I have sent to the Penruth Infirmary for a proper conveyance. He will need the greatest care—the very greatest care. There has been a terrible shock to the system, the left forearm is broken, and the spine—well, the spine has undoubtedly received a violent concussion; but that irremediable injury has been done I would not say—no, I would not say. Time alone will show. You ladies had better drive home—I understand that you have your carriage close by—and see that all is prepared for his arrival. Will he get all the nursing and attention he wants in his own house, or had we better take him into the infirmary?'

The ladies looked at one another. This was the question Mrs Trevanion had been dreading. She felt it might be expected that she should offer to have him at the Court; and, though she shrank from the idea of all the trouble this would entail, she could not bear to be thought unfeeling.

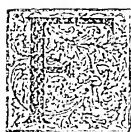
'We will have the dear fellow up to our house,' she said, 'and we will see that he gets all the care and attention he needs. Will you bring him up, Doctor Bowden; and we will go on at once and make ready?'

'You will not insist upon seeing him before you go, I hope?' the doctor said, inwardly wondering that they did not; 'he is better kept perfectly quiet.'

'Oh! then we will not,' rejoined Mrs Trevanion hastily, very much relieved to be spared the ordeal, for she hated the sight of sickness and suffering. Then the doctor escorted them to the carriage and saw them drive off.

HISTORY OF ARTIFICIAL EYES.

By No. 7118, OPHTHALMIC WARD, MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.



EW things mundane and of general utility or universal value are without a trace, visible or invisible, which either directly or indirectly leads up to their respective authors, origin, or date; but much difficulty is frequently experienced in finding the superfine thread—and sometimes it is not found—which is fastened at its far end to the object of the search: Frank Buckland possessed an abnor-

mally happy knack—which he designated the 'connective system'—of discovering the missing links or traces of almost any given objective, especially if these traces were to others apparently non-existent. For several years prior to my personal acquaintance with the great naturalist I had made innumerable fruitless endeavours in the pages of *Notes and Queries* and through the editors of many other publications to obtain the history and date of the invention of glass eyes.

Buckland told me he 'thought' I 'might' find my desiderata 'somewhere' in the British Museum, though he did not exactly know where; and then he kindly imparted to me the secret of his 'connective system.' Aided by that excellent system, I searched and re-searched through piles of ancient manuscripts and books in the British Museum, and then in other museums and libraries, and next went back again to the British Museum; and finally my search, which I was on the point of abandoning, was, albeit only partially, rewarded with success.

The writers of the Middle Ages say the history of the artificial eyes in use amongst the ancient Greeks and the Romans has not been preserved; and I suggest that the history of the artificial eyes worn by the ancient Egyptians has escaped the destructive action or ravages of time purely by accident. This suggestion is based upon the extremely meagre and fragmentary information afforded by old and modern annalists, which I have carefully selected and collated.

It is not known precisely when or where artificial eyes originated; but the annals plainly show that in ancient times the priests in Egypt and Rome, who practised as physicians and surgeons made artificial eyes, hands, arms, and legs—the Egyptians as early as 500 B.C. Their method of eye-making is thus described: On the centre of a piece of flesh-coloured prepared linen, two and a quarter inches by one and a quarter, the flat side of a piece of earthenware, modelled life-size and painted to represent the human eye and eyelids, was cemented; and this linen, coated on the other side with an adhesive substance, was placed over the eye and pressed down. These artificial eyes were therefore worn outside the cavity, and, though not strictly artistic in design or detail, were no doubt fully appreciated and worn with pride by the monocular Egyptian and Roman 'toffs.' It is chronicled that one of these artificial eyes was picked up in the ruins of Pompeii, which was destroyed in 79 A.D.

The earliest known mention of modern artificial eyes—that is, eyes worn inside the orbit—occurs in an exceedingly rare illustrated work on surgery, written by a French surgeon named Ambroise Paré, and published in Paris in 1561. Paré invented three artificial eyes. The first was a wonderful contrivance. It consisted of a thin metal spring-band which passed half-way round the wearer's head, having on one end a small oval plate which covered the orbit of the eye, and the other end pressed against the back of the head. The oval plate was covered with smooth, soft leather, on which an eye was painted! It would, perhaps, be difficult to devise anything more inelegant or uncomfortable. The second device was a hollow globe of gold, eye-shaped and enamelled, which was worn inside the socket—the first recorded artificial eye thus worn. The third contrivance was simply a 'shell-pattern' eye, exactly

similar in shape to those now used, but made of gold and enamelled. Except that they were made of gold and enamelled, the two latter were practically of the same design as the 'globe' and 'shell' glass eyes of the present day. Paré's clumsy, truss-like appliance and his two gold eyes, which were used only by the wealthy, were succeeded by eyes made of painted porcelain and coloured pearl-white, which immediately became immensely popular. Next came the invention of glass eyes, which instantly superseded all others, and still command the public favour.

Glass eyes, which were invented in 1579, were well known in Shakespeare's time. In *King Lear* (Act iv. sc. 6), written in 1605 and first published in 1608, Lear, with crushing derision, thus advises the blinded traitor Gloucester: 'Get thee glass eyes; and . . . seem to see.' As a strict necessity Gloucester would have required globe-pattern eyes.

In Shakespeare's day glass eyes were literally the finest productions of very inferior workmanship, the iris and the pupil being hand-painted in the best style of that rough-and-ready period. However, as Father Time marched along, glass eyes progressed and improved in make and finish, especially within the last half-century; and now they have reached a high standard of excellence as works of art.

Having worn all varieties of shell-pattern glass eyes for over thirty-six years, I am able to judge in a moment how much or how little any speaker or writer on these appliances knows of his subject; and as I have frequently been asked for an opinion, I now offer useful and practical advice on the selection, manipulation, and treatment of glass eyes. Many striking and original incidents in this connection have come under my notice. I give the following as examples:

In response to my inquiry of an eye-maker whether he had a stock eye to suit me, as I could not wait to have one made, he gave a searching look at my two eyes, and then said, 'Yes, we have got the very thing. Which eye do you want matched?'

One morning, when I stood before the ophthalmic surgeon at a hospital I was attending, he turned to one of a group of young students, and, pointing to me, said, 'Look at this man's eye, and tell me what you see there.' Up sprang the student and closely examined each eye. 'Well, what do you see there?' the surgeon interrogated. The reply given was, of course, replete with technical terms showing some knowledge of ophthalmology. 'Anything else?' 'An approaching cataract, sir.' 'Wonderful!' replied the surgeon; 'cataract in a glass eye!'

To an up-to-date woman I casually remarked, 'On a sunny day I can see much better with one eye than with the other.' 'I am thankful to say my sight is absolutely perfect,' she replied. 'I see equally well with both eyes.' 'I wish I could; but I can distinctly see a fly walking

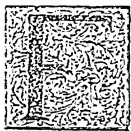
across your right eye,' was my rejoinder. 'Ah! I thought I felt something,' she said hurriedly. Have any of my readers ever *felt* a fly walking across a table?

During my stay in America I was engaged in a divorce suit in which a glass eye was the principal factor. I must here explain, parenthetically, that in the United States every State makes its own laws; and in some States a divorce can be obtained on very trivial grounds, or to meet the mutual convenience of both husband and wife. The petitioner in the case referred to, a wealthy man, sued for a divorce on the following pleas: deception, falsification, social bias, and physical disability. The evidence given proved that the petitioner first fell deeply in love with the respondent, a remarkably beautiful brunette, at sight; at nine o'clock the next morning he called upon the lady at her house, and made her a suitable offer of marriage, which she accepted at once; and two days afterwards they were legally

married. Everything went splendidly with the happy couple for the first three months; but during the thirteenth week—thirteen is reckoned by many people an unlucky number—the husband suddenly and accidentally discovered by the merest chance that his wife wore a glass eye! The shock caused was so startling and awful that the poor man was almost killed on the spot; for he had long proudly boasted no woman had ever 'fooled' him. However, the judge, after quietly and fairly hearing both sides, immediately gave judgment upon all points against the petitioner; but a few days later the petitioner and the respondent jointly applied to the court for a 'divorcement,' which was at once granted at 'their mutual request and agreement.' Curiously enough, the respondent—who had 'fooled' fifteen thousand dollars out of her unsuspecting husband at the wedding breakfast—purchased the identical glass eye *from me*. It and another glass eye had been made in London expressly for my own wear.

LIFE-SAVING ON OUR COASTS.

By J. BLAKE HARROLD.



FOR the succour of those on board the hundreds of vessels which annually meet with casualties around its coasts, the United Kingdom has two great and entirely distinct life-saving services: the one under the control of the Government, and the other under the control of an institution supported entirely by public subscriptions; and in this respect the British system differs from that of most of the colonies and from those of foreign nations, which have the several means of life-saving under the sole control of the Government.

Owing to its official character, the first place may perhaps be given to the 'Rocket Apparatus for saving life.' This 'Life-Saving Apparatus,' as it is officially designated, is under the sole control of the Board of Trade, and is manned by the Coastguard, who are assisted at most places by enrolled companies of civilian volunteers. The great and deservedly popular Royal National Lifeboat Institution, however, takes no second place; it is, in fact, the senior service, as it was established as far back as 1824, being then styled the Royal National Institution for Saving Life from Shipwreck. The lifeboats are manned by local fishermen and others, and they are, with a few exceptions, under the management of the parent body, assisted at each station by a committee of local residents. Each service is kept entirely distinct in its working, it being an invariable rule that no person connected with a lifeboat should be enrolled in a rocket apparatus company; but, of course, each renders every possible assistance to the other.

From the fact that many places are supplied with both a rocket apparatus and a lifeboat, it can be readily understood that great rivalry exists between the men attached to each of the services—a rivalry to be highly commended, as it is of great benefit to the crews and passengers of the vessels in distress—as to which of them shall be the means of saving the lives of those in peril. As a general rule, a rocket apparatus is supplied to places with a shore elevation—in other words, to a rocky coast—as it can only be used to land those on board the vessels which strike within about one hundred and twenty fathoms from the shore proper. On shores with a low elevation, and with outlying shoals miles from the coast, many lifeboats are stationed, as their scope of action is practically unlimited; but the coasts frequently vary greatly, and thus at many places both a rocket apparatus and a lifeboat are stationed, either side by side or in close proximity. On an average, each rocket apparatus 'guards' from three to four miles of coast on each side of its station.

These two systems of life-saving, the one by means of ropes from the shore and the other by lifeboats, have been found, after exhaustive trials, to be the most effective instruments for the purpose around the British coasts. Both systems have been much altered and improved, for there is very little resemblance between the first lifeboat lined with cork, which was built in 1789, and the latest pattern steam lifeboat. The line-throwing gun (still in use in the United States) and the mortar were the forerunners of the rocket. As far back as 1807 a Captain Manby invented

the mortar apparatus, by which a shell carrying a line was fired to the vessel in distress, and in 1814 forty-five stations were established; then a Mr John Dennett, in the Isle of Wight, introduced the rockets; and in 1855 these were improved by a Colonel Boxer, who combined two rockets in one case, one being a continuation of the other, so that the first carried the projectile to its full elevation and the second gave it additional impetus, the range thus obtained far exceeding that of two rockets placed side by side. This 'Boxer Rocket' was the same in principle as that now used, which is in appearance a heavy iron-cased cylinder nearly a yard in length, with a nine-foot stick, to which the line is attached.

A description of a modern lifeboat is unnecessary, as almost every one has a more or less intimate knowledge of its appearance; but the life-saving apparatus is not so familiar, and the great majority of people are unaware of its existence unless they happen to see in the 'wrecks and casualties' column of a newspaper a bare statement that a ship's crew were saved by its means. The apparatus and its method of working may be thus described: 'A rocket is fired which carries a line over the ship; the crew haul on the "rocket line," and this brings an endless rope (called a whip), rove through a block with a tail attached to it, which they make fast to a mast or some other portion of the wreck high above the water. Those on shore then haul off to the ship a hawser attached to the whip, which is made fast to the mast, or other portion of the wreck, about eighteen inches above the whip. The shore men then set the hawser up and send off to the ship the breeches buoy. When the breeches buoy reaches the ship one of the shipwrecked persons gets into it, and it is hauled back with its occupant. This process is repeated till all, or as many as possible, are saved. It is sometimes better to use the whip and breeches buoy alone. When the vessel is close inshore, the heaving-cane [a weighted stick with a line attached] is used instead of a rocket.'

The brave men who man the lifeboat and are ready to risk their lives over and over again to go to the assistance of their fellows in peril are deservedly objects of regard and admiration; but perhaps equally brave deeds are frequently performed by their shore rivals in life-saving, and these receive little more than local publicity. Yet that such deeds of heroism are far from uncommon is shown by the fact that the Board of Trade rewarded no less than thirty-eight men with medals or grants of money for especial acts of gallantry in the rocket apparatus service in which life was risked during the past year.

The company working the rocket apparatus at a station usually numbers about twenty men in addition to the Coastguard, and is, with very few exceptions, under the command of the Coast-

guard station officer. The men are drilled quarterly, and for his attendance at this quarterly exercise each volunteer is paid 2s. 6d. At a wreck-service at which life has been saved each man, in addition to a travelling allowance of 3d. per mile, is paid a sum varying from 5s. upwards, according to the severity of the service; and the Board of Trade, to further encourage their efforts, makes a special award of £1 as a 'life prize' for each person saved. This scale of payment does not at first sight appear to err on the side of too great liberality; but it is found to be, in addition to the honour and gratification of saving life, a sufficient extra inducement. Englishmen, taken as a whole, do not—and it is with pleasure we can record it—require a pecuniary reward for such a humane action; but the money-payment is an additional incentive to promptitude in turning out for a wreck-service. Many times, too, they go miles on a fruitless errand, finding on arrival at a wreck that its crew have been landed by some other means, or that the vessel reported in danger has escaped; and then the money awards given them is a great solace for their wasted exertions.

To establish a life-saving apparatus station, fully equipped with all the gear and stores, would cost about £350; but its annual upkeep comes to by no means a small amount. Each station is an exact duplicate of its neighbour or of any other, down to the smallest item of its stores; but the vehicle in which the gear is carried to a wreck varies in some particulars, in order to suit the locality in which it is to be used.

On the 30th of June 1900 there were in all three hundred and thirteen life-saving stations in Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scilly Isles, manned by over four thousand volunteers.

It is difficult to give the exact annual amount expended on this rocket apparatus service, as no figures are obtainable. However, the amount provided in the estimates for the current year is only £13,648 in all; and as the estimates are not usually exceeded, this amount can be taken as the probable maximum cost. Excluding from this sum £1048 set apart for salaries, the total annual cost of keeping the three hundred and thirteen stations in working order is £12,600 at most. The Government financial year ends on the 31st of March, and the life-saving year on the 30th of June; but the average quarterly expenditure must be always about the same. Therefore, as three hundred and sixty-nine lives were saved during the last life-saving year, and as the expenditure may be taken as under £13,648, it is evident that the cost of saving one life by the rocket apparatus was a little under £37—surely not an excessive sum for the Government to expend for rescuing a person from almost certain death.

Although the appearance and mode of launching a lifeboat are so familiar to most people,

the cost and working of a lifeboat-station is not generally known except to those who reside near one; consequently an explanation may be of interest to many of our readers. In the first place, to establish a lifeboat-station—that is, to build a house and supply it with a boat and all necessary stores—costs on an average about £1000, and to maintain it about £100 yearly; but at the few stations supplied with a steam-lifeboat these figures are largely exceeded, for the initial cost of a steam-lifeboat is anything from £3000 to £5000, and its maintenance involves an annual expenditure of about £800. Each station is controlled by a committee of residents in the locality, under the supervision of the central institution. To each boat is assigned a coxswain-superintendent, an assistant-coxswain, a bowman, and as many men as the boat pulls oars; but where possible double the number of men necessary to man the boat are enrolled in the boat's crew, to provide for probable contingencies. There are at present over seventeen thousand men ready for service at any time.

Like the rocket apparatus company, an exercise of the crew is held quarterly, and for his attendance each man is paid 4s. The payments for going afloat to save life vary according to the time of day and the season. From the 1st of April to the 30th of September each man is paid 10s. for service during the day, £1 at night, and 15s. for intermediate times; and during the winter months of the year one-half more than these sums is paid. No extra money is awarded as a 'life-prize.' The coxswain-superintendent, however, is paid £8 per annum, and his assistant £2, in addition to these other allowances, as they are responsible for the conduct of the services. It can thus be seen that a lifeboat requires a far greater sum to establish and keep up than does a rocket apparatus.

On the 30th of June 1900 there were in all three hundred and two lifeboats around the coasts of the United Kingdom: of these, two hundred and ten were in England and Wales, forty-seven in Scotland, thirty-five in Ireland, six in the Isle of Man, and four in the Channel Islands. The last published report of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was for the year ending 31st December 1900; and during that period no less than six hundred and ninety lives were saved by the lifeboats. For such a service a large sum of money is required, and during the year mentioned a sum of £95,623, 3s. 7d. was expended. Of this amount, £24,313, 9s. 8d. went to the men manning the boats and to the relatives of those who lost their lives on service; £35,066, 1s. 6d. was expended on the supply and maintenance of the boats; and £6590, 1s. 1d. on the salaries of the inspectors and clerical staff. The total receipts were £101,184, 8s. 6d. from all sources; and, in addition, the institution had a

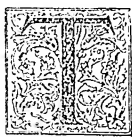
capital account of nearly half-a-million sterling. Special awards were granted for the saving of one hundred and seventy-five lives by shore-boats and other means; and, allowing for these, it will be seen that for the period under review each life saved by means of a lifeboat cost about £138.

Thus one year's life-saving by the two services round the coasts of the United Kingdom involves an expenditure of over £109,000; and for the periods mentioned above the results were a saving of ten hundred and fifty-nine lives—a record of which we can justly be proud. It can serve no useful purpose to compare the cost of saving each life by means of the rocket apparatus and the lifeboats, which in one case is so much below that of the other, owing to the expenses of the services being so dissimilar; but it must be stated that in each case the cost per life varies inversely as the number saved—in other words, the greater the number of lives saved the less is the proportionate cost of each rescue.

It is of great interest to compare these figures with those of another great service—that of the United States—where the several means of life-saving are under the sole management of the Government. At the close of the year ending 30th June 1900 (the latest available statistics) there were in the United States two hundred and sixty-nine stations, many of which were supplied with both a lifeboat and a line-throwing gun (the substitute for the rocket apparatus). During this period eleven hundred and seventy persons in all were saved, of whom five hundred and forty-seven were landed by means of the surf-boats, fifty-two by lifeboats, one hundred and fourteen by the gasoline launch, thirty by river skiffs, two hundred by other boats, one hundred and fifty-eight by the breeches buoy, and sixty-nine by other means. The total cost of the United States life-saving service would seem to have been \$1,535,936 (£307,187). Thus the average cost of saving one life by means of one or the other of the gear under the control of the American Government was about £264—a sum about three times as large as that expended in the United Kingdom.

As has been before pointed out, however, exact comparisons are difficult, partly because the statistics of the services are made up for different periods, and partly because the number of lives saved varies so considerably in different years, although the expenditure varies but little. The United States system, in which all life-saving methods are under Government control, cannot be said to be more successful than that adopted in the United Kingdom, and it is undoubtedly more costly. It can be stated, therefore, without fear of contradiction that the record of the British life-saving services is one which can bear comparison in all respects with that of any other nation.

NEW SYSTEM OF WORKING RAILWAY SIGNALS.



THE present system of actuating railway signals seems to be about to undergo a complete revolution. The change has already been effected on many American lines, and the reported advantages are so great that British companies are beginning to turn their attention to the new system.

The revolution in the working of signals and points may be said to consist in the employment of compressed air instead of the mere hand-power of the signalman. There are two of these new systems of signalling now under consideration in this country, and they are alike in the main principle of bringing compressed air to bear directly on switches and signals. The difference is that in one system the connection between the signal-box and the pneumatic apparatus is electrical; in the other, the connecting medium as well as the actuating power is pneumatic. The electro-pneumatic system has been on trial for some time in one signal-box on the Great Eastern Railway; while the choice of the London and South-Western Company for experiment, at two points on their railway, is the entirely pneumatic system; and we have it from the superintendent of the line that if it is found to fulfil its promises—as it certainly seems to have done in the United States—it will be adopted all over the South-Western system.

The chief advantages of the new method are that it conduces to greater security from accident; that it works with extreme ease, thus entailing very little wear and tear of plant, which lasts at least twice as long as that now in use; and that, as it makes the physical work of the signalmen very light, in large boxes it enables three men to do the work of eight, thus saving about five-eighths of the wages. When it is stated that there are about twenty-six thousand signalmen on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, and that at all the more important points this new system promises to effect reductions on something like this scale, the economy of the new signalling apparatus will be apparent.

The mechanism of the new system is somewhat intricate for letterpress description; but the principle of it can easily be explained. If you watch the movement of the arm of a railway signal or of a pair of points by means of which a train is shunted from one line to another, you will see that the movement is effected by means of an iron rod which slides up and down or backwards and forwards. Now, at present the movement of that rod is effected by the sheer strength of the signalman working a lever in a distant box, perhaps even five hundred feet away; and if the distance is considerable, and the mechanism not in perfect order, the muscular exertion required

is severe. In pneumatic signalling, however, the force actually pushing forward and pulling back these rods is in a little cylinder attached to the signal-post or placed on the ground close to the switch-points. The motive-power in this cylinder is air compressed to a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and supplied to all the switches and signals within a given radius through underground pipes from a central compressor. The rod which pushes down a signal-arm or shoves over a pair of switch-points has really become a piston-rod of this pneumatic cylinder. Compressed air admitted at one end of the cylinder pushes the rod out; admitted at the other end of the cylinder, it pushes it in. Thus, it will be seen, this compressed air really does the physical work of the signalman; and all the mechanical connections between the box and the signal or the switch—the rods and their carriers, the bell-cranks and temperature compensators, and so forth—are entirely dispensed with, and the surface of a railway line may be cleared of all these encumbrances and complications.

However, although these pneumatic machines really do all the hard work, they require to be controlled and directed; they cannot as yet take the place of heads as well as muscles, though even in that direction some advance seems to have been made. They need to be directed when to push and when to pull, and this is the duty which remains to the signalman. Formerly he actually worked the switches and signals, now he has been promoted to the position of an overseer and director. The power is there, at the switches and signal-posts; his business is merely to set the power in operation, and this he does either by means of electricity, or—as in the entirely pneumatic system, which appears to be the coming one—by means of air-tubes running underground between his box and the working mechanism. Instead of laboriously hauling over a distant switch or heaving up and down a signal-arm by his own muscular effort, he merely pulls forward a little slide, just as he might pull out an organ-stop, and with not much more exertion. This movement lets into a half-inch gaspipe extending between his box and the distant mechanism a whiff of air out of a reservoir under about seven pounds pressure per square inch, and this whiff of air sets that distant mechanism in motion. However far off the signal or switch may be, in a scarcely appreciable space of time the seven pounds pressure will traverse the half-inch pipe and will push up against a horizontal rubber diaphragm, the result being that this circular diaphragm is lifted about a quarter of an inch. This is sufficient to open a valve and set in action the air in the machine which is under the greater pressure of about fifteen pounds to the

square inch. This valve is termed the relay valve, because it serves the same purpose as an electro-magnetic relay, by which a weaker current liberates a stronger one to do work. Two of these valves push in and out a piston moving in a ten-inch cylinder for a switch, or a piston moving in a five-inch cylinder for a signal-arm.

That is the whole mechanism of the thing so far as the movements of the switches and signals are concerned; but railway signals and switches are nowadays 'interlocked' in such a way that a man cannot 'make a road,' as railway men say, and then work the wrong signal for that road. 'If I wanted to cause an accident,' said a signalman to the writer once at a great London terminal station, 'I really don't know how I should do it in this box. The mechanism would not let me.'

The interlocking is a very remarkable feature of this pneumatic system, and the singular thing is that it is dependent upon the actual movements of the interlocked signals and points, although it is done through the signal-box. When the signalman wants to switch over a pair of points he pulls out his 'lever,' as it is still called, though it is not a lever but a slide. He cannot pull out this slide to its full length; it will come out only a certain distance. However, it will come far enough to open or shut the points, and the movement of the points automatically sends back air-pressure which comes in at the back of the half-drawn lever and pushes it out to its full length. This not only indicates that the intended shifting of points has actually been made; it also permits of the proper signal being worked. Until this indication has been received it is of no use for the man to attempt to drop the signal permitting a train to pass over those points. The machine will not work; it is as though the thing understands that the points are not right, and refuses to drop that signal to allow the train to pass. The mechanism almost seems to be endowed with a prudent and conscientious intelligence capable of warning the man that he is about to do what he ought not to do, and flatly refuses to be a party to it.

A switch five hundred feet from the signal-box will be brought into position and an indication sent back that all is right within a couple of seconds of the pulling of the lever. This automatic indication that the desired movement has actually been made is a distinct advance upon the ordinary mechanical interlocking, which gives no such sign. In a general way the existing system no doubt works well enough; but it is possible that some defect in rods or connections may result in the working of a signal-arm without the switch having moved. Indeed, accidents have occurred in this way. With this pneumatic system it is only the actual working of the switch that sends back the indication and liberates the signal-lever.

It is not, however, that any diminution of risk

is likely to result from the adoption of pneumatic signalling that is the main inducement to substitute it for the rod-and-crank system. The risk of failure with the present mechanism is too slight to require so extensive a change. The chief reason why the new system has been adopted on some of the principal lines of America, and why our own companies are favourable to it, is that it simplifies the business of signalling, permits of the entire abolition of some of the boxes at busy stations, and greatly reduces the necessary staff. As an illustration of this may be specially mentioned the Grand Central Station at New York, in and out of which last year something like thirteen millions of people were carried. To manage this heavy traffic there were formerly two signal-boxes eight hundred feet apart, and the two of them required a staff of twenty-three men working in eight-hour shifts, the number of lever movements in twenty-four hours being twenty-one thousand one hundred and fifteen on an average. The two signal-boxes, with over two hundred levers between them, were combined in a single cabin with one pneumatic machine having one hundred and seventy-six levers, and the number of men required throughout the twenty-four hours was reduced from twenty-three to eight. What with the reduction in the number of men and the smaller expense for the repair of the mechanism, it has been computed that an annual saving of over two thousand four hundred pounds has been effected at this one station. This is an important economy, and what is almost as important to the managerial mind in the railway world is that machines are much more easily managed than men. They will work as long as required, and they never demand an advance in wages or go out on strike if they do not get it. The fewer the men the easier the management and the greater the saving; and as this new system undoubtedly economises labour and seems to be thoroughly efficient, it will not be surprising if the old-fashioned signal-box, with its long lines of levers, speedily disappears from the railway world, and the compact and easy-working pneumatic apparatus everywhere takes its place.

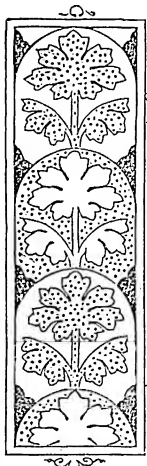
LOVE'S ENCHANTMENT.

I THOUGHT of thee beside a dropping well:
And every crystal tear of joy that fell
A virgin paradise revealed to me,
Wherein I wandered hand-in-hand with thee.

I dreamed at night upon a sea-girt shore
Of arms that circle all my life no more:
My world from jewelled sea to star-strewn dome
Was thronged with gleaming spirits of the foam.

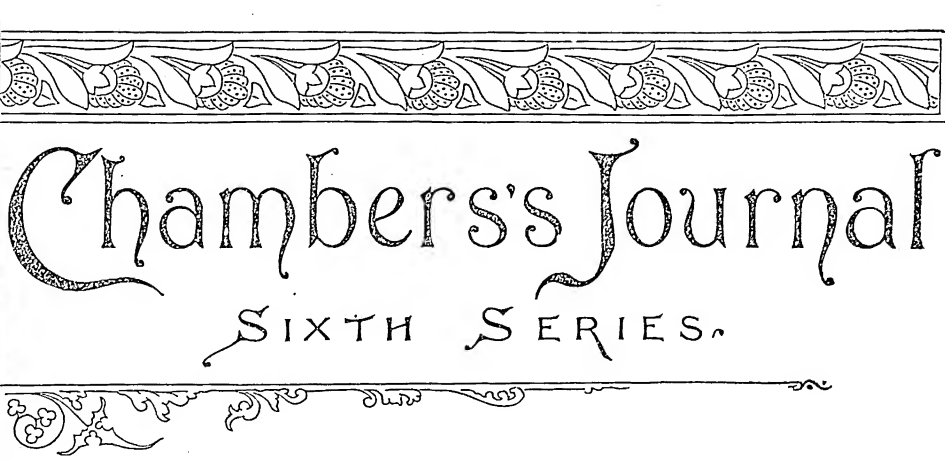
I strayed at midday through the cool green wood,
And sang for that God saw that all was good:
After my song's most distant echoes rang,
The little leaves through all the forest sang.

ELIZABETH GIBSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE BUSINESS INSTINCT.

THE collective mind of the British public is much troubled in these days over the commercial position of England, and longs to know if John Bull still has good blood and brains, or is only a gray-beard tottering in senile decay, who in a less civilised age would have been quietly clubbed on the head, but who will now be exterminated by starvation. The man with the newspaper wants to know England's real position in every branch of commerce; and all the knowledge vouchsafed him is that Britain still leads the way in the manufacture of lawn-mowers and bootlace tags. The traders declare that the Government give them no assistance whatever in their struggle: that the Merchandise Marks Act, for instance, has done them more harm than good; that the consular reports are frequently useless, because the information is not always up to date, and is often made known to foreign trade-rivals instead of being available only to British firms. On the other hand, the Government for the time being affirm that if British trade is going to the bad, it is the fault of the British trader and his commercial traveller. To quote one sentence from the report on British trade with the Argentine Republic: 'It has been said to me *ad nauseam*, in one form or another, "We asked British manufacturers to do so and so, or to make this in such and such a way; but they could not, or would not, and so we went elsewhere."'

However, the British trader at home, as a rule, does not lack enterprise; even among the smallest firms a great deal of pushfulness can be found. The writer knows of a firm who scored a point off a German company, a feat which is possible in spite of all we hear of the Britishers' mistakes of the 'mumpsimus' type, which the Germans, of course, always utilise with success. A German firm brought out a folding letter-balance, on the pan of which were engraved the British postal rates and the legend, 'Made in Germany.' Immediately after the whole consignment had been

sent over, and before the novelty was on the market, the Postmaster-General altered the postal rates, carrying four ounces for a penny instead of two. When, on account of this alteration, it was found that the distributing firms would not touch the balance, orders were given that the whole lot should be sold 'for any reasonable offer.' A London firm secured the majority of the balances for next to nothing, and, having gilded them over, were able to sell them at an advance on the original price on account of their improved appearance.

The business instinct can be found in very small firms, which, somehow, do not always reap the benefit they deserve. Some twelve months ago the writer bought a house in a south-western suburb of London. The sale took place at the mart in Tokenhouse Yard at one o'clock; and the eight o'clock post that night brought a circular, posted in London but coming from a firm in the suburb in which the purchased house was situated, offering to send an experienced man, free of charge, to estimate the cost of removal. On the next morning a dairyman solicited our custom; the importunate man called twice, and was successful.

A speaker once tried to persuade a debating club that, taken all round, gambling was not such a bad thing as moralists would have us believe. In the course of his remarks he declared that Great Britain owed its empire to gambling. That was inaccurate; we owe it to the commercial traveller—that is to say, to business. Supposing either France or Germany sends out a geographical or zoological expedition, and then—the great characteristic of these expeditions being versatility—suddenly hoists its flag over a new territory, all our statesmen do is to point out that when the French or Germans arrived in the country they found a Scotsman selling something, and therefore Britain had a prior interest and claim.

Even our diplomatic squabbles, which are not all reported in the press, are caused by business considerations. Some of our diplomatists could tell, if they would, of the war-clouds that gathered

on the horizon when the price of a certain household commodity rose a penny a pound. A story is current in diplomatic circles of the son of a South American president who wanted to go to Europe for a holiday. His father listened to the request, but regretted that his purse—and the purse of the Government too—was so low that he could not afford the expense; but the young man, having suggested that he might be accredited to the courts of Europe as an ambassador of the republic, eventually had his wish gratified, and departed happy and gay, visiting several European courts and thoroughly enjoying his trip; and not only did the embassy afford him a cheap holiday, but it eventually gave a fillip to the trade of the capital of the republic. It is a rule of international etiquette that if one country sends an ambassador to another, the compliment must be returned; therefore all the European states visited by the president's son sent an ambassador to the capital of the republic, and for a time business there was quite flourishing. The young man, of course, took all the credit for the sequel.

Mr Carnegie believes that America is to be the Anglo-Saxon workshop and Britain the Anglo-Saxon playground of the future. Whether this prophecy prove true or not, it must be admitted that the Americans mean business every time, and that the description of Daniel Webster as a steam-engine in trousers is typical of the whole nation. The American's business instinct makes him use the lift in preference to the stair, saving from thirty seconds to a minute each time; and for the same reason he bolts his meals in a quarter of an hour, incidentally suffering from chronic dyspepsia. A year's abuse of pleasure brought us—so we are told—the bicycle-face; in America the business-face is substituted. Even when the American comes over to Europe for his holiday, his eye is always open to the main chance. The following story is told of an American who visited an old English church and struck up a conversation with the rector: The two went up to the roof for the sake of the view, and the rector pointed out how badly in need of repair were the leads; going on to talk in a hopeless way of the poverty of the parish. The American rubbed his chin, and then offered to put on a new roof at his own expense. The delighted rector closed with the offer. The American was as good as his word; and when, on the completion of the work, the rector thanked him effusively, he quietly confessed to having made a very respectable profit out of his 'charitable' work. The rector asked for an explanation; and then the American informed him that there is a certain amount of silver in all lead, which was now extracted, but in old times it was left because its presence in the lead was not suspected. The quantity of silver in the lead on the church roof was sufficient to pay all expenses and to give the American a tangible profit. Later editions of

the story, however, declare that when the American was proceeding to cart away the old lead a man politely requested him to desist, as his firm had bought the lead from the rector, and he had been put in charge of it. It now remains only for the iconoclast to rise and declare the story to be the product of some one's diseased imagination.

That business is sordid has been triumphantly disproved by the attitude of business men during the South African war; but it used to be the fashion for literary men, who had never essayed a business career, or who had failed in the attempt, to declaim against the sordidness of commerce. Without going to the terminus, their opinions ran on the same lines as Chatterton's, when he said:

The composition of my soul is made
Too great for servile, avaricious trade;
When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch the pen and publish what I think.

Literature, like other forms of art, has now become a business, employing agents to secure the best prices for literary work. Proprietors of magazines advertise that they have paid so much a word for the use of some celebrated author's work; when the tale is published in book-form the author receives so much per copy instead of taking a lump sum and washing his hands of the business. Even Chatterton had his moments of business. On one occasion he wrote a political essay for the *North Briton*, which was not printed on account of the death of a patron, the Lord Mayor. This is the poet's analysis of his emotions:

Lost by the Lord Mayor's death in	
this Essay.....	£1 11 6
Gained in Elegies	£2 2 0
Do. in Essays.....	3 3 0
	<u>5 5 0</u>

Am glad he is dead by.....£3 13 6

If by this time a patron has secured the position Mr Street has offered in a *causerie* in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, it is to be hoped that more generous treatment will be meted out to him at his decease. Something, however, may be said in praise of the business tact of Mr Street. He has not only got an advertisement inserted in the pages of the magazine itself for nothing, but he has been paid for writing it.

Similar to Chatterton's analysis is the way Lamb ends one of his letters, apologising for his sister, who is unable to pay a visit to a friend as had been arranged: 'I am sorry to put you to the expense of twopence postage. But I calculate thus: if Mary comes, she will eat beef, 2 plates, 4d.; batter-pudding, 1 do., 2d.; beer, a pint, 2d.; wine, 3 glasses, 11d. (I drink no wine); chestnuts, after dinner, 2d.; tea and supper, at moderate calculation, 9d.—2s. 6d. From which deduct 2d. postage—2s. 4d. You are a clean gainer by her not coming.'

For art as superior to business we have been accustomed to turn our eyes to the Latin nations, notably to France; and yet it was there that the applause at theatres was exploited as a business. The business of the *claque* has been subdivided into many branches, all of which are controlled by one man, or group of men. The applauders—even the lady in the box who faints and the man who hisses at a good part in order to arouse the indignant enthusiasm of the audience—were all provided for so many tickets a performance, to be sold by agents to the public. So carefully were the plans of campaign thought out that the Whiteley of applause used to provide a man or a woman, dressed in provincial style, to jump up and scream out, 'There's the villain hiding behind that tree,' or the like. We also hear of cowboys in the Far West pulling out their revolvers and peppering the melodramatic villain. On one occasion in a London theatre the business instinct came out in the same way. A relative of the lessee was enacting the part of an indignant father whose son had got into the hands of the money-lenders. In the interview with the money-lender the father severely lectured him, and then demanded his son's bill. 'There, sir,' he said, 'is my cheque for a thousand pounds.' The money-lender was just reaching out for the cheque when a voice came from the pit: 'Don't you take it, old chap. I've got one of his now for six pound ten, and he's asked me to hold it for a fortnight.'

Most people know the story of the Jew who promised that if his father predeceased him he would put two hundred pounds in the coffin. When the father died one of the Jew's brothers asked him if the promise had been fulfilled. On being told it had, the thought struck him that the money might be more usefully disposed of; but on looking into the coffin he found that, instead of two hundred sovereigns as expected, there was a cheque for the amount made payable to the order of the deceased.

A similar story, not known to the public generally, is fathered on Mr Barry Pain. A German Jew carried on a money-lending business under the designation of 'a lady who had had a considerable fortune left her, and was prepared to lend it out at a short notice on note of hand.' He succeeded in business, and eventually settled in a smart suburb of London. His one weakness was a desire for social position. He gradually gained an entrance into the drawing-rooms of the neighbourhood; but the door of one mansion remained obstinately closed to him. At last his chance came, as always happens in stories, and sometimes also in real life. A bazaar was held; Lady Smythe was one of the stall-holders. The Jew went to the bazaar, and having asked Lady Smythe how much she wanted for the whole stall, wrote out a cheque for the amount. After this Lady Smythe felt she could not ignore the

Jew any longer, and sent him and his wife an invitation to one of her social functions. The Jew took the card to London and flaunted it in the eyes of his acquaintances. Then a few days later the money-lender unfortunately had to sue one of his clients, and he won his case; but the discreditable details came out, and the Bench confessed to a sincere regret at not being able to punish the plaintiff. When the Jew next met his friends he was chaffed unmercifully. 'Vot about your invadation now?' said one. 'You will find dat the leetle barty is boot off, and dey won't say when id is boot off to.' At this the money-lender turned round indignantly. 'Vot!' he exclaimed; 'you dink me a fool? Vot for do you dink I bring dat card to London—eh? To have it sdamped. Dot is a gondract now, and Lady Smid must carry out her gondract. Ach, donner! vot you dink?'

Since writing this article, the author, in looking over the deeds and papers of an uneducated Irishman with some of the characteristics of Père Gaudet, has met with a similar circumstance. A tenant wrote to the deceased excusing himself for not paying his overdue rent, ending with the promise that he would soon send a cheque for the amount. This letter had been taken to Somers House and stamped.

But business has its apotheosis. The world's pre-eminent business-man is Andrew Carnegie, a Scot who left Dunfermline in 1848; and, to pass over the intervening years, he is now the possessor of forty million pounds invested in the preference stock of American industrial companies. This enormous fortune, which brings in over five thousand pounds a day, has been built up on business principles and not by gambling. One of the most interesting facts about him is that he has invented an aphorism: 'He who dies rich, dies disgraced.' Mr Rhodes, too, in a conversation with Mr Stead, once said, 'No man should ever leave money to his children. It is a curse to them. . . . As for any money you may have, it should all go to the public service—to the State in some form or other.' Mr Rhodes therefore proposes to give all his money to the State when he dies; but Mr Carnegie has gone one better, and proposes to give away his hard cash before that event. Thus it would seem that by the benefactions of these two millionaires, whose 'gold has not crushed their imagination,' we are helped farther on the way towards satisfying the Chelsea School of Philosophy, with its complaints that though Plugson of St Dolly Undershot has conquered cotton, and made it into shirts, yet somehow the 'bare-backs' are worse covered than ever. In one respect the South African is higher than the Chelsea ideal. Plugson says to his workers, 'Noble spinners, this is the hundred thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards; the hundred thousand is mine, the three-and-sixpence daily was yours. Adieu, noble

spinners! Drink my health with this groat each which I give you over and above.' The Chelsea ideal is that of William the Ironcutter: 'Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained; be I Lord in it—what we call Law-ward, main-tainer and keeper of Heaven's Laws; be I Law-ward, or in high orthoëpy Lord in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it; and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another.' The South African millionaire says, 'Men, this is the land we have won for the dominating nation. Come, you and I, let us develop that waste land yonder, build a railway here, run a tele-graph there. There are your wages, sufficient to keep you working, and somewhat beyond; if you have more you will only waste it on wine and similar things. I am a Darwinian; and I know that if there is any fitness in you you will live, and if there is no fitness in you I should be committing a crime in helping you to linger on. However, I intend getting what good I can out of you for the dominating nation, and I usually get my way.'

One of Carlyle's critical remarks about Dickens was that his theory of life was entirely wrong: 'He thought men ought to be buttered up, and the world made soft and accommodating for them, and all sorts of fellows have turkey for their Christmas dinner. But it was not in this manner that the eternal laws operated, but quite otherwise.' Mr Rhodes thought out the method of the eternal laws in the solitudes of South Africa, and his money is not to go to 'all sorts of fellows,' but to the imperial purse of England, because it is his faith that the English race—Briton, South African, Australian, or American—is the race that is fittest. On the other hand, Mr Carnegie, by his munificent gift of two millions sterling to the Scottish universities, and his continued gifts for free libraries, seems to favour learning and libraries. We have our smaller anti-Plugsons, donors of art-palaces and founders of beneficial trusts. In Mr Carnegie and Mr Rhodes we have two world-wide anti-Plugsons; but the next odd number is always better than the even, and, in matters like this, triple are preferable to dual alliances.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER VIII.



ALL the way home Mrs Trevanion was full of querulous complaints about the trouble that having an invalid at the Court for an indefinite time would entail upon her.

Beatrice, whose nerves felt all on edge, positively longed to shake her, and even Effie's equanimity was rather disturbed, and she suggested that it would perhaps have been better to let him go to the infirmary after all.

They were still debating the matter as they drew near the town. The news of the accident had been already spread abroad, for the doctor's messenger on a fast-trotting pony had reached the town before them.

The first of their acquaintances they met was Miss Caradoc, who stopped them to ask for particulars. Mrs Trevanion told her, in her somewhat rambling style of discourse, all that had happened and how they were going to nurse him up at the Court.

'Ah!' exclaimed Miss Caradoc, 'of course you have the first right to him. If he had been going to his own house, I was thinking of offering to take him in; in fact, I had already ordered preparations to be made. I have a bedroom on the ground-floor that would have done nicely for him, and it would have been almost as handy for the doctors as the infirmary.'

Mrs Trevanion's face brightened perceptibly. 'It might really be better for him,' she said; 'we

must not study our own wishes, but what is best in his interest.'

'It would be a great pleasure to me to have him,' urged Miss Caradoc in her gently persuasive tones, 'not only because I like him personally, but because I feel that I owe him a debt of gratitude for what he has done for a poor family in whom I am much interested. No one knows how kind he has been!'

At that instant she looked up, and caught Beatrice off her guard. The love, joy, and pride with which her eyes were aflame when she heard this praise of Julius made them look like stars in her pale, set face. The two women had not met half-a-dozen times, but in that one glance Miss Caradoc read the other's secret and saw into the depths of her soul.

After a few protestations for form's sake, Mrs Trevanion agreed to the change of plan.

'Dr Bowden will be only too glad not to have to bring him all the way up to the Court,' she said; 'only we must drive back to meet him and let him know.'

'If you are so done up with all you have gone through,' suggested Miss Caradoc, 'why not let one of the young ladies go back with me in a fly to meet the doctor?'

Beatrice was about to start forward and offer to go, but she hastily checked herself. It was Effie's right.

Miss Caradoc was looking at Effie, who began

to collect her belongings and said faintly, 'Yes, I will go.'

'Can you stand it, my dear?' asked Mrs Trevanion. 'If not, I dare say Beatrice would be kind enough to go.—I quite envy you,' she went on, turning to the latter, 'for being so strong and healthy and able to stand such sights. Poor Effie and I are so terribly sensitive. And then, of course, he is more to us.'

'Does he look very dreadful?' Effie asked.

'Not at all.' Beatrice could not help a little hardness creeping into her voice. It was difficult to keep down the tempest in her heart. Here was she, longing, craving to be by his side to help him, while Effie—for whose sake alone she refrained—was only considering how much pain the sight of him would give her!

Miss Caradoc waited in silence.

'Yes, I will go,' said Effie at last.

Beatrice never knew how she lived through that drive to the Court. She was dimly aware of a constant stream of talk from Mrs Trevanion, to which she made some sort of an answer occasionally. It was with a sense of infinite relief that she at last locked herself into her bedroom and was able to let her grief have way.

The scalding tears and the sobs that shook her whole frame relieved the tension of her overwrought nerves, after the restraint she had put upon herself for so long. For an hour or two she lay there undisturbed. Then, when she heard the carriage-wheels upon the gravel, she rose and bathed her face and eyes. This must be Effie returning, and she must begin again to play her part of sympathetic looker-on.

For the first time a feeling of guilt towards Effie arose in her mind. This love, she reflected, that had come upon her and disturbed her whole being in this strange, tumultuous way, had come without her will or knowledge. If Julius lived—and at the thought her unspoken prayer went up to heaven, 'Let Julius live! Mine or hers, let Julius live!'—if Julius lived, she would go right away and come no more into their lives; and he would forget her—in time he would forget her—and Effie and he would be happy together, as they were before she came.

She was planning no treachery against Effie; on the contrary, for Effie's sake she was renouncing all that made life sweet; and so when she heard Effie's voice at the door she let her in, and listened to all she had to say with a calmness that was almost overacted.

Effie's news was good beyond her utmost expectation. The doctors were nearly positive now that the spine was not broken, nor even seriously injured, though the violent concussion it had received made it quite natural that Julius should have thought so. The use of his limbs would come back, they believed, to him in time. One of the bones of the fore-arm was broken, and, of course, the shock to the system had been

of a very serious character; but they thought it possible that in a few months he might be as sound a man as ever—that was, if all went well.

The two girls kissed one another and cried a little out of pure relief.

'Aunt Clara has been talking so horribly,' said Effie presently. 'She was afraid he might be an invalid for life, and she said in that case I could not, of course, marry him. She might wait till it is proved whether the doctors are right, and not suggest such horrid possibilities.'

'But surely you are your own mistress,' said Beatrice, 'and could marry whom you liked?'

'Well, yes, in a way; but Aunt Clara's approval would make an immense difference to me. She could be very vindictive if she were displeased, and she could not only leave her money elsewhere, but she could also make things very unpleasant for me in this neighbourhood.'

Beatrice could not help thinking that if she had been free to love Julius Standen, no aunt's approval or patronage would have weighed with her for a moment; but she fought down the thought. She must school herself resolutely not to think of Julius Standen save as Effie's husband. What he had said to her that day would never have passed his lips unless he had believed that only a few hours of life remained to him.

She was thankful that Effie did not question her at all as to what had passed down there at the foot of the cliffs. All Effie had asked was, 'Were you not frightened when you were with him? The doctor told me you would both have been washed away if those fishermen had not come in time.'

'No, I wasn't frightened,' answered Beatrice quietly. She could almost find it in her heart to wish that they had been left there to die together. If life was to be all like to-day—one long struggle to repress her deepest feelings, her strongest instincts—would it not have been better to have gone down into the depths with Julius, hand in hand?

Beatrice, however, was a healthy-minded girl, not imbued with the prevalent *fin-de-siècle* belief in the futility of all things. She believed in the Providence that 'shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,' and indeed she needed all the faith that was in her at the crisis she was now passing through.

'You are braver than I,' Effie continued. 'I am sure I could never have scrambled down that terrible cliff.'

'Oh, I was always a bit of a tomboy,' said Beatrice; and then Effie left her.

One thing Beatrice resolved on before she went to rest that night, and that was to cut short her visit to the Court. It had been arranged that she should spend the summer there, as Lessingham Hall, her Sussex home, was undergoing repair. Her father had not long since married again; and though Beatrice and her

young step-mother got on, as every one remarked, wonderfully well, she felt pretty certain that the latter would rather not have her accompany them on the round of visits they were paying.

Beatrice had a married sister in London, and to her she resolved to write, begging her to send an urgent summons to town. Maisie was kind and always quick to understand; she would know that Beatrice wanted to get away from the Court, and would not press for reasons. It would be easier to fight out the hard battle she had to fight if she were right away from Julius and Effie.

She would strive to forget this brief madness that had possessed her; she would not see him again till she had learned to meet him with calm friendliness as Effie's husband.

However, she must write to him once; it would be easier to write than to speak what she had to say. She must tell him that all that had passed between them that fateful day was to be as if it had never been. He would know that, now that life had been given back to him, his duty to Effie lay plain before him. She felt it was for her to clear up the situation; to him the task would be infinitely harder.

THE WRONGS OF 'SALMO SALAR.'

By AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE.



THE appointment of yet another Royal Commission, with the Earl of Elgin as chairman, to inquire into the working of the existing salmon-fishery laws, has raised the hopes of the many who would like to be able to eat salmon at a moderate price that something will at last be done to make this fish a food-supply in the fullest acceptance of the term. Likewise, the result of this inquiry is anxiously looked forward to by the proprietors of the numerous small west coast rivers that formerly abounded in salmonidæ, but are now nearly fishless; while the owners of the larger rivers of the east coast fully recognise that it is only the magnitude of their streams that has hitherto saved them from a like fate, and are quite alive to the fact that unless some drastic changes are made in the existing laws the lot of the west coast rivers must also eventually become theirs. Anglers, too, know that if there is to be improved sport for them, there must, of necessity, be a proportionate increase in the number of salmon captured by the nets, and that this can only be brought to pass by allowing greater quantities of fish to enter all the rivers for breeding purposes.

Thus there will altogether be a very large number of persons deeply interested in the doings of this Royal Commission of 1900. Personally I am only concerned to the extent of hoping that some day I may be able to buy February salmon at a shilling a pound, and that in the near future I may catch them at a less cost than ten pounds apiece; but though I have not the good-fortune—or perhaps the ill-fortune—to be a river-owner, and so compelled to breed and protect fish for others to catch legally or illegally, I have many friends who are in that unfair and disheartening position, and to some extent I am authorised to speak for them. Therefore, before the Royal Commission meets, or at any rate before it

arrives at conclusions, it may be as well to direct public attention to the wrongs and abuses that require redress, which are chiefly in connection with the following subjects:

- (1) The prevention of poaching and springing.
- (2) The prevention of any further increase in the numbers of the bag and stake nets, and the enforcement of the weekly close-time.
- (3) To provide for the making of alterations in the existing estuary lines and in the annual and weekly close-times.
- (4) To advise the conferring on the Secretary of State, or on District Boards, powers to place ladders on such obstructions the opening up of which would be greatly for the benefit of the public and the salmon; and to claim all such newly-formed fisheries as Crown property, to be offered in the first instance to the riparian owners.

Let me now try to deal shortly with these matters in the order in which they are mentioned.

(1) The poachers who live by springing would soon find the game was not worth the candle if a minimum fine was fixed sufficiently heavy to do away with the chance of any profit being made on an illegal haul; a second conviction should entail a double penalty, and a third should result in imprisonment without the option of a fine. In all cases where the offence was proved, the magistrate should have no discretion in the matter of the penalty. Next, the purchasers of poached fish should be put on the same footing as the buyers of poached game; and constables, water-bailiffs, &c. should have the same power to search fish-poachers, or those aiding or abetting them, as they now have with regard to game-poachers. Fishmongers or others having salmonidæ in their possession should be compelled to give an account to authorised persons as to how they got the fish; they should be obliged to keep a book, like game-dealers, in which all purchases are entered, and from whom made, with the

legal presumption to be against the possessor at all seasons of the year. All these matters are law in England, where they have been found so effective that fish-poaching has been nearly stamped out. Why, then, should they not be applied to Scotland, where the salmon-fisheries are of ten times greater value than those of the sister kingdom? It should also be made illegal to offer for sale sea-trout below a certain size; this is done with crabs and lobsters, and why not with sea-trout? A short, simple act, somewhat on the above lines, would not only deal with the scringers but also with every other sort of poacher, and would certainly help to make salmon more plentiful.

My readers must not run away with the impression that all these and many of the following ideas are evolved entirely from my own head. They are chiefly the condensed opinions of such experts as Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch, Lord Abinger, MacLaine of Lochbuie, Captain Stewart of Fasnacloich, Colonel Spencer Stanhope, Captain Campbell of Inverneil, Mr Duncan Darroch of Torridon, and a great many others too numerous to mention.

(2) In the year 1800 bag and stake nets did not exist, and then every salmon river swarmed with fish—two facts which are indisputable. In 1900 upwards of two thousand bag-nets were working on the Scotch coasts; every river showed a decrease in the numbers of its salmon, while many were reduced to a practically fishless state during the netting season. The laws that govern these nets were made in 1862; but there never has been at any time an attempt to limit them. In 1862 there were in round numbers one thousand of these nets on the whole of the coasts of Scotland; and in order to protect salmonidæ against their ravages, it was considered necessary, and ordered, that none of these nets should work within four hundred yards of the mouth of any river; also, the present annual and weekly close-times were fixed on the basis that they were dealing with these thousand nets and no more. But in 1900, only thirty-eight years after the passing of the acts of 1862—it was found that there were approximately just two thousand nets at work—exactly double the original number dealt with by the acts of 1862, which, in order to protect the fish, provided for an annual close-time of one hundred and sixty-eight days, and a weekly one of thirty-six hours. Therefore, with two thousand nets to deal with in place of one thousand, it is surely a self-evident proposition that the annual and weekly close-times and the limit distance all require lengthening in order to meet the destruction caused by the extra thousand nets. Thus the annual close-time might well be made to commence ten days earlier than it now does, with the weekly one beginning on Friday at 6 P.M., instead of on Saturday; while the limit distance could be fairly extended from four

hundred yards to half a mile. Further, some time during July a close-time of a whole week or even of ten days might be imposed all over Scotland, which would to some extent neutralise the yearly grilse slaughter, and give them a fair chance of entering the rivers; for no one can contend that to massacre the babies is the proper way to ensure an increase of any population. If something of this kind were made law, and the bag-nets kept strictly to their present numbers, then in a few years salmon for food, for netting, and for sport would be more plentiful even than they ever have been; but unless a strict limit is placed on the numbers of the bag-nets, all legislation for the protection and increase of the fish would surely be met by an increase in the number of nets as soon as the new laws began to bear fruit in the shape of a larger supply of fish.

It would occupy too much space to enter into the question of compensation to those whose nets might be done away with by the extension of the four hundred yards limit; but it may be mentioned that in many instances the owners of the bag-nets have taken the law into their own hands and started them without grant or permission from the Crown. I know also some instances in which bag-nets are worked much nearer to a river-mouth than four hundred yards. The little Caithness stream, the Forss, has a net close to its mouth; and the Langwell and Berriedale Rivers, which unite and fall into the sea at Berriedale, have several sets of nets all working within four hundred yards of the mouth. There are further minor details—such as 'outrigging,' the junction of stake and bag nets, the distance they should be apart, and the length they should be allowed to extend seawards—requiring attention and in most cases alteration.

A crying evil of the present system is the non-observance by the bag-nets of the weekly close-time. From the mouth of the Tweed to that of the Helmsdale, the coasts are so thickly populated and so much under observation that this offence is almost unheard of; but from Helmsdale to Duncansby Head, from thence to Cape Wrath, and then following down the west coast right up to and round the Mull of Kintyre, wherever these bag-nets are placed in out-of-the-way places there one and all do they cease to observe the weekly close-time. During the last twenty years there is hardly a west coast proprietor who has not complained bitterly and frequently to the Fishery Board about this; yet nothing has ever been done, and these illegal proceedings are at the present day more prevalent than they have ever been. As long as the penalties are paltry, and as long as the tacksmen pay their men by results—the more fish the more money—so long for certain will this state of affairs continue.

As far back as 1884 Mr Duncan Darroch

of Torridon wrote as follows to the Fishery Board:

'The extinction of the fish would have been more gradual had the net-fishers complied with the law; but shortly after I came here in 1874, hearing that the Sunday slap was never given, I sent to see on the 28th of June. The Saturday was very fine and calm—so calm that my children were fishing in a punt till 8.20 P.M.; my men found all the nets fishing merrily. And the next Saturday, July 4th, in fine weather, eight nets were again found fishing. I ascertained then that the fishermen were paid by results according to the fish they caught, and that if they considered the weather too rough to take in the leaders on Saturday, they thought they acted more piously in fishing on and taking our fish on Sunday for their own gain than in lifting the leaders on that day. So that they had every inducement to take it easy on Saturday night, knowing that if they could only say it was too rough they got extra profit for themselves. This being the state of the case, I had given up all hope of protecting my property, and dropped inspecting as a useless and troublesome farce; but now, as inquiry is being made, I hope that the case of the west coast rivers may be reconsidered.'

Nothing resulted from the inquiry here alluded to, much to the surprise and disappointment of the proprietors; therefore it is all the more to be hoped and expected that the Commission of 1900 will make some recommendations that are likely to restore fish to these ruined rivers.

Mr Darroch proceeds to say: 'Mr Murray of Lochcarron and I are most anxious to improve the fishery. We have talked of making a fish-ladder or blasting to let the fish freely up into the large spawning-beds of Loch Damph and its feeders. I have been advised to make pools in the Torridon, and would be glad to try breeding; and Mr Murray wishes to improve Loch Doule. But so long as the law gives the whole of our fish to the lower proprietor, it is not worth our while to spend one penny in developing the resources of our waters. The upper proprietors, who hold the river fisheries by Royal Charters, get ten fish in a year; while the lower proprietor, who has no river at all in Loch Torridon, and who neither breeds nor preserves salmon there, has been taking out of our stock the produce of eight or nine nets—a produce which I have been told must amount to many hundred pounds' worth of salmon annually before it can pay the lessee. The lessees of nets should be obliged to give accurate returns of the fish they catch, so that the Secretary of State could see whether the take of fish was fairly divided between the upper and lower proprietor; as things are at present there are no means whatever of ascertaining the amount of fish intercepted by the nets.

'If something be not done speedily the salmon on the north-west coast of Scotland will soon become practically extinct, which is the more to be regretted as the evident intention of the Legislature in 1862 was to protect the rivers, and, while reserving a fair share to the lower proprietors, to protect and breed salmon; instead of which, the tenor of the act and the dealings of the Commissioners have left the upper proprietors bound and helpless in the hands of the lower proprietors and their lessees.'

With regard to Mr Darroch's sensible suggestion that the lessees of nets should be obliged to make returns of their takes to Government, it is incomprehensible to me why every netting owner has not long ago insisted on such a return being made to him, together with the number of nets used and men employed. But the bulk of the proprietors do not do this. Thirty or forty years ago they or their agents got a rent, say, of two hundred and fifty pounds a year from a tacksmen for the right of netting a certain stretch of seashore; and as long as the two hundred and fifty pounds are paid, the proprietor has usually been content to accept it without any inquiry into the value of the property surrendered. If such returns were made and the owner became aware his tenant was catching each season ten thousand fish averaging eight pounds in weight, realising at tenpence a pound a gross return of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling, he would then have been in a position to see if he was getting a fair rental, and in almost every case he would have found he was throwing away a very nice income by not working the nets for himself. There are certainly two sets of nets now worked on nearly the above lines, each of which is worth fully four times the rent paid. I know also of another case where a proprietor is losing a really fine income by not working his nettings and his rod-fishings to their best advantage.

This, however, is a digression from the subject of the non-observance of the weekly close-time. My statements are sufficient to show that it is certain this is a common practice all round the north and west coasts of Scotland; and, My Lords and Gentlemen of the Commission of 1900, the public and the river-owners look to you for a remedy. I think it would be an advantage if river proprietors were to subscribe to a fund to reward the inventor of some mechanical appliance that could be used from the shore in all weathers, and without using a boat, to disconnect the leads from the bag, or by which the bag itself might be sprung. If some mechanism could be devised for this purpose, the reward and the royalties would well pay the inventor; for there is but little doubt, provided the appliances were cheap and effective, that the Fishery Board would insist on their use for all nets everywhere, and thus put an end to this vexatious and illegal fishing.

(3) A study of the estuary limits marked out for most rivers renders it clear that they have been fixed more in the interests of the net-owners than in those of the salmon or the river-proprietors. For one instance of a fair and proper estuary there are at least twenty cases in which the limits and lines are too small. The peculiarity with regard to them is, that when once fixed no power exists to alter them—an absurd state of affairs which has entailed many hardships. Fishery inspectors have often pointed out the desirability of giving some one the power of amending the limits of an estuary on the receipt of a petition, and after hearing all the evidence. In some instances it is ludicrous that no such power exists, for in the case of the estuary of the Kyle of Sutherland it is self-evident that, by a clerical error in defining the limits, the word 'south' has been used for 'north;' but the mistake has stood for many years, for no one can rectify it!

In the case of the Halladale River no one in the district knows which are the 'Salmon Rocks' named in the definition of the estuary, and advantage has been taken of the uncertainty to place nets nearer to the mouth of the river than they should be. Yet there is no power vested in any one to explain or define the whereabouts of the said 'Salmon Rocks.' In the case of the Balgay and Torridon, the Commissioners visited that district in the absence of the owners, and without consulting them fixed the estuary line in the very worst place possible for the salmon and the river-owners; and though Sir John Steuart of Lochcarron, when he found what had been done, did all he could by appealing to Lord Moncreiff to have it altered, it was found that the injury was irreparable. There are many other cases on all-fours with these instances; and as there can be no valid reason why the limits of an estuary should be unalterable, it is to be hoped the Royal Commission will strongly advise the granting of sufficient power in this matter to the Secretary of State or to the Fishery Board—to the latter authority for choice. The recipient of such power should also be able to make small alterations in the weekly and annual close-times. At present there are upwards of fifty rivers opening in February in which no clean fish are ever seen until the end of March—in some cases not till the end of April or even the end of May. I have sought in vain for any explanation of why these numerous streams should be opened by law so long before they are opened by nature.

(4) For the last twenty years each succeeding Inspector of Fisheries has made recommendations and suggestions as to obstructions; and all have been fruitless, although the benefits that would accrue to the public and to the salmon have been forcibly pointed out so often.

The three principal existing obstructions are on the respective falls of the Tummel, the Conon, and the Spean. The first-mentioned fall bars

salmon from no less than fifty miles of rivers and twenty thousand acres of lochs. The Conon fall keeps fish out of nearly twenty miles of river and nine lochs, one of which—Loch Luichart—is ten miles long, and another—Loch Rosque—about seven. The Spean falls at Mounessie and Inverlair forbid access to some twenty-five miles of rivers and three large lochs, one of which—Loch Laggan—is fully ten miles in length. Therefore, altogether, these three falls represent about a hundred miles of fine angling streams and good spawning grounds, together with upwards of fifty thousand acres of lochs from which fish are at present barred, though a comparatively small outlay would suffice to salmonise the whole of them.

The conflicting interests of the various proprietors alone prevent this being done. Some fear lest the opening up of the falls would take all the fish away from them; others dread any alteration in the beauties of the falls; and, again, some who have charters of the fisheries below the falls claim the right of all the new fisheries that would be formed if the waters above them were salmonised. Thus there is a deadlock all round, although in the case of the charter-holder it seems against common-sense for any one to contend that a deed dated long before the idea was entertained of artificially taking fish up apparently unsurmountable falls could carry that which did not exist. For this reason a Crown grant could only apply to the fisheries which then actually existed, and could not convey something which had no existence at the time the charter was given. The lawyers might make a pretty fight over it, but I think common-sense would win; although it would be better for all concerned if proprietors would come to some amicable agreement. It is quite certain, however, that any new fisheries formed by opening up falls would really belong to the Crown, for when Mr Grant of Invermoriston laddered the Moriston falls, though he had a charter of the fishings below, and though the river above belonged entirely to him, yet the Crown claimed and gained the new fishings, and then granted a charter to Mr Grant at a small rent. It does not seem quite fair that a few gentlemen should be able to prevent the salmonising of such a large extent of water as is here indicated; it is somewhat of an abuse of the rights of property, for which it is to be hoped the present Royal Commission will devise some remedial measures.

With regard to hatcheries, there is a difference of opinion as to their usefulness. Where, however, the return of fry made to the river nearly equals the number of eggs taken from it, then surely that must, in the long-run, far exceed any natural yield; for in a hatchery, floods, frosts, and droughts are powerless to destroy the ova, and the eggs are, moreover, protected from the ravages of fish or birds. At present there are many hatcheries maintained privately—perhaps some twenty in all—of

which the one at Gordon Castle is the largest and best managed, and where fry are now kept for a whole year before being turned into the Spey—an experiment which I think will be richly rewarded. Some of these hatcheries belong to District Boards, some to private gentlemen, and some to those who breed for sale. Now, if there is any good at all in hatcheries, every large river should have at least two, and the District Board should have power to order their construction and maintenance by putting a *pro rata* tax on all deriving profit or sport from the river or its coast-fishings. In the United States and Canada hatcheries have been most successfully established and maintained by Government; but in Scotland, where we have been legislating for salmon for hundreds of years, the State has never even proposed to do anything to help artificial propagation. In the United States there is a completely organised Government department for the purpose of breeding fish artificially in order to increase the stock in the rivers and lakes, and likewise to supply fry to those waters in which fish once existed, and where they have become extinct from pollution, obstruction, over-netting, or any other cause. The Americans say that Great Britain protects fish (*very, very* badly, I say) and does not breed them; the United States breeds fish and does not protect them. How successful the Americans have been may be judged by the following extract from a letter written by Professor Baird, of Washington, to the Commissioner of Fisheries for Canada: 'In the Sacramento River we are absolutely certain of our ground, having brought up the supply of salmon to more than its pristine condition of abundance by planting about two million of young fish every year. The catch there has increased in five years from five million to fifteen million pounds, and in 1881 there were more fish than could be utilised in all the canning establishments on the river. No one questions in the remotest degree the thorough efficiency and success of the artificial work.' As I am myself a firm believer in American shrewdness, so therefore am I an advocate of State-aided hatcheries. Only limit the numbers of the bag-nets to be dealt with, and then the natural prolificness of the salmon, aided by science and proper laws, would soon make our waters teem with fish; but as long as any increase in the stock of fish is at once met by an increase in the number of destroying engines, then it is clear there can be no improvement.

Poor Royal Commissioners! If you are really going to tackle more effectively than your predecessors the numerous abuses and conflicting interests that exist on the Solway shores, you will indeed have your hands full! The following will be the matters in which public interest will centre. On the English shore the weekly close-time is forty-two hours, from Saturday at 6 A.M. to midnight on Sunday; in Scotland, barely a mile away, it is thirty-six hours, from 6 P.M. on

Saturday to 6 A.M. on Monday—an anomaly which requires altering, as it is taken advantage of to fish all parts of the Solway until 6 P.M. on Saturday, and to commence again at midnight on Sunday, thus reducing the real weekly close-time to thirty hours. On the English shore no nets are permitted with a mesh of less than two inches, or eight inches square; on the Scotch shore the limit is one and three-quarter inches, or seven inches round. In England fixed engines—that is, bag and stake nets—are prohibited; but a mile off, on the Scotch shore, they exist and are legal. On the English side the Eden District Board issue licenses to fish with drift-nets; on the Scotch side these nets are illegal! In Cumberland water-bailiffs have the power to search boats, nets, &c.; in Scotland they cannot do this. A summons issued against a poacher in Scotland is not serviceable in England, and *vice versa*. The yearly close-times of the two shores also differ; which, though regrettable, is perhaps unavoidable, as the Eden is an early river, while the Esk, Annan, and Nith are late ones; and it appears as if the only way of getting over this and some of the other netting troubles would be by marking out by buoys the English and Scotch sides of the Solway.

The Solway is also netted in all sorts of illegal ways; but the worst of all is the whammel, or hang-net. In this business there are some forty boats occupied; and as each net is from three hundred to eight hundred yards in length, at low-water it covers the whole channel, and hardly a fish escapes. The end of it farthest from the boat is fastened to a stout spar with a buoy on the top, and so weighted as to float upright, while the net has bladders or cork floats on the upper side and leaden sinkers on the lower one. Thus, as the tide begins to ebb these long walls of net are floated down the channel, and as it turns they are floated back again. They kill hundreds of kelts and hundreds of clean fish, which, becoming disentangled, sink to the bottom of the sea, while the fish hauled into the boat are blown up to an unnatural size by having been for hours hanged and dead in the water, and are quite as unfit for food as any drowned or strangled animal.

I believe I have here touched very briefly on the chief points the Royal Commission will have to consider, although, of course, there are many minor ones. As to the Solway: like unto the Tweed, it should have a special act for itself, and a special commission should be appointed to sit *de die in diem* to examine and revise the by-laws of both shores, and make them the same for English and Scotch fishermen. Former Royal Commissions have resulted in nothing but lengthy reports, without anything being really done; therefore it is greatly to be hoped, in the interests of the fish and the public, that this present Commission will not end quite so ingloriously.

THE STORY OF JOHN CORWELL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.



NE evening, three weeks later—so vigorously had the carpenter's mates from the old frigate *Sirius* got through their work—the *Ceres* was ready for sea. She was to sail on the following morning, and Corwell, having just returned from the shore, where he had been to say good-bye to the kind-hearted Governor, was pacing the deck with his wife, his smiling face and eager tones showing that he was well pleased.

He had reason to be pleased, for unusual luck had attended him. Not only had his ship been thoroughly and efficiently repaired, but he had replaced six of his untrustworthy Malays by four good, sturdy British seamen, one of whom he had appointed mate. These men had arrived at Sydney Cove in a transport a few days after his interview with the Governor; the transport had been condemned, and Corwell, much to his delight, found that, out of her crew of thirty, four were willing to go with him on what he cautiously described as a 'voyage of venture to the South Seas.' All of them had served in the navy, and the captain of the transport and his officers gave them excellent characters for sobriety and seamanship. Out of the sixty or seventy pounds which still remained to him, he had given them a substantial advance; and the cheerful manner in which they had turned to and helped the carpenters from the frigate convinced him that he had secured decent, reliable men, to whom he thought he could safely reveal the real object of his voyage later on.

Two years before, Corwell had been mate of a 'country' ship employed in trading between Calcutta and the Moluccas. The Ternate agent of the owner of the ship was an Englishman named Leighton, a widower with one daughter, whose mother had died when the girl was fifteen. With this man the young officer struck up a friendship, and before six months had passed he was the acknowledged suitor of Alice Leighton, with whom he had fallen in love at first sight, and she quickly responded to his affection. She was then twenty-two years of age, tall and fair, with dark hazel eyes like her English mother, and possessed of such indomitable spirit and courage that her father often laughingly declared that it was she and not he who really managed the business which he controlled. She really did much to help him; she knew his weak, vacillating, and speculative nature would long since have left them penniless had he not yielded to her advice and protests on many occasions. Generous and extravagantly hospitable, he spent his money

lavishly, and had squandered two or three fortunes in wild business ventures in the Indian seas instead of saving one. Latterly, however, he had been more careful; and when Corwell had made his acquaintance he had two vessels, a barque and a brig, both of which were very profitably engaged in the Manila-China trade, and he was now sanguine of mending his broken fortune.

Isolated as were father and daughter from the advantages of constant intercourse with European society, the duty of educating the girl was a task of love to her remaining parent, who, before he entered 'John Company's' service, had travelled much in Europe. Yet, devoted as he was to her, and looking forward with some dread to the coming loneliness which would be his when she married, he cheerfully gave his consent to her union with John Corwell, for whom he had conceived a strong liking, and who, he knew, would make her a good husband.

They were married at Batavia, to which port they were accompanied by Mr Leighton, who during the voyage had pressed Corwell to leave his then employment and join him in a scheme which had occupied his mind for the past year. This was to despatch either the barque or the brig laden with trade-goods to the Society Islands and Paumotu in the South Pacific, to barter for coco-nut oil and pearl-shell. Leighton was certain that there was a fortune awaiting the man who entered upon the venture, and his arguments so convinced the young man that he consented.

On arrival at Batavia they found there the officers and crew of a shipwrecked English vessel, and one of the former eagerly took Corwell's place as chief mate, his captain offering no objection. A few weeks after, Mr Leighton hired the *Ceres* to take himself, his daughter, and her husband back to Ternate, eager to begin the work of fitting out one of his vessels for the voyage that was to bring them fortune. Mr Leighton, it was arranged, was to remain at Ternate, and Alice was to sail with her husband to the South Seas.

A terrible shock now awaited them. As the *Ceres* sailed up to her anchorage before Mr Leighton's house, his Chinese clerk came on board with the news that the barque had foundered in a typhoon off Mindanao, and the brig had been plundered and burnt by pirates within a few miles of Canton. The unfortunate man gave one last appealing look at his daughter, and then fell on the deck at her feet; he never spoke again, and died in a few hours. When his affairs came to be settled up, it was found that after paying his debts there was less than four hundred pounds left—a sum little more than that which Corwell had managed to save out of his own wages.

'Never mind, Jack,' said Alice; 'tis little enough, but yet it is enough. Jack, let us go away from here. I should not care to meet any of the people father knew in his prosperity.'

Corwell kissed his wife, and then they at once discussed the future. Half-an-hour later he had bought the *Ceres* from her captain (who was also the owner), paid him the price, and taken possession. Before the week was out he had bought all the trade-goods he could afford to pay for, shipped a crew of Malays and Manila men, and, with Alice by his side, watched Ternate sink astern as the *Ceres* began her long voyage to the South Seas.

After a three weeks' voyage along the northern and eastern shores of New Guinea, the *Ceres* came to an anchor in the harbour which Corwell had described to the Governor. The rest of his story up to the time of his arrival in Sydney Cove the reader knows.

Steadily northward under cloudless skies the high-pooped, bluff-bowed little vessel had sailed, favoured by leading winds nearly all the way, for four-and-twenty days, when on the morning of the twenty-fifth Corwell, who had been up aloft scanning the blue loom of a lofty island which lay right ahead, descended to the deck with a smiling face.

'That is not only the island itself, Alice; but with this breeze we have a clear run for the big village in the bay. I can see the spur on the southern side quite clearly.'

'I'm so glad, Jack dear. How you have worried and fumed for the past three days!'

'I feared we had got too far to the westward, my girl,' he said. Then telling the mate to keep away a couple of points, he went below to pore over the plan of the harbour, a copy of which had been taken by the Governor. As he studied it, his wife's fingers passed lovingly through and through his curly locks. He looked up, put his arm round her waist, and swung her to a seat on his knee.

'I think, Alice, I can tell the men now.'

'I am sure you can. The sooner you take them into your confidence the better.'

Corwell nodded. During the voyage he had

watched the mate and three white seamen keenly, and was thoroughly satisfied with them. The remainder of the crew—three Manila men and two Penang Malays—did their duty well enough; but both he and his wife knew from long experience that such people were not to be trusted when their avarice was aroused. He resolved, therefore, to rely entirely upon his white crew and the natives of the island to help him in obtaining the gold. Yet, as he could not possibly keep the operations a secret from the five men he distrusted, he decided, as a safeguard against their possible and dangerous ill-will, to promise them double wages from the day he found that gold was to be obtained in payable quantities. As for the mate and the three other white men, they should have one-fifth of all the gold won between them, he keeping the remaining four-fifths for himself and wife.

He put his head up the companion-way and called to the man he had appointed mate.

'Come below, Mallet, and bring Totten, Harris, and Sam with you.'

Wondering what was the matter, the four men came into the cabin. As soon as they were standing together at the head of the little table, the captain's wife went quietly on deck to see that none of the coloured crew came aft to listen.

'Now, men,' said Corwell, 'I have something important to tell you. I believe I can trust you.'

Then in as few words as possible he told them the object of the voyage, and his intentions towards them. At first they seemed somewhat incredulous; but when they were shown the gold their doubts vanished, and they one and all swore to be honest and true to him, and to obey him faithfully, whether afloat or ashore, in fair or evil fortune.

From his scanty store of liquor the captain took a bottle of rum, and they drank to their future success; then Corwell shook each man's hand, and sent him on deck.

Just before dusk the *Ceres* ran in and dropped her clumsy, wooden-stocked anchor in the crystal-clear water a few cables' length away from the village. As the natives recognised her a chorus of welcoming shouts and cries pealed from the shore from five hundred dusky-hued throats.

DE WET'S FIRST AND WORST REPULSE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



DURING the whole siege no man was allowed to leave the trenches during the day, from five in the morning till six at night, on any pretext whatever; so you may be sure we were very glad when evening came, and some of us could stretch our legs, and men were able to come up from camp

with provisions and water. To Mr Bowers, the lieutenant in charge of our trench, it is due that we had so very few casualties during the siege—two killed out of twenty-five. The total casualties of the Kaffrarians, Brabant's, Engineers, &c. amounted to a little over twenty men; whereas the Cape Mounted Rifles alone had one hundred and fourteen casualties out of three hundred and

eighty men—a very high percentage, and very different from the number given in the newspapers, I believe. A glance at the position will at once make clear why the Division lost so much more heavily than others. We were defending the key to the position, and therefore received the very closest attention from the enemy. Every night we were made to dig out and strengthen the trench and make embrasures to fire through instead of firing over the top of the earthwork. I am sure this plan saved a good many lives. We had to keep a lookout even at this work, as whenever a pick made rather too much noise, or on a light night we happened to show up against the sky-line, some bright flashes would come from the opposite side of the valley, and we had to knock off till the enemy cooled down again. Once or twice we thought it was the beginning of an attack, and tumbled into the trench as quick as lightning, feeling for our rifles.

It was on the third or fourth night—I don't remember which—that the enemy made their determined attempt to carry the position by assault. Everything had gone on as usual, and some of us had strayed some little distance from the trench, looking for big stones to pile up against the base of our earthwork-wall to make it secure against shell-fire; but most of us had turned in, endeavouring to make ourselves comfortable, as far as it was possible when you had to lie doubled up with your knees in your chest, or stretched on your back with your feet up on the wall of the trench, for it was nowhere possible to lie down at full length. About nine o'clock we heard one or two reports that seemed very close; but as the Boers had been keeping up the 'sniping' very late that night, we thought little about it. It was a dark, cloudy night; and quite suddenly there came a burst of firing on our left—no 'sniping' this time, but rapid independent fire and occasional volleys right along the line. What on earth were they playing at? What could they see to fire at on a night like that from their trenches? The number and frequency of the flashes from the darkness in front showed that the enemy evidently had some decided object in view. Was the fire from the trenches opposite? We were utterly at sea, and did not know what to think. Then suddenly it came crashing out of the darkness in our faces. It was all plain now; the long row of bright flashes, the cracking and flashing of what we took for explosive bullets on the trench and rocks in front, and the chirping and singing of these over our heads soon cleared the matter up. The enemy were on the ridge not two hundred yards in front, and had crept right up on our side of the valley unseen by the pickets. We were up in a moment and firing away at the flashes. Nearly all the enemy's bullets, however, were passing over our heads, which was encouraging; but it would be a pretty desperate business if

they should succeed in pushing an entrance through our lines. On our right was the big gap, with nothing between us and the Kaffrians on the hills opposite, nearly a mile away—a big open door to the centre of our position. If they had known that they had only this one thin line to pass—with no reserves, and a flat plain behind us nearly a mile wide; with nothing behind to check them, and no direct obstacle to prevent their coming through the gap—perhaps the result might have been different. The question was how to prevent them doing this, and outflanking us on the right of our trench. On us rested this responsibility, and the six men on the extreme right of our trench were sent creeping down among the rocks to the right to extend our line as far as possible. Suppose they pushed a force of men under cover of the dark along the bottom of the gap midway between us and the hills opposite, who could prevent them? Only the fact that it was too much like walking into a trap, and their ignorance of what there was inside, saved us.

The cry was, 'Where are the pickets?' It was rather late, for these pickets, which had been doubled, had till now been almost directly between the enemy's rifles and ours; but in the excitement of the moment no one had thought of them. At that instant the two men on the left came tumbling in. I never saw men move quicker in my life; the marvel is that they came in at all. A minute later one of those to the right came dashing in; and the officer shouted out to him, asking if the man who was with him was in too, and was answered, 'Yes.' It was too dark to see if the correct number of men was in the trench, and no more was thought about it that night.

We afterwards learned that these two men were lying behind a rock in the usual place, and heard a noise as if stones were being moved about, and low talking and whispering, but supposed it to be our men building up the trench behind them. When the firing started they instantly began to retire, running doubled up to avoid showing up against the sky-line; and the same instant four or five dark figures started up only about twenty yards away, ran round to their right, dropped down behind some rocks, and began blazing away. Clerk, the man in front, ran like a hare, and says he knew that the other man—one of the recruits who came out with me—was just behind him when he started, and he thought the man was close on his heels when he reached the trench. However, he was missing next morning, and we found him lying on his back some fifty yards in front of the trench, with his skull split open by a bullet, which had cracked it exactly as you might crack off the top of a coco-nut. Poor fellow! he was over thirty, and his wife was even then at Capetown with his children, where she had come, I

believe, to persuade him to return home. He had considerable estates in Ireland. There are many sad stories that could be told in connection with nearly all the men in this extraordinary corps.

Now that the pickets were in we could fire freely, and were blazing away madly to stop the slow approach of the bright flashes in front. We could distinguish now and then a dark figure pop up and down behind the rocks, and hear the orders to fire shouted out in English, followed by volleys as good and even better than our own. Above the incessant crackle of rifles we heard, too, a loud moaning—some wounded men calling for help in the darkness in front, and an answering call; but the piteous moaning continued for over an hour, so it was clear we had hit somebody. I got quite tired after a while of this blind blazing away into the darkness, and so waited quietly and marked down one spot where a regular flash had been coming for over twenty minutes. I aimed very carefully, waited till the next flash, and let rip. Whether the bullet was so close that my friend thought it advisable to change his position, or whether—as I always have felt sure—it found its mark, I can't say; but it was the last of the flashes from that spot, and I have always taken credit, rightly or wrongly, for this small contribution to the night's work.

This exciting game had now been going on for some two hours, and the Boers were evidently hanging back, our fire being too heavy for them. Clearly they hesitated to advance over the fifty yards they would have to traverse without any cover before they could rush the trenches. Another hour wore away without a second's lull in the firing. They had, if anything, come a little nearer and more round to our right. A man came over from the trench to our left and asked if we could get out and outflank them, as Major Wearing, who was in command, was afraid of this movement of theirs round our right. This our officer refused to do, and I think quite rightly. It would have weakened our trench, and we had not enough men to turn their flank, as they were in greatly superior numbers. They were now showing signs of a final attempt; the firing increased, and the slow-creeping onward movement began again. At this time a man came crawling across to us. 'There were several men badly wounded in the next trench,' he said. 'Had we got a stretcher?' We directed him down to camp, and he went crawling away again into the darkness.

Our officer now shouted out, 'Fix bayonets! When they rush, stand up in the trench, empty your magazines into them, and then do your best with the bayonet!' We were now ready to spring up, and expected every second to see a crowd of charging figures that never came. The bayonet, as in so many instances in this war, had been too much for them. Afterwards they told the same

story; all along the line directly they heard the order 'Fix bayonets!' the advance stopped, and from that moment their fire began to slacken. In another hour the last shot had been fired, and all was quiet again after four hours' furious attack.

There was precious little sleep for us that night, and we were very glad of daylight, even though it brought the same old routine of the pounding away of heavy guns and 'sniping.' We had to congratulate ourselves on only one killed in our trench that night; but we learned the following evening of the heavy list of casualties on our left. R. was in the trench which on that night alone lost sixteen killed and wounded out of thirty-two men—half their number. He told me that the fire was so heavy that the bullets seemed to come through every chink between the stones, and they were subjected to a cross-fire as well. The other trenches also suffered heavily, but our line of defence was the only one attacked; the enemy had again thrown all their strength against this point. The other regiments could not help us; they were too far away, and also expected momentarily to be attacked.

So ended the Boers' big night-assault. It had been a near thing, and we had to congratulate ourselves on coming out of it as we did. The colonel had even sent orders, when the fighting was heaviest, for us to retire; but the reply was sent back that we could hold on, and it was well that we did. To have retired would have meant a very heavy loss of men, and almost certainly the loss of the whole position afterwards.

It would take too long to describe in detail the fighting day by day after this. It was very much the same each day. We could see through glasses the movements of bodies of the enemy, long columns moving in fours exactly like ours, the smoke from their laagers behind the hills, and their cattle grazing on the plains in the direction of Ladybrand. For two or three days we heard the sound of big guns in the direction of Dewetsdorp, and wondered whether it was the relief-column coming at last. We were in constant heliographic communication with Mafeteng in Basutoland, and got news from that source that Brabant was coming to relieve us from Aliwal North, Rundle from Dewetsdorp, and French from Ladybrand. All this we heard; but no relief came. Day after day passed on in the same way—the pounding of the guns from morning till night, and the continuous 'sniping' that prevented us moving from the trenches.

The horrible part of the business was in the hospital. One of our officers was dying in agony, with a piece of shell in his intestines; a man who had been shot through the brain lived for five days afterwards; two wounded men had been shot in their beds; and there were many other like cases. A constant fire was kept up on the hospital, and several sickening stories came up to us from camp

in the evenings. Our chaplain tried to hold a burial-service over the dead, whose graves were already beginning to fill the little churchyard; but the 'snipers' filled the church with bullets, and the service had to be broken up and a rush made for cover. The enemy persistently fired at our ambulance-wagons, with such effect that none could approach the trenches during daytime. If a man was wounded, he had to lie where he fell for the whole day until the stretchers could take him away at night. R. tells me he saw a man who had been hit in the neck and was bleeding badly: this was at seven o'clock in the morning; at six that night he was in the same position, and still alive.

It was on going down to camp one evening to fetch water that I had the narrowest shave I have had in the campaign. I went down rather too early in the twilight, and found the bullets kicking up the ground all about the scattered tents and kit. I went on towards the *vlei* just below, with the camp-kettle in my hand. The Boers must have caught sight of me, for suddenly about a dozen bullets struck the ground, none of them more than a few inches from my feet. It felt as if the bullets tried to get as near as possible without hitting me, and several went singing past my head. Here clearly was a case for wisdom, for to have stayed there would have been to commit suicide; they had got my range, and were missing me by inches only. I therefore cleared off at the double to two wagons covered with sailcloth, the bullets singing past me as I went. However, the Boers had seen this move too, and a dozen or more bullets came tearing through the canvas; so, as I was not going to be shot like a rabbit in a hole, I retreated in haste the way I had come, the *chirp*, *chirp* still continuing unpleasantly close to my head. I filled my kettle from a bucket in the officers' mess, which was well under cover, and came up to camp with it unnoticed by the 'snipers' in other directions.

It was shortly after this that we lost one of our best men. One evening he showed his head for a few minutes above the trench while distributing rations amongst us; but he fell back instantly, shot through the back of the neck, to die the same night in hospital. This was our sergeant-major—Walley—a good man and a splendid shot. I saw him once fire at a Boer who was walking across an open space on the opposite hill, thinking, I suppose, that at about seventeen hundred yards he was at a safe distance. The man dropped like a stone. We too did our share of the 'sniping,' and kept our friends on the other side of the valley from moving about too freely.

Every afternoon we could see a regular stream of Cape-carts coming out from Wepener. It was the usual pastime of the residents of the town—their parson included—to drive out, have an after-

noon's 'sniping,' and drive back in time for tea. This we learnt afterwards.

All we had yet experienced was, however, cheerful compared with the days and nights that followed the coming down of the rains. For three days and two nights it poured incessantly. Our trenches were filled with water about six inches deep, and in this we had to sit and sleep, if sleep a man could. There was absolutely no means of keeping dry. I was literally soaking wet for the whole of that time, and in the evenings had to go as usual and lie out flat on the streaming ground, and without an overcoat, the wearing of which was not allowed on picket, as offering too much of a mark and hampering rapid movement. If ever I were asked what was the worst and most horrible experience in war, I should say it was to be either in such a position as I have described above, or to start at nine at night—as we repeatedly had to do afterwards—and track till three the next morning, probably in heavy rain, then start again at five and patrol, skirmish, and gallop about the country after some half-dozen 'snipers' who only waited to shoot a scout or two before galloping away. After this duty during the whole day, we often started again at 10 P.M. the same night and tracked the whole night, with perhaps only one meal of dry biscuit, bully-beef, and cold water during the whole of the time. The above was literally and exactly our routine; and after a full dose of it you were in a condition to sleep as you jogged along on your tired horse, too hungry, wet, tired, and dirty to care whether there were two thousand Boers or none at all within a hundred yards of you. What you want is food ('scoff'); if the Boers will give it to you, then go and ask them for it. Surely as a prisoner you will have far better times than these. This is the sort of condition the hardest and best men get into, and these are really the 'horrors of war' (if we think only of its hardships), not the fighting.

Once last winter we started at six one morning and took up a position at six at night, two biscuits being all we carried upon us, and all we had to eat that day. We then had to hold the position gained, and as we had been given to understand we were out on a few hours' patrol only, most of us had not even brought our coats. There were very sharp frosts every night then; and a mistake having been made as to the road we had taken, no supplies reached us that night. There was nothing to do but to light huge fires and shiver over them all night, as sleep was impossible, the cold being too severe. Next morning early we started, and were fighting all that day; and not until evening did we get into camp again, after having been thirty-six hours without a rest or a morsel of food, and working hard the whole time. All these things constitute the worst horrors of war, and they

come frequently and in various forms. In summer come the dust-storms, or rather hurricanes of dust, when you have to pack and saddle up in a whirlwind of fine sand, through which you can hardly see a yard. When you try to put your saddle on your horse it is pretty nearly blown away; and you eat and breathe dust till the storm ceases, your food being inches deep in dirt. However, you must just reconcile yourself to these things.

I shall never forget those days and nights of rain at Wepener. Once a Boer shouted out to ask whether we were enjoying ourselves, and if we felt dry; this was from the valley below. Lucky for him that the night was dark! We were all feeling by this time the effects of being cooped up so long, and when I tried at night to work at the trench I felt weak and shaky in the legs, as if I had been in bed for a fortnight. I think the awful smells around us added to these sensations. There were over a dozen dead horses and oxen that had been killed more than a fortnight before lying within about fifty yards of the trench, so the stench can be imagined; but this we had to endure, as we could neither remove them nor get away from them day or night. The food—boiled fresh meat, and very sticky and heavy bread, cooked in the *donga* in camp—was good in a way, and all very well for a time; but the same food morning and night for three weeks, with nothing but cold water to wash it down, became a trifle monotonous and injurious—at least, to judge from my own feelings, it had a bad effect. Worst of all, our tobacco had run out, and we were just ‘dying for a smoke.’ One of our sergeants took to cow-dung, and said it was not at all bad; but I could never get over the idea of the thing, and contented myself with dried tea-leaves. It was a thousand times better than nothing at all.

By this time the Boers had dragged two of their guns to the top of the Jammersburg, in Basutoland, and began to drop shells right down into the middle of the camp; but the range was too great for much damage to be done, and they soon shifted them again. This, we heard, was due to the action of the Basutos, who were watching the fight in thousands from their hills, and who let the Boers know that if they did not shift their guns from their territory they would take up arms against them. They were heart and soul with us, and cheered every success of Brabant's column as it advanced. We began now to hear his guns from the direction of Bushman's Kop, and daily expected to be relieved. We had almost given up thinking of relief, as we got so sick of watching for and expecting what never came; but the force arrived at last. The guns came nearer and nearer every day, though for three days the men had to fight every step of the way, as a large force of Boers had been sent out to stop them. At last there were

signs of the laagers being broken up; long lines of wagons, guns, and mounted men were streaming away across the plains towards Ladybrand. They had to cross one spot that was within range of our guns, and we made the most of it. We were all out of the trenches now, watching them dashing across the open space, dodging our shells. This was at six o'clock in the morning, and at midday Brabant rode in with a portion of Hart's Brigade from the south, and the following morning the Devonshire Yeomanry and Rundle's Brigade appeared from Dewetsdorp. Then at last we were allowed to get down to camp again to the delights of cooked meat and tobacco given to us by the Yeomanry, who could have made a guinea an ounce on the tobacco had they liked. Then to wash for the first time for three weeks. Ye gods, how we needed it! So ended our experiences at Wepener.

Congratulations were pouring in through the heliograph from Roberts, Kitchener, Carrington (a former colonel of our corps), and from many others; and our colonel, Dalgety, came round and made a little speech about the way we had stuck to the position. What with congratulations and decent food, our spirits soon began to rise again. We had great difficulty in recognising those of our horses that had escaped the bullets of the enemy. The poor beasts were living skeletons, and one mass of mange; I never saw such awful-looking brutes. Very few of them lived more than a few weeks afterwards.

Though the Boers had handled us very roughly, they too had lost heavily. We had knocked out two or three of their guns; and from talks I had with some of them afterwards at Senekal and elsewhere, where they had laid down their arms, I learnt that in the night-attack alone they lost considerably over a hundred men. One section of a commando a hundred strong lost thirty-eight killed. So they did not come off so easily after all, and Christian de Wet had at Wepener, at the hands of the Colonial Division, suffered his first and worst repulse.

SONNET.

It is late summer-time; and, in a dream
Of lustrous weather, August wanes, and droops.
A cloudless azure heaven, in silence, stoops
Over a world filled with the russet gleam
Of ripened corn-fields, and the paler gold
Of piled sheaves, that, far off, dreaming, lie
On upland slopes. The streams run drowsily
Within their narrowing beds, their story told,
Their old glad frolic of the spring days o'er.
The hum of insect life, the birds' gay tune,
And all the magic music of glad June
Are hushed; and, in the silence, evermore
A voiceless whisper falls upon the ear,
A breath, that tells the summer's end is near.

M. C. C.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

SOME NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

BY A VETERAN NOVELIST.

IN the number of *Chambers's Journal* for April 14, 1900, its readers were informed by 'A Working Man' that he first made his weekly investment of three-halfpence in the purchase of *Chambers's Journal* in the year 1847, and that he had continued to do so every week since. It is a long record; but mine goes back to six years earlier, since which time I am not conscious of having missed a weekly number—or, rather, for the last thirty years or more, a monthly part. In those early days—I was but eleven years old at the time—my allowance of pocket-money was strictly limited; but, whatever other temptations might beset me, the needful three-halfpence was always forthcoming on a Saturday morning, and very important I used to feel as I walked home with my purchase, which then, and for long afterwards, consisted of four leaves of printed matter of about the size of the *Graphic* of to-day. I can still recall with pleasure the names of some of its old-time contributors. Little did I then dream that it would ever be my privilege to contribute to its columns!

My first article to appear in *Chambers's Journal* was a summary of the chief events in the life of George Stephenson, compiled from Dr Smiles's *Life* of that self-taught genius. From that time forward my contributions consisted mainly of short stories, of which a considerable number appeared in the course of the next few years, till, some time in the sixties, I was asked by the late Mr James Payn, the then editor, to try my hand at a serial novel. It seemed to me a big undertaking; but I tackled it with a good heart, finished it, and sent it in. Certainly it was one of the red-letter days of my life when, with fingers that trembled a little, I tore open the note which advised me of its acceptance. That was my first long work of fiction, and the reception it met with spurred me on to persevere, till at the present time something like a quarter of a hundred novels

—several of which have run serially through one magazine or another, and a few of them been translated into French or Italian—bear my name on their title-pages.

Prior to my first short story being accepted and published in a first-class magazine, I had gone through a somewhat heart-breaking, if salutary, apprenticeship in the art of writing fiction. I think I must have been about eighteen when the publisher of a penny monthly sheet in the provincial town where I then lived—to which sheet I had for some time contributed strings of verses—asked me to write him a short story. I had never attempted anything of the sort before, and did not in the least know how to set about it. However, to work I went, taking as my basis a somewhat romantic incident in the life of a relation of my own. The story was accepted, and a second one ordered, after which came a third and a considerably longer one. For the two shorter ones I was paid seven-and-sixpence each, and for the other a guinea; but it was part of the arrangement that payment should be taken out in books, and to this hour my shelves are graced with two or three of the volumes which date back to that far-off time.

These tentative efforts served to open my eyes to the fact that I was possessed of a certain gift or faculty—very crude and undeveloped as yet—for story-telling of which I had no inkling before. As a consequence, I now made up my mind to fly at higher game, and to try whether I could not succeed in getting something of mine accepted by one or other of the London magazines—with regard to which, however, it may be remarked that, for every half-dozen periodicals that can be counted nowadays, not more than one was in existence then.

Household Words, projected by Charles Dickens, had lately sprung into existence, and some of the most graphic pens in England were at that time writing for it, including that of the great novelist himself. Its influence upon me in several ways

was very marked, and my insignificant successes having fired my ambition, I actually had the audacity to make a silent vow that sooner or later I would win my way into its pages.

Therewith began for me the long, weary, uphill struggle of which I have made mention. One manuscript after another, all of them consisting of short stories ranging from about three to ten thousand words in length, were duly posted to the office in Wellington Street, only to find their way back one after another, with the usual polite formula with which all young authors, and not a few old ones, have reason to be so painfully familiar. It was indeed heart-breaking work, or so I felt it, to be at the time; still, I would not give in nor abate one jot of my ambition. I doggedly wrote on, each failure serving only to spur me to a fresh effort.

Now, among those who read these lines, should there happen to be any fledgling, would-be authors, whose literary bantlings have been rejected by one hard-hearted editor after another, and who are sometimes tempted to give up the struggle in sheer despair, I may be allowed to whisper to them that not till I had pertinaciously bombarded the editor of *Household Words* for six weary years was my first paper accepted, published, and paid for. It was a triumph which repaid me for all that had gone before. My ambition was crowned. On the day that first cheque came to hand my family and I held high festival.

Afterwards, and up to the date of its great founder's lamented death, I wrote a number of stories, interspersed with occasional papers on miscellaneous topics, for *Household Words*; and several years later the connection was renewed when the magazine was under the editorship of the novelist's son. Early in the sixties *Once a Week*, illustrated by the pencils of Tenniel, Keene, and others, made its bow to the public. To its columns during the earlier years of its existence I was a frequent contributor. Of the origin of my connection with *Chambers's Journal*—a connection which, I am happy to say, has existed with only a few short breaks to the present day—I have already given an account. Of my relations with sundry other magazines it is not needful that I should say anything, unless it be just to record that to the late Mrs Henry Wood's liking for my first novel—the one which ran through the pages of this *Journal*—I owed my personal introduction to her (and it was indeed a privilege to know her), from which resulted much profitable work for *The Argosy* in after-years.

Before bringing this article to an end, I would fain, if I may be allowed to do so, offer a few words of counsel and advice to some of those aforesaid fledgling authors who are trying their wings and venturing on their first short flights, for the most part, I have no doubt, with results the reverse of encouraging either to their self-love or their ambition.

First of all, I would remark—and it is a truth which cannot be too strongly urged on the crowd of young men and maidens who nowadays, as though it were some catching disorder, are afflicted with the itch for scribbling—that your genuine story-teller, like your poet, your musician, and your painter, is born, not made. If the creative faculty is not his by the grace of Nature, all the striving, all the industry and perseverance, in the world will not endow him with it; and the sooner he takes that lesson to heart the better will it be for his welfare and peace of mind in time to come.

Assuming, however, the possession of this natural gift, if it be not supplemented by that far more homely but equally necessary gift, the capacity for taking infinite pains, on which Carlyle so much insisted, it will come to little or nothing. In the literary world the era of slap-dash work has long gone by, and only by the exercise of the most painstaking care can any result, however small, be achieved. With me, the correction of my manuscripts is more of a labour than the actual composition. They are always gone through at least twice with the utmost care, and, in cases where I have them copied, a third time before I let them out of my hands. Afterwards, when the printed proofs come, they are also twice gone through. If young authors could only be persuaded to keep their manuscripts by them for some time, even after they have been duly revised, they would often find it to their advantage to do so. On again going through an article after, say, a couple of months, it is amazing what a number of minor alterations and emendations will suggest themselves to the writer, all tending to improve that which had seemed to him perfect before.

It is very unwise to destroy a rejected manuscript, even although it may have been returned by three or four editors. Lay it aside, and unless it is hopelessly weak and futile, the chances are that, sooner or later, something may be made of it. After a time, and when more experience has come to him, the author will probably see his way to remodel it, to add something to it or take something from it, and, so to speak, by turning it inside out, convert it from a failure into a success. In some cases I have had returned stories by me for years, laid aside either because at the time I did not see my way to remodel them, or was otherwise too busy to do so, which, when taken in hand and tackled afresh, have rarely failed to find a market in one quarter or another. Indeed, I may remark for the encouragement of others, that, after an experience extending over upwards of forty years, I have not more than half-a-dozen returned manuscripts by me, most of which, if I am spared and not too much pressed with other work, will, I have little doubt, ultimately see daylight.

One of the first things needful for a young

author to learn is what particular class of short story is most likely to be acceptable to such-and-such magazines, because a writer who 'knows the ropes' would never think of sending to A. or B. a manuscript which might exactly suit the requirements of C., or *vice versa*. Many are the manuscripts which owe their rejection solely to the lack of this elementary knowledge.

My remarks so far have referred mainly to the writing of short stories. It may not be amiss to conclude with a few hints having reference to the novel proper.

In the course of the last decade a great change has been brought about in the writing of fiction by the abolition of the three-volume novel—the 'old three-decker,' as it has been facetiously termed—in favour of one-volume stories, published, as a rule, at six shillings each, whereas the old fancy price used to be a guinea and a half. This, of course, enables a writer to turn out two stories in a little over the time that used to be needed for the composition of one, seeing that, whereas under the former system the average number of words was not less than a hundred and fifty thousand, and often considerably more, under the new system, seventy, eighty, or, at the outside, ninety thousand words are as much as is expected of him. On the other hand, an author's powers of invention are now much more severely taxed than they used to be, in view of the fact that he has now to conceive two plots and two sets of characters in place of the one which, 'duly elaborated,' used amply to suffice to fill three volumes. The consequence would seem to be 'that the younger school of novelists run the danger of writing themselves out much earlier than did the old school, because the men who now turn out two or three novels a year cannot be expected to go on inventing new plots and characters for ever.

The first thing, of course, is to invent your plot—the skeleton which you hope by-and-by to indue with flesh and blood, and ultimately to inform with that vital spark lacking which it will remain lifeless indeed.

Presuming, then, that something like a definite notion of your plot, and at least the outlines of the characters with which you propose to work it out, have developed themselves in your brain, your next step will be to write out an elaborate synopsis of your proposed story, slurring nothing over because you don't quite see your way here and there, but setting it forth point by point, and incident by incident, from the beginning to the very end. This, which one may liken to a traveller's route-map, will prove an invaluable aid when you come to write your novel *in extenso*. In short, by the time you are ready to make a start you ought to be so thoroughly at home in your plot, and so well acquainted with your characters, and so clear as to the fate of each, that, were it needful to do so, you could sit

down and write the last chapter first, with the certainty that there was little or nothing in it which would have to be altered afterwards.

Again and again has this or the other person said to me, 'Where do you get your plots from, and how do they come to you?' Where they come from I do not know; neither can I tell how I invent them. The seeds are there in the brain, I suppose, and when the proper time arrives they germinate, grow, and ripen of their own accord; but how they get there is another matter. Perhaps a few words overheard in a chance conversation, or a line in a book or newspaper, will furnish me with a suggestion, to be noted and put aside at the time, very likely till months afterwards, there to fructify, and by-and-by, if not found impracticable, to be elaborated into a short story or to find its niche in the plot of a longer work. Or it occasionally happens that the germ of a plot will come to me in the course of a solitary country ramble, or still oftener, perhaps, while in that semi-conscious state between waking and sleeping, when early morning is creeping into the room, and the imagination, freed for a short space from its austere yoke-fellow whose name is Reason, voyages forth alone into far countries and over unsounded seas, sometimes bringing back a pearl, or a strange shell, or 'a bird of plumage rare'—in other words, an idea, from the Land of Nowhere, which, when afterwards subjected to the cold light of experience, may or may not prove to have a marketable value of its own, and so either be cherished and elaborated till ultimately it finds its way into print, or otherwise be cast aside as the idle dream of an irresponsible brain.

With regard to the best time for literary composition, every writer should be able to find that out for himself or herself. Some, and I believe the majority, can do their best work between breakfast and luncheon; others find their inspiration during the evening hours, and others again in the dead of night. But there may be, and there often are, considerations and circumstances which make it compulsory on a man to write not during such hours as he would prefer, but when and how he can. For my own part, my rule is to limit my work between the morning hours of nine and two; but there was a period, which extended over more than a quarter of a century, when I filled a responsible position in a huge concern which imposed on me the sole management and control of between eighty and a hundred clerks, my hours being from nine till five every week-day save Saturday. During the whole of those years nearly all my writing was done in the middle of the night, between the hours of two and four-thirty. Thus were several of my novels written; so that, as in many other paths of life, it was not with me a question of doing my work when I would, but of doing it when and as I could.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER IX.



MISS CARADOC was a born nurse; and though Julius, after his removal—what with exhaustion from the shock, and then the pain and fever caused by the broken arm—was too weak to notice his surroundings, he was yet conscious of a sensation of physical well-being. She would allow no one but herself to sit up with him the first night; and it was as well that it was so, for the young doctor, in a half-delirious state between waking and sleeping, talked a good deal in broken, incoherent sentences, and the name that was constantly on his lips was not that of his affianced wife.

For some days the fever and weakness continued, and no one but his gentle hostess was allowed to see him; but her door was besieged by inquirers. It confirmed the impression Miss Caradoc had already formed of the young doctor to find that some of the poorest and most neglected of the inhabitants of Penruth waited about, trying to get a word with a servant or a tradesman's boy, so as to learn how the sufferer fared. 'He was real good to me, sure enough!' was ever the burden of their tale.

Messengers were constantly coming and going between the Court and Miss Caradoc's house; Effie constantly and Mrs Trevanion herself occasionally drove down to inquire.

Beatrice was ill for a few days after the accident. The reaction after the strain and anxiety she had gone through made itself felt, and for some days she was ill enough to keep her room—an illness that afforded a welcome respite from questioning tongues or curious eyes.

Miss Caradoc mentioned Beatrice's indisposition to Julius when she was giving him the messages from the ladies at the Court. He did not say much; but she saw the eagerness with which he listened for every scrap of further news, and the relief with which he heard of her being about again.

One morning Miss Caradoc found her patient looking really better, and he met her glance with a grateful smile.

'It was really good of you to take me in,' he said. 'Here am I lying like a log and giving no end of trouble.'

'Hush! hush!' she said. 'You don't know what a pleasure it is to me to have you, especially as you are doing credit to my nursing, and getting better. The ladies from the Court have just been here, and the doctor thinks I might let Mrs Lessingham come in and see you for a few minutes this afternoon, so she will come down again later.'

Julius closed his eyes a minute, and a pang went through his heart. With returning consciousness and vigour of mind his troubles were coming back upon him like a flood.

He made a great effort to be cheerful when Effie came, and he so far succeeded that she had no idea of the mental conflict going on within him; but the effort so exhausted him that the doctor forbade a repetition of such visits until he was stronger.

Among the frequent inquirers at Miss Caradoc's door was Geoffrey Ormiston, and Julius pleaded hard that this visitor, at least, might be admitted. The conversation of such a philosopher, he urged, could not but have a soothing effect. To this the doctor agreed, and the tedium of his confinement was lightened for Julius by many a long talk with his friend. The first time he came in he looked about him with great interest at the furniture, the knick-knacks, and the few curios that adorned Miss Caradoc's guest-chamber; an interest that surprised Julius until he reflected how very rarely Geoffrey Ormiston entered any house but his own.

Another discovery that Julius made one day, when his hostess happened to be in his room as Ormiston was ushered in, was of a subtle, indefinable sort of likeness between the two. It was not in feature, form, or colouring; it was more like one of those resemblances in expression that one sometimes sees between man and wife, where long and sympathetic companionship has brought two souls very near together.

He mentioned it to Miss Caradoc when the visitor had left, and was astonished at the effect of his seemingly innocent remark. A flush rose to her cheek, and for a moment she looked quite embarrassed and confused. Very soon, however, she regained her usual equable composure, leaving Julius at a loss to understand what had disturbed her.

It was about ten days after the accident, and Miss Caradoc had just brought in a lovely bouquet of tea-roses to her guest, when the maid-servant came in to tell her that Miss Lessingham wished to see her.

'Mrs Lessingham?' said Miss Caradoc. 'Yes, I will be with her in a moment.'

'Miss Lessingham,' corrected the girl. 'Miss Beatrice Lessingham.'

'Oh, very well!' Miss Caradoc purposely did not look at Julius; but she could not help being conscious of the eager, straining look in his eyes, and that he was listening with all his soul in his ears to catch an echo of Beatrice's voice or the sound of her footfall.

Miss Caradoc's heart ached for him. She knew

pretty well now what was the real state of affairs.

She found Beatrice awaiting her in the drawing-room, looking paler than her wont, while the dark rings round her eyes spoke of sleepless nights.

After the first greetings were exchanged Beatrice said, 'This is a farewell visit, Miss Caradoc. I am returning to London to-morrow. I have a letter here which I want to ask you to give to Dr Standen—not just now, perhaps, when he is so weak and ill; but as soon as you think he is well enough.'

Miss Caradoc put out her hand and took the letter. 'He is not fit for any excitement,' she said gently. 'You fear the letter will give him pain?'

Beatrice bowed her head. For the moment she could not speak. Give him pain? Yes, of course it would give him pain; and she, who would gladly have sacrificed her life to give him comfort, must be the one to deal him the blow.

'You will trust it to my discretion?' Miss Caradoc asked. 'Well, I will do my best to choose a fitting opportunity. He is better to-day, certainly better; but the least excitement seems to throw him back.'

'You may be sure,' said Beatrice unsteadily, 'that I would not willingly give him pain.' Here she looked up suddenly, and found the elder woman's eyes fixed on her with so much sympathy and comprehension in them that her self-control utterly gave way. A sob broke from her, and she turned away her head.

Miss Caradoc laid her hand on the other's arm. 'My dear,' she said, 'I know all, and my heart aches for you both.' Without another word she drew the girl's head down on to her shoulder, and let her sob out her sorrow there. 'My dear! my dear!' she murmured from time to time, stroking the dark hair with a soft, caressing touch.

'You think I am right to go?' asked Beatrice presently, raising her head.

'I believe you are doing the right thing; but I can guess how hard it is for you.' She kept the girl's hand in hers, and talked gently and sympathisingly with her until Beatrice had regained her composure.

'Shall I let you know from time to time how he gets on?'

'Oh, if you only would! Mrs Lessingham is a very bad correspondent, and her letters hardly tell one anything.'

Miss Caradoc's own eyes were moist as she went back to Julius's room and met his hungry, questioning gaze.

'Has Miss Lessingham gone?' he asked.

'Miss Lessingham has just gone.'

'Was there no message—nothing—for me?'

'By-and-by—when you are stronger'—Miss Caradoc began; but an exclamation from him interrupted her.

'Tell it me—give it me—I must know it!' His eyes blazed with excitement; his whole frame trembled and shook so that Miss Caradoc saw that anything was better for him than suspense. She gave him the letter and passed into the adjoining room.

When she came back, some half-an-hour afterwards, he was lying with his face to the wall; but he turned his head when he heard her step. The letter was still in his hand.

'It is a noble letter,' he said, 'from a very noble woman, and it will not do me any harm. I think,' he went on after a pause, 'all this is no mystery to you. You are too keen-sighted a woman not to'—

'Yes,' she interrupted him; 'but you can safely trust me.'

He grasped her hand, and they both felt that they perfectly understood one another; but, neither of them being of the loquacious kind, no further word on the subject passed between them.

A CENTURY OF THE STEAMSHIP.

By W. J. MILLAR, C.E.



THE steamboat of the present day is the result of a long process of development extending over just one hundred years. Patrick Miller's experiments on Dalswinton Loch in 1788; Symington's *Charlotte Dundas*, which plied on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1802; Fulton's *Claremont*, on the Hudson in 1807; and Bell's *Comet* of 1812, on the Clyde—these were the beginnings of this wonderful system of marine propulsion.

At first the steamers only traded on inland waters and coasting routes, but the traffic became gradually extended farther seawards, until the

Atlantic was crossed in 1819 by the *Savannah*, in 1833 by the *Royal William*, and in 1838 by the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*. India was reached by the small steamer *Enterprise* in 1825, and later on the great ocean lines of the Cunard Company and Peninsular and Oriental Company were started in 1840.

The hulls were at first of wood, followed about 1840 by iron, and about 1878 steel became the material used in construction. During this long period the form of the hull has undergone changes, mainly to suit the system of propulsion adopted, and with the view of having as little resistance to the passage through the water as

possible. Double hulls, though tried, have not found favour, as the increased skin-resistance lessens the speed. Some curious devices have been tried to reduce this element of resistance—for example, cigar-shaped boats, boats with inclined lower surfaces (the idea being that at high speeds the boat would rise and skim); and quite recently drums or rollers were used as a substitute for the ordinary hull, the rotation of the rollers being expected to do away with the frictional resistance of the passing water.

The submarine boat is now being experimented with, and we may expect shortly to know how far it is a success.

The engine and boiler have undergone many more changes than what we see in the hull. The paddle propellers have almost entirely given place to the screw. As the power of the engine is required to produce rotation on the shaft of the propeller, there is large scope for invention in the design; thus we have had beam engines, side-lever engines, steeple engines, and engines of a direct action placed horizontally, diagonally, or vertically as in screw-propeller machinery. Oscillating and other forms have also had their place. Many attempts to get a more direct turning action on the shaft have been tried in the rotatory form of engine; but until recently these have been found too wasteful in steam to admit of commercial success. The Parsons' steam-turbine, to be afterwards specially noted, is, however, an exception.

The steam-generator, or boiler, has, like the engine, had various forms, both in respect of strength and power of steam-raising. In the earlier days of the steam-engine steam pressures only a few pounds above the atmosphere were used; hence the advantage of the great invention of Watt—that of the separate condenser—whereby a considerable addition to the effort on the piston was obtained through the vacuum produced.

In some cases the boilers of the early steamers were made of copper; but this soon gave place to iron, which in its turn retired in favour of steel. As the efficiency of a boiler depends largely upon the extent of its heating surface, whereby the heat of the gases from the furnace is taken up and imparted to the water, it was soon found that flues and tubes were of great advantage; and such boilers where the hot gases of the furnace are led through a series of tubes surrounded by the water within the shell of the boiler to the funnel or chimney are now commonly used in sea-going steamers. Many attempts have been made to get a satisfactory working boiler where the water is within the tubes and the hot gases play around them, and there are now several types of this class of boiler used at sea.

To favour economy of working, steam pressures were raised, and the compound, triple, and quadruple types of engine were devised to give the

necessary expansion; and it is a wonderful thing to consider that the great engines used in our ocean liners, although burning several hundred tons of coal per day, yet only require about a pound and a half of coal to be burned every hour to give one horse-power in the engines—a horse-power being equivalent to the work done in raising a weight of five hundred and fifty pounds through one foot in a second. This question of economy brings us to the consideration of the most recent type of steam-engine—namely, the steam-turbine. As already stated, engines of the rotatory type have been all great wasters of steam, and many attempts have been made to overcome this defect, as there was much in the simple, direct action of these machines to recommend them to engineers. The Parsons' steam-turbine, at first applied to driving dynamos for the production of electric energy, and afterwards tried successfully in the small steamer *Turbinia*, has given such good results economically that it is likely to be tried in large vessels. To test its suitability for river steamers a boat has been built on the Clyde fitted with this class of engine. Satisfactory trials having been made, the public have now an opportunity of sailing in this latest type of steam-driven vessel. She has been named the *King Edward*, and at her trials on the measured mile at Skelmorlie attained a speed of nearly twenty and a half knots, equal to fully twenty-three and a half statute miles per hour, and has since 1st July been running successfully on the Campbelltown route. She is a large and handsome screw-steamer, capable of carrying two thousand passengers. In the propellers—which revolve at from seven hundred to one thousand revolutions per minute—as well as in regard to the driving machinery, this vessel marks a new departure on the Clyde, as the paddle-wheel boat has been the type adopted for coast-passenger traffic. This vessel is the first commercial steamship to be fitted with the steam-turbine form of engine, and was built this year at Dumbarton by the Messrs Denny. Remarkable results have been already obtained with three vessels also fitted with the Parsons' machinery—namely, the *Turbinia*, already referred to, a vessel of one hundred feet in length, and which attained a speed of thirty-four and a half knots; H.M.S. *Viper*, torpedo-boat destroyer, two hundred and ten feet in length, which attained the extraordinary speed of 37.113 knots, or nearly forty-three statute miles per hour; and H.M.S. *Cobra*, also one of the torpedo-boat destroyer class of swift ships for our navy.

One of the most efficient forms of water-wheel is that of the turbine, in which a number of curved blades fitted round an axle are made to revolve rapidly by the action of a jet or swift current of water. In the Parsons' steam-turbine the water is replaced by steam, which is allowed at a high pressure to flow into a circular casing

in which there is a drum containing a great number of vanes or blades of different sizes, and set at various angles. This drum in rotating turns the shaft upon which it is fixed, and so gives motion to the machinery to be driven or to the propeller if in a steam vessel. In the older forms of rotatory engines, the steam, after pressing forward the moving parts, was finally ejected into the atmosphere with a large part of its energy not utilised. In the Parsons' arrangement, however, the steam enters the annular space between the casing and the revolving drum, and, through the medium of guide-blades, is directed against the vanes attached to the drum. As it passes along and falls in pressure it meets vane after

vane, and thus gradually loses its energy until it is finally ejected into the atmosphere, or it may pass into a condenser as in ordinary marine engines.

The speed of rotation attained by the turbine being very high, it is necessary, when applied to marine propulsion, that there should be several screw-propellers, each of small dimension. In the Clyde steamer above described there are three steam-turbines and three shafts; but there are five screw-propellers—two on each of the outside shafts and one on the central shaft. One great advantage of this engine is the freedom from vibration so much felt in all quick-running engines of the ordinary type.

THE STORY OF JOHN CORWELL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.



BLAZING tropic sun shone in mid-heaven upon the motionless waters of the deep, landlocked bay in which the *Ceres* lay with topmasts struck and awnings spread fore and aft. A quarter of a mile

away was the beach, girdled with its thick belt of coco-palms, whose fronds hung limp and hot in the windless air, as if gasping for breath. Here and there, among the long line of white, lime-washed canoes drawn up on the sand, snowy white-and-blue cranes stalked to and fro seeking for the small, thin-shelled soldier-crabs burrowing under the loose débris of leaves and fallen palm-branches to escape the heat.

A few yards back from the level of high-water mark clustered the houses of the native village, built on both sides of the clear, fast-flowing stream, which here, as it debouched into the sea, was wide and shallow, showing a bottom composed of rounded black stones alternating with rocky bars. Along the grassless banks, worn smooth by the constant tread of naked feet, grew tall, many-hued crotons, planted and carefully tended by their native owners, and shielded from the rays of the sun by the ever-present coco-palms. From either bank, looking westward towards the forest, there was a clear stretch of water half a mile in length, then the river was hidden from view, for in its course from the mountains through the heavily jungled littoral it took many bends, sometimes running swiftly over rocky or gravelly beds, and sometimes flowing noiselessly through deep, muddy-bottomed pools and dank, steamy swamps, the haunt of the silent, dreaded alligator.

At the head of the straight stretch of water there was on the left-hand bank of the river an open grassy sward, surrounded by clumps of areca and coco-palms, and in the centre stood a large house built by native hands, but showing

by various external signs that it was tenanted by people other than the wild inhabitants of the island. Just in front of the house, and surrounded by a number of canoes, the boat belonging to the *Ceres* was moored to the bank.

Under a long, open-sided, palm-thatched shed were a number of brown-skinned and naked savages, some lying sleeping, others squatted on their hams energetically chewing betel-nut; and as the latter talked and chewed and spat out the scarlet juice through their hideous red lips and coal-black teeth, a canoe, paddled by two natives and steered by Mallet, the mate of the *Ceres*, came up the river. The instant it was seen a chorus of yells arose from the natives in the long hut, and Alice Corwell came to the open doorway of the house and looked out.

'Wake up! wake up, Jack!' she cried, turning her face inwards over her shoulder. 'Here is Mallet!'

Her voice awoke her husband, who in an instant sprang from his couch and joined her just as Mallet—a short, square-built man of fifty—stepped out of the canoe and walked briskly towards them, wiping his broad, honest face with a blue cotton handkerchief.

'Come inside, Mallet. 'Tis a bit cooler in here. I'm sorry I sent you down to the ship on such a day as this.'

Mallet laughed good-naturedly. 'I didn't mind it, sir, though 'tis a powerful hot day, and all the natives are lying asleep in their huts; they can't understand why we works as we do in the sun.'

Alice Corwell brought the old seaman a young coco-nut to drink, and her husband added a little rum. Mallet tossed it off, and then sat down.

'Well, sir, the ship is all right, and those chaps aboard seem content enough; but I'm afeard that the worms are getting into her,

although she is moored right abreast of the river. So I took it on me to tell Totten and Harris to stay aboard, whilst I came back to ask you if it wouldn't be best for us to bring her right into the fresh-water, and moor her here just abreast o' the house. That'll kill any worms as has got into her timbers. And we can tow her in in a couple of days, when there will be a big tide.'

'You did quite right, Mallet. Very likely the worms have got into her, in spite of her being abreast of the river's mouth. I should have thought of this before.'

'Ah, Jack!' said his wife, with a smile, 'we have thought too much of our gold-getting, and too little of the poor old *Ceres*.'

'Well, I shall think more of her now, Alice. As the rains will be on us in a few days—so the natives say—and we can do no more work for three months, I think it will be as well for us to sail the *Ceres* over to that chain of lagoon islands about thirty miles from here. I fear to remain here during the wet season on account of the fever.'

After some further discussion, it was decided that Jack and Mallet, accompanied by some natives, should make an early start in the morning for their mining-camp, which was situated at the head of a stream six miles away, at the foot of the range, and do a long last day's work, returning to the house on the following day. Meanwhile a message was to be sent to Harris and Totten to bring the vessel into the creek as soon as the tide served, which would be in forty-eight hours. Then, whilst she lay for a week in the fresh-water to kill the suspected *Teredo navalis* worms which Mallet feared had attacked her, she was to be made ready for the short voyage of thirty miles over to a cluster of islands enclosing

a spacious lagoon, where Corwell intended to beach her till the rainy season was over, and he could return to work a very promising stream in another locality. Already he and his men, aided by the natives, had in the four months that had passed since they arrived won nearly five hundred ounces of gold, crude as were their appliances.

'Jack,' said his wife, 'I think that, as you will be away all day and night to-morrow, I shall go on board and see what I can do. I'll make the men turn to and give the cabin a thorough overhauling. Marawa, the chief's wife, has given me a lot of sleeping-mats, and I will throw those old horrible flock mattresses overboard, and we shall have nice clean mats instead to lie on.'

At daylight Mallet roused the natives who were to accompany him and the captain, and told off two of them to make the boat ready for Mrs Corwell. Then he returned to the house, and called out, 'The boat is ready, sir.'

'So am I, Mallet,' replied Alice, tying on her old-fashioned sun-hood. Then she turned to her husband: 'Jack darling, this will be the very first time in our married life that I have ever stayed away from you, and it shall be the last, too; but I do want to surprise you when you see our cabin again.' She put her lips up to him and kissed him half-a-dozen times. 'There, that's good-night and good-morning three times over. Now I'm ready.'

Corwell and Mallet walked down to the boat with her and saw her get in. She kissed her hand to them, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

THE QUEST OF 'BUROTU.'

BY A NURSING SISTER.



ANY instances have come under my notice in the course of some years' nursing experience in Fiji of the profound aversion displayed by native patients to dying in a place outside the village of their birth.

I was at first at a loss to understand the why or the wherefore of this rooted prejudice; for, under European discipline, the opinions of these people are, as a rule, easily enough moulded.

My inquiries as to causes for dissatisfaction, and for real or fancied discomforts connected with their dieting or accommodation in the hospital, led to no explanation; and anything of the nature of a direct question on the subject of their fears invariably met with an evasive reply or produced a stubborn silence. Sometimes the evasive reply consisted in a mere *clck* or

mts, expressive of intense worry and an impatient desire not to be bothered; and on these occasions I had not the heart to pursue the inquiry. Not only the patient but the patient's relatives, when any were at hand, would implore his discharge, saying, 'He will die whether or no. He has reached his appointed time; and it is well that he should die in his own village. Let it be our business to take him there for burial.' So several times, when for obvious reasons the request was refused, they took away a dying person against the strongest advice of the medical officer and in spite of the persuasive efforts of the nurses, to transport him perhaps thirty or fifty miles in a canoe, where he had to take his chance of all the exposure to weather and privations as to food incidental to native modes of travel. As these patients were generally

suffering from pneumonia or dysentery, the effect of the journey may be easily imagined. Some patients did not even reach the canoe alive.

By degrees, however, I ascertained the real sentiment which lay at the bottom of their apparent unreason. In a fit of communicativeness a patient confided to me the story of the Fijian 'hereafter;' and later, with the help of an exceptionally intelligent and trustworthy native dispenser, I was able to check the particulars.

The myth—with which some students of anthropology are doubtless already acquainted—seemed to me pretty enough, and, considering its classical parallels, of sufficient general interest for publication in a periodical not specially devoted to such abstruse questions; and if, perchance, the obliging Editor of *Chambers's Journal* should prove of the same opinion, I shall deem my brief moments of literary aspiration sufficiently rewarded.

It appears that the Fijian Elysium, called in the native language 'Burotu,' can only be attained after an arduous journey, so fraught with perils and beset by special probations as to constitute a sort of glorified obstacle-race. When a Fijian dies his departing spirit sets out by way of a portal to Erebus, with which almost every village is figuratively understood to be provided. This exit may be a precipice, or a crag, or a sand-pit, or a cavern, or a mere rift in the ground; and its universal name is *nai cibaciba* (pronounced *nai thimbathimba*, the *th* as in *thus*; meaning the 'vanishing-point of the spirit'). This constitutes a sort of wicket-gate to that mysterious Realm of the Shades which the disembodied soul of the native has to traverse on its way to everlasting joy.

The Colonial Hospital, where my duties lay, was of course evolved out of white men's brains and built by white men's hands; and in selecting its beautiful and healthy site the Government officers were doubtless moved by considerations primarily affecting the physical well-being of its future occupants while living, and therefore bestowed no special thoughts upon the prospective requirements of a patient's soul after its departure from the body. Hence the institution, though well up to date in such modern requisites as the paraphernalia of aseptic surgery, bacteriological research, disinfection by superheated steam, and trained nursing, unfortunately remains unprovided with a *cibaciba* adequate to the needs of the majority of the native patients who shed their earthly encompassment within its wards. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive how this need could have been met, for the patients flock to hospital from almost every inhabited island in the Fijian group; and, for the 'shade' of each invalid to reach his own particular village *cibaciba*, something like a telephonic system of ghostly communications, having the hospital as a prototype of the central exchange, would be necessary.

Perhaps the best known of these starting-places—the one, in fact, towards which all the subsidiary ones must lead before the final leap into the future is taken—is the outer headland on the western end of the island of Vanua Levu, which is called *Nai Cobocobo* (pronounced *Nai Thombothombo*, the *th* as in *thus*). It is a significant fact that throughout Polynesia, as in the realms of the Phœnicians and the Greeks of old, the entry to Erebus always lies towards the quarter of the setting sun. In the large island of Na Viti Levu, from which I write, a ghostly pathway runs from a point near Bau, the residence of the family of the supreme chief, as far as the misty crags of the awe-inspiring Na Kau Vadra mountain, which has been aptly termed the Fijian Olympus, away to the north-west on the seashore opposite *Nai Cobocobo*. This pathway actually exists so as to be discernible, especially in places where, in crossing from one hummock of ground to another, it has been embanked; but it is not used by mortals, and there are many portions where the forest trees have played havoc with its continuity. It is only two feet wide or so along its summit; but its length is not much short of sixty miles. It is called by the natives *na sala ni yalo* ('the path of the shades'); and its function is said to be to afford an easy way for the spirits of their departed chiefs to traverse during the progress towards 'Burotu.'

Though we in the flesh can see this pathway well enough, it is requisite that the dead aboriginal's spirit who wishes to gain it shall travel by way of the appointed *cibaciba* of his native village or tribe. If he die in the new-fangled hospital of the white foreigner, he is prevented from attaining this object; especially if, peradventure, his body meet with the further indignity of undergoing pathological examination, and of being laid in earth in the white man's cemetery among white men's spirits, and away from the sepulchres of his fathers and his fathers' fathers. There no considerate hands will provide the funereal club and whale's tooth, or place the accustomed yam, the water-crock, and the strip of *seavu* (white tissue or cloth beaten out by the natives from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree) on his last earthly resting-place; and without such indispensable articles for its *viaticum*, how will his spirit fare on its journey? How, indeed, will it even find a *cibaciba* to escape by into those Cimmerian regions through which alone it can hope to approach 'Burotu'? Failing, it will assuredly wander in despair and vengefulness on earth. Not only will it have to endure an existence of gruesome unrest, but it will revisit the haunts of its earthly life to disturb and harass the unmindful relatives who allowed its body to die in a strange place and to be buried in unhallowed ground. Thus will they be balked of rendering due homage to the

'shade' of him who has gone before; and, failing to propitiate it, they will suffer all sorts of baneful destinies at its hands. Therefore, the empressement with which they sought to obtain their kinsman's removal from the hospital, in order that he might die peacefully on his own hearth, may be just slightly tinctured with the leaven of self-interest and superstitious fear.

Herbert Spencer has asserted that the propitiation of the spirits of ancestors is the first germ of all religious feeling; and Fijian beliefs seem to support the conclusions of this great thinker. In the case of the Polynesian race, a profound belief in the enduring existence of the spirits of ancestors, and in their ability to exert a benign or malign influence over the lives and destinies of modern men, according as they are duly propitiated or not, is certainly the governing sentiment of their conduct. Hence when a man dies he is most anxious to follow in the footsteps of his departed forebears, or, at least, in what he conceives to be their tracks. 'A man who fears the gods,' says Plutarch, 'is never free from fear, whatever he may do or whatever may befall him. He extends his fears beyond his death, and believes in the "gates of hell" and its fires; in the darkness, the ghosts, the infernal judges, and what not.'

The epitome I shall now present is intended to show how the soul of the Fijian aborigine sets about its post-mundane adventure; and any lack of perspicuity must, with the reader's kind indulgence, be credited to the style of the native narrator from whose words I have translated the story as succinctly as the sense would allow.

It was the usual custom in heathen times, when a person died, to clothe the body with material of native manufacture before laying it in the grave or cave as the case might be, and to place a club and a whale's tooth in the hands for the future use of the spirit. Immediately after the demise of the earthly body, the spirit begins its solitary journey; and before it has travelled far it meets a goblin or genius whose place of abode is in a certain tree. To this personage the spirit must give an account of itself; and if the catechist is satisfied it is allowed to proceed. However, instances occur in which the spirit fails in this examination, and must then return to earth. These are cases of hystero-epilepsy or other forms of loss of consciousness, explained by temporary displacement of the real soul by an adventitious demon, who, on the recovery of the patient, is cast out by the returning rightful tenant, now again sent back by the genius in the tree. The Fijians have, in fact, only the one word *ciba* to mean actual death or mere syncope, epilepsy, trance, &c.

The next step of importance is the arrival of the spirit at a stream, where it drinks of the waters of consolation to the surviving friends. This occurs just at the time when the body is

being interred, and for this reason, as is indeed the custom, the relatives thenceforward cease their mourning.

Proceeding on its way, the spirit next reaches a river, across which it is necessary to be ferried. A ferry-ghost is in attendance on the opposite bank, and when called to bring his boat over, inquires the rank of the would-be passenger, and chooses accordingly a suitable canoe to convey him across. The name of the ferry-ghost is *Vakaleyalalo* (literally, spirit-ferrier). Farther on there is a tree, with wide-spreading branches, which never grows above a certain height. This conformation is brought about by the spirits, who, in passing, place their hand on the top of the tree, and so prevent its expansion in that direction. The trials of the wayfarer now become more embarrassing, for the place of rest is not to be reached easily, and much must be endured before the prize is won. Two women with nets obstruct the way and try their utmost to entangle the spirit within the meshes; and now is the time to make good use of the club with which he is furnished. If he is a strong and a brave spirit he may succeed in freeing himself from their toils, and escape; but a weak or a timid spirit will be detained by these furies, and be tortured until they are satiated, when he will be tossed aside and allowed to proceed.

In former times it was the custom for the wife of the deceased, if a well-disposed spouse, to submit herself to strangulation. When all was ready for the burial, she was brought to the village green before an assemblage of the people. She was very gaily dressed, and her whole body was well oiled and scented; and when all was prepared, the unfortunate woman, usually sitting in the shallow grave, was asphyxiated by means of cords of sinnet or a twisted sash of native bark cloth passed round the neck in a single overhand knot, and drawn in opposite directions by several men at each end. Her body was then buried with that of her husband. After passing the furies' nets, the spirit next reaches a tree whose function is to serve as a target, and he has to aim the whale's tooth at this in order to know if his wife is following. If he strikes this target he knows that she has done her duty, and he waits here for her spirit to come up with him; but if he misses he must go on alone.

All is now well until a revolving bridge is reached, which constantly precipitates the wayfarer into the dark, deep river below it. A Fijian bridge consists usually of a single log, often the trunk of a coco-nut palm; therefore such a bridge revolving would be a most difficult object for even an acrobat to keep a footing upon. Having scrambled out of this danger, the spirit's course lies through clumps of bamboos with split stems, which lacerate him unmercifully as he goes along; but now at last

the sounds of rejoicing in the blessed goal begin to make themselves heard by the afflicted one, and his fast-waning courage receives a timely fillip. Looking down from a towering cliff, he sees the happy occupants of the South Sea Paradise in the near distance; and on taking the final leap he alights, to his surprise, on crags and boulders. Here he seems to come under the influence of the Waters of Lethe, and straightway forgets his bruises and lacerations, and all the terrible ordeals he has gone through, in his joy at reaching the coveted 'Burotu,' which is now within his grasp.

Here the story ends somewhat abruptly, after the manner of many native narrations, for the repose which awaits the spirit in this much-desired Elysium is simply beyond description.

There does not appear to be any Tartarus for the Fijian misdoer, although the natives describe, under the name of Murimuria, a sort of second-class Elysium. Two mythical personages preside over 'Burotu,' and answer in some respects to the milder conceptions of Aïdes and Persephone. Their names are Rokoûa and Nai Obasali, and their canoes are said to be moored to stakes on the seashore near the Nai Cobocobo headland. Native seamen say that when sailing round the north-western point of the island sounds of chanting and merriment are often heard at night; but great allowances must be made for

the imagination of the native, which is extremely fanciful and elastic. Now that Christianity has superseded the ancient mythical beliefs, much of the old theogony and legendary lore of the people is fast becoming veiled in uncertainty; but the elders still credit the tales and the teaching imparted to them in their nursery days, and even the rising generation is so superstitious that no crew will moor their cutter near the local Acheron, nor has any one the courage to approach it by land.

It is remarkable that the fancy of this far-off and primitive people should have conjured up a Styx and a Charon so similar to those of the ancient Greeks. I have not been able to hear of any *obolus* or other fee exacted by Vakaleleyalo, nor would it be in accordance with Fijian custom to expect one; but his inquiries as to the rank of the deceased seem to offer an analogy to Charon's concerning funeral rites. In the genius of the tree, too, we have something of a similarity to the tribunal of Minos, though it is true that in Polynesia this ordeal precedes the passage of the Styx; hence, and also perhaps because the dog is not an indigenous animal, we have no Cerberus. The conception of the revolving log-bridge naturally calls to mind the wheel of Ixion; but the two may well have had for their common prototype the mere abstract idea of perpetual revolution.

FATE AND AN ALIAS.

By E. TRISTRAM CRUTCHLEY.



LORD CURTIS of Keilak raised himself on his elbow and yawned deliberately three times. Then he touched the ivory knob at the head of his bed, and, raising himself another inch, pulled aside the blind and looked out at the weather. He glanced over the broad expanse of park, with its changing leaves and September tints, at the Serpentine in the distance, with its groups of early bathers like flies on a splash of syrup, and then at the mottled sky.

Meanwhile a servant had appeared with hot water and shaving implements.

'Will it rain, Peter?' Lord Curtis's eye was still on the mackerel-flecked firmament.

'Slight showers to'rds midday, sir; afterwards fair to fine, with hintervals of sunshine.' Peter had served in the army, and never minced matters.

Lord Curtis twisted into shape a moustache the colour of very ripe wheat, and smiled.

'Is that according to the *Daily Graphic* lady, Peter—or the *Times*?'

'Neither, sir.'

'What, then?'

'The Meter-illogical Office, sir. I was down in Victoria Street last night, sir.'

'Well?'

'And I looked in.'

'What the deuce for?'

'I heard as they prophesied what the sea'd be like round the coast.'

'Oh yes! I believe they do.'

'And I found, sir, that the Channel crossing to-day'd be extremely rough.'

Lord Curtis smiled again. He often told his friends that his matutinal conversation with Peter invariably gave him an appetite for breakfast.

'You needn't have troubled, Peter. I'm a splendid sailor.'

Lord Curtis observed by the glass that Peter rubbed his cheek with the handle of the razor and looked discomposed. He was so nervous that he put on another dab of lather, making the third.

'I'm afraid it was on my own account, sir.' Peter would scorn to take advantage of a misunderstanding. 'I once lost twenty pound in three weeks on the sea.'

'Gambling?'

'No, sir; being sick.'

'Ah! Then,' said his lordship, 'you'll be pleased to hear I've altered my plans.'

'Beg pardon, sir!'

'I'm not going to Paris till Monday; and to-day's Thursday.'

'Yes, sir,' rather jubilantly. A long pause—then:

'Fetch me an A, B, C.'

When Peter returned, his master had dressed and was eating eggs and bacon in a dining-room fourteen feet by ten, with an aspect precisely similar to that of his bedroom. A secretaire was in front of the window; a full-sized portrait of his lordship's father, the first Baron Curtis of Keilak, in the uniform of a Major-General, occupied one side of the room. A hunting-crop, a couple of polo-mallets, a rook-rifle, and sundry fishing-rods filled the four corners. The *Times* and *Morning Post* had already been thrown aside, and his lordship was reading yesterday's *Matin*, propped up between a silver teapot and a cut-glass salt-cellar.

He looked up as Peter entered, after knocking as usual, and, as usual, being unanswered.

'Got it, Peter?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Open it at random.'

'Beg pardon, sir.'

'Open it anywhere.'

Peter did as desired.

'Start at the top of the page and read down.'

'Hedon.'

'Somewhere near York, I believe. Too far.'

'Helmsley.'

'Well!'

'Helston.'

'Yes. Go on!'

'Henley, Hereford, Herne Bay.'

'Not I.'

'Herschfield.'

'Stop! That sounds refreshing. What does it say about it?'

'Fifty-six miles from London. Golf links—deep-sea fishing—population eight seven four one.'

'Good! How about trains?'

'One at 1.30, sir. Change at Three Bridges.'

The slightly bored expression which Lord Curtis had hitherto worn gave way to a flicker of enthusiasm, like a spark emitted by an expiring bonfire under the influence of an unexpected puff of wind.

'Very well, Peter. Pack my portmanteau for four days, and meet me at Victoria at 1.25. I shall want my bicycle.'

'Yes, sir. And me, sir?'

'No, Peter; I shan't want you. Besides, you'd be near the Channel, you know. You stay here.'

'And if any one calls, sir?'

'Ah! yes. My uncle may call.'

'Your uncle, sir?'

'Yes, Captain Curtis, Royal Navy. You've never seen him, Peter; no more have I, for that

matter. If he comes, say I got his letter, and shall be passing through town on Monday.'

'Yes, sir.'

'If any one comes who has dined here within the last six weeks, tell them the truth. Tell every one else you believe I'm shooting big game in the vicinity of Timbuctoo. Mind, don't say for certain. Tell them you think so.'

Peter, wooden-faced, stolid, turned on his heel *à la militaire*, and left the room.

Lord Curtis turned again to the autumnal tints and the everlasting Serpentine. The glimmer of enjoyment was still in his eye. The distant bathers had long since gone. A crowd of model yachts, like dirty cygnets, now dotted the streak. Nearer, in the Row, two men were teaching a little girl to ride. In the foreground, white-frocked nursemaids on free seats smiled upon occasional soldiers. A doctor's carriage rolled eastward; westward trudged a suburban one-horse hired fly: pa next the coachman, ma inside with big family, all apparently wondering what on earth had become of 'society.'

Arthur, Baron Curtis of Keilak, smoking a fragrant Egyptian, saw all this, but noted nothing. His lips merely smoked, but his eye still smiled.

'I shall patent my game of chance,' he murmured. 'Fancy a new idea at thirty.'

Curtis came of a family that took things very easily. Truly, his father had gone to some little pains to gain military glory in the Soudan; but he made up for that by marrying early in life a rich wife, and later by retiring on his laurels and the grant which a grateful House of Commons had voted him. Apart from his profession, he was a very peaceful man. He boasted that he had had only one quarrel in his life. He never gave any particulars; but it was matter of common knowledge that a certain lady had scorned him in early youth in favour of his younger brother, a harum-scarum naval lieutenant, to whom he had never spoken afterwards.

The first Baron, however, did not live long to enjoy his honours. Soon after his wife died he also departed; and Arthur found himself at twenty-three an orphan, with an estate in the Midlands, a comfortable sufficiency of worldly wealth, and no brothers or sisters to worry him. Thereupon he gave up the commission in the Guards which fate and form had imposed upon him, and quitted the service of Her Majesty, having acquired a violent taste for polo and an excellent knowledge of the district round Pall Mall.

After that his appearances in society were few and far between. He let his estate, and took rooms overlooking the Park, where he gave exclusive bachelor dinner-parties. He 'went out' three times every season, frequently on three consecutive nights. Then he would disappear for months, subsequently turning up at Ranelagh for

the tournament. So that there was nothing remarkable about Lord Curtis's visit to Herschfield, unless it were what happened to him there—and that was unforeseen.

It was early when the train drew up, and the sun was still casting lanky shadows. From inquiry at the station he learned that the most desirable abiding-place was a boarding-house called Channel View. Now, he did not like boarding-houses; but reflection convinced him that, as he was doing something unusual, he might as well do it consistently; so he jumped into the solitary fly and gave the direction. The vehicle rattled complacently along for ten minutes, then drew up with a jolt.

Everything was better than he had anticipated. The house was on the top of a hill; the village was far below, partially blotted out by a delightful grove of willows. Away on both sides the chalk-cliffs shone in the sunset, the dazzling white now mingling judiciously with the crimson of the sky. Away to the left the cliffs maintained a straight line till they were lost in haze; but to the right they became lower and lower, and then, jutting out again, formed a delightful bay, in which a brown-sailed fishing-fleet lay at anchor.

Unwillingly dragging his eyes from the scene, Lord Curtis turned to go in. He was met by a benevolent-looking lady in mauve silk and wearing ear-rings, whom he took to be the proprietress, and who welcomed him warmly. Would he prefer a south or a west aspect? First floor or second? He said he didn't care a little bit. Would he sign the visitors' book? Yes, certainly he would; and, to prevent being mobbed by the dear old soul, he entered himself as 'Mr Curtis of London.'

He was ushered to his room by an aggressively clean chambermaid, whose voice and rosy cheeks afforded an admirable testimonial for some Sussex farm or other, and whose apron simply bristled with starch.

It was a lofty room on the first floor, with a fine aspect of the sea, now getting drab in the dusk. The windows opened on to a veranda which seemed to encircle the house.

Having learnt from the attendant nymph some of the customs of the place, he dismissed her with half-a-crown and a multiplicity of curtsies, and dressed for dinner.

The mauve lady was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs.

'It's a most remarkable coincidence,' she said affably as they entered the drawing-room. 'We have a Mrs Curtis and daughter staying here. I wonder if you— Ah! here is Miss Curtis. Here, dear! Let me introduce a namesake. Mr Curtis—Miss Curtis; Miss Curtis—Mr Curtis: know one another?'

'Delightful old lady,' thought Curtis, 'but garrulous.' And then he looked at the girl.

She was dark and *petite*. That was his first impression. Then, as she glanced at him with momentary interest, he saw her eyes were blue—not the ordinary sky-blue immortalised by the majority of novelists, but the blue of the sapphire. Further, her lashes and brows were dark, almost black.

'How strange to meet a namesake—down here!' she said. Her voice was a low, clear contralto. She dropped her book as she spoke. It was something of Mrs Lovett Cameron's.

'Strange,' he said; 'but it is trite to say that the unexpected always happens. Personally, I feel horribly disappointed when it doesn't.'

'But still,' she went on, 'it isn't such a common name.'

'You will find several in the Directory,' he said; and she, seeing that the subject did not attract him, gave it up.

Just then the gong was sounded for dinner; and, at a signal from the hostess, he offered his arm to his companion.

'The lady who entertains us, Mrs—Mrs'—

'Mrs O'Brien—a dear old soul. Yes!'

'She mentioned that your mother was here.'

'Yes! Poor mamma! She is upstairs. Her nerves are getting shaky, and'—she lowered her voice to a whisper—'there are one or two people here she can't stand.'

'So she visits the shortcomings of the few upon the many, and deprives us all of her company. It is scarcely fair,' said Curtis.

His companion laughed. Her laugh was low-toned, like her voice; but it was sincere and contagious.

'And Mrs O'Brien is so good,' she went on. 'Nothing is too much trouble to her; because, as she says, they both come from the same "unhappy countryhouse."'

There was just a touch of merry mimicry in her which fascinated him.

'So you too are Irish?' he said.

'On my mother's side only. My father is English.'

'I see.'

'He was once in the navy.'

Curtis dropped his knife and fork and stared at her. Then he said slowly:

'Are you related to Curtis of Keilak?'

'Oh yes!' she said, with a trace of colour. 'I've never seen him; but his present lordship is my cousin.'

Curtis dropped back in his chair, nearly upsetting a dish of potatoes which a servant had just thrust over his left shoulder.

She noticed his agitation, and said, with interest:

'Are you also related?'

He drew a deep breath, and looked round the table. Mrs O'Brien was listening to the conversation. What should he do? It did not take him long to decide. He had come under false colours,

and he must stick to them; but what would his cousin say when she knew? Anyhow, for the moment, there was no escape.

'I am a connection of the first lord by marriage, on the mother's side,' he replied.

'How, then, is your name Curtis?' she asked, puzzled.

'It almost wants diagrams to explain it,' he laughed. Then in an undertone: 'The others are listening. Don't gratify them.' And the subject changed.

Whatever may be said of his friends, certainly none of his acquaintances would have recognised Curtis that evening. They would have looked in vain for the *blase* yawn and the cynically bored elevation of the eyebrows to which they had grown accustomed. He was quite another being. The novelty of his dilemma acted as a tonic, and he found himself, for the first time for many months, in thoroughly congenial society. All the ladies remarked what a nice young man he was, and how obliging! True, he declined Mrs O'Brien's invitation to sing 'Soldiers of the Queen;' but, in a 'carpet' dance hastily arranged in honour of his arrival, he footed it like a schoolboy. He waltzed with Mrs O'Brien, went through the 'Lancers' with his fair namesake, and ended up with a vigorous 'Washington Post' with the same lady, who then wished him a cordial 'good-night,' and hurried off to her mother's room.

Curtis did not dance any more, but solaced his unwonted activity with a long whisky and soda, and then retired.

It was not late, and the moon looked so tempting that he opened the window of his room and stepped on to the veranda. He half-lit a cigarette, but ultimately decided that it would be desecration to pollute such an atmosphere. Then he smiled at his mood. No English night had ever influenced him like this before.

There were voices on the veranda. He rather resented them at first; but afterwards they seemed to harmonise.

'I must go in now, Maud,' said one; 'it's getting chilly.'

'I'll follow soon, mother.' It was his cousin's voice.

Waiting till his unsuspecting aunt had retired, he approached her. It was an excellent opportunity, he reflected, for putting himself right and explaining his identity—and his deception. She seemed pleased to see him, and quite naturally motioned him to the vacant chair. But he preferred to stand and look down on her.

'Why did they call you Maud?' he asked.

She answered, laughing: 'There are other Mauds besides Tennyson's.'

'Still, I am sure you liked grapes as a child.' Some of his lordship's compliments had been treasured as *bons mots*.

She frowned prettily, as though recalling the lines. Then she saw it, and flushed slightly.

'But I have grown out of it now. One is named so young!'

'You have certainly not yet reached the "icily regular" or the "splendidly null" stage.'

'Nor yet the "faultily faultless"? Come, Mr Curtis, I think I have you there. Your compliments are not so graceful after all.'

He acknowledged himself beaten, and then the conversation took an abrupt turn.

'I let you off lightly at dinner,' said the girl; 'but you must not escape me altogether. From what you said, we must be related. It is interesting—isn't it?'

'Relations are always interesting, especially when one discovers them accidentally.' Here was his chance; but directly he attempted to seize it there came one of those moral twists that always gave his character a semblance of inconsistency. Instead of explaining, he waited for her to speak.

'Do you know Lord Curtis?'

'No one knows him better, though many think they do.'

'Really!'

'I mean I am his best friend, though some say I am his worst enemy.'

'You speak in riddles. I don't think I understand. I am afraid, Mr Curtis, you are rather insincere.' She seemed annoyed, and half rose as if to go in.

'Pray stop,' he cried in alarm, really afraid that he had vexed her. 'Tell me why you have never met him.'

'My father and his were never friends. And my father is obstinate.'

'You would like, then, to repair the breach?'

'Oh yes! And so would my mother. But my father will not hear of any advance on our side.'

'Now, I wonder,' thought Curtis, 'why he wrote that he must see me this week. Rather inconsistent with his principles.'

'You said he had retired from the navy?' he said aloud.

'Some years ago, and now he is always in the City.'

'Ah! I see.'

'What you men do when you get into the City I cannot imagine. Are you in the City?'

'A pretty habit of asking point-blank questions,' thought her cousin; 'probably inherits it from the sea.'

'Er—yes,' he replied; 'I have certainly dined at the Mansion-House.'

This time she rose decidedly and held out her hand.

'You are almost epigrammatic,' she said somewhat coldly. 'Good-night, Mr Curtis.'

He saw there was no keeping her; but that little touch of temper completed the conquest.

He took her hand, and detained it only the fraction of a second longer than was polite.

'Good-night, Miss Curtis,' he said. The unwonted sincerity in his voice made her look up at him in astonishment.

'Believe me, your cousin is very anxious to know you better—I mean, to know you well.'

Her annoyance vanished like magic.

'Good-night again,' she said in her sweet contralto. 'You must really meet my mother to-morrow; she will be so interested.'

His lordship found Mrs Curtis a refined, agreeable lady of delicate appearance and charming manner. She showed a certain amount of interest in him, but, to his relief, did not cross-examine him on his identity. Nevertheless the half-smiling way in which she looked at him made him feel uncomfortable.

Maud was playing a listless game of croquet against a long-haired gentleman with a Quartier Latin tie. Curtis found, to his dismay, that he had a distaste for long hair. Mrs Curtis was supporting herself on his arm while she took her morning walk round the grounds. They had been talking about nothing in particular.

'You knew the first Baron?' she asked suddenly, looking at him with that humorous smile which somehow seemed to conceal a quiz.

'Yes,' he replied with difficulty; 'that is, I knew a lot about him.'

'He was a hard man, they say.'

'He was hardly used,' Curtis glanced at the lady with an air of retaliation. He had heard of his father's early love-affair. Mrs Curtis, he thought, looked pained, so he hastily added: 'As a matter of fact he was the easiest of mortals, the best of fathers.'

She looked at him directly he made the slip, with that flickering smile of hers.

'The most affectionate of husbands,' he continued fiercely, and felt almost satisfied when she winced; 'certainly not a hard man.'

'Perhaps, then,' she muttered feebly, 'he took things too easily.'

'Only the enemy's guns, madam,' replied Curtis, with a laugh, and looking into her eyes, dimmed counterparts of her daughter's. 'Other things, in my opinion, he too easily let go.'

A flush of enjoyment lit up her pale face; her eyes sparkled; and, knowing fully what he meant, she bowed in stately sarcasm.

He returned her bow with a frank laugh.

'You remind me,' she said, 'of the Man with the Iron Mask.'

He felt that the remark was intended as an invitation. He did not mind having his identity discovered; but he felt that to explain himself at this stage to the mother would be a slight to the daughter. At the same time to continue the present conversation would be to insult Mrs Curtis's power of perception. So he led her to an arm-chair which he had previously, with designing

forethought, placed under an elm-tree, for the sun was still warm.

'There are few masks, Mrs Curtis,' he said, 'which your eyes could not pierce. If I seem to wear one, I will quickly discard it.'

He thought she understood his difficulty, for as he raised his hat and turned to go she laughed and said, 'Thanks.'

As he walked towards the croquet-lawn Maud made a suspiciously bad shot at her last hoop, and the long-haired man won easily.

'I want a chat with you,' said Curtis. He thought his cousin looked particularly charming this morning, with her cheeks slightly—very slightly—flushed, and her dark hair tastefully disarranged by the sea-breeze.

'You were awfully good to chat to my mother,' she began.

'Your mother is a very charming woman.'

'I'm so glad you like her. Let us go to her now.'

'On the contrary, I am going to take you for a stroll, if I may.'

'But I am afraid she will expect me,' Curtis was, however, by this time determined once and for all to explain himself out of the mess into which he had unsuspectingly run, and which was disgustingly like something of which he always had a profound horror—a breach of good taste.

'I don't think she will expect you,' he said. Somehow he felt flurried and upset at the task before him.

'Indeed!'

'Fact is, she knows there's something I want to talk to you about.' He did not look at her face or he would have seen her colour rise and then fall.

'She knows—*what*, Mr Curtis?'

'Well, I think she knows. Of course I didn't say anything to her before I had seen you; but I fancy she had an inkling of my feelings.'

'Certainly I have not known you very long, Mr Curtis—this sentence was very emphatic; 'but you have not seemed very transparent to me.'

He had led her to a nook, concealed from the house and from the lawn. Here was placed a rustic seat; and as, at his request, she sat down, he could not help noticing that she looked severe, if not angry.

'I didn't know when I came here,' he began, 'that I was going to land myself in such a mess.'

She drew in a long breath, and he turned round to her so suddenly that she was really frightened, and rose hurriedly.

'Stay one moment,' he said. 'Maud, I have something to say to you—you will not mind my using your Christian name when you have heard what it is.'

'Perhaps, then, you will wait till you have finished,' she said, her eye flashing with indigna-

tion. 'At present your manner is unaccountable, unless'—

'No, I haven't been drinking,' he interrupted, with an attempt at a laugh which nearly choked him. 'The fact is'—

Whatever the fact was, it did not come to light then, for there was a sound of voices, and two figures rounded the corner from the house, and stood before them. One was Peter; the other, a tall, handsome man with a naval beard. Peter approached his master as if to explain the intrusion; but his companion pushed him aside and bowed coldly.

'Lord Curtis, I presume. I am Captain Curtis, your uncle.'

His lordship had, on the appearance of the men, resumed his composure; and as his uncle spoke he turned to make his apologies to his cousin. She had become very pale. At first he thought she would faint. He took a step in her direction, and Captain Curtis perceived her for the first time.

'Maud! Go to your mother for a bit. I'll join you presently,' he said. But she had gone before he had finished his sentence.

Lord Curtis shook hands warmly.

'Let the first advances come from me, sir,' he said. 'I am delighted to know you, uncle; and the clouds of years were at once removed.'

They chatted for some time, and his lordship explained how he had met his aunt and cousin. The captain laughed heartily at his dilemma.

'I am glad you suggested making the first advances,' he said at last; 'for it is on financial matters, Arthur, that I have ferreted you out, and they are so pressing that when your man told me you would not be back till Monday I made him bring me down to where you were staying.'

'I am glad you did. I had no idea the matter you mentioned in your letter was pressing. Let me assure you at once, if there is anything I can do, you can rely on me.'

A financial statement at the best is a very tame affair for a lay audience. Ten out of any twelve members of the House of Commons will agree to this without a division. To Curtis it was more or less Greek. The captain prefaced his remarks by saying that he would rather have gone to any one else in the world; but it was a matter of a big loan on security that was a trifle sandy. He had therefore sacrificed his pride for the sake of the family honour. He didn't want his nephew to inconvenience himself. He would rather take a step he dreaded—that is, he would sell his insurance, and trust to luck to make amends to his daughter in some other way. His affairs would no doubt soon look up again, and so on.

But his nephew was not inconvenienced, not in the slightest. He hoped, on the contrary, that his uncle had left a margin in the sum he had named; and his uncle, who had taken care to

account for every penny, sighed in despair. At the same time, his lordship hoped that his charming cousin would free her father from anxiety by making a good marriage, from a worldly point of view, of course.

As Lord Curtis was going upstairs to dress for dinner, he overtook Mrs Curtis bent on a similar errand.

She laughed gaily at him.

'You saw through me?' he said.

'At once. You are the image of what your father was at thirty.'

'And—er—what does Maud think?'

'You must find out for yourself, Arthur. She is very reticent.'

'Put in a good word for me, aunt,' he said, and he bent and kissed her on the cheek.

His cousin, mounting the stairs behind them, a strange new feeling of elation hidden under a canopy of indignation, wondered at his tenderness as he replaced her mother's shawl.

THE END.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

SHE had been so shy and winning,

As she spun her spangled noose,

Even from the play's beginning—

Just as pretty maids may choose.

Buckled shoes with bows to fasten,

Thorn-pricked finger-tips to mend:

Childish things to rise and mock him

When the play was at its end!

Time had been so lightly dated:

Gardens had been Eden's bowers;

Love would spring where Fancy waited,

As the May-buds after showers.

Winding ways beside the waters,

Gifts of ivy and of rose:

Memory laugh'd before his vision

When the play was at its close!

'We have had a lovely season;

You have been so very good.'

Had she blinded all his reason

With her matchless maidenhood?

'Love! Oh no. My heart is given;

You were never more than friend.'

Then a profile with a dimple,

And the play was at its end!

With the roses' languid sweetness,

With each bitter autumn's strife,

Still her memory, in completeness,

Made a desert of his life.

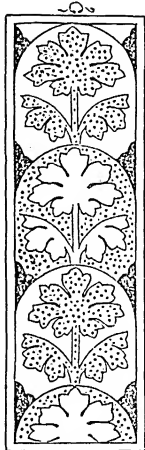
Noble women might have loved him;

But he smil'd: 'The saints defend;

Love is as a gilded bauble'—

When the play was at an end.

EDITH RUTTER-LEATHAM.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CONNEMARA PONIES.

UP to the middle of last century, and even later, it was not uncommon in the west of Ireland to see a mob of shaggy ponies from Connemara on their way to some of the big fairs, and stopping *en route* at the residences of those among the county families who were known for their sporting proclivities, and likely to become purchasers. It required a keen eye for 'points' to select wisely, for these ponies, though all alike ragged and uncouth as to outward condition, were of very unequal merit. But this judgment seems intuitive with Irish country gentlemen, and few mistakes were made. Many a future M.F.H. got his first mount and first lesson in the hunting-field from one of these gay little ponies, whose ancestors, hundreds of years ago, used to 'scour the hills and valleys fleetly than deer,' as the French chronicler, Creton, records in the year 1399, when he appears to have accompanied King Richard II. in an expedition to Ireland. Creton's admiration for Irish horses was great, and for one in particular ridden by Macmore, an Irish chieftain, which he says, 'without housing or saddle, was worth four hundred cows,' as stated in Sir Walter Gilbey's *Ponies Past and Present*.

About the middle of last century a pair of gray ponies were purchased from one of these droves for about twelve pounds. They were little, unkempt creatures whose shapes could hardly be discerned under the thick, shaggy coats which shielded them from the humid climate of the west; but their eyes beamed with kindness and intelligence. They betrayed no fear in their strange surroundings, though their owners had but just now taken them off the mountain-sides, where from their earliest days they roamed at pleasure, with no stabling, but the mountain heather, no food save the herbage they picked out for themselves, and no shelter in the wildest weather but the nooks and crannies, the rocks and boulders, which they knew so well. These two ponies were

brought to England, and after they had been groomed, fed, and trained, they turned out beauties, and perfect matches as to size and colour—the iron-gray then very fashionable; and they were driven and greatly admired in Rotten Row, and finally sold for two hundred pounds, a bigger price than in these days, when two hundred pounds has been paid for a cat without exciting any particular comment.

In 1771 Richard Berenger, General of Horse to George III., wrote admiringly of the race of horses, called 'hobbies,' 'of which,' he says, 'Ireland has boasted for centuries.' Yet in the earlier half of last century, when—owing probably to the infusion of Arab blood—these 'hobbies' were at the height of their reputation for strength, speed, endurance, and intelligence, there was really less known in England of Connemara, its inhabitants or its products, than of the South Sea Islands. Therefore, while those who had opportunities of comparison considered these ponies unsurpassed by any in the world, few outside a limited area knew anything about them; and thus they shared the fate of many another Irish speciality now being gradually brought to light.

The great loss in horses during the Boer war, the hardiness of the Boer ponies, and especially of those possessed by the Basutos—'marvels of endurance and sagacity, and almost incapable of fatigue,' as one of our returned soldiers describes them—all go to prove the necessity of providing the army with lighter and hardier horses. So the Connemara pony is remembered now, and it is suggested as having the qualities requisite for military purposes.

Years of neglect consequent on hard times and dire poverty have caused these ponies to dwindle both in size and numbers, so that they are no longer to be met going forth from the little kingdom as formerly, and people have of late become almost sceptical of their existence as a separate and peculiar breed; but they have not died out. A remnant of the old stock

remains, differing in type from each other, but capable, with care, of becoming equal to the famous 'Connemaras' of last century. Nor will care imply any degeneracy as to hardihood, for the conditions of life which so pre-eminently imparted this quality remain the same. The mountains and moors on which they spend their earlier years, learning to shift for themselves, and becoming exceptionally intelligent and clever in the process, together with the mild climate, make this possible; while the land consists of thousands of acres as fit for pasture-ground now as formerly, and for the most part little above the sea-level.

The Department of Agriculture in Ireland recently commissioned Professor J. C. Ewart, M.D., F.R.S., to 'proceed to the west of Ireland, and, in consultation with some local experts, make a study of the actual condition and possibilities of the Connemara pony.' This is probably the first attempt ever made to classify this pony, and a wonderfully clear description of the types still to be found has kindly been placed at my disposal for this sketch.

It has been a commonly accepted belief that Connemara ponies are descendants from Andalusian horses which escaped in 1588 from the ships of the Spanish Armada; or, if not thus, by direct importation of Spanish horses from England. Consequently they have been looked upon as stunted Spanish horses—that is, true ponies. Now, though the Spanish blood is undoubted—particularly in one type—there is too little uniformity even among the remaining 'real Connemaras' to make it probable they are of this unmixed origin; nor do they bear any close resemblance to the descendants of the Spanish horses introduced into Mexico in the sixteenth century by Cortes. The variety of types which exist in Connemara indicate a blending of race; and some of the traits—for instance, the prevalence of a yellow-dun colour in districts where these ponies are highly valued, 'not only because they are hardy and easily kept, but because in staying power and vitality they are more like mules than pure-bred horses'—point to the existence of an aboriginal pony before the introduction of Spanish and, later on, of Eastern horses. The resemblance to the latter is often very marked. Professor Ewart tells of a light-gray filly brought into Clifden market during his visit to the country which strongly reminded him of a small Arab received many years ago from Mr Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and in many ways agreeing with another Arab also received from the famous Crabbet Park stud; and he particularly remarks on the Irish filly being quite as intelligent as the Arab. This is his account of her: 'The Connemara filly not only seems to take a thoughtful interest in her surroundings, but is also extremely gentle and good-tempered. Until her arrival in Clifden she

had never been handled. Haltering proved a difficult problem—she fought bravely in defence of her freedom—but when once subdued all resistance ceased, and after a few minutes' handling she was mounted. Intelligence, good temper, and courage seem to characterise the majority of Connemara ponies.'

Though often delicate of limb, these animals draw heavily loaded carts or carry weights with ease. You may see them jogging along contentedly, bearing two men, or perhaps a man and his wife, with a sack of oats or potatoes additional, without turning a hair. The cost of keep is very little indeed, for these ponies can feed where others would starve.

Professor Ewart's investigations led him to the conclusion that the Connemara ponies, instead of forming one breed, may be said to belong to five fairly distinct types, which may be known as (1) the Andalusian type; (2) the Eastern type; (3) the Cashel type; (4) the Clydesdale type; (5) the Clifden type. He does not believe in any of these—even the Andalusian—being stunted Spanish horses, such as the Shetland, Iceland, and some of the Norwegian ponies, 'but the result of a more or less perfect blending of the aboriginal west of Ireland ponies with horses introduced from the East during medieval times, or from Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.'

Whence, it may be asked, did these indigenous ponies come? The answer brings one back to the bygone times when the ice age ended, and as the ice rolled back, horses and other mammals pushed their way gradually northward. In more recent times, it is certain that horses were common in Britain before the Roman invasion, so that Ireland also possessed them seems a fair conclusion.

Of the Andalusian type, only a remnant is left, and these, while resembling ponies still found in Andalusia, bear an even stronger likeness to the New Forest ponies. They vary from twelve to thirteen hands, and in colour are black, gray, chestnut, and in particular yellow-dun. The prevalence of this colour seems a proof that these ponies have other besides Spanish or Eastern blood, for yellow or dun was the colour of the aboriginal horse, and it was one against which there has long been a prejudice in Southern Europe, as in Arabia.

The want of care resulting from the hopeless poverty of the people during the years following the terrible famine of 1848—entailing as it did the necessity of the majority leaving the country if life were to be preserved, and the enforced sale of the best ponies—has very naturally led to a great scarcity of ponies with marked and distinctive traits of any one of these types; but here and there they are found, as in the light-gray filly so closely resembling a pure Arab, in a dark-gray horse related to and somewhat resembling

her, and in others of the Cashel and Clydesdale type. The latter were 'stout cob-like ponies that seem to combine the characters of a deerstalker's pony and the now all but extinct Douglas breed of horses—ponies capable of carrying heavy loads, and, when occasion requires, covering great distances at a fair speed.' These ponies are said to owe their great girth and strong limbs to progenitors introduced from Clydesdale thirty or forty years ago. Of the Cashel type, also a strong and large breed, it seems certain that there is a strain of the Irish hunter; indeed, the light-gray filly so closely resembling an Arab is descended from an old gray horse still living at Cashel, and more like an Irish hunter than an Arab, evident as is the Arab ancestry. This is true also of other famous breeds—for instance, the Orloff trotters, 'mainly sprung from an Arab horse and certain Dutch mares,' and often still, after more than a century, reproducing the characters of the Arab horse. With this breed, as with the Connemara ponies and those of the New Forest, the 'flea-bitten gray of the Arab' is a prevalent colour.

The Clifden type possesses a most distinct individuality, and though but little larger than those of the Andalusian (old Connemara) type, are very different in build, but 'undoubtedly belong to an old strain.' The beautiful mould of the head, the marked intelligence of the face, the well developed and proportioned frame, and the great strength of the short, stout legs mark them out in Professor Ewart's opinion as representing 'the best as well as the most typical Connemaras existing at the present day.' Further, he says, 'the short legs are so constructed that they stand an enormous amount of wear, often looking as perfect after a score of years' continuous work as a three-year-old colt.' Whether these ponies owe their characteristics to a blending of all the types, or to aboriginal ancestors of larger and heavier mould than those of the Andalusian-like ponies, seems a moot point. Professor Ewart inclines to the latter opinion, despite the blending of types evident in the Clifden pony, and believes that a heavy as well as a light variety of the wild horse existed in primeval times, from which the indigenous ancestors of the real Connemara originally sprang.

The true pony is a diminutive or stunted horse. Those horses which found their way into Europe in primeval times were of large size; but in the northern areas a gradual reduction took place till only stunted forms survived; and such were the ancestors of the Shetland, Iceland, and other of the true pony breed, once supposed to be a special creation. This dwarfing mainly affects the legs. The probabilities are that the mild climate of Connemara, with the sea-breezes from its innumerable fiords and bays (hence the name Connemara: 'Bays of the Sea'), favoured a better development of the original pony which

ran wild on the moors, when, at different periods, both Spanish and Arab blood mingled; the result being the very valuable 'hobbies' of the past, and possibly, if attention is now given to the remnant left, the yet more valuable mounts of the future. There is, however, a consensus of opinion that this end will never be attained unless the importation of hackneys into the country is stopped. Begun some years ago, with the intention of improving a waning breed, the results, according to experts, are 'disastrous to the game little native pony, which could stay for ever, which was sure-footed and sound, without showy action, but never putting a foot wrong, with wonderful powers of endurance, and able on their native heaths for long journeys, carrying heavy loads that would tax the resources of far larger animals.' This is a present-day testimony to the 'real' ponies, given in conjunction with a sweeping indictment of the hackney as not only failing in these points, but being a cause of their obliteration. This opinion is shared by the people in the various districts who remember the old Connemaras, and they will tell you proudly how some are still to be found at Carna, at Inishboffin, and other localities which they name.

Of course there are those who contend for the hackneys; but it must be remembered that the handsome, hardy ponies of the past probably owed their fame to the influence of Spanish, and particularly of Arab, blood, and that Connemara is the one place where foals with a thoroughbred strain can be reared under natural conditions—that is, run out all the winter on moor and mountain, owing to the mild climate—and so, while adding other qualities, can still retain their native hardiness and endurance. It seems, therefore, not only a pity, but unnecessary from any point of view, to introduce an inferior strain.

The islands which dot the shores of the wild west have ponies, and in some cases ponies with distinctive features from those of the mainland. Of these it was very difficult to get reliable information; but it came at last from one whose life has been spent in the district, and who communicated the following concerning the Arran ponies: 'About thirty or more years ago, a man from Arranmore sent to Cushenendael, County Antrim, and obtained one or two of the Shetland breed of ponies. These Shetlands were crossed with a mainland pony called the Rosses pony, which was a distinct breed—the Rosses is the mainland opposite Arranmore—and the offspring of this cross were called the Arranmore ponies. They hardly reached twelve hands, and were rather fine-limbed, but of no fixed colour; were spirited and wiry, and of great strength for their size.' Doubtless it was one of these ponies which an English lady recently described as having been in her possession, when residing many years ago in Clifden: 'A little thing from the Isle of Arran; a peculiar breed, with such a lovely eye;

a little uncertain in temper, yet very docile. It would come into the kitchen, and the children used to ride it. It was let down by ropes into a boat from the island. I never saw its like; we called it Beauty.'

To continue: 'The Rosses pony sometimes reached fourteen hands high, and was a very valuable animal. No one seems exactly to know how these originated, though around Dungloe they have been known for over fifty years. Like the Connemaras, they have degenerated, so that at present a good one is seldom picked up. Their colour was invariably black, with very seldom any white, though occasionally they had a white star on the forehead, and perhaps the near or left hind-pastern was also white.' They would stand great abuse—to use the expressive words of my informant—on poor fare, were of high spirit, and extremely wiry. There are a few descendants of the breed still possessed by some of the neighbouring gentry, though possibly not so good as the original stock, of whose powers of endurance many a story is told by the old folk. The animals have a short, compact body, rather low shoulders, wide and full chest, light neck, small head, slight legs with a well-formed hoof, and are very sure-footed.

The Achill pony is a small type of the Connemara pony, improved like it by the Arab; but on this island the prevailing colours are the dun or cream and gray, though other colours are to be met with.

From twelve to thirteen hands and upwards is the ordinary height of the Connemara pony at present, and this without any particular care or selection. With these it is reasonable to suppose that a greater height could be obtained, and a breed of small horses or ponies invaluable for mounted infantry under present conditions of warfare. This may yet mean a great industry for people who spend their lives from the cradle to the grave in a hard struggle just to live, and are therefore forced year after year—bitter as is the parting—to let their sons and daughters emigrate in search of employment. Small wonder is it if they are reproached for apathy.

In the *Life of Maria Edgeworth* occurs an amusing anecdote of a Connemara pony. In the year 1832 she, with some English friends, braved the wilds of Connemara on an excursion tour. Wilds they truly were in those days. No Slough of Despond was ever deeper or more difficult than those which the travellers encountered across the so-called road to the heart of the country. Through more than one were they carried to 'land' on men's shoulders, while others of the country-people dragged over carriage and horses, at no small risk of a collapse in the middle. Finally, with more sloughs ahead and nightfall coming on, Miss Edgeworth asked the hospitality of Mr Martin of Ballinahinch Castle—a place at some distance from the last breakdown—and

records how gladly it was given, and how princely the hospitality during the weeks through which the illness of one of the party detained them. Here Miss Edgeworth met Mary Martin, the daughter of their host, then a girl of seventeen, and a veritable queen over the vast district owning the Martins' sway. Poor Mary Martin, whose attainments astonished Miss Edgeworth—who knew many languages and spoke French like a native, who loved so passionately her country and her people, and yet perished far from them in a poor back-street of New York! Here is what Miss Edgeworth tells of her pony: 'She has three which she has brought every day to the great Wyatt window of the library, where she feeds them with potatoes. One of them is very passionate; and once, the potato being withheld a moment too long at the hall-door, he flew into a rage, pushed in the door after her, and she ran for her life, got upstairs, and was safe. I asked what he would have done had he come up to her. "Set his two feet on my shoulders, thrown me down, and trampled on me," she said. Another day the smith hurt the pony's foot in shoeing him; up he reared, and up jumped the smith on the raised part of the forge. The pony jumped after him, and "only that he scrambled behind the bellows would have killed him for sure." Yet his mistress tried to get Miss Edgeworth to mount him, saying he was as quiet as a lamb if you did not let him see a whip, or look cross!'

In those days the Connemara pony seemed to flourish like the daisies of the field, and in nearly as inconsequent a manner. But now, among the increasing wants of the world, that of an ideal Connemara pony has cropped up; and, judging by Professor Ewart's last contribution to the journal officially issued by the Department of Agriculture (Ireland), its evolution is a difficult problem, involving not merely the question of whether the thoroughbred, the hackney, or the Arab is best for the purpose, but 'rather how all the good points in the present ponies may be combined, the weak points eliminated, and the improved blend perpetuated.' Those interested in the subject would do well to consult his article, which has received the approval of no less an authority than Lord Arthur Cecil, who is just home from studying the remount (pony) question in India, and who has said he agrees with every word in it. But without entering into its technicalities, it may be mentioned here how clearly this investigation has shown that all the necessary physical conditions exist in the west of Ireland for the breeding of stout, active ponies; so that, with a little organisation, the number of foals annually produced—already large—might be greatly increased, and 'arrangements made for the best of the colts to run on the mountains until old enough to be trained for mounted infantry—thus securing for a comparatively small sum remounts well able for rough work and hardships.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER X.



RS TREVANION had lost no time in calling upon the new inmates of the Lodge, and as they met her advances with the most gratifying cordiality, the acquaintance rapidly grew.

Beatrice, when Mrs Trevanion insisted upon taking her there before her departure, thought them very second-rate people in spite of the title; but Mrs Trevanion could see nothing amiss.

It was easy to discover that the ruling spirit of the trio was the American lady, Mrs Wilton. She was a thin, little woman, with a high-pitched voice, very bright eyes, and a mobile face, in which deep lines seemed to have been worn by the constant motion of the eyebrows, chin, and lips.

Lady Alicia was a large-boned, flabby-looking person, whose dress, hair, and even her very flesh seemed to hang about her in a loose, uncared-for sort of way. She was evidently completely under Mrs Wilton's thumb, looking to her for guidance whenever a decision became necessary.

Beatrice was talking to her on the occasion of her only visit to the Lodge, trying in vain to find some subject that would arouse a spark of interest in this rather lifeless person, when she caught some fragments of a conversation between Mrs Trevanion and the American lady which arrested her attention.

The talk had turned—as with Mrs Trevanion it often did—to the subject of ailments, and Mrs Wilton had listened with apparently the deepest interest to the account of the other's symptoms.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'Dr Simkin K. Peters would be the very man for you. You have heard of him, of course—the great Dr Peters of Louisville, so wonderful in cases of nerves?'

Mrs Trevanion reluctantly confessed her utter ignorance of Dr Simkin K. Peters.

'Oh, surely you must have heard of him! Why, at the time of his funeral'—

'Oh, he is dead? Then it would be no use thinking about consulting him now.'

Mrs Wilton looked at her in sorrow rather than in anger. 'On the contrary, it is only so much the easier now that he has gone beyond the Veil—the Veil that is daily growing thinner and thinner! No need to cross the Atlantic now. You can consult him here.'

Mrs Trevanion stared at her in utter amazement, and the other smiled a superior smile.

'Ah, I see you are one of those who are as yet unacquainted with the glorious privileges that are ours now, when the Veil between us and the Unseen World is partially removed; and yet you, I am sure—you, with your highly strung

temperament and your delicate susceptibility—would be just the one to whom spiritual revelations would be so readily given.—Alicia, my dear,' she said, turning to her, 'do you not read in Mrs Trevanion's countenance that she is of that highly refined organisation, that supersensitive mental fibre, best adapted for the reception of communications from behind the Veil?'

'I am sure of it,' said Lady Alicia.

To Beatrice's astonishment, Mrs Trevanion seemed to swallow this flattery with the utmost complacency, and after a few faint protests, she was induced to promise her presence at a *séance* to be held one evening in the following week.

'And you will bring your young friend?' asked Lady Alicia, looking at Beatrice.

Beatrice was thankful to say that she would be in town before that date; but Effie could not escape so easily. She had to promise to accompany her aunt, making a little *moue* behind the latter's back to Beatrice as she did so.

Lord George returned home just as they were leaving; and as he escorted them to their carriage, Mrs Trevanion gave him a most gracious invitation to the Court. She had seen the admiration with which his glance lingered on Beatrice, who, though unusually pale, was looking very pretty that day, wearing a large black lace hat with yellow roses; and that glance was enough to set Mrs Trevanion off on dreams of the future.

CHAPTER XI.



ONDON in July seemed doubly hot and dusty after the breezy uplands of Penruth; but Beatrice found that her sister only intended to stop there ten days longer.

'We shall be delighted if you will come with us to Sandown,' Maisie said. 'I am sending the two children to Germany with Fräulein. Tom and I are going to spend a week or two in Sandown, and then Mrs Verney has asked us to go yachting with her. I wish I could take you too; but I am afraid her party is already made up.'

However, Maisie Somerville's plans, like many other well-laid schemes, were destined to go wrong, for Fräulein developed symptoms of a rather serious internal malady, and her taking the children away that year was out of the question.

Mrs Somerville came to Beatrice in despair. 'I shall send her to a nursing home,' she said. 'She is a good creature, and I would not grudge her anything; but her getting ill just now is an awful nuisance.'

'Could you not find anybody else to take them abroad?' asked Beatrice.

'Find anybody. I could trust?' mused Maisie doubtfully.

'Could you trust me?'

'My dear Beatrice, if you only would! But I hardly like to ask such a sacrifice from you. You would find it so frightfully dull. They were going to stay with Fräulein's sister, Frau Professor Hofmann, at Bad Brückenau. It's one of those quiet little watering-places, you know, not gay like Homburg or Kissingen. You'd be bored to death.'

'I don't know about that,' said Beatrice, who felt a great longing just then to get far away amid new scenes and surroundings. 'How long did you want them to stay?'

'Well, I meant them to stay six months, two at Brückenau and the rest in the Hofmanns' own house at Würzburg. You see, Ronald is to go into the diplomatic service, and languages are so important for him. But if you took the children it would not be necessary to stay any longer than you found it bearable—that is, so long as they are not brought back before our yachting trip is over.'

'Upon my word, I should like to go with them very much,' said Beatrice, the scheme growing in favour with her the more she thought of it. Ever before her mind was the idea of a certain wedding that would probably take place within the next six months, and she reflected how much easier it would be to avoid being present at it without exciting remark if she undertook this journey.

'You could take the schoolroom-maid, who would look after their clothes, and who is fortunately a staid, elderly, respectable-looking person,' Maisie continued, overjoyed at this way out of her difficulties.

To Beatrice it seemed a providential occurrence. Her last letters from Penruth spoke of a great improvement in Dr Standen's health. It was only a question of time now as to when he would be about again, as well as ever; and with the re-establishment of his health would come the necessity for fixing the wedding-day. Beatrice knew he would not weakly try to postpone it. He had answered her letter, accepting her decision, since honour forbade him to do otherwise; but he added a few strong, earnest words about his undying love for her—words which made that one letter Beatrice's greatest treasure. She did not deceive herself into believing that his heart would always be hers. She had too clear-sighted a view of life not to recognise the fact that, in spite of all that poets and romance-writers assert, love is not all-in-all to a man—at least not to the average man; and she saw with prophetic eyes into the future, when Julius would be quite happy with his graceful and loving bride, and when his fancy for Beatrice would only linger in his memory like a half-forgotten

dream. He had acquiesced, too, in her suggestion that they should not meet; and having made up their minds on the great point, they would not falter or hesitate about the minor details.

Beatrice thought that probably in the autumn or winter he and Effie would be married. That Effie would urge her presence she knew; but to go and see them married would be more than flesh and blood could stand. She resolved to stay with her sister's children in Germany as long as she possibly could. All places were pretty much alike to her now, excepting that the farther away from Penruth the better.

Ronald, a boy of fourteen, and his younger sister Gertrude were delighted at the exchange of guardians. Instead of Fräulein, with her round, startled eyes, her frequent invocations of the Deity, and her voice always so suggestive of compound separable verbs and other grammatical monstrosities, to have their pet aunt Beatrice as their companion seemed to them the height of bliss.

Beatrice, too, putting aside her own secret troubles, was to all outward seeming the merriest of the three.

The two children had been in France before, but never in Germany; and from the moment they crossed the frontier their curiosity was ever on the alert. The ineffable dignity of the station-masters, who paced the platforms with the autocratic mien of men who never forget for an instant that they are *Government officials*, amused them greatly, as did also the superb *hanteur* of a very small officer, their fellow-passenger for part of the way, who strutted up and down the station whenever the train stopped, swelling with the consciousness of his military rank and consequent superiority over the rest of mankind.

They went first to Würzburg, where they were to stay a few days before accompanying the Hofmanns to their summer villa in Brückenau.

Frau Hofmann was a typical German *Hausfrau* of the old school. No modern innovations had been introduced into her household, in which still flourished the old customs sanctified by the use of generations of middle-class German families. Her drawing-room was the pride of her heart, and the keeping of it clean and in a high state of polish was the principal object of her existence. It was a handsome room, with its slippery floor, its tall stove of white porcelain, and its small square of rich carpet, from one end of which the sofa, like a throne, dominated the room. But woe to the luckless individual who, in ignorance or carelessness, took that seat without being specially invited to occupy that place of honour. The stigma of ill-breeding which such an act would bring upon him could never be effaced.

If Frau Hofmann gave one of her coffee-parties, and if the Frau Baronin, whose right to this seat no one would ever dream of disputing, happened

to be absent, long would be the polite contest between the ladies of nearly equal rank, great the show of courtesy and humility, and deep the inward heart-burnings before the knotty point was settled as to who should occupy that place.

A kindlier, more good-natured woman than Frau Hofmann—or the Frau Professor, as she would naturally be called—it would be difficult to find anywhere. Only, her domestic cares seemed to absorb her so entirely, body and soul, that there was very little of her left for other purposes.

Professor Hofmann was a man who had travelled a good deal, had seen much, and read more. He was not only a great talker, but an interesting one; and he and Beatrice at meal-times would discuss all things in heaven and earth, while the mistress of the house went in and out, directing the servants and superintending the dishing-up, either not heeding the conversation or deeming it beyond her depth. Beatrice felt a little uncomfortable at first on seeing her so entirely left out; but as Frau Hofmann appeared quite contented that her husband should look upon her as a sort of upper servant, she had to accept the position.

On the other hand, she felt sometimes much inclined to resent the German lady's frankness in commenting on her dresses and those of her niece, not even scrupling to ask the price of any items she specially admired.

Beatrice and the two children occupied themselves in exploring Würzburg, in which they found much that interested them. The Hofmanns lived in one of the new suburbs which are gradually springing up round the old town; but it was this latter which charmed Beatrice. The quaint old houses had very high-pitched roofs, and their fronts were decorated with wonderful arabesques, while the lower windows were guarded by convex iron gratings, a reminiscence of the times when fighting in the streets was no uncommon occurrence.

The old fortress still frowns above the gray, sluggish river, as in the days when the prince-bishops lived there, and their followers rode out from thence to harry the country and fight with the men of Bamberg or Nürnberg. The medieval history of the place is one long record of strife and bloodshed. The prince-bishops were usually at war with some of their neighbours; and if by any chance peace prevailed among them, the citizens, who had fought under their banner against the common foe, now rose up against their spiritual lords in defence of their privileges.

There was one expedition which Beatrice made alone, the secret of which she kept as rigidly as if it had been a shameful one. In good truth she could not excuse it to herself without that sophistry we are all so ready to use when the judg-

ment condemns what the heart desires. This was to see the house Julius had described to her, where he had lived during his years of study at the Würzburg University. She had passed it often, an old house richly decorated with carved stone wreathings, standing near the market-place; and happening one day to pass it when she was alone, and noticing that there were rooms to let, she went in boldly and asked to see them.

'The *gnädiges Fräulein* would like to see the rooms? With pleasure,' said the old widow, whom Beatrice had no difficulty in recognising from Julius's description. 'Do I remember the English student who lived here some years ago? *Gewiss, gewiss*. A very pleasant young gentleman, and liberal—*ach!* liberal! There were not many such in the university. But you English are very funny. He would not be happy till he had bought a big bath, actually big enough to sit down in! And this he would use every day—it is hardly credible, every day!—and splash all over the polished floor. *Mein Gott!* it was a pity!'

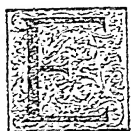
Beatrice hardly listened to the voluble house-keeper, as she wandered through the rooms, taking a sad pleasure in noting the table at which Julius had worked, the easy-chair in which he had sat to smoke and dream day-dreams, the raised window-seat from which he had probably watched the doings in the busy street below. It was to her almost as if he were dead, and as if the memory of him and of what had been were the dearest possession left her.

The landlady talked for weeks afterwards of the charming 'miss' who had come to see her rooms, and who had left such a handsome present for her little Clärchen!

Würzburg was rather oppressively hot at this time of year, and they were all glad to exchange the stifling town atmosphere for the pine-scented breezes of Brückenau. The pine woods there tempted them to long rambles, and they found great amusement in watching the manners and customs of the guests at the Kurhaus and the numerous hotels.

The frequenters of Brückenau are not such a cosmopolitan and motley crowd as those of Kissingen and other more fashionable watering-places. The Germans have it mostly to themselves. Parents flock there with marriageable daughters, and young men on the lookout for a maiden with a *Mitgift* sufficient to give them that upward shove they need in their business come to this happy hunting-ground. Dyspeptic and cantankerous invalids come for the diet and the cure; tired brain-workers come for the rest. Very destitute of imagination must the German lady be who cannot find some adequate reason for taking a few weeks at a *Kurort*. If no other complaint sounds plausible, she can always suffer from 'nerves;' and what husband could be so hard-hearted as to resist this plea?

PRIVATE ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS.

By A. T. STEWART, A.I.E.E., Author of *Electricity Simplified*.

ELECTRICITY derived from a supply company having been dealt with in our last October number, we now propose to consider installations which require, in addition to the ordinary house-wiring, the machinery necessary for the production of the electric current. This section of the work should be carefully distinguished from other branches of electrical engineering, such as the wiring of a building and the fixing of motors, as it is an entirely different branch. It has become a general practice to employ different workmen for the various important branches of electrical work, each workman having received a special training in his own department.

Before proceeding further, those cases in which private installations may prove advantageous will be mentioned. In small country towns, where gas is over three shillings and sixpence or four shillings per thousand cubic feet, and in places where oil alone is used (entailing the daily cleaning of numerous lamps), machinery for producing electric light will usually prove not only convenient, but also economical to the consumer. In some instances, even where a public supply is available, it pays the consumer to manufacture his own current. This statement refers chiefly to premises in which machinery is already at work, such as hotels, printing-offices, and factories. In some instances it may be desirable that the consumer should have the option of receiving current from a public supply company in addition to that from his own plant. In places where the hours are long, so that a double shift is necessary, if the option of receiving current from a supply company were available, the machinery might be shut down either at night or during the day as desired. In large city clubs and hotels, for example, after the private machinery has done its night's work, the current from the supply company is connected, and the few lights required during the daytime are thus supplied. It can easily be seen how this system dispenses with the necessity for accumulators.

If, when a private installation has been decided upon, it is properly arranged and carried out by a reliable contractor, the initial outlay is comparatively moderate. The first consideration is, of course, the question of power: How is the electric generator to be driven? Where gas is available at a moderate rate per thousand cubic feet, and the number of lights required less than a hundred of 16-candle power, a gas-engine may be used advantageously, and in some instances oil-engines have been employed for this purpose. It may appear strange, but nevertheless it is true, that

a certain amount of gas which, when burned in the usual way, produces, say, 500-candle power of light for one hour will, if used in a gas-engine working a dynamo, produce sufficient electricity for the supply of electric incandescent lamps giving altogether over 1000-candle power.

For steam-power a convenient building should be erected, or a suitable out-building or stable may be available. A good engine-room must be thoroughly dry and clean, with a solid foundation, and not too far from the house. The engine-room should contain three apartments—boiler-house, engine and dynamo room, and accumulator-room respectively.

The engine generally adopted for electric lighting purposes is the vertical type, which is either directly coupled up to the dynamo or connected by means of a belt. This must depend on circumstances, such as available ground-space or height of building. When space is limited, coupling makes a suitable combination; otherwise the latter method may be adopted.

Where a gas-engine is used, the boiler and steam-engine will be dispensed with. There are several well-known types of these, such as the Otto, Campbell, and others. When the gas-engine takes the place of steam, it is usually advisable to mount the dynamo with a heavy fly-wheel to counterbalance the jerk caused by the explosion of gas in the cylinder; but makers of improved gas-engines now claim that there is no necessity for this, as the driving is as steady as that of a good steam-engine. The working of a gas-engine depends very much on the way it has been erected. When properly laid down it may be successfully worked by any intelligent man without skilled assistance.

The recent improvements made in the construction of oil-engines have rendered them capable of driving dynamos very smoothly. One of the best-known oil-engines used for electric lighting purposes is the Hornsby-Akroyd (manufactured by the well-known firm of Hornsby's), of which there are now thousands in use. The motive-power is obtained from mineral oil, which, after being mixed with air under pressure, is ignited. It is worthy of note that with this engine a spirit-lamp or electric spark is not necessary to ignite the oil. The working of these engines costs comparatively little, not exceeding one-halfpenny per horse-power per hour. Space, unfortunately, does not permit of a minute description of these serviceable engines; those having an interest in the subject should apply to a reliable engineering firm for an opportunity of seeing an oil-engine in action. As an adjunct to the dynamo for the electric lighting of country-

houses where water-power is not available the oil-engine is invaluable.

Where water-power is available the initial outlay is amply justified, for after the water is laid to the premises there is no cost for fuel. The wonder is why proprietors of estates and shooting-lodges where water-power is adjacent do not utilise it, as thousands who do not possess it would gladly do. It often pays to convey water a distance of over two miles in preference to using steam or oil engines. Those interested in water-turbines should apply to a firm of engineers for an opportunity of seeing one in operation. Though some general idea of the appearance of the water-turbine may be got from illustrations and explanations, an inspection of such a machine at work is essential to form an accurate estimate of its capabilities.

It may be interesting to learn that one of the first electric light installations in Great Britain was driven by water-power. Nearly twenty years ago Horace Wyndham suggested to the inhabitants of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, that there was sufficient water in the river Cocker to electrically illuminate their town. The visitor to the town, after inspecting the now somewhat antiquated electric plant, must feel respect for these country people, who were virtually the pioneers of electric lighting in the provinces.

Having discussed the question of driving-power, we have to consider the machine to be driven, causing the peculiar phenomenon of producing a power that can be utilised for illumination purposes. Nothing in electric practice looks stranger to the uninitiated than a view of the whirling mass of wire revolving between two pieces of metal which act as generators of current that will illuminate a city or do the heaviest electrical work. This is not the place to consider what the dynamo is, but merely what its capabilities are. These, speaking literally, are simply the transforming of mechanical power into electrical energy which may be used for illuminating or other purposes.

Considerable experience is required to plan a private installation satisfactorily, as all the electric lamps in a house are seldom required to be burning at the same time. When the machinery is too small troubles will very soon arise, and when too large there is a needless consumption of fuel.

Private installations would not have been so popular or serviceable had the accumulator not been available. The function of the accumulator will be easily understood by comparing it to a gasometer from which the gas may be drawn off at any time as required; and when the gasometer is empty it may be refilled from the retort. A similar process takes place with the accumulator, for the dynamo corresponds to the retort, and supplies current to charge the accumulator. When freely charged, the latter will retain the electrical energy for a reasonable time,

and will when required give out any quantity until its charge is exhausted. Then, like the gasometer, it requires recharging.

The advantage of this system of storage as an adjunct to the dynamo is at once apparent. It is not always convenient to run machinery whenever light is required, and especially during the night-time; with a set of accumulators this is not necessary. It will be found advisable to have the accumulators placed in a room separate from the engine and dynamo, as the acid fumes given off during the charging of the accumulators are apt to rust the machinery.

The cable connecting the house with the engine-room must not be overlooked in describing the requisites for a private installation. This may be carried overhead on poles, but it is very unsightly, and should preferably be laid underground. Various systems for underground cables are available; but the system best adapted to installations in country residences, and which appears to be extensively coming into use, is that of drawing highly insulated cables through watertight metal tubes—probably the best form of insulation and the most durable in use at the present time. The system of overhead wires is by far the cheaper method; but, for the reason stated, the extra expense incurred in laying the cable underground is generally considered to be amply justified. In the engine-room a main switch-board will be required for controlling the whole of the light, and separate switches are necessary for sending the current from the dynamo to the house, from the dynamo to the accumulators for charging purposes, and from the accumulators to the house, so as to give light when the dynamo is not at work. If these switches are distinctly labelled, any one, although unacquainted with the installation, may readily control the current in the absence of the attendant.

With regard to the working of such an installation, it is not so important that the man who is in charge should have any special knowledge of electricity as that he should be careful and anxious to do what he is told. Any man with an interest in his work, after having been shown a few times, will be able to manage ordinary electric plant. A gardener or stable-hand on an estate should be quite capable of doing all that is necessary.*

A copy of the following brief rules for the attendant's guidance should be hung in the engine-room:

DYNAMO.—*To Start the Dynamo.*—The brushes having been adjusted, the bearings well oiled, and the connections carefully examined, the machine is ready to start. If a new machine, the switches should be left open, the brushes lifted, and the machine allowed to run without load for a little

* A full description, with rules for guidance, is given in *Electricity Simplified* (W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., 1901).

time to see that all the bearings run cool, and that the machine is in order. The machine should then be stopped and the brushes lowered on the commutator. The main switch should now be closed and the machine started, the speed being gradually increased until the voltmeter registers the correct voltage. Should the brushes show signs of sparking, they must be moved up and down so as to adjust them to the neutral points, according to the amount of work the dynamo is doing. If this is not attended to, sparking and wearing of the commutator and brushes result. When properly adjusted there should be no sparking.

The bearings must be carefully attended to and well oiled. The commutator also requires attention. When the time for shutting down comes, the dynamo should be slowed down with the switches on (except in the case of arc lamps), the incandescence of the filaments in the lamps being gradually reduced. If the lamps are started carefully, and stopped as described, their life will be greatly increased, because the filaments are not subjected to the same shock as if they were suddenly switched on or off. When the dynamo is at rest, or revolving slowly, the brushes should be raised. A piece of worn emery cloth held beneath the commutator while the machine is running slowly will remove any roughness from the surface, which may be finally cleaned by applying a piece of soft oily rag or white cotton waste. After this the covering may be put over the machine, and it is then ready for its next day's work. While the machine is running, the surface of the commutator should be slightly lubricated by a piece of clean rag moistened in vaseline; this will keep it from being cut by the brushes.

Sundry Points to be observed.—It is essential that the voltage of the machine should be kept constant. An incandescent lamp connected direct to the terminals of the dynamo—usually termed a 'pilot lamp'—will assist the attendant in keeping

the pressure constant; but periodical readings should be taken with the voltmeter, and care taken that the voltage never rises beyond its proper height.

ACCUMULATORS.—The dynamo must be run at full charging speed, the brushes on, and the pilot lamp lit to its full candle-power before the accumulator charging-switch is put on. Care must be taken not to allow the speed to drop while charging, or the accumulator will rapidly discharge its current through the dynamo, doing great damage.

The following estimate for lighting a house requiring fifty lamps of 8 and 16 candle power, as may be required, is appended as a rough guide to the initial cost of private installations under ordinary conditions. The calculations given include everything necessary except travelling expenses and carriage of materials, which depend entirely upon the distance:

	Light.	Switches.	Candle-power.
Hall.....	2	1	16
Library.....	3	2	16
Dining-room.....	7	3	16
Drawing-room.....	9	3	16
Ante-drawing-room.....	3	2	16
Conservatory.....	2	1	16
Eight bedrooms and two dressing-rooms.....	12	12	16
Bathroom.....	1	1	8
Kitchen.....	2	2	16
Scullery.....	1	1	8
Wine-cellar.....	1	1	8
Lobby and stair lights.....	4	4	16
Extra lights.....	3	3	16

For such an installation a 4-horse-power engine would be necessary; also a suitable boiler. For a dynamo capable of supplying fifty lights, regulating switches and instruments, accumulators capable of lighting the whole fifty lights for a period of three and a half hours, and, lastly, the necessary wiring, fitting, and lamps, the cost would be four hundred and thirty pounds.

THE STORY OF JOHN CORWELL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.



ALIGHT, cool breeze which had set in at daylight was blowing when Alice Corwell boarded the *Ceres*. Totten and Harris met her at the gangway, caps in hands—poor Sam, their former shipmate, had died of fever a month before. They were delighted to hear that she intended to remain on board, and Harris at once told Miguel, the scoundrelly-faced Manila cook, to get breakfast ready.

'And you must have your breakfast with me,' said Alice, 'and after that you must obey my orders. I am going to be captain to-day.'

As she and the two seaman sat aft under the awning, Selak, the leading Malay, and his fellows squatted on the fore-hatch and talked in whispers.

'I tell thee,' said Selak, 'that I have seen it. On the evening the man Sam died and was buried I was sitting outside the house. It was dark, and the Tuan thought I had returned to the ship. I crept near and listened. They were speaking of what should be done with the dead man's share of the gold. Then I looked through the cane side of the house, and—dost remember that white basin of thine, Miguel?'

The Manila man nodded.

'The white woman, at a sign from her husband, went into the inner room and brought it out, and placed it on the table. It was full to the brim with gold! And there was more in a bag!'

His listeners drew nearer to him, their dark eyes gleaming with avarice.

'Then the Tuan said, "None of Sam's gold shall I or my wife touch. Let it be divided among you three. It is but fair." They talked again, and then Mallet said to the Tuan, "Captain, it shall be as you wish; but let it all go together till the time comes for thee to give us our share." I watched the white woman take the basin and the bag, put them into a box, and place the box in a hole in the ground in her sleeping-room. Then I came away, for my heart was on fire with the wrong that hath been done to us.'

He rose to his feet and peered round the corner of the galley. Alice and the two seamen were eating very leisurely.

'Three of them are here now, and will sleep aboard to-night. God hath given them into our hands.'

'And what of the other two—they are strong men?' asked a wizen, monkey-faced Malay, nicknamed Nakoda (the captain).

'Bah! What is a giant if he sleeps and a *kriss* is swept across his throat or a spear is thrust into his back from behind? They too shall die as quickly as those who sit near us. Now listen. But sit thou out on the deck, Miguel, so that thou canst warn us if either of those accursed dogs approaches.'

The cook obeyed him silently.

'This it is to be. To-night these three here shall die in their sleep, silently. Then we (all but thou, Nakoda) shall take the boat and go to the house. Both the Tuan and Mallet sleep heavily, and'—He drew his hand swiftly across his tawny throat.

'And then?' queried Nakoda.

'And then the gold—the gold, of our share of which we have been robbed—is ours, and the ship is ours, and I, Selak, will guide ye all to Dobbo in the Aru Islands, where we shall be safe, and become great men.'

'But,' muttered another man, 'what if these black sons of Shaitan here—the people of the island—turn upon us after we have slain the white men?'

Selak laughed scornfully. 'The sound of a gun terrifies them. They are cowards, and will not seek to interfere with us.'

Night had fallen. The two white seamen, tired out with their day's work, had spread their mats on the poop and were sound asleep. Below in the cabin, Alice lay reading by the light of a lamp, and Selak, standing in the

waist, could see its faint reflection shining through the cabin-door, which opened on to the main-deck. Sitting on the fore-deck with their hands clutching their knives, his companions watched him.

At last the light was lowered, and Alice closed her eyes and slept.

The Malay waited patiently. One by one the remaining native fires on the shore went out, and presently a chill gust of air swept down from the mountains; and looking shoreward, he saw that the sky to the eastward was quickly darkening and hiding the stars; a heavy downpour of rain was near. He now drew his *kriss* from its tortoise-shell sheath and felt the edge, made a gesture to the crouching tigers for'ard, and stepped lightly along the deck to the open cabin-door, the other four creeping after him, then stopped and waited—for less than a minute.

A faint, choking cry came from the cabin, and then Selak came out, his *kriss* dripping with blood. 'It is done,' he whispered. Pointing to the poop, he next sprang up there.

'Hi, there! What's the matter?' cried Totten, who had heard the faint cry; and then, too late, he drew his pistol from his belt and fired—as Selak's *kriss* plunged into his chest. Poor Harris was slaughtered ere he had opened his eyes.

Spurning Totten's body with his naked foot, Selak cursed it. 'Accursed Christian dog! Would I could bring thee to life, so that I might kill thee again.' When he heard the rushing hum of the coming rain-squall, and saw that the shore was hidden from view as if a solid wall of white stone had suddenly arisen between it and the ship, he grinned.

'Bah! What does it matter? Had it been a cannon it could scarce have been heard on the shore in such a din.'

Ordering that the bodies of the two seamen should be thrown overboard, Selak, the most courageous of the ruffians, hurriedly entered the cabin and took a couple of muskets from the rack and some powder and ball from the mate's berth; and on returning to his followers he bade them bring the boat alongside.

'Throw the woman after them,' he cried to Nakoda as the boat pushed off into the darkness just as the hissing rain fell on her. We shall return ere it is dawn.'

Nakoda would have sprung over the side after the boat, but he feared the sharks even more than Selak's *kriss*; so, running for'ard, he crept into his bunk, and lay there in the darkness too terrified to move.

Mallet and Corwell, with the natives, worked hard till near sunset, and then ceased.

'There's nearly five ounces in that lot, Mallet,' said the captain, pointing to two buckets of wash-dirt. 'Let us have a bathe, and then get something to eat before it is too dark.'

'The natives say we ought to get back to the house, sir, instead of sleeping here to-night. They say a heavy storm is coming on, and we shall be washed out of the camp.'

'Very well, Mallet. I don't want to stay here, I can assure you. Tell them to hurry up, then. Get the shovels and other gear, and let us start as quickly as possible. It will take us a good three hours to get back to the house.'

By sunset they started, walking in single file along the dangerous mountain path, a false step on which meant a fall of hundreds of feet. Half-way down the storm overtook them; but, guided by the sure-footed natives, they pressed steadily on, gaining the level ground, and at last reached the house about ten o'clock.

'Now that we have come so far, we might as well go on board and give my wife a surprise. Look! the rain is taking off.'

'Not for long, sir. But if we start at once, we may get aboard before it starts again.'

Two willing natives, wet and shivering as they were, quickly baled out a canoe, and in a few minutes they were off, paddling down towards the sea. They had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when another sudden downpour of rain blotted out everything around them; but the natives paddled steadily on amid the deafening roar. The river was wide, and there was no danger of striking anything harder than the hanging branch of a tree or the soft banks.

'I thought I heard voices just now,' shouted Mallet.

'Natives been out fishing,' replied Corwell.

As the canoe shot out through the mouth of the river into the open bay the rain ceased as suddenly as it began, and the *Ceres* loomed up right ahead.

'Don't hail them, Mallet. Let us get aboard quietly.'

They clambered up the side, the two natives following. Wet and dripping, they entered the cabin; and Corwell stepped to the swinging lamp, which burned dimly, and pricked up the wick.

His wife was lying apparently sound asleep on the cushioned transom-locker.

'Alice!' he cried; 'wake up, dearest. We— Oh, my God, Mallet!'

He sprang to her side, and kneeling beside the still figure, placed his hand on the blood-stained bosom.

'Dead! dead!—murdered!' He rose to his feet, stared wildly at Mallet, and said as he swayed to and fro, 'Mallet, Mallet! Tell me, am I mad, or is it true?'

As the two natives stood at the cabin door gazing in wondering horror at the scene, they heard a splash. Nakoda had jumped overboard, and was swimming ashore.

Long before dawn the native war-drums began to beat, and when Selak and his fellow-murderers reached the mouth of the river they ran into a fleet of canoes which waited for them. They fought like the tigers they were; but they were soon overcome and made prisoners, tied hand and foot, and carried ashore to the 'House of the Young Men.' The gold was taken care of by the chief, who brought it on board to Corwell.

'When do these men die?' he asked.

'To-day,' replied Corwell huskily; 'to-day, after I have buried my wife.'

On a little island just within the barrier reef Alice was laid to rest, with the never-ending cry of the surf for her requiem.

At sunset Corwell and Mallet left the ship and landed at the village; and as their feet touched the sand the war-drums broke out with deafening clamour. They each carried a cutlass, and walked quickly through the thronging natives to the 'House of the Young Men.'

'Bring them out,' said Corwell hoarsely to the chief.

One by one Selak and his fellow-prisoners were brought out and placed on their feet, the bonds that held them were cut, and their hands seized and held widely apart. Then Corwell and Mallet thrust their cutlasses through the cruel hearts.

MINUSINSK AND ITS MUSEUM.

By ANNETTE M. B. MEAKIN.



VERY few English people have ever heard of Minusinsk, yet it is one of the most interesting places in the world, with a wonderful past of its own. The town of Minusinsk lies in an immense district of the same name; and to reach it one must travel half-way across Siberia to the town of Krasnoyarsk, which lies north of India in the same longitude as Calcutta, and then proceed by steamer up the river Yenisei. At the present

speed of Siberian trains it is possible to travel from Moscow to Krasnoyarsk in six days, and thence to Minusinsk in three. The flow of the Yenisei is extremely rapid, so that steamers making the return journey down-stream bring you back to Krasnoyarsk in less than two days.

The district of Minusinsk—which has the snow-covered mountains of China for its southern boundary—is wonderfully fertile, and its soil is especially suited to the growth of cereals. This is well known in Russia, and every effort is made

to colonise the land with her own people. More than a thousand emigrants are sent there yearly, and an important convict settlement has been planted in the neighbourhood.

It was our original intention to break our journey at a spot on the left bank of the Yenisei, from which, by the aid of horses, we could proceed to Lake Tschuro. This lake is famed for the medicinal qualities of its water, and the village on its shore is fast becoming a popular health-resort. 'Many thousands of Siberians go there every year,' said a lady from Irkutsk; 'it is well worth your while to see it.' 'Yes, you must certainly see Lake Tschuro,' said a high official to whom we had applied for further information; 'and I will give you an introduction to the manager of a large gold-mine a few miles beyond the lake.'

'If thousands of people land here every year, they leave remarkably few traces behind them,' we remarked as we neared our proposed landing-place. It was growing dark, and rain was falling; therefore we fervently hoped there might be other passengers going in our direction. Before us a huge boulder loomed out over the water, and near it was a tiny path winding up the grassy bank—the only trace of humanity that was in sight. A rough man from the second-class quarters had got his bundles together and was preparing to land; and then we reflected that it would not be pleasant to spend the night on that bank waiting for a droshky. We knew the nearest village was quite two miles off, for we had seen its church cupola as we passed; therefore we decided to forgo the pleasure of seeing Lake Tschuro, and the letter for the manager of the gold-mine was never used.

The landing-place at Minusinsk is not prepossessing; the ground is flat, and the grass grows close up to the water's edge; but the place where we landed was bare with the tread of passengers. Close by a party of gypsy-like peasants were engaged in chopping up the trunks of several gigantic pine-trees that had evidently been floated down the river from mountain forests.

There was not a droshky in sight; so, after waiting some time, we got our baggage into a large open basket on wheels, and having climbed on the top, drove to the best hotel the town could boast of. This was an inn roughly built of logs, in true Siberian style, and adorned inside with fir-trees which had been cut from their roots just above the ground, and stuck into rough pots or simply placed leaning against the wall. There was no washstand in our room; but by request a tin basin and a jug of water were brought by a woman and placed on the floor in one corner of the apartment. Our food was brought by the same woman, who seemed to do all the work of the house. The proprietor had apparently no bedroom for his own use, for he slept on a bench in the passage at the top of the stairs.

We had brought a letter of introduction to the curator of the museum, and as it was not yet dark, I started out to find him. By dint of showing the address on the envelope to several people who could read a little, I managed at length to find the house. It was an apothecary's modest shop. The shop-door stood open, so I entered and confronted a man who, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbows, was arranging bottles on a shelf. I handed him my letter, though it did not occur to me that this man could be the curator; and when he quickly tore open the envelope and began to read I was very much surprised. 'No, no,' I cried, using the few words of Russian I could muster; 'the letter is for the curator of the museum, not for you. Please give it back to me and tell me where to find the curator.' But he retained the letter; and pointing to himself and laughing as if he thought it a good joke, he finally made me understand that he was the curator of the museum we had come so far to see. Not a word of any language but Russian could he speak, so I sat down in his little sitting-room to await the arrival of some one he had sent for to interpret. Presently the assistant-curator arrived. I afterwards learned that this man was an exiled Pole, who had spent the first ten years of his banishment in a hard-labour prison; he had had a university training in his youth, and spoke both French and German. 'I shall be very pleased to come with you to the museum and interpret for M. Martianof,' he said kindly; and I was very glad to accept his offer. Accordingly, we arranged to meet at the museum at an early hour next morning.

Nicolas Mikhailovich Martianof is both botanist and apothecary by profession. He settled in Minusinsk in the year 1877—some say as an exile—and began at once to collect botanical specimens. He soon found it impossible, however, to confine his attention to botany in a neighbourhood rich indeed in its flora, but richer still with untold wealth in those treasures which delight the heart of the mineralogist, the archaeologist, and last, but not least, the anthropologist. Bit by bit he gathered interesting collections around him, and so it was that the museum came into existence. Scientists visited him, and the importance of his discoveries was reported in St Petersburg; finally the Government decided to encourage his work by giving to the town a suitable building, and M. Martianof was installed as chief curator. To-day it is one of the most remarkable local museums in the world, and the curator is preparing an illustrated catalogue of its contents.

The present town of Minusinsk is simply an overgrown Siberian village. Most of the houses are in a state of great dilapidation, the gray wood of which they are so roughly built looking quite rotten; and large families live in dwellings which,

to an outsider, seem to be roofless. How the people keep warm in winter is a mystery. Our inn was in the principal street, which strangely resembled a farmyard, with cocks and hens strutting about in front of the windows. Yet there were stone houses and even shops to be found here and there, if you only knew where to look for them. So much for the Minusinsk of to-day. The land, however, has a history; and it is now an accepted fact that as far back as the year 2000 B.C. it was peopled by a wealthy and prosperous race of white men, who came originally from India, and are alluded to in the ancient annals of the Chinese. Later on, when these people had either died out or been driven away by more powerful neighbours, other races in turn flourished on the same ground. Through the wonderful discoveries that are now being made, the story of each distinctive race is coming to light, and a lost chapter is thus being added to the earth's written history.

With the enthusiasm of a boy, M. Martianof took us from case to case and from room to room. He would allow nothing to be looked at out of its turn; there was a regular order in which everything had to be seen. The cases were greatly in want of repair; and, considering the value of their contents, it seemed incongruous when the curator opened them by sticking the end of a match into their broken locks, and when a lid would not keep shut a bit of old newspaper was jammed in. All the questions we cared to ask were patiently answered through our kind interpreter. There was a touching modesty about the two men. Self was utterly forgotten; their whole soul was in the treasures they were displaying.

Beginning with mineralogy, we saw specimens of precious metals, marbles, and stones brought from the neighbouring mountains, including the model of a lump of gold weighing seventy-two pounds. Then our attention was directed to a collection of stones the surfaces of which had been polished by exposure to mountain blasts during a long succession of centuries; and from these we passed to others on which water had had a similar effect. Next came a fine assortment of fossils. 'The chalk of these fossils,' said M. Martianof, pointing to one particular kind, 'is used in South China for medicinal purposes.'

We now passed on to a collection of local birds, each with a nest full of eggs at its side. Here we recognised many of our feathered friends, including the domesticated pigeon, a bird common to nearly every part of Siberia. The pigeon is looked upon by Russians as an emblem of the Holy Spirit, and is therefore sacred. An Indian pheasant was also pointed out to us, and a grouse that had made its way from Mongolia.

Interesting specimens of asbestos from the neighbouring mountains next attracted us; 'mountain leather' our interpreter called it.

Several rooms were devoted to the art of

farming and agriculture in general. Here we saw all kinds of fascinating fungi illustrating the diseases of trees. I remember one species that spreads itself out like a thin skin under the bark, and slowly but surely sucks away the life of gigantic trees that might have flourished on for ages but for this fell enemy.

Our eyes had rested on the summit of many a forest-clad mountain as we glided up the wide Yenisei, and now we turned with special interest to that section of the museum which contains specimens of the wild animals that now roam these still little explored regions. These were the bear, the fox, the sable, the ermine, the musk-deer, the lynx, and many others I need not mention. Suffice it to say that the abundance of costly furs to be obtained from these wilds has already attracted the attention of traders. Some of the finest and rarest skins now displayed in Regent Street have been brought from the mountains of Minusinsk.

M. Martianof now took us to see some plaster masks of great antiquity, which had been found in graves discovered within the last few years; these masks had been taken after death, and several are in a state of perfect preservation. We did not see all of them, for Russian archaeologists had already transferred a number to the museums of St Petersburg. 'It is true they have taken away some of the most valuable treasures of my museum,' explained M. Martianof; 'but the collection is still complete in a way, for exact models of all the things taken have been left me. Here, you see, is a copy of a massive gold bracelet found in one of the tombs; the real bracelet could not be left here without great risk, and so with the lump of gold the cast of which you saw just now.'

We passed through rooms in which were displayed countless arrow-heads and other treasures belonging to the ages of stone and ice; but we did not linger, for we knew it was the age of bronze that had furnished the museum with its richest trophies. The first of the rooms devoted to the bronze period contained no less than four thousand bronze knives! Here there were numerous shelves on which were displayed handsomely decorated vases, helmets, drinking-cups, horses' bits, and mirrors. 'The people who made all these beautiful things were of Finnish origin,' said M. Martianof; 'the presence of so many knives and helmets is an indication of their extremely warlike temperament. They spread themselves over a wide area, and must have been both a wealthy and a powerful race. I am convinced that the collection you see here is nothing to the one we shall have in time if we persevere. The revelation of the secrets of the ground we stand on has only begun.'

The curator's enthusiasm was infectious. One longed to go into the fields and with one's own hands dig up another delicate vase or another

carved knife all green with age; but, once carried away from the spot to which it belonged, a treasure of this sort would, to my mind, be bereft of half its interest. Do the treasures of the Parthenon now displayed in the British Museum charm us like those we gaze at from the heights of the Acropolis?

Professor F. R. Martin, a French archæologist, visited Minusinsk in the year 1891. He had planned to stay one week; but the attractions of the museum proved too strong, and he remained a much longer time, took many photographs of the bronzes, and has since published them in an album, a copy of which is now in the museum.

Facing the chief staircase are glass cases containing upwards of two hundred prehistoric skulls, every one of great value. The assistant-curator, M. Felix Cohn, is at present engaged in writing a book on this unique collection. Taking several of them from the shelves, he explained to us wherein lay the distinguishing marks between these skulls and those belonging to a later date. Professor Virchow of Berlin has one or two like them in his private collection; but very few, if any, are to be met with elsewhere.

So far I have only mentioned the contents of the rooms on the ground floor of this extraordinary museum. Having mounted the staircase, we were confronted by startling apparitions—namely, life-sized models of men and women from the various tribes of the district. Each figure was attired in the native dress. Priests of the Shamanist religion

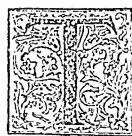
were also well represented; their head-dress was a bunch of cock's feathers, their robes were decorated with cowry-shells, while from their belts hung a number of imitation snakes with beads for eyes. Each snake represents an evil spirit which, with divine aid, the priest had been enabled to subdue. After each triumph the priest adds a snake to his belt.

Passing through to another section, we found several rooms fitted up with bookshelves and packed to the ceiling with books of every description and language, from Chinese works on art to volumes of our own Tennyson and Browning. Noticing our astonishment at the sight of these latter, the curator explained that they had been sent him from time to time by the few English and American travellers who had visited the museum. 'You are the first English-speaking ladies to come here,' he said, smiling; 'but you will not be the last!'

On leaving the building our attention was drawn to several huge stones covered with undeciphered inscriptions, placed by the outer wall near the chief entrance. These had been brought from a place about four miles distant, where there are other remains of a similar character which remind one not a little of Stonehenge. There is little doubt that they mark the site of what was formerly a massive stone edifice erected for the performance of their religious rites by that ancient Teutonic race to which I have already alluded.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A COMMUNISTIC EXPERIMENT.



HIS Utopia was not founded in the Old World. The Idealists have gone farther afield, to a back-block settlement of the Paraguayan Republic; no doubt they prudently thought weak-kneed brethren would thereby realise that desertion of their comrades was well-nigh impossible. The settlement is named Colonia Cosme, implying a colony of cosmopolitan brethren who yearn to demonstrate the feasibility of their principles to an unbelieving world. The journey is long and tedious, occupying from thirty-three to thirty-five days. Arrived at the Paraguayan coast, the intending member of the brotherhood proceeds by trains of wondrous unpunctuality to the inland towns of Asuncion and Maciel, and from thence a mule-coach takes him to the township of Cuazapa, which is thirteen miles from Cosme Colony, and this distance must be covered on horseback or on foot.

The handful of British settlers constituting the nucleus of this newest and very interesting socio-

logical experiment established themselves in 1894, and from the first they have been accorded most considerate treatment at the hands of the republic. In the blunt words of one of the brotherhood: 'Paraguay has done more for us English foreigners than England does for her own people. We have been granted twenty-five thousand acres of land free of cost for colonising purposes.' He then sardonically adds: 'We are wanted in Paraguay, and Englishmen are not wanted in England, flesh and blood being so cheap there.' Whether the colonists' patrons will always exercise this kind and paternal indulgence remains to be seen. It may be remembered that considerable friction now exists between the sturdy Welsh settlers in the Chubat Valley and their overlords, the Argentine Government, where once was complete accord.

The Paraguayans are ominously polite. Not being blessed with an overwhelming desire for work, they have not the slightest objection to others reclaiming their waste lands. It is quite possible that when the Communists have got their twenty-five thousand acres under cultivation,

and things are generally prospering, the then president will commandeer the whole colony on pretext of some plea of treason to the State. However, the Paraguayans have given the brotherhood complete autonomy, and the men selected by the colonists are officially recognised as magistrates; the Government having also loaned capital to develop the resources of the colony.

The constitution of Cosme appears to realise to the full the dreams of Socialists of the Fabian school. It is co-operative, having complete co-partnership of labour; communist, sharing equally the results of co-operative work; democratic, having government based on a majority vote; conservative, holding fast to the institution of marriage and the family life; teetotal, abstaining from all intoxicating beverages. Many and severe have been the struggles during the six years' life of the colony; but the experimental stage has now happily been passed, and the brotherhood has consolidated its position. Probably none but those possessing the inherent dogged pluck of the Briton could have held on and ultimately secured comparative success.

A typical instance of the manner in which their principles are successfully put into the hard wear of daily practice is their postal system. The Government has appointed the brotherhood's nominees as postmaster and mail-carrier at thirty and twenty dollars respectively. These salaries are paid in postage-stamps. The central storekeeper, the postmaster, stamps the colonists' outgoing letters at the community's expense, thus making the postal service absolutely free.

THE VIRTUES OF COMMON SALT.

Not long ago a telegram from New York, headed 'The Virtues of Salt: Latest Medical Discovery,' announced that the promise of a new lease of life was held out to persons suffering from loss of blood through disease or injury. This referred to the treatment of patients by Dr W. B. Coakley with salt solution in cases of pneumonia, typhoid, malarial fevers, peritonitis, and acute and chronic Bright's disease. He found by experiments on more than a hundred dogs that they lived after parting with ninety per cent. of blood, provided this was promptly replaced by a salt solution. The solution was applied to a patient who had pneumonia, and he recovered sooner than usual. Attention is again directed to the subject in a book and pamphlet by a gentleman who is an enthusiast on the subject; this time not in cases of loss of blood, but rather as a corrective and as fortifying the blood to resist disease germs. Mr C. Godfrey Gümpel, in his book on *Common Salt* (Sonnenschein, 1898), advised the use of a small dose of salt in solution daily as a preventive against rheumatism, influenza, gout, dropsy, fevers, and many common and uncommon diseases. He has again returned to the subject in a pamphlet under

the title of *The Prevention of Epidemic Zymotic Diseases in India and the Tropics* (Watts & Co., London, 1901). Here he calls common salt the 'cuirass which protects the red corpuscles in the human body against the attacks of the greater number of pathogenic missiles.' Evaporation from the skin and drinking copiously washes the salt out of the blood; this has to be renewed. Mr Gümpel says that plague, cholera, malaria, dysentery, and fevers of various kinds will not so readily attack the person whose blood has been well fortified by a dose of salt solution. It protects, we are told, the system against morbid and mortal attacks, 'by extracting the watery serum, and giving to the blood-cells a firmer consistency, by which to resist the microbe.' For the sake of those who wish to test Mr Gümpel's system, it may be mentioned that it takes three or four weeks of a daily dose before the effect is thoroughly felt, and that the best time to take it is before breakfast; if a second or third dose is required, it should be taken an hour before meals or before retiring to rest. Mix so that it tastes pleasant. 'The most suitable proportion is about three-quarters to one per cent.—that is, 1 gram of salt to 100 or 150 grams of water; and this mixture can be obtained approximately by dissolving as much common salt as will lie easily heaped up on a shilling in half a tumblerful of water, estimating the tumbler as equal to half-a-pint.' The remedy is cheap and easy of application, but may not suit every constitution. Patients are recommended, with salt in their trunks, to seek the seashore and mountain air, and thus brace up their systems for the enjoyment of these gifts. The virtues of salt-baths, sea-breezes, and sea-bathing are also extolled by our author.

HER SPELL.

WHAT your spell of subtle art,
Lady, thus to win our heart?

Is it that your face is fair,
Your manners soft as summer air?

Is it that your voice's tone
Has a sweetness all its own?

Is it that your gentle mind
Knows no thought that is unkind?

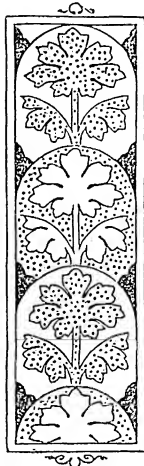
Is it that each living thing
Moves your heart to pitying?

Is it that each flower that blows
You for Nature's lover knows?

Is it that within your eyes
Much of quiet wisdom lies?

Tell me, lady, what the spell
Wins us thus to love you well?

T. P. JOHNSTON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

BORN HOUSEKEEPERS.

By Mrs SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.



BORN housekeepers are not necessarily ideal housekeepers. The ideal in this kind has perhaps never yet been born into our servant-training, child-rearing, husband-humouring, dinner-ordering, housekeeping world, or has succumbed to its fiery ordeals before her possibilities were recognised.

The vocation is so trying, makes such insatiable demands on strength, temper, foresight, and judgment alike, that if housekeepers, like poets, were not continually being born into a world that truly needs both—born with that mysterious impelling instinct of genius to fulfil itself which is so great a blessing to humanity—and if the supply were not thus supernaturally maintained, society would surely disintegrate into a dreary aggregation of human atoms knowing neither house nor home. No woman, I repeat, would of her own choice, and having gained years of discretion, choose to be a housekeeper—to face the trials, the discouragements, the criticism, inseparable from housekeeping—if she were not, from the cradle, ripening for such an arduous career. Note how artlessly the embryo housekeeper follows her instinct, and how that innocent instinct is calculated upon and designingly fostered by a commercial world. Why are dolls manufactured by the million, doll-houses contrived and furnished, tiny thimbles, sewing-machines, tea-sets, flat-irons, mangles, churns, made in such quantities as to stock numberless shops; and why are fascinating dinner-sets, with the most realistically coloured roast chickens, and pink hams, and ripe oranges, and vividly-green gherkins thrown in the way of women-children, if not to hedge in any wandering fancy and to rivet with pretty fetters the little born housekeeper to her grim vocation? True, these artful lures are called toys, and sold in toy-shops, and usually presented to children by those who love them best; so foregone a conclusion is it that we must all dree our weird, and the happiness of

the individual must be sacrificed for the happiness of the greatest number.

Housekeepers, then, are born with an instinct for their vocation, an instinct that may be stifled, or fostered, or—and more generally it is—left to fulfil itself. Most of our housekeepers, when they begin to keep house, are amateurs, and live to rue their lack of systematic training. We have never known a housekeeper who quite realised the ideal we meet, though rarely, in books; and, before studying a series of types from literature leading up to this ideal, let us briefly—for it is an ungracious task—point out two faults to which the housekeeper is most prone.

First, and best, she is too altruistic. It is demoralising to live with a very good housekeeper. Her cares are all for others, not herself. She leaves you no chance of being provident or considerate, or of enduring hardship. She thorough-cleans, preserves, reads cookery-books, writes store-orders, supervises the plumber, is round with the butcher, is as watchful as a dragon and as patient as Job—for pleasure? No, for the benefit of others, and all this so unceasingly that, as I complain, she never gives you an opportunity of developing any of these virtues, but rather makes them more difficult for you.

Her other fault is her limited view. Too often for her the world is bounded by the walls of her house, and ought to be controlled by her laws in all matters of expediency. She once said, characteristically, when her daughter's future husband came, all radiant, to announce that the daughter in question had agreed to marry him on a certain Tuesday: 'Well, I call that *very* inconsiderate of Alice. Tuesday's the washing-day!'

Our first and lowest species of housekeeper, as much a caricature as any Gilray ever drew, and yet a type, is thus contemptuously sketched by Hazlitt, apropos of its extinction in the modern process of feminine education, which he respects as little: 'After visits and finery,' he says, 'a married woman of the old school had nothing to

do but to attend to her housewifery. She had no other resource, no other sense of power but to harangue and lord it over her domestics. Modern book-education supplies the place of the old-fashioned system of kitchen persecution and eloquence. A well-bred woman now seldom goes into the kitchen to look after the servants; formerly what was called a good manager, an exemplary mistress of a family, did nothing but hunt them from morning to night, from one year's end to another, without leaving them a moment's peace or comfort or rest. Now a servant is left to do her work without this suspicious and tormenting interference at every step, and she does it all the better. The proverbs about the mistress's eye, &c., are no longer current. A woman from this habit, which at last became an uncontrollable passion, would scold her maids for fifty years together, and nothing would stop her.' Hazlitt was somewhat prejudiced; but such a type as he pictures no doubt did once exist, and was probably famous in her day as 'a born housekeeper.'

As much esteemed, and as little loved, was such a type as the second Mrs Balwhidder, immortalised in Galt's delightful *Annals of the Parish*. After their marriage, her husband, the parish minister, relates: 'We went on a pleasure jaunt to Glasgow, where we bought a miracle of useful things for the manse that neither the first Mrs Balwhidder nor I ever thought of; but the second Mrs Balwhidder that was, had a geni for management, and it was extraordinary what she could go through. Well may I speak of her with commendations, for she was the bee that made my honey. . . . There was such a buying of wool to make blankets, with a booming of the meikle wheel to spin the same, and such birring of the little wheel for sheets and napery, that the manse was for many a day like an organ kist. Then we had milk cows, and the calves to bring up, and a kirning of butter, and a making of cheese; in short, I was almost by myself with the jangle and din, which prevented me from writing a book as I had proposed, and I for a time thought of the peaceful and kindly nature of the first Mrs Balwhidder with a sigh. But the outcoming was soon manifest. . . . Our dairy was just a coining of money, insomuch that after the first year we had the whole tot of my stipend to put untouched into the bank.' Soon, during a visit to Edinburgh, 'Mrs Balwhidder bought her silver teapot, and other ornamental articles; but this was not done, as she assured me, in a vain spirit of bravery, which I could not have abided, but because it was well known that tea draws better in a silver pot, and drinks pleasanter in a china cup, than out of any other kind of cup or teapot.' Later, the poor husband is forced to groan: 'Often could I have found it in my heart to have banned that never-ceasing industry, and to tell Mrs Balwhidder that the married state was made for something else than to make napery

and to beetle blankets; but it was her happiness to keep all at work, and she had no pleasure in any other way of life, so I sat many a night by the fireside with resignation, sometimes in the study and sometimes in the parlour; and, as I was doing nothing, Mrs Balwhidder said it was needless to light the candle.' 'Her greatest fault,' he remarks after her death—'the best have their faults—was an over-earnestness to gather gear;' and he goes on dutifully to record how he was able to portion his daughter and establish his son in business more handsomely than was usual with other sons and daughters of country manse, which was all 'the gathering of that indefatigable engine of industry, the second Mrs Balwhidder, whose talents her successor said were a wonder.'

A more lovable type, though certainly not such a successful engine of industry, is Mrs Tulliver, stupid and remarkably illogical, but a comfortable, motherly woman.

Her cheesecakes were so admirably light that 'a puff o' wind 'ud make them blow about like feathers,' Kezia the housemaid said, feeling proud to live under a mistress who could make such pastry. Mrs Tulliver had been a Miss Dodson. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family; particular ways of bleaching the linen, making the cowslip-wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries. When Mr Tulliver was ruined, and bailiffs were in possession of the house, her children looked everywhere for their mother, and at last opened the storeroom door. Mrs Tulliver was seated there with all her laid-up treasures. One of the linen-chests was open, the silver teapot was unwrapped from its many folds of paper, and the best china was laid out on the top of the closed linen-chests; spoons and skewers and ladles were spread on rows on the shelves; and the poor woman was shaking her head and weeping, with a bitter tension of the mouth, over the mark 'Elizabeth Dodson' on the corner of some tablecloths she held in her lap. Her sister Pullet said, 'I'd buy-in the spotted tablecloths. I couldn't speak fairer; but as for the teapot she doesn't want to go out of the family, it stands to sense I can't do with two silver teapots, not if it hadn't a straight spout; but the spotted damask I was always fond on.' Poor Mrs Tulliver's wail over her china is characteristic: 'There's never been a bit broke, for I washed it myself; and there's the tulips on the cups, and the roses, as anybody might go and look at them for pleasure. You wouldn't like *your* chaney to go for an old song, and be broke to pieces.'

Another and perhaps slightly higher type of born housekeeper is John Milton's Eve—his ideal, one must suppose, of woman and housekeeper, but how far short of what might be, in both! She has always seemed to the present writer a prosaic, dull woman, only becoming interesting in the Ninth Book. However, she had true

housekeeping instincts, and when Adam warned her of the approach of the Angel, whom they ought to entertain :

With dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, 'but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change. . . .
 She gathers tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
 She tempers dulcet creams.

While Adam and his heavenly guest ate together, Eve ministered to them, and their flowing cups

With pleasant liquors crowned.

My next type is King Solomon's ideal, a large-minded and capable woman, whose traits must have been suggested by some character personally known to the writer, and not wholly a creature of the imagination. This woman of two thousand six hundred years ago was strong, active, large-hearted, wise. She looked well to the ways of her household, and was an early riser. She ordered her food and other supplies beforehand from distant places. She knew the value of land, and her handiwork is repeatedly spoken of. She could spin and embroider beautiful garments for herself, and could weave fine linen. Her children blessed her; her husband trusted her and praised her. She fed and clothed her household liberally, and was open-handed to the poor and needy; her words were wise and worth listening to; and the crowning touch is given to a very charming picture in the significant remark, 'In her tongue is the law of kindness.'

We have only space for two more types. The first has the interest of being drawn from life by a hand at once skilful and tender. It is Mr Barrie's portrait of his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. 'She was eight years old,' he writes, 'when her mother's death made her mistress of the house and mother to her little brother; and from that time she scrubbed, and mended, and baked, and sewed, and argued with the fleshier about the quarter-pound of beef and penny bone which provided dinner for two days (if you think this was poverty you don't know the meaning of the word), and she carried the water from the pump, and had her washing-days, and her ironings, and a stocking always on the wires for odd moments, and gossiped like a matron with the other women, and humoured the men with a tolerant smile. . . . She never went for a walk in her life. Many long trudges she had as a girl when she carried her father's dinner to the country place where he was at work; but to walk with no end save the good of your health seemed a very droll proceeding to her. In her younger days, she was positive, no one had ever gone for

a walk; and she never lost the belief that it was an absurdity introduced by a new generation with too much time on their hands. That they enjoyed it she could not believe; it was merely a form of showing off.'

The story of the six hair-bottomed chairs, with which the book opens, records one of the triumphs of this born housekeeper. No queen could take such keen delight in a new palace as did this peasant woman in these hard-won chairs. She was ill in bed, and forbidden to rise, but so fain of her great purchase that, no sooner was she left alone than 'she was discovered bare-footed in the west room, doctoring a scar (which she had been the first to detect) on one of the chairs, or sitting on them regally, or withdrawing and opening the door suddenly to take the six by surprise.' Her attitude towards politics was thoroughly that of a housekeeper. 'She could never be brought to look upon politics as of serious concern for grown folks (a class in which she scarcely included man), and she gratefully gave up reading leaders,' her son records, 'the day I ceased to write them. But, like want of reasonableness, a love for having the last word, want of humour, and the like, politics were in her opinion a mannish attribute to be tolerated; and Gladstone was the name of something which makes all our sex such queer characters. But in the idolising of Gladstone she recognised, nevertheless, a certain inevitability, and would no more have tried to contend with it than to sweep a shadow off the floor. . . . "I would have liked fine to be that Gladstone's mother," she remarked once. Her verdict as a whole upon her favourite author, Carlyle, was: "I would rather have been his mother than his wife." Carlyle, she decided, was not so much an ill man to live with as one who needed a deal of managing; but when I asked if she thought she could have managed him, she only replied with a modest smile.' Her enjoyment of Stevenson fills a charming chapter of the book. 'I remember how she read *Treasure Island*,' says her son, 'holding it close to the ribs of the fire, because she could not spare a moment to rise and light the gas, and how when bedtime came, and we coaxed, remonstrated, scolded, she said quite fiercely, clinging to the book, "I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel."' With all these intellectual and cultured instincts, she was a keen housewife all her days; and when she was seventy-five, 'less exhaustively,' but with much of the old exultation in her house, she prepared to leave it, to pay a visit. . . . To leave her house had always been a month's work with her; it must be left in such perfect order—every corner visited and cleaned out, every chest probed to the bottom, the linen lifted out and examined and put lovingly back, as if to make it lie more easily in her absence; shelves had to

be repapered, a strenuous week devoted to the garret.'

The whole record of Margaret Ogilvy's life is so interesting that all who have not read it should give themselves the pleasure of doing so without delay.

Our remaining type may be placed side by side with this, as a companion picture. Though they differ in a thousand points, they are alike in being gifted women, born and finished housekeepers. The last mentioned was a Scotch peasant who lived and died in our own day; this other is an early English Princess, Cymbeline's daughter Imogen, who never lived, probably, except in Shakespeare's wonderful mind. We see her as a devoted and tender wife, as a stately and gracious princess, and a most lovable woman. She is playful, witty, and wise in speech, or cold and dignified as occasion requires. 'Divine Imogen,' the pitying courtiers call her; and at first sight of her the crafty Iachimo exclaims to himself:

All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager.

She dressed well, for when she is to wear the disguise of a boy her servant Pisanio bids her forget

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

When she could not sleep at night she was fond of reading in bed—a lovable weakness; but she was too good a house-mistress to let this make her late next morning. When her woman Helen tells her it is almost midnight, she answers:

I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed: . . .
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me.

Her innate merits as a housekeeper are revealed to us later, in a few of those significant touches in which Shakespeare could make character as plain to us, in a phrase, as costume. Twice inci-

dentally she makes reference to her needle in such a way as to show she was familiar with its use; and when she wanders to seek food and shelter into the cave where her two unknown brothers live as woodmen with their foster-father, at once the charm of her character makes itself felt. The three men come home from hunting very tired and hungry, glad to remember there is cold meat in the cave:

We'll browse on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

The old man, looking into the cave, says:

Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Guiderius. What's the matter, sir?
By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

How the three welcome and devote themselves to this supposed boy, and how Imogen naturally becomes housekeeper to the little company, is charmingly told. Her two brothers talk about her, as they go out to hunt, in a rapturous commendation:

How angel-like he sings!
But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Would any but a skilled housekeeper, who loved the task, have contrived both dainty garnishing and sauces from the resources of a cave-kitchen? Even though we know they are mistaken, we cannot read without sympathetic heartache the regrets of the three hunters when they come back and find

The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. . . .
Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made.

And we sigh as they bury under a pall of flowers this 'most rare boy,' this born housekeeper.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER XII.



MEANWHILE, at Penruth, Julius Standen's sound health and splendid constitution had enabled him to recover from the shock and injury of the accident sooner even than the doctors had expected.

Before he left the friendly shelter of Miss Caradoc's roof he had learned something about her which filled him with astonishment.

Geoffrey Ormiston had run up to town for a few days, having promised to read a paper at a scientific meeting; and knowing Julius to be

interested in the matter, Miss Caradoc brought him the newspaper with an account of the whole transaction.

Julius read it aloud to her while she stitched at some dainty piece of lacework, and then they fell to discussing Ormiston's theories.

There was one point to which Julius took exception.

'But he was not quite fairly reported there,' Miss Caradoc urged. 'In summarising his paper, they have given rather an erroneous impression. What he really said was so-and-so,' and she

quoted it with the fluency of one who knows the whole matter by heart.

Julius stared at her in undisguised bewilderment. 'Has he sent you a phonograph of his speech,' he asked jestingly, 'or were you present in the spirit at the meeting?'

Miss Caradoc started, and a slight flush suffused her cheek; and Julius was surprised to see how youthful that blush and that look of embarrassment made her appear.

'I had read the paper before,' she said; 'he lent it me to read.'

Julius said nothing; but he felt considerably astonished that Geoffrey Ormiston, that reserved and taciturn recluse, should have submitted his scientific lucubrations for the perusal of a woman. Not that he had any grounds for believing Ormiston to be a misogynist, for he had never heard a word against women pass his lips; it was more the latter's manner of life and the fact that he eschewed feminine society that had led him to this conclusion.

When Ormiston returned a day or two later, the little mystery was revealed to Julius.

'I had better make plain a matter that has probably been puzzling you, Standen,' Ormiston said to him; 'Miss Caradoc has given me permission to break for your benefit the long silence we have maintained about the relations between us.' He smiled at the surprise manifest in Standen's face.

'It is a good many years now since I first learned to know Dorothea Caradoc. I was not always the dull, cold-blooded being you see me now, and I could not help smiling when you spoke of me once as raised above ordinary human emotions. If you had only known how madly in love I was with Dorothea Caradoc! I say "was," for though I am in love with her still, all the madness has died out of it. If you had only heard how I used to rave and storm, how I begged and implored that woman to run away with me! She was the stronger, the braver of the two; for I, in my mad passion, was ready to sacrifice her, to ruin her good name and blast her fair life by linking it to my unhappy lot. You know the unfortunate circumstances of my position—tied to a wife who is hopelessly insane. It seemed so cruel, so uselessly cruel, that two people who might have been happy side by side should be separated because a tie still remains, whose meaning has been utterly lost; but she convinced me at last that laws, which tell ever so hardly upon individual cases, have yet to be respected for the sake of the community at large. It is easy to use such phrases when one is not personally concerned in the matter; but God knows it is hard enough when the happiness of two lives is at stake! Dorothea had a difficult task to bring me round to her point of view; but her loving tact and her gentle patience won me at last to see things as she saw them, and

time and patience have changed the mad passion I felt for Miss Caradoc into the most tender and lasting friendship.

'At first I left her in a rage, and I travelled over half the world, trying to forget her, before I came to see that she was right and I was wrong, and then I begged for her friendship on her own terms. We made a compromise that should enable us to keep in touch with one another, without laying ourselves open to the comments of a censorious world. We meet very rarely, and only when accident brings it about; but each has the satisfaction of knowing all that passes with the other. In heart and soul we are as united as if we had lived for years together as man and wife. We write our minds freely to one another in journals that we exchange. Her intelligent interest helps me more than any one could imagine in my scientific work, while my money (almost more than I know what to do with in the quiet life I lead) is always at her disposal for charitable work. Her own means are small; but I cannot get her to take a penny from me. The only concession I have managed to obtain is the permission to give a florist *carte-blanche* to keep her supplied with the finest flowers obtainable.

'So we live on in perfect mutual understanding; and though we miss the charm of daily companionship, we also miss the inevitable frets and jars. I hope I am not tiring you, Standen, with the account of this middle-aged romance?'

'No, indeed,' returned the other; 'anything would interest me that concerns two such good friends to me as you and Miss Caradoc; and after hearing your story I can only honour you both the more. But probably only two such exceptional people as you could have made and adhered to such resolutions.'

Julius mused for a long time over this strange love-story after Ormiston had taken his departure, and—as usually happens with our egotistical race—from the troubles of others he reverted to his own. He would have far less excuse than Ormiston had for following the 'primrose path' that promised happiness; for in Ormiston's case his poor wife would not know her loss, whereas his gaining his heart's desire would mean the betrayal of a loving woman's trust.

Some words of Beatrice's letter came into his mind; indeed, they were seldom out of it:

'It is often said now that we have each a right to seek our own happiness first and before all, and to live out our own lives, *coûte que coûte*. But I do not think we are made so, you and I. We could not march to our own happiness over wounded hearts and broken vows.'

'No, we are not made so, you and I,' he murmured. 'You and I, Beatrice, must bear the hard burden my own hasty folly has imposed upon us. My darling! why did I come into your life and spoil it? And yet'—as another passage of the

letter came into his mind—'she said she was glad ; that she would not undo it if she could. Well, that is true enough in my own case. I would not be the insensate log I was before her coming opened my eyes to a new world of love and light,

even if I might thereby get rid of all the misery of unsatisfied desire. My Beatrice—who is yet never to be mine!—I can never regret having known you!'

(To be continued.)

SLIPS: 'ICI ON PARLE ANGLAIS!'



ENGLISH as she is spoke'—and printed—is fearful and wonderful. One day, two years ago, I was 'taking the air' at the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, when I heard several very English swear-words spoken close behind me in an energetic tone of voice. I turned and somewhat cynically remarked, 'That's English, anyhow.' I was mistaken, it appears, for I was instantly answered, 'No, my young friend, that's Amurrcan,' with the emphasis on the 'murr.'

American English is a marvellous 'contraption.' Now, a 'contraption' is 'something slung together in a loose and perfunctory manner.' Mr Opie Read puts the following into the mouth of an Arkansas legislator: 'Mr Speaker, I arise to place in nomination a man, Sir, what we all know, Sir, to be a man what ain't got no peer nowhar. We all know, Sir, that he is more than qualified for the position, for I served with him during the wah, Sir. Yes! during the dark an' bloody days when the pale face of hunger put his bloody hand on the heart of the nation, he war found to be as true as steel, an' grabbed the gory wolf by the lapels of his shirt, an' shook him until he loudly begged for mercy!' At a Fourth of July celebration recently, a patriotic countryman made the following remarkable statement concerning the condition of America since the Civil War: 'Peace has poured oil on the troubled waters, and they blossom like the rose. She has come down among us in her floating robes, bearing the olive-branch in her beak. In one hand she holds the scales of justice, and with the other folds her wings! The American eagle now broods o'er his nest in the rocky fastnesses, and his young shall lie down with the lamb. We have gone through the floods, and have turned their hot ploughshares into pruning-hooks. May we be as lucky in the future, preserving for ever our Goddess of Liberty one and inseparable!'

This is somewhat similar in effect to the impressive declaration of Justice Minister Hye to some Vienna students: 'The chariot of the revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.' It was another Austrian who pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of 'seizing the stream of time by the forelock.'

Irishmen have been blamed for the perpetration of innumerable 'bulls.' Thus we are told it was an Irishman who, when declaiming against

England's injustice and Ireland's wrongs, gave us this remarkable example: 'While Ireland remains silent,' he passionately exclaimed, 'England will be deaf to her heart-rending cries!' Another Hibernian is said to have defined a bull thus: 'If you see two cows lying down alone in a meadow, the one standing up is invariably a bull.'

Englishmen, however, are quite as bad, as the following incident shows. An English traveller the other day, evidently with a laudable desire to ascertain his exact whereabouts, meekly inquired of a railway porter at a station, 'Is there another station between this and the next one?' The answer is even more confusing: 'No, sir; the next station is the other!' Mr Charles Whympier, the well-known engraver and animal painter, told the following anecdote a few years ago: 'I dined at Mr So-and-So's at Highgate last night; and, as a mark of honour, his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, and I got along very nicely with her and Lady Bletherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing-room. I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views from the windows, the fine air, when Miss —— suddenly said, "I think I get prettier every day—don't you?" What could she mean? I didn't dare to answer her, so I said, "I beg your pardon. What did you say?" "I said I think I get prettier every day." There was no mistaking her words, so I answered, "Yes, indeed, you get prettier; and no wonder, in such fresh air, and"— Just then she caught her mother's eye, and, with the other ladies, she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it somehow. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her: she had dropped an *h*. What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself; the sentence really was: "I think *Highgate* prettier every day." Mr Whympier's hair is quite gray now.

Printers are responsible for many charming mistakes, and some of them admit the fact. Witness the volume of sermons recently published which contained the startling admission: '*Printers* have persecuted me without a cause.' Of course, it should have been "princes;" but no doubt the compositor was satisfied, and I don't complain.

Parsons are the especial butts for the jokes of

the merry type-setter. A Methodist minister is reported to have said: 'Methodism is elastic, *expensive*, and progressive.' Was it sheer wickedness that made the printer substitute *e* for *a*, altering 'expansive' to the more shocking term? The Bishop of St Asaph, addressing his old parishioners some time ago at Carmarthen, referred to his 'younger and rasher days.' He was naturally reported as having spoken of his 'younger and *masher* days.' No wonder John McNeill said that when he took up the daily papers and read his reported utterances he always sighed, 'Verily, we die daily!'

Politicians suffer equally with parsons. Why was Mr Gladstone reported as having, in the opinion of a certain orator on the Home Rule question, 'sunk his boots and burned his breeches,' when what the speaker really said was that he had 'sunk his boats and burned his bridges'? Why was a certain well-known statesman described as 'the great *spout*' instead of 'the great spirit' of his party? And why was the same gentleman stated to be a great 'farce' in politics when the proper word was 'force'?

The worst of it is, if you ask a printer to correct his mistakes he only makes matters worse. A person wishing to pay a compliment to a military friend described him in a newspaper paragraph as a 'battle-scarred veteran.' A printer's prank resulted in the colonel being called instead a 'battle-scared veteran.' The officer was furious, and on a correction being demanded, this was inserted: "By a printer's error we were made yesterday to say that Colonel M. was a "battle-scared veteran." To

those who know the gallant officer it is needless to say that we meant *battle-scarred*!'

Advertisers are to blame for some of the common slips which appear in print. The *Daily Telegraph* recently stated in one of its 'Wanted' columns that 'a respectable young woman wants washing.' A Western morning paper contains among its birth announcements a curious fact: 'MADDEN.—At "The Hawthorns," . . . Somerset, on the 2nd of March, Mr Charles Herbert Madden, of a son.'

Reporters are responsible for the following: The *New York Times*, in describing a state funeral, said: 'The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the sermon of the minister.' The *Birmingham Daily Post* reported that 'during the crush at the pit entrance on Boxing-Night a little girl about ten years of age was crushed and trampled on, wearing a dark dress, which never spoke afterwards.' 'The *snouts* of the audience rent the air.'

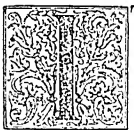
Even editors are not infallible. At the bottom of the 'Death' column the exigencies of space caused an editor to state: 'A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed.'

Novelists of the sensational sort frequently do this kind of thing: 'Entering the restaurant, he sat down to enjoy a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder. He turned round and beheld his old friend once more.' 'The door closed, and a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the gas.'

Here, I think the reader will agree, is *not* spoken English.

THE TRACK-GRADER.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.



T was a glorious day of early summer, and a warm western breeze swept the rustling grasses of the Canadian prairie, which ran in swelling levels from horizon to horizon. Here and there an evanescent flush of emerald tinged the snow-bleached sod; for, except in the hollows of the *sloos*, the wide belt of grass which stretches from Winnipeg to Calgary is rarely wholly green. A flock of prairie-chickens fluttered past on rattling wings, and tall sandhill-cranes were outlined against blue transparency on the crest of a rise.

Carlyon, however, saw nothing of all this as he stood moodily among the raw clods of the breaking. Rent and beaten into the mould by a shower of ragged ice, which had lately spread devastation across that region, tender stalks and blades strewed the black loam where his wheat had been; and Carlyon's face seemed to grow older as he gazed at them. Left some years

before by sudden bereavement with two younger brothers to provide for, he had abandoned his unremunerative profession, and brought them out from the old country to make a bold bid for an ampler competence growing wheat in the new. But the seasons proved unkindly, and fortune refused to be won. Even now the gophers were devouring what the hail had spared of the crop he trusted would have recompensed him for previous failures; and all this is by no means an unusual experience on the prairie.

'Is it quite hopeless?' asked the lad who reined in his half-tamed broncho close by.

'Quite!' answered Carlyon gravely. 'We will hardly thrash as many bushels as we sowed acres; and you know what it cost us to put the crop in. Still, they advertise track-grading contracts on the new branch railroad, and we might earn enough with the teams to pay off our debts; but the homestead will have to go. We'll ride across to-morrow. Meanwhile, go on

and bring the stock in. I want to be alone, to get over it.'

'Poor old Hal!' said the lad as he rode away.

Calling to the oxen, Carlyon drove the big breaker-plough through the crackling sod. Some one else would reap where he ploughed, he knew; but he had less time to think of his troubles while guiding the share down the long furrow. So the black clods curled about the mould-board's side, until at last, more tranquil in mind, the plougher led his patient oxen home under the clear moonlight. He had done his best, and was beaten; but there was room for him and his brothers to win their bread somewhere in that wide land, he thought. Like others, they must forget the past and start again. Nevertheless he sighed, remembering the letter which, as a ruined man, he must write to the woman in Winnipeg who had already waited long for him.

There was a silent gathering in the little frame-house that evening. Now, when he might never pass another night in it, Carlyon realised how fond he had grown of the place. It was homely and cheerful, with the lamplight glinting on the bits and rifles and the bright-coloured moths which decorated the wall.

Next morning he rode out with one brother, and on the second day found the construction-surveyor busy beside the straight-ruled track which stretched out from the trunk road so many fathoms every day across the prairie. The surveyor—a man of experience, who could recognise the characteristics of the real colonist, content by steadfast labour to win a sustenance out of the virgin soil—glanced with approval at the two bronzed and sturdy applicants in blue canvas.

'Yes, I can let you a track-grading contract,' he said at length. 'You find the teams and take all risks. It's pay up when the work is finished; and if you start here you will have to go through with it. We have no use on this road for the men who, when they strike a hard streak, turn up their contract. Then, if you engage choppers, you can haul in wind-felled lumber from the Elktail Bluff.'

Carlyon looked at the speaker steadily before he said, 'What I commence I'll finish. I have played a losing game for five years, or I should not be seeking employment now.'

The surveyor smiled as he answered dryly, 'Glad to hear it. You look like that. Well, read over the schedule, then come back and we'll sign the agreement. Afterwards, the sooner you start the better. This road is going through into Fairmead before the winter.'

So, when the bargain was made, Carlyon divided his few head of stock among his neighbours, and agreed with several who had also suffered from the hail to work for him. Then he returned with his teams to the railroad-track;

and it was with satisfaction the surveyor watched them ride in. 'We have struck a band of live men to do our grading this time,' he reported in Winnipeg.

Next day the work commenced in earnest. From dawn to sunset, and often long afterwards when there was moonlight, Carlyon drove the teams dragging heavy iron scrapers, which resembled gigantic scoops, through the crackling sod, tearing out a load of black mould at every traverse. This soil was piled in the hollows; and each time the construction-train came clattering up there was another length of road-bed ready to receive the ballast. At other times, leaving his assistants busy beside the track, he would ride across the silent prairie to the bluff, which rose like an island of sombre green and silvery stems out of the waste of grass, where his brothers were hewing fence-poles and rough building material out of slender birches blown down the previous fall. He slept and ate when and where he could, or abstained from either food or rest if anything was to be gained by it.

Meantime the prairie grew dusty-white again, and saline and bitter water was brought in by train. The mosquitoes came forth in myriads, and the afternoon heat grew fierce; but still the metals stretched on, and the surveyor reported weekly that the road was advancing well ahead of time.

One hot morning, when Carlyon—grimed with dust, and wearing a jacket patched with a cotton flour-bag bearing the legend, 'Early Rising'—tramped behind the scraper, a crisis came. The steel edge checked suddenly, and the team, after kicking and plunging, stood sulkily still; while, bending down over the broad furrow, the driver felt a shock of consternation at what he saw. Instead of soft vegetable mould, hard pebbly clay lay bare beneath the blade, through which a double team could scarcely drag it. Presently the surveyor, who set men with shovels to clear holes in the sod, came up, saying, 'It's interesting geologically. Some subsidence-level of the pre-historic Lake Agassiz, most likely, or glaciers may have brought it here thousands of years ago, but it will be rough on men and beasts to grade it. What are you going to do?'

The colour had faded in Carlyon's face when he straightened his back again; but he answered doggedly, 'Go on, and hire more teams if my own won't see me through. I will complete my contract if it ruins me. This stuff can't last for ever, and sooner or later I shall come to the end of it.'

The surveyor made no reply; though, as he hurried away, a plate-layer heard him mutter something like, 'Clean grit all through!' It also appeared afterwards that Carlyon's answer was duly reported in Winnipeg, where a man in gold-rimmed spectacles, whose good opinion was worth having, made a note of it.

When Carlyon took counsel with his brothers in their tent that night, his voice was husky as he said, 'Only this morning I was figuring that the work should bring us enough to put all straight and sow next year again. Now the stock will have to go. Jeff, you will ride over to-morrow and arrange about it. Hire two more teams if you can. We made the agreement, and must go on, if it's only to get our money back. Then, when it's finished, we'll hand the cheque and homestead over to the dealers in Winnipeg, and strike west for better luck in British Columbia. Meanwhile, Jim, you will carefully cut down your grocery bill!' As usual in that country, Carlyon had purchased seed, stores, and implements to be paid for after harvest; and he had no crop to gather in.

Then he sat silent under the blinking lamp, reading a frayed letter he had often read before, which, with Transatlantic frankness, ran: 'You have been writing nonsense, Harry, if I understand you right. There are always ups and downs in this country; and you'll come out away ahead of your bad luck yet. In any case, you should know you're not the only one who can keep a promise, and now, or for ever, I'm waiting for you. Don't worry about those dealers; some of them are friends of ours, and I've heard them talking. They've sense enough to know an honest man when they see him, and they won't foreclose on you.' Again it brought him comfort; and with a soft 'God bless her!' and a trace of dimness in his eyes, he went out to wander across the moonlit prairie.

Next morning the work continued as before, save that each scraper tore out only half the soil it did formerly; but Carlyon set more teams working, and the road-bed kept pace with the rails. Afterwards, as it crept on nearer Fairmead, the inhabitants of that wooden city drove out to inspect the new steel highway which was to bring them prosperity. Once, too, when the leading storekeeper said, 'Guess you're making a pile, Carlyon, by the way you're rushing things,' the contractor answered dryly, with the ghost of a smile, 'No; I'm only trying to pay back to other men their own.'

In due time mellow autumn came, and the prairie still lay dusty gray under transparent ether, save where, seen far away, the crops of the fortunate stood in breadths of ruddy gold; and Carlyon sighed as he turned his eyes aside. The faint tinkle of automatic binders which rose out of a hidden hollow, even when dew gemmed the tussocks under the full-orbed moon, also troubled him. That farmer was reaping four hundred acres of splendid wheat; and, though Carlyon did not grudge him his hard-won success, the recollection of what might have been was painful. However, he had come to the end of the clay at last, and the timber-hauling presented no difficulty.

It chanced that one night, when autumn had in turn melted into the clear coolness of the Indian summer, he tramped back to camp from the Elktail Bluff. There was moonlight above, and the inky shadows of his brothers' teams stretched out before them across the crackling sod. A cool breeze, redolent of wild peppermint, had checked the dew that night, while the rustle of grasses and creak of wagon-frames intensified the great silence; for the men were weary with hewing all day. Far out on the rim of the plain a dimness blurred the horizon with a faint crimson radiance lower down; but the teamsters scarcely noticed it, for in the fall the grass-fires move spasmodically up and down the prairie. The smell of burning seemed, however, stronger than usual, and when the tired beasts topped a rise, Carlyon halted and looked around. Then he started, for dense smoke rolled over the crest of another ridge. A glare of light broke out beneath it, and even as he gazed this formed into a long red crescent moving rapidly.

'A big fire, and a moderate breeze behind!' he said. 'Where is your compass, Jeff?' The two younger men waited anxiously until he added, 'We may have to face further trouble yet. It's moving down-wind straight for the lumber-pile, and you will remember our part's not done until the poles are loaded on the cars. Out with the horses, and ride like fury!'

Five minutes later three dark figures were racing neck and neck across the prairie, while the flame followed fast. When at last a twinkling light showed the track ahead, Carlyon, glancing over his shoulder, saw the fire spread out a mile from wing to wing, blotting out the stars with rolling vapour. Next, as he flung himself from the saddle, shouting breathlessly, two drowsy men came out from the tents, and one said sleepily, 'Has anything gone wrong? Hullo! that's a high-class fire coming along.' Then, as the situation dawned upon him, the speaker added, 'Those poles are dry as tinder, and the grass is high. There are only two of us here; the rest went out with the surveyor to the new culverts.'

'Saddle the black horse for me,' said Carlyon. 'Hitch every beast on the scrapers, and plough out all the earth you can to windward of the lumber. I'm going on to bring in the train. Jeff, you'll do your utmost. It means complete ruin if we're burnt out now.'

Then in a frantic hurry the two brothers and their assistants yoked horses and oxen to the scrapers; and, amid a cracking of whips, the steel shoes ripped up the sod. The task consisted in turning a strip of bare earth across the path of the flame, which will often check a prairie fire if there are men enough to beat out the sparks which leap across it.

Henry Carlyon did not see the men and scrapers at work. Half-hidden in eddying dust,

he was flying at headlong gallop across the prairie, following the line of gaunt telegraph-posts, which dwindled in long perspective before him. The sod was tunnelled in places by deadly badger-holes; now and then a litter of buffalo-bones, gleaming white among the grasses, rattled under the pounding hoofs; or he tightened his grip on the reins as he caught the dim outline of a treacherous nigger-head stone. The black horse was not of half-wild prairie stock, but a beast of pedigree from Ontario. As Geoffrey Carlyon said, his brother fed his cattle on the best, though he stinted himself; and now, in time of need, the beast was serving him gallantly. So the grasses swept behind him under a shower of hurled-up clods; the telegraph-posts raced up in endless succession; and at intervals, amid a great crashing, man and steed tore through the tall growth of a dried-up *sloo*. Carlyon had learned to ride as men do on the prairie, where roads and bridges are unknown; and, with the breeze lashing his face like a whip, flecked with spume-flakes and coated with dust, he was going straight that night. Then he shouted as a loom of tents rose out of the grass, while the half-dressed surveyor, who ran to meet him, said, 'I heard you coming, and had already noticed the glare.' The engineer banked his loco's fires only an hour ago; it won't take long to stir them. I'll have the men aboard by the time he is ready.'

Roused by the clanging of the locomotive's bell, dark figures tumbled from the tents and clambered on to the construction-train. Then the wheels whirled on the metals; and when, with short blasts from her funnel, the heavy machine tightened the couplings, the engineer said, 'It's a sudden call; but Number Decimal Ten is ready. Give her five minutes, and she'll astonish you. —Jake, you can fling the oil-tins into the fire-box too.'

The cars began to lurch behind, while the rattle of wheels and beat of cranks swelled up into a rhythmic din as, flinging the glare of the headlamp far before it, the locomotive settled down to a wild race across the moonlit prairie. Meantime Carlyon stood before the rattling glasses, seeing only the shimmer of crimson ahead and the blurred maze of posts that reeled towards them black as ebony against the firelight. Then he envied the man whose grimy fingers controlled the pace of that throbbing machine. As the uncertain radiance grew higher and brighter he could see the moving wall of fire, and a few specks of men and horses creeping, as it were, across it; then these were lost in eddying smoke again.

Amid a strident grind of brakes, the train came slowly to a standstill, and men leapt down from the ballast-trucks. Some one shouted orders; and Carlyon ran into the vapour until, when this was blown aside, he found his brother, under the lurid glare, struggling to hold the maddened horses.

'Had to let the others go; smoke drove them frantic,' gasped the lad. 'We cleared three traverses, and now I can't unharness them.'

Carlyon did not reply, but sawed with his knife at the raw-hide traces until the plunging beasts broke away and vanished at a gallop into thick vapour. Then he hurried back, and spread out the men, each carrying a shovel, in line along the stretch of raw mould. A time of anxious waiting followed, the men choking in the smoke, scorched with heat as they watched the fire roll up towards them. Crackling horribly, it came on in a wavy ridge of leaping flame, perhaps six feet high, though with the sparks and vapour overhead it seemed twenty. Checked a moment at the edge of the torn-out sod, it stretched forth red tongues towards the tussocks appearing between the furrows to help it across, and already the sparks started incipient fires among the grass between it and the lumber-pile. But the men were ready, and there was a rush of dark figures towards each fresh conflagration, the shovels rising and falling like flails, and in fierce excitement some of those who fought it even trampled on the fire. It was a striking tableau: whirling and glinting shovels, running and shouting men, with the roar of the fire all around them and showers of sparks above; but it did not last long. There was a hoarse burst of exultation when the divided flame passed on across the prairie, leaving the timber unharmed; and then the blackened surveyor shook Carlyon's hand.

'Congratulate you on saving the company's property!' he said. 'Wash-outs and snow-slides I'm used to; but a grass-fire is new to me. It was a lucky day when I met you. What's that? A bad one for you? Well, I wouldn't be premature.'

Smarting from several painful burns, and feeling dizzy from over-fatigue now that the crisis had passed, Carlyon returned to his tent, where he sank into heavy slumber, which lasted until the red sun roused him to work again.

After these incidents the grading proceeded uneventfully; and when at last the rails were laid into Fairmead, its inhabitants assembled, with the scattered settlers from leagues around, to welcome the first train. Still, Carlyon, who had little heart for the boisterous rejoicings, went on with his work, and late in the afternoon stood beside his sturdy oxen on the edge of the track. Behind him, Fairmead was gay with bunting; and its unpaved streets were thronged with men in broadcloth, blue canvas, and embroidered deer-skin, all staring expectantly across the prairie. Far away on the rolling levels, just where the line of posts diminished to the vanishing-point, a streak of whiteness appeared, and an exultant clamour broke out. It was only the smoke of a locomotive; but they had waited long for it. It meant that now a swift and easy road had been opened to the markets of the

older world; yellow wheat and fat cattle would cover the waste prairie which had for centuries hoarded its latent wealth against the coming of the plough. So the men who spent their labour growing wheat which sometimes could not be sold, or building stores where hitherto but few came to buy, watched the moving streak grow into glancing metal and a line of lurching cars.

With different feelings, Carlyon watched it too. Darkened as he was in skin by frost and sun, hardened by physical toil and disappointment, there was still the same stamp of strength and endurance about him which characterised the patient oxen. One of the animals rubbed its brawny neck against his outstretched hand, for dumb beasts took kindly to Carlyon.

'This road has brought us ill-luck, Jeff; but it's going to do great things for the Fairmead country; and I can't feel altogether sorry I helped to build it,' he said. 'Stand by your horses; here's the train at last.'

There was a roar from the rail-layers as, with the beaver-ensign fluttering above the head-lamp and a wheat-sheaf upon the buffer-frame, the huge locomotive rolled up. Forgetting his cares, Carlyon shouted his hardest among the rest. When the long cars clashed together at the checking of the brakes, the surveyor, leaning out from the foremost platform, beckoned him.

'Didn't you get my message?' he said. 'We want you to-day.—This is Contractor Carlyon. As I intimated, he helped us materially.'

A man with gold-rimmed glasses held out his hand to Carlyon. The surveyor had not mentioned his name; but that was unnecessary, as he was well known in that region.

'Pleased to meet you, and we will be glad of your company at the functions to-day,' he said cordially. 'Dress? Oh, that does not matter. Working garments are, if anything, especially appropriate. Besides, on opportunity, I want to speak to you.'

Carlyon bowed; and when the train stopped again a man who appeared uncomfortable in his city attire came forward heading a deputation, and read something from a paper. There followed a deafening roar and a wild scramble for a footing on the cars; and then, with the boom of the whistle breaking through the clanging of the bell, and the discord of the Fairmead band, the first train rolled into the wooden city amid the frantic plaudits of the populace.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in somewhat eccentric hilarity; and in the evening a considerable number more than it was intended to hold squeezed themselves into the shingle-

roofed City Hall. There teamster, wheat-grower, storekeeper, railroad magnate, and speculator were packed side by side, the enthusiasm increasing as the banquet proceeded, until at last the surveyor rose up in turn.

'Where would civilisation be without railroads?' he said, with true Western freedom from bashfulness. 'I'm a railroad builder, and I'm proud of it. We've completed a big thing to-day. We're going to feed the hungry in Europe with the finest Western flour; we're going to build new homes for the homeless poor; and remember this railroad always keeps its promises. You can put all that in thick black letters, reporter. We said you should have the road by winter, and we're in before the snow. Now, see you keep the freight-cars humming. It wasn't easy—certainly not; and among the rest, your thanks are due to the man beside me. He struck the hardest bad luck, and spent his last dollar to see his contract through.—Stand up, contractor; they're shouting for you.'

The roar of applause died away when, laying a brown hand that trembled on the white tablecloth, Carlyon faced the audience. Though he could never remember the words that seemed to come without his volition, they evidently pleased the assembly, for there was another roar when he sat down again.

The railroad magnate also said, 'Well done!' Then, turning towards Carlyon, he added, 'I am going back shortly, and I want to express our satisfaction with the way you carried out your agreement. A contract is a contract, as you seem to know; but you will find the superintendent liberal in the matter of sundries. We have, I hope, a more profitable undertaking open to you. Here is the schedule. In case of necessity, my friends in Winnipeg would, I believe, finance you.'

After this, with further cheering, the assembly melted away.

When Carlyon went back to his tent he seemed several years younger as he said, with unwonted cheerfulness, 'They have settled everything more than fairly, and there should be good profits on the new bargain I have made. The line is going on another hundred miles or so. You will run the homestead next spring, Geoffrey, and there will be no sale by the sheriff now. In fact, I almost see our way to prosperity, and I'm very thankful.'

Then the two brothers glanced at him sympathetically, and went out to watch the departure of the train; but Carlyon sat long under the kerosene lamp writing a letter which brought a mist of happiness into the eyes of the woman who read it in Winnipeg.



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.



HERE will shortly be held, at Athens, an International Archaeological Congress in which one question, at least, of great importance to Britain will be discussed. It will then be definitely decided whether the Parthenon and the other noble buildings of the Acropolis are to be restored or not. Representatives of all the leading scientific societies of Europe and America will be present, and they will probably be invited to use their influence with their respective Governments to restore to Greece the numerous fragments of architectural monuments and statues which are scattered among the various museums, in order that the rebuilding, if decided upon, may be completed with as few modern additions as possible. The British Museum, which holds by far the largest number of these wondrous examples of the works of Phidias (known as the Elgin Marbles from the circumstance that they were collected by the Earl of Elgin during his mission to Turkey in 1802), is naturally very much interested in this restoration movement; but it is questionable whether these marbles would be of much service, for most of them have suffered sadly from more than twenty-three centuries of exposure to the weather, and still more serious treatment at the hands of the enemies of Greece. Plaster casts from the originals would probably be of quite as much use as the statues themselves, which are better cared for in our national treasure-house than ever they were before—except, perhaps, in that far-off period which is written B.C.

THE PROGRESS OF UGANDA.

The railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria is expected to be completed this month; and the Germans, Indians, and the people of Uganda are very much alive to the possibilities of trade which is opening up. It is for the British trader and colonist to see that he has his share. The journey to the coast occupied five months when Bishop Tucker went out ten years ago; but it will now be comfortably accomplished in ten days by the aid of the railway. Sir Harry Johnston considers the eastern portion of Uganda as admirably suited for a white man's country, and that its commercial prospects are most hopeful, owing to the remarkable wealth of rubber, which has a value of from two to three shillings per pound. In one part of Uganda he met with an extraordinary quantity of big game, including a remarkable new variety of giraffe. He has proposed to the Foreign Office that this new district should be kept as a huge refuge and game-preserve. At one place the traveller

had the good fortune to meet with the ape-like men first encountered by Messrs Grogan and Sharp on the edge of the Congo Forest. Of these extraordinary people, who must not be confounded with the Congo dwarfs, he has taken many photographs and measurements. These people, whose simian characteristics are most marked, are of normal size, whilst the dwarfs are only between four and five feet in height.

JUPITER STEEL.

'A Revolution in Steelmaking' is the title of an interesting article in *McClure's Magazine* which deals with the metal recently placed on the American market under the name of Jupiter steel. This new metal does not displace any existing method of making steel, but it uses up all kinds of odds and ends from the workshop, such as clippings from boiler-plates, borings from the gun-factories, broken wheels, or any kind of steel scrap. Certain ingredients are added to this scrap at a fixed point in the operation of melting it, and the result is a homogeneous metal, which will weld perfectly, which can be made hard or soft as desired, and which has a tensile strength of seventy-three thousand pounds. The entire operation of converting steel scrap into this valuable product occupies only two hours, and tools, &c., can be made direct from the moulding-boxes without any tempering whatever. A large factory for Jupiter steel has been erected by the United States Steel Company, and one of the recent orders secured is for more than one million pounds of castings for two American battle-ships now in course of construction.

NATIONAL RIFLE MEETING.

The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association is always regarded with keen interest; but this year, owing to recent events in South Africa, the meeting assumes extreme importance. It is satisfactory to know that rifle-shooting generally has so much improved that it has been found advisable to reduce the size of the target and its bull's-eye. Experience in the Transvaal war has shown that volley-firing is not of much value, but that the soldier must know how to 'snipe' at long range, and to 'snap-shot' at short range. Hence, for the first time, we have a new competition founded by Lord Roberts, and called the 'Commander-in-Chief's Match.' In this competition the magazine-rifle must be used, the distance is one hundred and fifty yards, and each man fires ten shots in a prescribed time. The targets represent the heads and shoulders of men in the act of firing, and the competitors place themselves behind a breastwork three feet high, which they may use as a rest if desired. Each competitor must fire one round and get behind

cover within four seconds. Thus our soldiers are learning a valuable lesson from the tactics of their Boer enemies.

A NAVIGABLE BALLOON.

Some time ago M. Henry Deutsch offered a prize of four thousand pounds to the first balloonist who should start from some fixed point in Paris, make the circuit of the Eiffel Tower, and return to the place whence he came, without touching the earth, in the space of thirty minutes. This prize has been won by M. de Santos-Dumont, who has devoted many years and much money to the problem of aerial navigation. His balloon is cigar-shaped, and measures about one hundred and twenty feet from tip to tail; it possesses a motor of sixteen horse-power which drives a propeller, and is guided by a rudder of silk stretched over a bamboo frame. With this apparatus the aeronaut travelled against the wind a distance of two miles, made the circuit of the Eiffel Tower, and was wafted rapidly back to the starting-place. The experiment is a most interesting one, and will probably induce many to believe that the problem of aerial navigation is at last solved. But this is not the case. It was a foregone conclusion that a flying-machine made on the principle described would, if properly constructed, make headway if the wind were benevolent enough to let it do so. The wind has in this instance been generous to a bold and very deserving experimentalist.

AMBULANCE DOGS.

'Letting loose the dogs of war' has hitherto been a figurative expression; but of late years the importance of dogs as an aid to the wounded on the battlefield, in which character they may surely be described as 'dogs of war,' has been recognised by many nations. Major Richardson has lately been showing, at the Naval and Military Exhibition in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, how well such dogs can be trained; and his demonstrations have excited the greatest interest. He has proved that an intelligent dog can be used as a reliable scout, and will serve as a communicating link between different bodies of troops in the field. The dog can also be employed for transporting reserve ammunition to the firing-line, and for seeking the missing and the wounded after an engagement. Major Richardson is of opinion that black and sable collies, or dogs with some collie blood in them, are the best fitted for service with infantry; but for cavalry service a kind more fleet of foot might preferably be employed.

GAS FOR ENGINES AND HEATING.

It has more than once been pointed out in these columns and elsewhere that there is an enormous field of employment for a cheap non-illuminating gas for engines and for heating purposes. It is well known that such a gas can

be produced at a very cheap rate, and it is a matter for surprise that the existing gas companies have not moved in the matter. We are now promised the Mond gas at a few pence the thousand cubic feet; but it will probably be many years before it becomes commonly available. In the meantime small users of power may profitably turn their attention to Taylor & Co.'s gas producer, which we have recently seen at work at the engineering works of Messrs Horne & Sons, Torrens Street, City Road, London. The apparatus is very compact, clean, and free from danger. It requires for its sustenance anthracite coal, coke, and water, and is reported to afford one brake-horse-power at a cost of less than one farthing per hour. The apparatus needs no gas reservoir, it can be fitted up anywhere, requires little attention, and causes no advance in insurance rates.

FROM CHICAGO TO LONDON.

There lately arrived in the port of London the steamship *North-Eastern*, with a cargo of three thousand six hundred tons, being the first vessel to carry merchandise all the way from Chicago to London. Chicago is now the second city in the United States, the great centre of North American trade; and this new link between the Old and the New Worlds should prove profitable to both. In 1830, only a decade after the first steamship had crept across the Atlantic in twenty-six days, Chicago was a little place with a population of seventy. To-day it is the centre of a district containing a population of nineteen millions. It is interesting to compare, in like manner, the new methods of crossing the Atlantic with the old. The first steamboat which crossed 'the herring-pond' was the *Savannah*, of three hundred and fifty tons, and we may imagine that the accommodation for her crew was not luxurious. In the *North-Eastern* of to-day every man has a wire-spring bed, bedding and linen, the use of excellent quarters, with well-appointed baths fitted with hot and cold water, and the rooms are lighted by electricity. Officers and men dine together in a cosy dining-saloon.

LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

Particulars have been published of a new life-saving buoy of German origin. This buoy is of globular form and carries two to four life-belts, besides supporting a device which provides a brilliant light directly the apparatus is thrown into the water. The device referred to consists of a long metallic cylinder having twelve compartments filled with calcium carbide. The water gets into these compartments one by one, with the result that there is a copious evolution of acetylene gas, which is fired automatically by an electric spark. The gas-burner, which is fed in this way, gives an illumination of one hundred and fifty candle-power; the flame is protected by glass, and will continue burning for three or four

hours. It is said that the complete apparatus is easily kept in order ready for use, and that the operation of cleaning and refilling it with carbide only occupies a few minutes.

IMITATION GOLD.

It is proverbial that there are many glittering things besides gold, and Dame Nature seems, with her usual faculty for imitation, to have been most lavish in her provision of minerals which can easily be mistaken for the coveted metal. The recent alleged discovery of gold at Leith seems to have originated in a mistake, and the Edinburgh Museum authorities have opportunely placed in their gallery of Scottish geology and mineralogy a series of specimens, with descriptive labels, of minerals which glitter like the precious metal. One of the commonest of this class is pyrites, a compound of iron and sulphur. If we remember rightly, in the early days of Arctic exploration a large shipload of this mineral was brought home from the Far North under the impression that it was gold. Another mineral of golden appearance is chalcopirite, a compound of copper, iron, and sulphur. A third mineral which sometimes puts on the gay livery of gold is dark mica, or biotite. The change occurs by chemical action when boulders containing this mineral are long subjected to attack from water containing decomposing organic matter. Of course, the simplest tests will at once decide whether it is gold that glitters or something else. To the disappointment of fortune-hunters, the something else is more generally met with than the gold.

THE OREGON PINE.

An industry of considerable importance on the Pacific coast has been created by the well-nigh illimitable supplies of pine-needles from the Oregon pine (*Pinus ponderosa*). The oil obtained by the distillation of the leaves is of valuable service in pulmonary complaints; whilst pillows stuffed with the fragrant fibre are said, by their pleasant and soothing odour, to bring sleep to the sleepless. The trees afford two crops annually, and a number of men and women are employed in the harvest of the leaves, two thousand pounds of which will produce ten pounds of oil. Five hundred pounds per picker is regarded as the average day's work, the pay for which is at the rate of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. The fibre obtained is elastic, and can be spun and woven into fabrics mixed with hair. Strange to say, this fibre can be used as a partial filling for cigars, to which it imparts a pleasant flavour. The fibre can also be used as a preventive against the assaults of all kinds of insects, for its strong odour keeps them out of its neighbourhood.

THE MONO-RAIL SYSTEM.

Seventeen years ago M. Lartigue's 'balance railway,' as it was called, was tried in Normandy,

and was reported upon very favourably. Its novel feature was the employment of one rail only, which was supported some feet above the ground-level, the carriages hanging on either side like the panniers on a donkey's back. In this system there is a guarantee of safety in the fact that the centre of gravity is below the line of rail, and a speed can be ventured upon which would be impossible on ordinary railways. The 'mono-rail' bill which has been sanctioned by a committee of the House of Commons contemplates the construction of such a railway between Manchester and Liverpool, which will carry passengers between the two cities at a speed of one hundred and ten miles per hour! The one rail will be supported four feet above the ground on A-shaped trestles, and the motive-power will be electricity. Sir Hiram Maxim claims that by this means London and Brighton may be brought within reach of one another in 'a few minutes' for half-a-crown.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Protective inoculation and various other precautions against the terrible disease known as hydrophobia have been eminently successful. It is only seventeen years ago that Pasteur first began to experiment with a view to finding some protective medium with which sufferers from the bite of a dog or other animal affected with rabies could be saved from a most terrible death. His efforts were rewarded with signal success, and most of the large cities of Europe established hospitals where protective inoculation could be afforded. The results obtained at the Berlin Institute for the Study of Infectious Diseases during the past year have recently been published, and we learn with satisfaction that of one hundred and eighty-seven persons treated for wounds caused by biting not one fell ill. Indeed, during the year 1900 not a single case of hydrophobia occurred in the big city of Berlin. It may also be said that the dread malady has been stamped out of the larger city of London. This is largely due to the firmness with which 'the muzzling order' was carried out by the authorities. There was a great outcry on the part of sentimental lovers of dogs against the cruelty of muzzling the animals, but both dogs and their masters have hugely benefited by the measure.

THE ART OF PACKING GOODS.

There is an art in packing goods which, properly understood, will often prevent loss to the owner. Thus in packing goods for tropical climes, precautions must be taken to guard against the humidity of the air which follows heavy rain, and which is most destructive to textile goods, leather, books, and writing materials. The same precautions are necessary when sending goods which have to pass the equator during the voyage. For instance, in sending

lacquered shoes from Austria to Australia they may arrive at their destination adhering together and quite valueless, unless special precautions have been taken to keep them from the humid air. *Handel's Museum*, in urging these points, asserts that the damp air in Indian warehouses acts upon woven stuffs to such an extent that, in spite of uniformity in manufacture, they assume different lengths. In February, the driest month of the year, this change will often amount to 3 per cent. The same authority says that steel and iron goods are best preserved in tropical climes when the cases are lined with an absorbent wood, such as baywood, or light mahogany which has been well saturated with hot paraffin wax.

LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHS.

There are numberless instances reported of pictorial markings on the skin of those who have been killed by lightning. The story generally takes this form: 'On the —th instant, during a terrific thunderstorm, John Smith, of X., took refuge under a tree which was struck by the electric fluid. The poor man was instantly killed, and, curiously enough, a perfect picture of the tree under which he was standing at the time of his death was found impressed upon his chest.' That there are very often branched markings on the skin of a victim to lightning there can be no doubt; indeed, we have a photograph in our possession which exhibits the phenomena most unmistakably. The appearance is probably due to the circumstances that the electric current breaks up into a branched form on the surface of the skin, and that the intense heat causes a coagulation of the blood in the capillaries immediately beneath its path. It can easily be imagined how such an appearance, to credulous observers, would be exaggerated into 'a perfect picture of the tree,' &c.

HIGH-ART PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

It may have been noticed recently that there has been quite a development amongst publishers of the issue of photogravure reproductions of famous paintings in the picture galleries, thus bringing high and elevating objects of art quite within the reach of every one; but in these prints the colours of the original paintings are not reproduced. In Berlin there is a society of over sixteen thousand members, patronised by the Emperor and Empress, having for its object the distribution amongst educational and religious institutions of Germany and the people generally of fac-similes of the great masterpieces and famous paintings in the royal galleries of Europe. The name of the society has been translated, 'Union of Friends of Art for the Official Publication of the Royal National Galleries.' The union has been organised under a charter issued by the Prussian Ministry of Worship and Education, and it is proposed to establish a branch in the

United States. The result, it is believed, will be to plant the seeds of art-education in the minds of the rising generation, and cultivate a taste for pure art. The process by which these coloured photogravures are produced is said to be an intricate and costly one, although it has not been patented. By means of photography and steel etching, a fac-simile of the original is produced, and special colours called heliotints are employed. Special cameras and negatives are used in the photography; and the photographic production is transferred to a steel plate, the surface of which, by some special treatment, has been prepared to receive it, the outline work being thus obtained from the steel with an exactitude and clearness never previously attained. The colours are reproduced by the brush of the artist on the photographic copy first obtained, then transferred to lithographic stones, from which the impressions are taken by means of hand-presses. The works of Raphael, Murillo, Guido Reni, Paul Veronese, and others have already been dealt with.

A PROPOSED NYASSALAND RAILWAY.

Attention has been over and over again directed to the need of a railway to connect the navigable waters of the Lower Shire with Lake Nyassa, in the British Central African Protectorate, first discovered by Livingstone in 1860, whose noble appeal has been followed by successful trading and coffee-planting at Blantyre and in the Shire valley, as well as useful mission stations there and on Lake Nyassa. Although Government is spending some five millions on the Uganda railway, the Foreign Office has not yet seen its way to back up any of the schemes for a short line of eighty-nine miles past the Murchison Falls, which would get rid of the unsatisfactory human portage and the delay caused by thousands of loads lying, sometimes for a whole year, at the lower river port because of the lack of carriers. The trade is already there, and does not need to be created—it only requires better facilities; while the protectorate promises soon to be self-supporting. Twenty-five years ago the country was practically unknown, and the scene of tribal warfare; now, as Mr Hedderwick, who has just returned, says, you can go anywhere with nothing more formidable than a walking-stick or an umbrella. The most hopeful feature of all is, that the missionaries at Blantyre and Livingstonia, while teaching the natives Christianity, also teach them useful industrial occupations. It is to be hoped that this boon of a short railway, which would be of such incalculable benefit to Central Africa, will not be long denied.

BACK TO THE LAND.

The results of the census continue to show, with few exceptions, that the hamlets and villages are getting depleted, and the great towns are growing at their expense. While this is to be regretted, it

is difficult to suggest a remedy for what is often an economic condition. Mr H. Rider Haggard, who has been writing upon agricultural questions from personal observation, sent the following advice as part of his Federation message to Australia: 'If Australia desires to become a queen among nations, let her sons turn their backs to the cities and bide upon the land. Of this I am sure: the proudest future will be to the people who tread the fields, not to those who trip along the pavement.' If for no other reason than his great practical good sense, and what he has been able to do for his coloured brethren in founding Tuskegee College, Alabama, Mr Booker T. Washington's autobiography *Up from Slavery*, issued by T. Fisher Unwin, is well worth reading. Mr Washington is a strenuous advocate of honest toil and the educative power of labour. In commenting upon the negro's down-grade when gathered into towns, he says he has often wished that by some power of magic he could remove the bulk of those people and plant them upon the soil—'upon the solid and never deceptive foundation of Mother Nature, where all nations and races that have ever succeeded have gotten their start; a start that at first may be slow and toilsome, but that nevertheless is real.' Booker Washington's own rise, from a plantation slave to be orator, philanthropist, and principal of Tuskegee College, is a good commentary on these sentiments. Washington never shirked hard manual labour. If he can get the negro in America and the West Indies to share his views, he will work wonders.

THE ACETYLENE INDUSTRY.

Under the above heading a paragraph recently appeared in these columns pointing out that in comparison with the business done in Germany, where 'no fewer than thirty-two of the smaller towns are lighted by acetylene, and others are following suit,' the industry in Britain is of small proportions. The Bon-Accord Acetylene Gas Company, of Aberdeen, take exception to our remarks, and claim that their system is free from any objectionable features, and may be summed up in the words, 'brilliant, simple, safe, and cheap.' We are very glad to know that this is the case, for it betokens wide employment for a very beautiful form of artificial light. The Home and Colonial Acetylene Gas Syndicate, of Glasgow, make a similar complaint, and say that two hundred thousand jets are in use at Stuttgart, and that, besides the thirty-two towns mentioned, the State railways have adopted it, and the Germans are flooding our colonial markets with generating plant. But our Aberdeen correspondents are certainly premature in stating that acetylene 'has already taken its place as one of the principal illuminants of the age.' Our well-lighted thoroughfares in this country as yet give no evidence to this effect.

ELECTRICITY SIMPLIFIED.

Some housewives and cooks have a dream of 'cookery simplified' by means of electricity, when by touching a button not only illumination but parlour fires and cooking ovens may be started. Many people find cooking by means of gas clean and handy. Electricity for cooking and other domestic purposes is even better, and an ideal towards which we may be coming; but as yet it is a luxury to many owing to its expense. Every one is interested in the practical uses of electricity; but many do not know the necessary steps to be taken for installations in the home. To such may be recommended a little work by Mr A. T. Stewart, *Electricity Simplified*, published by W. & R. Chambers, which gives a clear outline of the practical applications of electricity for industrial and domestic purposes. Not only is there an explanation of electric installations, with estimates as to cost, and a description of incandescent lamps and motive-power, but the subject of cooking and heating is discussed. There are also pictures of an electric coffee-pot, cooker, flat-iron, ovens, stew-pan, and radiators. This little book supplies a felt want in these days, when every fairly large community has already introduced, or is about to introduce, electric installations.

HEATHER-HONEY.

THE bee is in the heather and the heather's on the hill,
And the morning dew on broom and whin-bush shines;
The mist is off the mountains, and the air is warm and still,
Save a truant breeze that lurks within the pines.

The bee is in the heather—I can hear him as I go—
And the honey in the comb's a goodly sight;
Oh! the purple of the heather makes the mountain-sides aglow,
And the golden plover whistles on his flight.

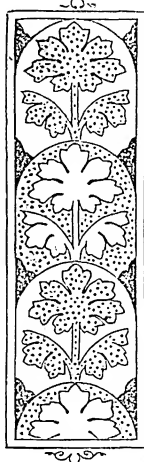
I will climb by rock and corrie, I will walk by burn and fell,
Where the red deer in the bracken makes his bed;
I will dream through hours of daylight in an echo-haunted dell,
And the bee shall gather honey at my head.

There's water in the valleys, on the braes there's honey sweet,
And a bannock-cake or two I have beside;
So I'll be away at cockcrow, and come home with weary feet
When the moon is up and stars are scattered wide.

LAWRENCE B. JUPP.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

OLD MR JELlicoe's PLAN.

By W. E. CULE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



WHEN old Harvey Jellicoe found that his days were numbered, he spent much time in deep and bitter meditation. Thereafter he consulted not his clergyman but his solicitor, and certain inquiries were set on foot. As a result of these inquiries the solicitor presently sent a brief letter to an obscure person in the north.

This letter was delivered, in due course, at the office of Messrs Benning & Sturge, also solicitors, of Bancaster, and perhaps the most respectable firm in that town. It was taken out of the letter-box by a heedless office-boy, and laid with a number of others upon the table in the principals' room. Shortly afterwards the junior partner came in, and sat down to examine the morning's correspondence. In a few moments he reached the letter which had been written at Harvey Jellicoe's request, and which was a very ordinary-looking letter indeed. He first observed the address, which the office-boy had failed to do, and then turned the envelope over to examine the seal upon the flap. He considered this for a while, and frowned slightly; directly afterwards he touched the bell upon his table and asked that Mr Forster should be sent in.

Mr Forster came with a promptness which every one displayed before Mr Sturge. He was the firm's managing clerk, and had held that position for some four or five years. His age was about thirty-five, a point at which some men are young while others are old; and this man belonged to the latter class. His appearance was ordinary, his features plain and colourless, his manner subdued; and he was distinctly a person with no particular prospects before him and no interesting history behind.

The appearance of the letter had reminded Mr Sturge of another matter, and he was curious. When Mr Sturge was curious with regard to his

subordinates he always went straight to the question without any foolish delicacy.

'Good-morning,' he said briskly. 'Here is a letter for you.'

The surprise of the managing clerk was quite natural and unassumed. 'By the way,' continued Mr Sturge, 'are you thinking of leaving us, Mr Forster?'

'Leaving you?' said Forster, with increased surprise. 'No, sir. I haven't thought of such a thing.'

The junior partner smiled. 'I am glad to hear it,' he said, in a tone which was not at all expressive of gladness. 'It was that letter that brought the matter to my mind. Last night Mr Benning told me that some one had been making inquiries about you—inquiries as to your character and so on—and I supposed'—

He watched the clerk's face carefully as he spoke, but without appearing to watch. Mr Sturge had a good opinion of his own penetration, and was accustomed to boast that this faculty never failed him. It told him now that his clerk's surprise was once more a genuine emotion. The man had not been situation-hunting.

'Inquiries? About my character? I know nothing about them, sir.'

'Ah!' said Mr Sturge carelessly, 'perhaps it was nothing in particular. It occurred to me that your services might be in request elsewhere. In any case, Mr Benning gave the inquirers a very good account of you. He could say that you were an honest man, at least, Mr Forster.'

It amused the junior partner to see that the managing clerk flushed deeply at the last words—more deeply than seemed at all needful. This, however, was not the first time that Forster's idiosyncrasy had given him amusement, and he dismissed the subject with a quick and characteristic movement of the hand.

'Now, why did I send for you? Oh, you know that lease of Fawcett's?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr Benning wishes to see it. If you will have it ready by half-past four, Miss Benning will call. She will be in town, I understand.'

'Very well, sir,' answered Forster quietly.

Then the interview was evidently over, for the junior partner returned to his letters. The managing clerk would have liked to ask a question or two with regard to the first part of their conversation; but who could return to a subject which Mr Sturge had dismissed? After a momentary hesitation he went out.

Mr Sturge, sorting his correspondence, smiled again. 'Honest,' he said to himself. 'Honest enough! He's so confoundedly honest that he is quite out of date. Why, I believe he couldn't even lie to the income-tax people. He suits us very well; but I can't imagine other people crying for him. He has evidently no thought of going, either. As for the inquiries'—

Well, the inquiries were probably nothing, after all, and the firm would have no need to look out for a successor to Andrew Forster. Then the letter—

'Then the letter,' mused Mr Sturge, 'from Lowden of Westhampton—a very good name, Lowden's. But probably the fellow has a friend in that office—one who uses business envelopes for private correspondence. It's a case of much ado about nothing.'

With that conclusion the junior partner dismissed the matter from his thoughts; but in an adjoining room the managing clerk was opening the missive which had brought that curious interview about. He had not shown any haste to open it. Any interview with Mr Sturge was in some respects an ordeal for him, the man was so self-assured and patronising. This interview especially had been a surprise, and the letter was only a part of that surprise. Who had been making inquiries about him, and why had the junior partner made that peculiar remark about his honesty? And the suggestion that he might leave the firm was in itself of the nature of a shock.

Then, trying to arrange his thoughts, he took up the letter and glanced at the post-mark, only to receive another shock. Mr Sturge's reference to honesty had made him think of the Ogre, and here was the name Westhampton, where that very Ogre lived. He was puzzled, and turned the envelope over. Upon the back he found a common business seal, bearing the name of Walter Lowden, solicitor, Westhampton.

There was no name of better repute upon the Rolls; but it told him little. Thus it was entirely without reasonable cause that he felt a sudden thrill of excitement. Almost as soon as he had felt it he saw how unreasonable it was, and tore the envelope open with impatience. But when he had read the summons within his excitement returned and remained. Harvey Jellicoe's solicitor wrote:

'DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you that your uncle, Mr Harvey Jellicoe of Castle Haynby, is in a very serious state of health. He has expressed a wish to see you, and has ordered me to communicate with you to that effect. If you will let me know the earliest date you can come down, I shall be pleased to make the necessary arrangements with my client.—Yours faithfully,

'WALTER LOWDEN.'

That was all; but it was an amazing all. Being a very ordinary man, Forster was moved just as any other man would have been. His heart seemed to give a bound, and his pulses began to throb tumultuously. The unexpected had happened: the Ogre had spoken!

For a time he was lost in emotion and amazement. The Ogre had spoken, and his voice had changed all aspects. It had changed the managing clerk too, for with a flush upon his face and the light of excitement in his eyes, he looked much less commonplace than usual. It was a case of taking a colourless face and giving it colour and expression and life; and when he began to consider the summons he saw no reason for putting aside the vision which had so suddenly come to him.

'I regret to inform you that your uncle . . . is in a very serious state of health.' Such phrasing was full of tremendous possibilities. 'Your uncle'—this could only mean that the Ogre had remembered his obscure relative at last, and was disposed to consider the relationship. He was 'in a very serious state of health'—perhaps that was the cause of his remembrance; perhaps the approach of an inevitable end had softened his heart and modified his bitterness. He had expressed a wish to see Andrew Forster, the son of Paul Forster: that indicated a great change of feeling indeed; and he wished to see him as soon as possible. What more could have been said?

So Forster mused, reading that plain and business-like communication into something very rosy and wonderful. He found it impossible to work; and the dusty, sordid little room in which he sat had become intolerable. Leases, conveyances, and County Court quarrels—they were all absurd! Absurd, too, was the junior partner, whose voice could be heard from the next room, harsh and distinct. Mr Sturge, big, self-satisfied, and overbearing, had hitherto been a trouble to his managing clerk's existence, an ogre of another type. Now his terrors had faded, and the sound of his voice produced nothing but impatience. Here was a change indeed!

As to their recent interview, and the references to honesty, it was now fully explained. The inquiries spoken of had been made by Harvey Jellicoe's wish, and the present letter was a result of them. No doubt the old man had made a point of inquiring as to his nephew's honesty, remembering with bitterness his father's story; and the answer must have satisfied him. In that Mr Sturge had been quite correct. The managing

clerk would be able to look the Ogre in the face as far as that was concerned, for he had kept his record scrupulously clean.

So Forster pondered and hoped through that restless morning, finding work painful and his surroundings wretched. At noon he walked to his rooms for luncheon as he had never walked before, with the letter safely buttoned in his breast-pocket, to be read and re-read at the table. Then he returned, to pass the remaining hours of the working day as best he might. But for the fact that Miss Benning was to call he would have found the task impossible.

She was the only part of his present environment that seemed to be at all in harmony with his new visions. Had Mr Sturge only known it, there was not the least danger of the managing clerk's disappearance from that dusty little office; for he was bound to it by a tie which was stronger than any consideration of work or position. Some three years ago Mary Benning had walked into that office one day with the senior partner, now a chronic invalid, though still the head of the firm; and her mere presence had transformed it. She had come several times since with a similar effect, and had gradually become the one thing which had made it inhabitable. She was coming again to-day; but this time everything was different. To-day, perhaps, he would be able to speak to her without any of that absurd embarrassment which he had felt on other occasions. Why, with that letter in his possession, he had become possessed of prospects—prospects, hopes, expectations! Yes, to-day, surely, he would have no reason to be afraid, and to stammer. More than that—

'More than that,' he thought; 'to-day—to-day I may be able to ask her a question—that one question!'

He repeated the words with strengthening resolve. Then he began to form the question, selecting the words with a care which drove the amazing letter for a while into the background; and when he had formed his question to his own satisfaction it was almost time to ask it. He had wished to ask it for a very long time.

It was four o'clock. Mr Sturge had gone, and the day was waning. Miss Benning would call at about half-past four o'clock, on her way home from shopping. The managing clerk repeated the phrases of his question, and rehearsed the other portions of the probable conversation, brushed his hair down smoothly—it was smooth enough, however, at all times—and arranged the papers which lay disorderly about the room. He cleared the best chair, and placed it in a suitable position. Then he was obliged to wait a little longer.

But at last the time came. 'Miss Benning, Mr Forster,' said the junior clerk, after a tap at the door.

'Ask her to come in. Then get those Fawcett papers—will you?—and make them into a neat parcel for her.'

The clerk vanished, and Miss Benning came into the room. A moment later she was sitting in the chair which had been prepared for her.

To a certain extent the managing clerk and the senior partner's daughter were on friendly terms. It was generally understood that Forster was a gentleman, and that was a great deal. Miss Benning herself had come to that conclusion long ago, and had always acted upon it.

'The papers will be ready in a few minutes,' said Forster, with all his accustomed nervousness—'if you can wait.'

Miss Benning said that she could wait, and wondered what had happened to the managing clerk. There was an animation in his face and manner which was as unusual as it was pleasing. She watched him while they spoke of the weather and of her father's illness, and felt sure that something had occurred. Or, perhaps, something was about to occur!

Forster tried to nerve himself to ask his question. There was nothing terrible in the woman before him; but it was a difficult matter nevertheless. As Mr Sturge's greatness had faded before the letter, so did the magic of the letter vanish before this other power. Yet Mary Benning was only a neatly-dressed woman of thirty, with a face which no one cared to call more than pleasing.

'By the way,' he began, with a sudden effort; and then he paused.

'Yes, Mr Forster?' said Miss Benning carelessly.

'By the way,' said the managing clerk, fitting a new pen into the penholder he was handling—'by the way, I heard of a rather curious case lately. Do you think that we should judge a man—that is to say, do you think?'—He paused again, helplessly.

Miss Benning felt sure now that something was about to occur. His agitation communicated itself to her; but she did not betray it.

'Would you,' he said, plunging desperately—'would you think any the worse of a man because his father had been a—well, say a scoundrel?'

He felt that he had betrayed himself; but his listener's calmness reassured him. Miss Benning considered, and considered more than the question he had asked. She could think quickly.

'A great deal would depend upon circumstances,' she answered presently. 'Don't you think so? I should think it very unjust to judge a man by any other man's faults generally.'

'Then you would not think any less of a man because he was the son of a—rogue?'

Miss Benning hesitated, not because she felt doubtful as to what her answer should be, but because she wished to make it very plain. Men were so dull, and this particular man was unusually dull! Otherwise the question would never have troubled him.

'No,' she said; 'certainly not. If I trusted a man personally, I should never think of his father at all.'

Forster drew back, hardly knowing what to say next. His relief was great, his triumph evident.

'So that is his worry,' thought Miss Benning impatiently. 'The stupid fellow! He really is very dull. His father, indeed! A man who thinks too little of himself is as bad as one who thinks too much!'

The silence was embarrassing for a few moments. Then the managing clerk recovered himself, and began to explain that he had only asked the question because it had been suggested to him by a case which had come under his notice. And he had not reached the end of his laboured but utterly needless explanation when the clerk tapped at the door again, and entered with the Fawcett papers.

There was nothing to be said after that, and Miss Benning left. She said 'Good-evening' to the managing clerk, and smiled at the others as she passed through the outer office. There were

two younger sisters in the Benning family, both of them exceedingly attractive. Mary Benning, on the other hand, was only pleasing, and, besides, she was thirty; but all those young men acknowledged that it was good to see her smile. Neither of her sisters could smile in just that way.

When she had gone Andrew Forster took out his letter once more and considered it further. Everything seemed suddenly so full of hope, so glorious with promise, that he was unable to realise it; but he knew that one important question had been answered. The rest would depend upon that letter, or rather upon the man who had inspired it. So he sat down and wrote a reply to Walter Lowden, solicitor. It was a brief note, yet it took an hour in the writing, and was anything but satisfactory even then. He said that he would run down to Westhampton on the next day but one.

LAST LINKS WITH SCOTT.

By EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

I would recommend everybody to read not only the *Waverley Novels* but *Scott's Life*; it is in places crushingly pathetic. When you arise from its perusal you are melted, consoled, benefited.

R. L. STEVENSON.



N the threshold of this new century—length of days being granted to only a few—but a scanty remainder of the many who knew Sir Walter Scott now survive. Some still amongst us have, as children, been told to underline in their memory the fact that the big-framed, benevolent-browed man they looked on as he limped along Princes Street was Sir Walter Scott; so in Edinburgh to-day there are many who have heard their parents or a still older generation recall to remembrance the impression even a passing glimpse of their great countryman made on their callow minds. As a claim to distinction in the obituary notices of some who have passed away during the last decade of last century, it is recorded that they had lived in what Professor Masson calls 'the Edinburgh of the thirty years from 1802 to 1832, which was, is, and will ever be the Edinburgh of Sir Walter Scott,' and had seen or even been spoken to by that unsurpassed Master of Romance. It is interesting to look over a collection of these paragraphs, and see how one and all of these contemporaries of Scott who lived in our day treasured throughout their long lives every scrap of their recollections of this man with the overreaching personality.

In 1891 there died in Edinburgh Dr W. F. Skene, of whom Bishop Dowden, preaching in the church the historian and antiquary had worshipped in, said: 'Beyond the bounds of this little circle the death of William Forbes Skene has been felt as an event of real significance. Here in this

city men realised of late years that he was one of the few remaining links that connected our time with the golden age of literature in Edinburgh. The sight of that figure so familiar to worshippers in this church carried us of a younger generation back to the classic days of Walter Scott. It stirs one's pulse to think of our friend as a welcomed guest under the hospitable roof of Abbotsford, or to picture to ourselves the great Magician of the North leaning on the arm of the younger man as the two walked together by the banks of Yarrow.'

Goethe tried to bring Sir Walter and Carlyle together when the two leading Scotsmen were dwellers at the same period in Modern Athens. Carlyle and his quick-witted wife had observed their renowned fellow-citizen as he ranged about his own romantic town. They saw how, in the midst of the bustle of the city's most crowded thoroughfare,

Every tyke about the place
Took pleasure in the Shirra's face;

for stranger dogs sought Scott's favour, and received in return for their proffered greeting pats and praise. However, Scott and Carlyle, despite Goethe's scheme, only once met under the same roof, and that was in Mr Tait's book-shop in Princes Street. In that famous literary mart in Edinburgh, which saw within its portals men who were giants in those days, and whose stature still remains undiminished by the leveller Time, Carlyle and Mr Aitken were talking together when Scott came in and asked for the loan of a *Horace* to verify a quotation. Scott sat down with the book on his knee; but something in Carlyle's voice or conversation arrested his attention, and he took stock from under his shaggy eyebrows of the future Sage of Chelsea, as if he were saying

to himself, 'He is a kenspeckle chiel that. I wonder who he is!'

Every one from dogs to dukes appreciated notice from Scott. The present Duke of Buccleuch in 1897, at the unveiling of a bust of Sir Walter in the Poets' Corner at Westminster, stated that he was proud to boast he was one of the few men living who had shaken hands with the Laird of Abbotsford. He was a mere baby at the time, he said, and he had no recollection of the circumstance; but he cherished the thought that he had had that great privilege. His grandfather was Scott's greatest friend, and it was for his grandmother that Scott wrote the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Another among the living, who was older than the Bold Buccleuch when he looked on Sir Walter, is an Irish clergyman, the Rev. Frederick Buick. He was at school at Edgeworthstown; and when Sir Walter stayed there with Maria Edgeworth, she took her guest to visit the school. Mr Buick remembers Sir Walter 'as almost a huge man in style and build, somewhat lame, with his hair massed upon his forehead.'

The late Sir John Cowan of Beeslack also, as a schoolboy, saw and was spoken to by Sir Walter. Sir John, when a lad, was walking up the Canon-gate with his father, when they met a man he described as 'not tall, but very lame, and leaning heavily on his walking-stick, and very shabbily dressed.' Mr Cowan, senior, had a chat with this person, while the future Sir John stood by till his father introduced him to Sir Walter Scott, who spoke to the lad with interest on hearing he was a High School scholar. Sir John saw the Wizard of the North once again when the latter was journeying up the Rhine, anxious to return to his unrivalled Tweed to lay him down to sleep by its side.

There still lives in what Lord Rosebery, speaking in the Scottish capital, called 'this Edinburgh so sacred and beautiful to us,' one who saw Sir Walter on the evening he declared himself to be the author of the Waverley Novels, no longer the Great Unknown. This veteran, Mr George Croal, 'distinctly remembers the storm of enthusiasm aroused on that occasion. He was also at Abbotsford two years later on professional duty, and had the pleasure of playing several Scotch airs on the pianoforte, to the evident gratification of his august patron. Both of these events are recalled with pride by Mr Croal, whose recollections might be thought unique among those now living in the year of grace 1901.' However, they are not unique, for another writer, after referring to the Edinburgh citizen who was present at the Theatrical Fund Banquet in 1827, states: 'In Bowden, in Roxburghshire, during the summer months, I conversed with four individuals who had seen Sir Walter. One of them, Miss Janet Roxburgh, had attained the great age of one hundred years, and was still able to speak intelligently about the past. Another lady living in

the village remembered as a girl seeing Sir Walter "hirpling" across the village green to visit a namesake, Janet Scott, with whom he delighted to have a chat, as she had a great wealth of folklore stories, and from her Sir Walter gleaned much of the local Scotch dialect. Mr Charles Newlands remembered being at the laying of the foundation-stone of the bridge over the Tweed just at the junction where the Ettrick joins it, when Sir Walter performed the ceremony. Another correspondent, alive in 1900, Mr Aaron Forrester, gunsmith, and his sister, Miss Forrester, talked with Sir Walter; and Mr Thomas Smail, inspector of poor, saw him marching in the Circuit Court procession at the county town.'

The *Berwickshire News* in the autumn of 1900 reported that 'there lives at Hawick one James Rutherford, an octogenarian, who still pursues his trade of tailor, and while sitting cross-legged at work speaks graphically of the people and old-world customs he saw in days of yore. He is an Earlstoun man by birth, and served his apprenticeship with the clothier who supplied the undertaker with the sable suit he wore at Sir Walter's funeral that dark September day in 1832, when the kindest of Scots was laid to rest in hushful Dryburgh. Rutherford, one Hogmanay, went "guisarding." The youthful "guisers" called at Abbotsford, and there sang "Scots wha hae" so enthusiastically that Sir Walter rewarded them with a crown. Rutherford oftentimes watched the well-loved Shirra, axe in hand, trimming the glades in his new plantations, and chronicles "he was aye kindly in his manner, and fond of children and animals."

Some old retainers of the Abbotsford household and their children still survive, and have engraven on the tablets of their memory pictures of their well-beloved master. All agree in reporting him to be 'canty, kind, and crouse.' In 1899 a writer says: 'There is an old man, Mr Playfair, living at Beeston Hill, Leeds, whose father was gardener at Abbotsford. He remembers going with his father to work one day as a boy. Sir Walter came out and found him in the garden; he talked to him, impressing the boy very much with his appearance. He filled his pockets with apples, and, patting him on the head, said, "Now be a gude laddie."' A member of the Abbotsford household died on the disputed date of entrance to a new century, January 1, 1900. Her name was Margaret Thomson. Another writer says: 'She owed her admission into Abbotsford to Mrs Mackay, who was housekeeper there in 1830. Margaret, aged sixteen, went to service at Abbotsford at the period when the whole household entered loyally into the altered circumstances of the master's life, "seeming happier," as Lockhart puts it, "than they had ever been before." She used to see Scott walking outside with his dogs, or moving about the house; but she never spoke

to him, for, as she explained in speaking of the family, when she saw them at any time she "tried the more to keep out of their way." Again, a few days after the notice of this unobtrusive servitor of Scott, there is a paragraph stating: 'There yet survives at Noble Place, Hawick, a veritable relic of the Abbotsford household—Mr James Mathison, who has entered his seventy-fifth year. In a recent interview he said: "My grandfather, Peter Mathison, was coachman to Sir Walter, and I lived with him. I remember Sir Walter well. I was often with him in his study. My father was assistant-gardener, and we all stayed with grandfather at the stable-cottage. When our great master went to Rome the servants all gathered on the stairhead to bid him good-bye. Noticing me among them, he clapped me kindly on the head and popped a half-crown piece into my hand, telling me to be a good boy till he came back. I was nine years old when Sir Walter died, and I remember there was great grief among us all."'

Mr Robert Thomson, blacksmith, Selkirk, now eighty-one years old, when a boy picked up Sir Walter's hat, which had been blown off while driving through Selkirk. He remembers that the two black carriage-horses, 'Tom' and 'Miller,' went to Mr Bogie, a former gardener at Abbotsford, when he took Lochend Farm, and that they went in the plough. He had shod young Sir Walter's horses.

Among these newspaper records we come to the narrations of those who have but recently gone from us, who from youth to age did not forget the proud moment in their early life when they had been commanded by their parents to show off their accomplishments before the great Sir Walter. Mrs Maitland Makgill Crichton, who passed away in 1892 in her ninety-third year, boasted she had in her girlhood played her best-studied piece to Sir Walter on the piano, and he in return told her stories. Mr John Usher, laird of his family's long-held lands of Toffield—a property Sir Walter bought and re-christened Huntlyburn—who died in 1896, sang the 'Braes of Gleniffer' to his father's neighbour, the new laird of the newly named Abbotsford, and was highly commended for his performance. Another lady of that generation, a sister of Mr Usher's, died but recently. While she sat knitting in her drawing-room in Edinburgh she cast her thoughts back to her childhood's home, and drew out from the past sketches of the renowned Shirra of Selkirk. The old-fashioned spinet she valued had been a present to her and her twin-sister from the Minstrel of the Border. Scott had asked one day, when at Toffield, how his friends the twins were progressing with their musical education, for he had been amused to see the two, so alike in their white dresses and blue sashes, getting initiated into this branch of their studies. Their mother told him they were still far from perfection; and as she objected to small children strumming on her new piano, their

practising was limited. Hearing this, Sir Walter said his girls were now done with the school-room, and he would send over their schoolroom spinet to the twins.

Within the last two years two ladies who also as girls had known Scott have passed away. One, the Hon. Mrs George Edgcumbe, *née* Shelley, had, in 1825, cut a lock of thin white hair from Sir Walter's head when he was breakfasting with her mother in London. 'In return for this keepsake,' Scott says in his diary, 'I stipulated for a kiss, which I was permitted to take.' 'The scene,' says a contributor, writing of Mrs Edgcumbe, 'as described by himself in a few felicitous touches, might (I have often thought) have been made the subject of a painting—"the fine Scottish face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness," bent down in smiling acquiescence as the bright-eyed, sylph-like English girl played the part of an amiable Delilah.' Scott gave this Miss Shelley at Abbotsford a translation of *Ivanhoe* into Italian, along with some valuable hints as to reading, in which history and romance had each their proper part assigned to them. Mrs Edgcumbe lived till 1899. A Mrs Williams, who died as recently as September 1900 in Kirkcaldy, also knew Scott. She had seen many historic and famous persons abroad and at home; but she remembered with peculiar pride how she walked oftentimes alongside Sir Walter in Edinburgh, holding on to the big man's hand; and their Princes Street promenade usually ended in a visit to a bookseller's, where her squire gave her a book.

A Border lady still alive, a Mrs Carmichael, *née* Robertson, recalls, among memories of the neighbourhood of Melrose, a happy, never-to-be-forgotten three weeks' visit she paid to Abbotsford. It was about 1829; and Miss Anne Scott was particularly kind to her child guest, loading her with 'sweeties,' showing her jars of rose-leaves in the drawing-room, and encouraging her to romp indoors as well as on the lawns by Tweedside. Her first recollection of Sir Walter was seeing him seated, with staff and wideawake hat, on a seat in the grounds. His features to her seemed heavy but fresh-coloured, and he had a good brow. Johnny Lockhart (in ill-health) and his sister were there. Loath was the little lass to leave Abbotsford. Anne Scott tried to kiss her departing guest's tears away, while Sir Walter attempted to bribe her to smile by pats and shillings. The child's mother had been given the tartan plaid Lady Scott had worn at the George IV. levee in Edinburgh in 1822; but though this relic has disappeared, the little visitor to Abbotsford still dwells on her happy days spent there during Sir Walter's last days.

There are Border names we never hear but we instantly think of the Shirra at Abbotsford going coursing with his dogs or walking through his plantations meditating on the minstrelsy and

the legends of the epic land, the place where he dispensed justice. By the way, as recently as 1894 there died a Mr Johnstone, Sheriff-Substitute of Selkirk, who recollected Scott in his official capacity on the bench. Tom Purdie was one companion, faithful as the Shirra's dogs, whom we associate with Scott on Tweedside, and Willie Laidlaw is another name suggestive of consultations on literature as well as improvements on the Abbotsford estate. Miss Laidlaw, daughter of his trusty literary amanuensis and grieve, died in 1895; and her sister, Mrs Carruthers, had predeceased her in 1892. The *Inverness Courier* says: 'Miss Laidlaw was born twenty years before Scott's death, and she retained to the last a vivid recollection of the manly figure and kindly greeting of the great novelist. The celebrated desk at which the author of *Waverley* wrote the novels that bear that name was left at his death to Miss Laidlaw's father. She inherited the interesting relic.'

The great Queen and Empress, the most venerated lady in the world, who has entered into her well-won rest, saw Sir Walter, who records: 'I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name. The little lady is educated with much care, and watched so

closely by the Duchess and the principal governesses that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are heir of England." I suspect if we could dissect the little head we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, but does not look as if she would be pretty.' We do not know what the young Princess (who was about ten at the time Sir Walter dined with the Duchess of Kent) thought of the shaggy-browed Sheriff of Selkirk; but we can guess, as she loved simplicity and honesty, she would remember reading these virtues written in Scott's face, for we can glean from the knowledge of those who are our last living links with him that they all agree with the written testimony left by his numerous contemporaries that he was a man whose sunshiny soul and whose genuineness diffused a genial warmth around him. Reading of him, we not only appreciate the legacy his genius and his industry left to us, but we admire the manner he faced his prosperity and poverty, health and sickness, and see in his life—

'Good in all:
In the strength and flush of manhood,
In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old age,
In the superb vistas of death.'

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

By GILBERT STANHOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.



HEN Julius was able to resume his visits to the Court he found it greatly changed in one respect, which was by the close intimacy that now existed between its inhabitants and the Bartlett party.

If, by any chance, Lady Alicia and Mrs Wilton failed to drop in to afternoon tea, Lord George would be sure to walk over with some message from them. To Julius the house seemed never free from 'that crew,' as he disrespectfully entitled them; and even when they were not present the conversation, much to his disgust, was constantly of occult matters and psychic forces.

Mrs Wilton used her utmost powers of persuasion to make a convert of Julius, but she had to give him up as a hopeless sceptic. One day he met Mrs Trevanion driving about the town, and she informed him, with an air of mystery that the subject scarcely seemed to warrant, that she wanted to buy some cane-seated chairs.

'I have seen some very good bent-wood chairs at Dobson's,' Julius told her, 'but I did not notice whether they had cane seats.'

'But that is most essential,' said the old lady. 'I am fitting up a room at the top of the house for *séances*, and the furniture has to be most

carefully chosen. Rose-coloured lamp-shades are considered to have a good influence, and upholstered or wooden chairs are not suitable. Wood is too impenetrable, but cane-seated chairs allow the spiritual influences to pass through quite freely.'

Julius burst into a huge laugh. The impulse was irresistible, and he could not check it even when he saw the offended dignity with which Mrs Trevanion drew herself up when she heard it.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'but it is too funny! On the same principle would you not want a kind of sieve for the floor, and immense nutmeg-graters for the walls or windows?'

'I do not consider it quite a suitable subject for jesting;' and Mrs Trevanion bade him farewell in her most dignified, 'lady-of-the-manor' tone.

Julius was annoyed to find how strong was the hold these people had upon Mrs Trevanion. He feared, for one thing, that they would get money out of her, this 'cause,' like every other, being always in need of funds; but his greatest anxiety was for the injury all the excitement and mystery of the *séances* might have on Effie's sensitive temperament and delicate bodily health.

He took advantage of his professional position to remonstrate seriously with Mrs Trevanion on the subject, but gained nothing for his pains. She almost hinted that professional jealousy was

at the bottom of his dislike to these proceedings—jealousy, as Julius thought to himself with a smile, of the late Dr Simkin K. Peters! For that distinguished physician had been summoned repeatedly from his well-earned rest, and Mrs Trevanion declared that his remedies had done her more good than any other treatment she had ever tried. She did nothing now without consulting the spirits; and their opinions, strangely enough, were usually adverse to Dr Standen, who was rapidly losing his position as chief adviser of the Court household.

Little would he have cared about that if it had not been for Effie; but the knowledge of the involuntary ill he had done her made him doubly gentle and considerate in his treatment of her.

A more exacting lover would have been annoyed at the way Effie temporised and vacillated between her aunt and him, not daring to offend the former, and yet, in her heart, not liking the spiritualism any more than he did.

Altogether, the state of affairs at the Court just now was anything but comfortable, and only a strong sense of duty kept Julius as regular in his visits as before. He tried to get Effie away from her present surroundings as much as possible, and persuaded his father to invite her again for a longer visit; but Mrs Trevanion made so many difficulties about her going that Effie at last, for the sake of peace, gave way.

It was very plain to Julius that Mrs Trevanion was being gradually persuaded to look with disfavour upon the marriage, with the prospect of which she had been at first so well pleased. His suggestions to fix a date for it were always overruled; and though, when he talked to Effie, she admitted the force of his reasoning and promised to be firm, he soon found that after a conversation with her aunt she invariably veered round again and submitted to her decision.

Mrs Trevanion was not the only convert the Bartlett party had made. Mrs Wilton seemed to possess wonderful powers of persuasion and the gift of bringing round bitter opponents to her own point of view. Then, too, the spiritualist party was reinforced by additions from town and from other parts of the country. Queer-looking people came and established themselves in lodgings in or near the village, and Penruth soon became a hotbed of manifestations, materialisations, and the like, or, as their own organs put it, a centre of light and leading.

Mrs Trevanion, by right of her social position, was the queen of the circle, and received as much adulation and deference as even her heart could desire.

One evening when Julius Standen was expected at the Court he was detained by a bad case and arrived late. The butler, on opening the door to him, informed him that the ladies had gone over to the Lodge, and begged him to follow, for which purpose a dog-cart was awaiting his arrival.

The portly functionary had a good deal of the stolid immovability of his class, but Julius noted the contemptuous curl of the lip with which the former spoke of the Bartlett party, and he could form a pretty good guess as to how 'these 'ere rum goings-on' would be discussed in the servants' hall. At the same time the butler handed Julius a note from Effie, in which she entreated her lover to do violence to his inclinations, and come up to the Lodge, just this once, to please her.

Julius felt more than half-inclined to refuse, but his good nature prevailed; only he resolved to solace himself first with a quiet smoke in the veranda, so as to shorten the time he would have to spend at the Bartletts'.

He regretted his weakness in consenting to come as soon as he reached the Lodge, for he found Lord George awaiting him alone in the drawing-room.

'The ladies have retired upstairs for a *séance* of a mysterious character,' said his host. 'I have let them know you are here, and I dare say they will be down presently. Meanwhile, what say you to a whisky-and-soda?'

Julius declined on the plea of having dined so recently, and the two men, who had very little in common, passed a dreary twenty minutes in desultory chat.

Standen noticed a good deal of difference in the other's attire; he looked much neater and sprucer than when he first came to Penruth. His rather wispy hair was more carefully arranged, his linen was whiter and glossier, and his clothes of better make. It seemed as if a more prosperous era had dawned for Lord George Bartlett.

At last the faint tinkle of a bell was heard from above.

'Shall we go up and see if the ladies will now permit us to join them?' asked Lord George.

Julius willingly assented. Spooks and astral bodies, he thought, could hardly be worse company than Lord George.

Julius had never ventured into the upper regions of the Lodge before. Several attics or lumber-rooms had been thrown into one large apartment, which was set apart for the mysteries, and which covered the whole of the upper floor with the exception of a passage, screened off from the rest by an Eastern screen of curious workmanship, and hung with heavy silk which emitted a peculiar perfume. This passage led to a dormer-window; and Standen, on whom Lord George had enjoined silence, walked up to it and leaned his head out, gazing into the starry summer night.

From the adjoining room a thin vapour penetrated the screen and rose to the ceiling, and he could hear the low, monotonous wail of some strange musical instrument. The clear, pure air outside seemed a pleasant and wholesome antidote to this 'unhealthy mummery,' as he characterised it.

Again their resounded a faint tinkle.

'Look here, Standen,' whispered Lord George suddenly, 'and tell me if you have ever seen such a curious mirror as this.'

He led him up to a small diamond-shaped frame that was fixed in the screen about the level of his head.

The instant Standen looked into it, a blinding light fell full upon his face. He staggered back, and when he could see again a thick, dark curtain filled the middle of the frame.

'A mirror, do you call it?' he asked rather angrily; 'it's more like a flash of lightning in one's eyes!'

'It certainly was more vivid than usual,' Lord George admitted. 'The atmosphere must be full of electricity to-night.'

'Ah! you do use electricity, then, in your manifestations?'

'This is something quite apart from our spirit manifestations,' the other replied; 'this is merely a scientific toy.'

'Oh, indeed! But did we not come up to join the ladies?'

'I will knock at the door and ask if we may be admitted now,' said Lord George; but just as he was about to apply his knuckles to it, the door opened and Mrs Wilton came out.

'Ah, Dr Standen,' she said in a very low voice, 'how good of you to come! But I will not ask you in here; I know these manifestations are not to your taste, and we are all coming downstairs now. Will you give me your arm?'

Julius could not but comply, and they went down, followed, as he believed, by all the party; but when they reached the drawing-room only Mrs Trevanion and Lord George came in after them.

Mrs Trevanion greeted him with marked coldness.

'Effie asks me to apologise for her,' she said; 'a very bad headache has come on, and she has gone to lie down. Lady Alicia is with her.'

Julius was feeling decidedly ruffled at the very scant courtesy with which he was treated.

'I think,' he protested, 'that, in my capacity as

medical man, I might be better able to suggest something for her relief than even Lady Alicia.'

'I am sorry,' replied Mrs Trevanion in her iciest tone; 'but Effie particularly requested that she should not be disturbed.'

Julius shrugged his shoulders. Later on, when he and Mrs Trevanion were standing rather apart from the rest, he said:

'I think this headache of Effie's goes to prove my contention that these meetings are doing her real harm.'

'Not at all. She learned something to-night that has rather upset her; but she would have had to know it sooner or later.'

'Learned something? From whom? Ah! from your spirits, you mean?'

'You need not speak in such a contemptuous tone about spirits. But doctors are always, by reason of their trade, inclined to be materialistic and sceptical. Half of you are atheists at heart.'

'I am no atheist. I do not find it so difficult to believe in the truths of revealed religion as to swallow all that the spiritualists assert about their power to summon from their rest the spirits of the great departed. However, it is useless to argue. If Effie is not to appear again to-night, and if you do not need my escort home, I think I had better take my leave;' and unheeding a few faint protests from Mrs Wilton and his host, he said good-bye and went off.

The events of that evening made him feel more than ever bent on rescuing Effie from these influences. The next day he wrote strongly worded appeals to both Effie and her aunt, and to Mrs Trevanion he added a caution:

'I have no blind prejudice against spiritualists as such,' he wrote; 'with regard to ghosts and visions I keep an open mind, not considering myself competent to decide off-hand whether such things exist or not. But what I contend is, that these people at the Lodge are unscrupulous cheats, who are probably scheming for some purpose of their own, and I earnestly warn you to beware of them.'

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A REVOLUTION IN THE COLOMBIAN REPUBLIC.

By G. KENNEDY CHRYSTIE.



WHEN I accepted an appointment at a South American gold-mine, I little dreamed of the stirring adventure I was destined to meet with on my arrival in the Colombian Republic.

I said good-bye to England's shores on the 5th of July 1900; and it was on the voyage out, while pacing the deck one evening with the captain, that I first became aware that I might have some exciting experiences, if not

actual adventures, on landing. We had been talking of the war in South Africa and the serious state of affairs in China, and discussing as to what might be their outcome.

'It seems to me,' said the captain, 'that the whole world is in a state of turmoil. With wars and rumours of wars here and elsewhere, it's enough to make a man think the end of the world is near, if he cared to accept the Bible theory as fact. Why, even out here in Colombia

there's one continual civil warfare! Ever since I first began running out to this part of the globe—and that's a good many years ago now—revolution has followed revolution almost as rapidly as the shots from a Maxim gun!

I felt interested. Before leaving England my firm had referred casually to these revolutions, and had informed me that they were sending out with me half-a-dozen cases of Marlin rifles and ammunition (described as 'small machinery and parts'), as they thought it advisable that their men at the mines should have a few rifles beside them; they might be useful at times when the bullion was being escorted down to the coast. I remembered, too, having once or twice read in the newspapers short accounts of these disturbances; but I had attached little importance to them, as they consisted of only a few lines stuck in out-of-the-way corners of the papers. The captain's remarks, however, conveyed the idea that the state of affairs was more serious than I had imagined.

'You interest me very much, captain,' I said. 'Are these risings really serious, then?'

'Some of them, yes—for us; they affect shipping considerably. Why, the last time we were in Colon, the Government and the rebels were having a scrape only a few miles from the port. The Revolutionists, in fact, were driving the Government slowly upon Panama, and fears were entertained that the town would sooner or later fall into the rebels' hands. They outnumbered the Government troops considerably, and had been fighting for several months. The most serious row of all, though,' he added, 'was the Revolution of 1884, when Colon was razed to the ground; but this latest outbreak promises to be even worse.'

My interest was now thoroughly aroused, and I determined that when we reached Colon I would, if possible, see something of the fighting.

To reach my ultimate destination—the mines—my route was across the isthmus from Colon to Panama by train, and from thence a journey for twenty-four hours or so by launch along the Pacific coast. On leaving the launch my travels into the interior on mule-back would take two days, or longer if the roads were bad. Being the wet season, the chances were that they would be bad, and the fords perhaps impassable for several hours if the river happened to be in flood. Yes, there promised, at least, to be some little excitement; but in my heart I hoped for more.

At ten o'clock on Sunday evening, 22nd July, we dropped anchor in the harbour of Colon. It was too late an hour to go alongside the wharf with any degree of safety; therefore at the moment we cast anchor a rocket shot up from our vessel, and the loud report as it exploded announced our arrival.

The brilliant glare of the rocket immediately lit up the harbour, and revealed a warship riding

at anchor a little distance off. This, we thought, looked ominous; but when half-an-hour later a boat came alongside, with an inquiry if we had brought Government reinforcements, we knew that affairs must be really in a bad state. The inquiry being answered in the negative, exclamations of disappointment and a number of '*Carambas!*' were heard. Then we were informed that a thousand troops were expected from Barranquilla—that, in fact, they were considerably overdue.

At daylight the following morning we weighed anchor, and proceeded towards the wharf. The warship we had noticed the previous night proved to be the French ship *Suchet*, which we supposed was looking after the interests of any of her countrymen who might be there in connection with De Lesseps' fatal scheme, the Panama Canal.

As soon as we had moored alongside, the steamship's agent came on board, and he soon verified my opinion that the revolution was very serious. A few days before, he told me, a Government force had been defeated within two miles of Panama, and had retreated upon the town. Many prominent people, sympathisers of the Government, had locked up their stores and houses in Panama and come across to Colon, fearful as to what might be their fate were they now to fall into the hands of the rebels. From one of these people I learned that several hundreds of Revolutionists had some weeks ago joined hands with the advancing rebel forces, thereby strengthening them considerably; and their approach on Panama had been the cause of a great deal of excitement and concern.

On 19th July this advance-guard of the Revolutionists had arrived at Corozal, and had met a small Government force. An engagement followed, and the regulars fell back on the main body, which had taken up positions on the outskirts of the city. These troops, at most, numbered only five hundred, while the rebels had nearly three times that number; and unless reinforcements arrived speedily Panama was almost certain to fall. A few days before, one of the Panama railroad trains, suspected of carrying Government reinforcements, was fired upon by the rebels, who riddled its cars and blew off the cow-catcher.

At last I should see some excitement, and perchance come in for an adventure or two on the way! I must get to Panama as soon as possible, and see as much as I could. I inquired if the trains went through as usual, or if they had stopped running. I was told that they went through as usual—two trains a day, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon; but passengers travelled at their own risk.

I told the captain that I intended going on at once; but both he and the ship's agent advised me to wait a few days, or at any rate to wire to my company's agent in Panama, and ask him if it were advisable to go on or to remain in Colon, as, in addition to the fighting, the town of Panama

was full of yellow-fever, and the ships were taking no passengers.

But my mind was made up. 'You see,' I told them gravely, 'my time only counts from the day I report myself in Panama; and if I have to wait for the fighting to finish, or the yellow-jack to play itself out, I might be hung up here for an indefinite time, and that wouldn't suit me at all.'

Even had I been disposed to telegraph to my company's agent I could not have done so, for I learned that the wires had either broken down or been cut that very morning. This being so, I must decide for myself whether to remain in Colon or go on to Panama. I decided on the latter course, but, in case of accidents, left behind me in Colon my personal baggage, also the rifles and ammunition which had been sent out with me from England. Even 'small machinery and parts' are likely to get one into trouble sometimes, and I had no desire to be accused of attempting to smuggle in contraband of war. These could come on afterwards when things had settled down a little.

I did not, however, leave Colon till the following morning at eight o'clock, by train which was due to arrive in Panama at half-past eleven. The distance being only forty-seven miles, I thought that three and a half hours was a pretty liberal allowance of time to perform it in; but record-breaking is not a feature of the Panama railroad.

A steamer from New York had arrived during the night, with half-a-dozen passengers for various Pacific ports, and these were also going right through to Panama by the early train. Discovering that the passengers knew nothing of the state of affairs, I told them as much as I had ascertained. I soon aroused their interest, and it certainly was not lessened as we left each station behind. One hour, then two, passed without any unusual incident. Surely we must soon hear the sound of shooting? Another half-hour went by, and then from the direction of Panama came the unmistakable sounds of firing, and out went our heads from the windows of the car. Louder and louder became the sounds, and ere long we knew that severe fighting must be in progress, as the firing went on without intermission, and now and then there reached us, above the volleys of the rifles, sounds which told us of artillery in action. We could not be any great distance from Panama by this time; but so far we had seen nothing. The fighting must be right on the outskirts of the city.

Suddenly, rounding a curve in the line, the Panama Canal Company's hospitals came in sight on the side of a hill to the right, and at the same moment we saw a long row of trenches along the railway bank, crowded with troops.

'Good gracious,' shouted some one, 'they are firing right across the track!'

Now for it! The next moment we were running the gauntlet of a hot fire on both sides. Involun-

tarily half of our number threw themselves on the floor of the car as the bullets whistled past us, shattering the woodwork and sending a shower of splinters in all directions. A short distance from where I was standing a man was shot through the forehead, and fell dead at my feet. Never shall I forget the sight as long as I live. My head seemed to spin round, and I clutched the back of one of the seats for support; then, as the bullets still whistled around us, I let myself drop to the floor as the others had done. The bullets still rattled through the open windows above our heads, and half-a-dozen times at least parts of the woodwork were shattered all over the car. In another minute I felt the train slowing up; and, passing under a bridge, we were brought up in the station.

My head was still spinning uncomfortably as I staggered out on to the platform, followed by the other passengers. Although we were out of the line of fire, we could hear the patter of bullets against the corrugated-iron roofing of the station, and the smash of glass all around us.

I stood up and looked round me, but for an instant only. Bullets, whose song as they whizzed past and overhead was of the Remington-Mausers, were rather too plentiful for comfort—if one had a conceit for his health. Then for the first time I became aware that my wrist was bleeding. One of the splinters must have struck me in the train, causing a nasty wound; but in the excitement I had not noticed it.

I made for the cover of the station; but my American companions had hurried into the street, and were rushing wildly in the direction of the town. The sudden and tragic death of their countryman had unnerved them, as indeed it had unnerved me, and they were endeavouring to get away from the scene of disaster as quickly as possible.

The best and only thing to be done, I thought, was to notify the railway officials of what had occurred, if they happened to be in the station. At that moment the conductor of the train came in hurriedly, and I explained to him. He said I had better report it upstairs; so he led the way, and soon I was relating my sad story to the officials. Nothing could be done at present, they said, and the body must remain where it was until the firing had ceased. What on earth had induced us, they asked me, to come that way at such a time? I confessed that my object had been to see something of the fight; but I admitted that my first experience of it had been rather warmer than I had anticipated.

'Well,' said one, 'you've already seen a little. Up here you'll see more, I guess.'

I did see more of it. There, upon the railway bridge, stood about a hundred of the Government troops, who held it against a strong attacking force of the Revolutionists. The position of the Government troops was a strong one, and they

held it easily. Their trenches extended to the left of the bridge for some four hundred or five hundred yards, while two Hotchkiss guns commanded the bridge, and a third commanded a hill behind the trenches. The guns on the bridge, I learned, were worked by an American artilleryman in the pay of the Government, who had been through a good deal of the Cuban campaign, and had fought well at Santiago. He it was who had conducted the Government retreat from Corozal; and he it was who, together with General Carlos Alban, had been instrumental in throwing up these trenches; so that by the time the Revolutionary forces had advanced from Corozal the defences had been long completed.

Early that morning the outskirts of the city of Panama were reached, and the firing commenced from their positions in front of the trenches. These had been constructed along a line running from Trujillo to Guachapali and the bridge over the railroad, and thence along Pueblo Nuevo and the La Boca road, to La Boca. About eight o'clock in the morning the Revolutionists advanced on the beach from the direction of Pena Prieta, and the Government troops opened fire from the Trujillo. The return of the fire by the rebels subjected the city to a storm of bullets, causing considerable damage to property, and killing and wounding several civilians. So I had arrived in time to see the rebels making a desperate onslaught upon the trenches and the bridge.

In the officials' quarters they had protected their windows—those most likely to be in the line of fire—with strong double sheets of iron, small spaces between the sheets enabling them to see clearly what was going on outside at a minimum of risk.

As I have said, I was just in time to see the Revolutionists attempt to storm the bridge and trenches in the face of a deadly fire with a bravery that one would scarcely expect in men who looked far more like a huge army of ill-kept Italian organ-grinders than soldiers. These rebels wore high semi-conical straw hats with a big brim, and were in most cases barefooted; but their pluck and dash were unquestionable.

The attack seemed to be directed chiefly upon the railway bridge. Time after time did the Revolutionists' cavalry attempt to carry the position; but the American gunner with his Hotchkiss guns played havoc in their ranks, as also did a sweeping cross-fire from the trenches, and time after time the rebels were repulsed. The Government troops showed no less pluck. Once, indeed, with the enemy only a few yards from their trenches, they kept their places; but finally they charged and drove them back with severe loss. In that charge—which took place in Caledonia, near the bridge—amongst others, Don Juan Arosemena, Temistocles Dias, and Juan Antonio Mendoza, prominent leaders of the Revolutionists, fell. Hundreds of dead and wounded men, horses,

and mules lay in and around the Caledonia Road; but the losses on the Government side were but slight.

The idea of a flanking movement never seemed to enter the heads of the rebels; if it did, they made no such attempt. Every time the attack was frontal. The accounts I had read but a few months before of the slaughter of our own Highlanders at Magersfontein came back to mind, and I realised how terrible must have been their task; for here it was clearly shown (though on a much smaller scale) that determined men entrenched and holding good positions could withstand frontal attacks from twice, or even thrice, their number.

The American artilleryman had smashed up the Revolutionists' artillery—only two solitary pieces—hours before; and, with at least three hundred men out of action, it could not be said that the rebels were getting the best of it. The small body of Government troops had held their own, and held it well, against an army that had originally outnumbered them by three to one.

Towards evening the firing ceased, and an armistice was arranged to bury the dead and attend to the wounded; and, at the requisition of the Government, the captain of H.M.S. *Leander*, which was then lying in the bay, promptly sent a surgeon and over one hundred ambulance-men to tend the wounded, and very valuable assistance they rendered. The surgeon of the French warship *Suchet*, who was in Panama, also gave his aid. Several foreigners in the town, the railway officials, and myself also assisted in carrying in the wounded. While several of the dead were buried, quite two hundred were laid in the small thatched-roofed houses scattered about the battlefield.

Before noon on Wednesday the fighting was resumed, and continued during the afternoon till sunset, when the Government forces made a gallant sortie, and drove the enemy—who had, as on the previous day, devoted their energies to the storming of the bridge—as far as San Miguel. Firing went on at intervals throughout the night, until half-past four on Thursday morning, when General Campo Serrano and the long-expected Government reinforcements arrived, and detrained right behind the Revolutionists, whose retreat was thus cut off.

Shortly after daylight on Thursday, 26th July, the rebel forces capitulated on condition that an amnesty be granted to all political offenders. This was agreed to by Generals Campo Serrano and Carlos Alban, and the Revolutionists—numbering nearly a thousand—surrendered, with their arms and ammunition. The killed and wounded on both sides amounted to about seven hundred, but quite four-fifths of this number were Revolutionists.

The American gunner was rather badly wounded in the leg; but, in spite of this and a bad attack of fever, he stuck to his guns till the end; and

there is no doubt that the honour of the Government victory was largely due to him.

For the relief of the wounded on both sides the surgeon and ambulance corps of the *Leander* worked splendidly. Indeed, had they been tending their own countrymen they could not have behaved more kindly. The dead were crowded into the houses round about, and arrangements made for their cremation, which, on account of the yellow-fever then very prevalent in the town, was considered the safest means of disposing of them.

At the Grand Central Hotel I met my fellow-travellers of a few days before. They had not yet recovered from the shock of the death of their countryman, who, by the way, had been conveyed to one of the hotels during the armistice of Tuesday night for burial the following morning. They told me that on the day they had rushed out of the station they had taken a road leading to the beach, but even there bullets kept dropping around them. Launching a boat, they had pulled out into the bay, and sweltered under the hot sun till evening; then, taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities, they came ashore, tired and sick.

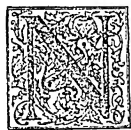
I visited the battlefield on the following Sunday morning, for the purpose of taking photographs, and found the work of cremation was still going on.

The odour at times, when the wind blew in my direction, was sadly oppressive; but when one visits the scene of a stiff battle that has been fought but a couple of days before, and the slain are being burnt, one must not be too fastidious.

There was scarcely a house that did not bear testimony to the recent fighting, and the railway station had suffered as much as any of them, one of the signal-boxes being smashed to pieces. In one house near the battlefield a pitiful sight was seen. A man had barricaded himself in, with his wife and four children; but as the fragile walls had offered little or no resistance to the terrible Mauser bullets, his wife had been killed by one of them. When discovered, the wretched man was almost a maniac; his children, in the agony of fear, clinging about his neck and body like the serpents round Laocœon.

In the earlier days of the fight, when at one time the downfall of Panama seemed inevitable, one of the Government generals had cleared out on board the English man-of-war, together with other Government officials. Learning a few days later that his side was more than holding its own, he promptly returned; and, being charged with cowardice, he seized a rifle and jumped into the trenches, where he fought side by side with the men he should have commanded.

AN OLD FLORENTINE CUSTOM.



One who has been in Florence during the Easter season can fail to have witnessed the strange ceremony which on Holy Saturday takes place in the Cathedral Square, and which is known as *Lo Scoppio del Carro*, or the Explosion of the Car. Early in the morning a huge black chariot or car, gaily decked out with innumerable squibs or fireworks in the form of pink-and-white flowers, and surmounted by a large triumphal crown, is drawn up before the great central door of the Cathedral. The car is connected with the high altar by a stout wire running right up the long nave; and punctually as twelve o'clock strikes the figure of a dove, to which is attached a blazing squib, is sent down the wire from the altar. By means of it the fireworks on the car are ignited; and, amidst the noise of exploding crackers and the joyful clanging of the Cathedral bells, the dove is drawn back to the altar. Its course is watched with breathless interest not only by strangers from all parts, but by great crowds of peasants from the surrounding country, for upon the proper descent and return of the dove depends—so they believe—the success of the coming harvest. When, then—as this year was fortunately the case—everything works smoothly, there is great rejoicing; and it is amidst general signs

of satisfaction that four magnificent white oxen from the dairy-farm in the Cascine are yoked to the car, and drag it off to the Via del Proconsolo, where the remaining fireworks are let off.

It is not easy to discover what is the true origin and meaning of this strange custom, which, however he may inwardly smile at it, no true Florentine would for a moment think of discontinuing; but, according to a humble fly-leaf sold for a sou in the Piazza during the proceedings, the popular belief is somewhat to the following effect:

A certain Pazzo or Pazzino of the Pazzi, the head of an old Florentine family, who had accompanied Godfrey of Bouillon on his Crusade to the Holy Land, succeeded in being the first to set foot on the walls of Jerusalem, and in planting there the Christian *veixillum* or banner. Godfrey, anxious to reward the prowess of this brave soldier, encircled his brow with a mural crown, granted him a coat-of-arms composed of five crosses and two dolphins, and presented him with three stones from the Holy Sepulchre. When, accordingly, Pazzo returned to Florence, he entered the city in great state, seated on a magnificent car, of which that now in use is believed to be only a reproduction; while the three stones were carefully preserved as the source whence the Holy Fire might be drawn for the

faithful at Easter. But alas for the popular belief! For, as our voracious chronicler goes on to point out, is it not the case that at the time referred to neither mural crowns nor triumphs were any longer in use; that the stones of the Holy Sepulchre were calcareous and not siliceous, as are those still preserved in the Church of the SS. Apostoli; and, finally, that the car which was in use at the ceremony up till 1690 was not adorned, like the new one that in that year took its place, with pictures of the exploits of any Pazzi whatsoever in Palestine!

We must fall back, therefore, according to this same authority, on a simpler but more voracious origin for the custom. And the suggestion that is made is, that a certain member of the Pazzi family did succeed in bringing back with him from Palestine three holy stones, not, however, from the Sepulchre, but gathered on the Mount of Olives, with which popular fancy came to associate the production of the Holy Fire; and

that in order to assist in its distribution to the faithful the Pazzi had a great car made, so constructed as to carry lighted candles at the sides, torches at the corners, and on the summit a great brazier of fire. No mention is made of the part the dove now plays in the proceedings, or of the important influence its movements may have upon the coming season; but these, after all, are details which the imagination or pious fancy of each onlooker may fill up for himself, if, as may very well be doubted, he ever troubles himself about the origin of the practice at all.

The interesting thing is that a practice, which consists principally in the explosion of fireworks in broad daylight, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral, and which is actually part of a religious service (for it follows immediately upon High Mass and the beautiful ceremony of the blessing of the water in the ancient Baptistry), should have lingered on so long in so enlightened a city as Florence.

LODGING-HOUSES, OLD AND NEW.



FROM Dickens's 'threepenny rope' up to the West End hotels was, in Dickens's day, a very long ladder in the lodging-house way. It is even a much longer ladder in our day, and there are more spokes in it. At the top end of it hotel accommodation has gone up immensely in its range, while at the other end, although we no longer have exactly the 'threepenny rope,' we have in many places the twopenny and penny beds of the Salvation Army and the free night's shelter of such institutions as Medland Hall.

It used to be an unbroken gradation all the way up; but in 1851 an act of Parliament cut the ladder in two, and dropped the lower half down to the designation of 'common lodging-houses,' thus definitely marking them off from the lodging-houses that are not 'common,' and from the boarding-houses and hotels above. Since 1851 the worst of common lodging-houses have not been quite what they formerly were in any of our large centres of population. Until that year there had been no legal regulation at all for these places. Any kind of house took in all sorts of people, young and old, male and female, beggars and thieves, blind fiddlers and costermongers, tramps and 'highfliers,' hawkers and chimney-sweeps, paper-boys and flower-girls, street-sweepers and broken-down actors. All comers would be taken in, and might sleep as they could. There were many lodging-houses in London in which the beds were mere heaps of rags, filthy and verminous beyond description, but which always filled up as night came on, and in the winter-time, at least, were usually packed.

A house containing seven small rooms has been found to have taken in sixty adults, besides any number of children. A parlour measuring eighteen feet by ten feet has been described as having its floor covered with beds of straw, with rags and shavings, and having twenty-seven adult inmates, male and female, thirty-one children, and several dogs, air and light being systematically excluded. Another room, twelve feet by ten feet, was found to have six beds on the floor, and in these six beds were thirty-two sleepers of all sorts. Such places were not rare exceptions; they were very common indeed. Anybody could keep a lodging-house under any conditions he pleased; and, though there were some better managed than others, they were most of them the resort of thieves and prostitutes, of the drunken and the dissolute, of the desperate and reckless, and their moral and physical atmosphere was simply pestilential. In many cases the keepers of such places were people of the worst possible character—bullies and thieves and the accomplices in every sort of rascality. Their houses were often specially provided with facilities for concealing stolen property, and for enabling thieves to get away in the event of the police putting in an appearance. No sooner would an officer appear at the front door than a signal would be given, and a common 'kitchen' full of people would be instantly cleared. The inmates would disappear, as was described by one who had witnessed it, just as swarms of cockroaches in a dark room vanish the moment a light is brought in.

The Common Lodging-houses Act of 1851 put these places everywhere under the inspection of the local authorities, whom it empowered to make

such regulations as might be thought desirable ; and since then all sorts of moral and physical evils have been very much abated. No person can now keep a common lodging-house who cannot give satisfactory evidence of respectable character. There must be no harbouring of thieves or receiving of stolen property. Proper separation of sexes must be made. Only a strictly limited number of lodgers can be taken in. The premises must be duly inspected, approved, and registered. Notice must be given of any infectious or contagious illness. An adequate water-supply must be provided, every part of the premises must be kept clean, and twice a year the walls and ceilings must be whitewashed. Moreover, all such places are liable to constant inspection, and anything found seriously amiss may involve heavy fine and forfeiture of license.

Under this stringent public control all common lodging-houses have been much improved, and some of the best of them have now buildings specially set up for the purpose, and very well managed. Till very recently, however, they have all been run for the sole and simple purpose of getting out of them all the profit they could be made to yield ; and though the improvement has been immense, they have still remained, even the best of them, very dreary and depressing 'homes,' presenting much that is sickening in its degradation, and repulsive in their squalid destitution of everything necessary for real comfort, or of everything tending to improvement and civilisation.

Of late years, however, philanthropists have been recognising the vital importance of home conditions ; and among other efforts to improve these conditions, attempts have been made entirely to remodel the common lodging-house. Twenty years ago and more Mr Robert Burns led the way in Glasgow, and since then London and Southampton, Manchester, Liverpool, and one or two other places, have followed this very successful lead in providing really good lodging-houses for the poorest of those able to pay anything at all.

London at the present time affords the finest examples of what may be done in this way, and seems to have awakened an interest in the subject not only in most of the great towns in the kingdom, but on the Continent and in America. It was reckoned a year or two back there were in the Metropolis five hundred and ninety-three common lodging-houses, sheltering somewhere about twenty thousand people—men, women, and children. Up till 1893 all these places in London were of the old type, improved as we have seen, but run entirely for profit. For some time before that, however, two movements had been set on foot for combining philanthropy and 5 per cent.—or something near it ; and the London County Council and Lord Rowton set about practical experiment at about the same time. The London County Council spent twenty-two thousand pounds

in putting up in a very crowded neighbourhood of central London a lodging-house containing three hundred and twenty-four beds, each in its own cubicle. The charge at first was fivepence a night for a clean and comfortable bed, the use of a large and well-appointed day-room, a good fire, apparatus for cooking food, and excellent accommodation for personal cleanliness and for washing clothes. Hundreds flocked in to take advantage of this institution from the first, and it has always filled well. It was soon found, however, that rather too much money had been spent for the number accommodated. It was essential that the place should pay all its expenses, a small interest on capital, and so much a year to a sinking-fund as would extinguish the outlay in fifty years. In order to do this with three hundred and twenty-four beds it was found necessary to raise the charge to sixpence a night.

The other scheme had already got in advance of this, and at the time of the opening of the County Council institution the first of the Rowton Houses had been opened and had already proved a decided success. This scheme had been elaborated by Lord Rowton and Sir Richard Farrant. Lord Rowton was better known at one time as Mr Montagu Corry, private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield. He is a man of just over sixty years of age, of pleasant bearing and kindly disposition, and he very shrewdly conceived the idea that capital might easily make a safe 5 per cent. and do an immense amount of good by setting up model lodging-houses in various parts of London. This enterprise has now become a limited liability company ; but its inception was Lord Rowton's, and it was he who found and risked the necessary capital of thirty thousand pounds. He had the good fortune to secure the co-operation of Sir Richard Farrant, the chairman or vice-chairman and managing director of two or three companies that have been engaged for many years past in setting up labourers', artisans', and middle-class dwellings. He had thus acquired a great amount of experience ; and he and Lord Rowton certainly managed to set up in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall the finest model common lodging-house London or any other place had ever seen. A 'common lodging-house' it was generally called, but when the writer of this once used the expression in conversation with Sir Richard Farrant, he was promptly pulled up.

'They are not common lodging-houses,' said the practical genius of this movement, with well-feigned severity. 'No, certainly not ; they are poor men's hotels. Every inmate has his own sleeping apartment. They have no dormitories in common. Do you suppose we would have our beautiful places daubed over with whitewash twice a year? No ; they are just as much hotels as Claridge's or the Metropole.'

There are three of these places actually going now, and a fourth will shortly be opened. The

first, at Vauxhall, started in 1893, contains four hundred and seventy-five beds; the second, in the neighbourhood of King's Cross, six hundred and seventy-seven; the third, close to Mr Spurgeon's Tabernacle in Newington Butts, eight hundred and five beds; and the new one in course of erection at Hammersmith will be of about the same size. All these 'hotels' of course differ in details. They have to be adapted to their positions and to the land available, and cannot all be set up on the same plan; but they have their main characteristics in common.

The newest completed Rowton House is the one at Newington Butts. It is a good, substantial, dark-red brick building, with an ornamental frontage two hundred and fourteen feet long overlooking a small public pleasure-ground. Its eight hundred and five beds each occupy a separate 'cubicle' having its own external window. Six stories of these tiny bedrooms, each complete in itself, are arranged right and left of corridors running round three sides of a parallelogram enclosing a courtyard fifty-eight feet wide, and open at the south-east end so as to admit sunlight to every bedroom window in the house, for 'where the sun does not come, the doctor does.' Each cubicle is provided with an iron bedstead fitted with wire-woven mattresses, a horsehair mattress and bolster, blankets, sheets, and quilt, and each is provided with a chair, shelf, and clothes-trunk. A man can lie here snug, clean, and comfortable, and in complete privacy, for sixpence a night; and on turning out in the morning he will find on the floors below, and in the basement of the building, comforts and conveniences, luxuries and indulgences, not always to be found in hotels of considerable pretensions. There are the most complete and luxurious lavatories and bath-rooms, feet-washing accommodation, and dressing-rooms. There is a shop on the premises where good food, cooked or uncooked, can be purchased at low prices. There is a scullery lined with ivory-glazed bricks, and elaborately fitted up with enamelled sinks, plate-racks, teak drainage-boards, and hot and cold water supply, and well provided with crockery and cooking utensils free to all inmates. There is a dining-room with a floor-space of five thousand three hundred superficial feet, and iron-framed, teak-topped tables at which four hundred and forty men can dine at once. In recesses of this great room there are four cooking-ranges with ovens, hot-plates, and grills, and plenty of boiling water. Those who prefer to cook their own food can prepare it in the adjoining scullery, bring it to one of these ranges, and from there to the tables.

Apart from meals and cookery there is a fine smoking-room, which, like the dining-room, is ornamented by a high dado of cream and chocolate tinted glazed bricks and by excellent pictures on the walls. There are glazed faience mantels

and overmantels, beneath which in winter-time two good fires send out a cheerful glow; and there are seats and tables for about one hundred men. Besides a sitting-room there is a bright and beautiful reading-room, with pictures on the walls and well-filled bookcases, and magazines and papers on the tables. There are many other features of the place well worth notice if space permitted—lifts and larders, linen-rooms and blanket-rooms, an open-air smoking lounge, locker-rooms, with a locker small or large for every inmate, fumigating and drying rooms, a lodgers' wash-house, a barber's shop, a tailor's shop, a shoe-maker's shop, a parcel-room, a boot-cleaning room, tables for brushing clothes, and so on. Every conceivable requirement of the people for whom the places are mainly intended seems to have been thought of; and Sir Richard Farrant is entirely right when he insists upon it that they are poor men's hotels. They are bright and beautiful institutions, clean, cheerful, and healthy; and the only depressing feature in connection with them are many of those to be found there. It is another illustration of the familiar couplet:

Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

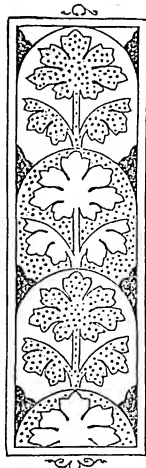
It is the poor, broken-down, degraded, ne'er-do-well sort of people who get in here that present the only phase of sadness; and even they are what they are, to a very large extent, because of the vile and wretched surroundings in which they have been brought up. These new lodging-houses—though they are no substitute for a comfortable private home—are a splendid advance, and cannot fail to exert an immense influence for good. Compared with the sort of thing to be found before the beneficent act of 1851, they represent order and civilisation as compared with chaos and savagery; and since it is now certain that they may be made to yield 5 per cent., the movement will no doubt be extended indefinitely.

In the interval between the writing and the publication of this article the great Hammersmith lodging-house alluded to—the fourth of the Rowton Houses—has been opened, and a fifth has been put in hand in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

SOME sing of sunny climes, and cloudless blue
Of bright Italian skies; but not less fair,
Methinks, an English landscape, when the air—
Veiled in a 'comely cloud' in season due,
With just a glint of sunshine peeping through—
Gives promise of soft showers, what time the glare
Of summer heats has made the pastures bare,
And earth is thirsting for Heaven's boon anew.
How sweet to hear the first drops plashing fall
Through the cooled air on drooping leaves and flowers,
And feel revival shed o'er great and small!
New buds, which else had perished, spring to birth.
So grow new virtues in man's tearful hours,
Which had been seared by constant joys of earth.

J. E. P.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

S O N O R A.

By GRENVILLE HOLMS.

BOUNDED on the north by the gray alkali deserts of Arizona, on the west by the blue isle-studded Gulf of California, on the south by the dense tangled jungles of Sinaloa, and on the east by the towering highlands of Chihuahua, lies the state of Sonora, which, although forming only about a tenth part of Mexico, contains very nearly the same number of square miles as England and Scotland together. A woefully scant population, rather less than that of the county of Fife, is scattered up and down this vast area.

Here and there—the ‘here’ may be many leagues distant from the ‘there’—an oasis of semi-cultivated land, raggedly beautiful with loaded orange-trees and patches of cane-brake, springs up in startling contrast with the surrounding desert, where only the many-armed cactus, the warlike Spanish bayonet, and the maguey flourish. The giant cactus often arises in its hairy monstrosity to a height of fully fifteen feet, presenting with its multiple branches an appearance not unlike a grotesque vegetable candelabrum.

Many people at first sight mistake the beautiful flowers of the spiky Spanish bayonet for tuberoses, which they closely resemble both in colour, shape, odour, and size. In California the tall stalk shooting from the centre of the bristling bayonets often bears as many as two thousand of these exquisite flowers; but in Sonora one seldom finds a flowering specimen.

The maguey—pronounced *ma-way*—is perhaps better known under the name of the century-plant. Popular opinion has it that this genus of aloe flowers only once in a hundred years; but popular opinion in this case, as in so many others, is seriously at fault, for the maguey brings forth its blossom at least every six years.

On the east coast and in the central provinces of Mexico a drink called *pulque* is made from the sap of the maguey, each plant in its flowering season yielding roughly about a gallon of sap a

day. The sap undergoes a process of quick fermentation, and is then ready for sale as *pulque*, a viscous, whitish liquor, more stupefying than intoxicating in its effects. On the west coast, however, the Mexicans barely even know the name of *pulque*. Not that the west coast people are teetotally inclined; on the contrary, they manage to extract from the maguey a much more injurious beverage than *pulque*, known as *mescal*. To quote one of the sages of America, this latter liquor is ‘like Scotch whisky, seven times heated, with the addition of a hot chilli, a liberal dash of fusel-oil, and a small piece of scrap-iron flavouring.’ But *mescal* is really comparatively mild to either *tizwin* or *tequila*, which are also products of the prolific maguey.

If the orange-growing, cane-raising, and cattle-rearing are but poorly cultivated businesses in Sonora, the same cannot be alleged of the great mineral industry. A casual inspector of the land would not be inclined to give even so little as a cent a continent for it; but nevertheless it is said to be striped as thickly as a zebra with ore-belts. Whether or not this is the case only time and the promotion of many companies will prove; but in the meantime scores of small camps already exist, which appear to work at a profit in spite of the archaic simplicity of the methods in use. A notable feature in these smaller mines is the notch-ladder system of conveying the ore from the interior to the pit-head. Two masts, notched like bear-poles, form the means of ascent and descent for a more or less continuous chain of *peons*. Each man in ascending bears upon his head a sack laden with as much as a hundred pounds of ore, which he deposits with the foreman before descending again by the other pole into the depths. The system resembles that of a dock-dredger with its endless belt of buckets; but, though incredibly efficient, the expense of human buckets, even in a land of cheap labour, is a serious item.

The labour is not, indeed, so very cheap. The

pay of a water-boy, who brings water for the men to drink, is two to three shillings. An unskilled *peon* gets three to four shillings, while a Mexican carpenter or mechanic earns ten shillings a day. Among Europeans and Americans employed about the mines it is rare to find any one getting less than sixteen shillings; even so humble an individual as an oiler of machinery nets eighteen shillings. However, these wages, both for whites and Mexicans, are confined to Sonora; in other parts of Mexico more normal economic conditions prevail. Sonora is really a place apart and quite cut off from the rest of the republic. To make the journey from Sonora by rail to the city of Mexico one actually requires to return to the United States and make a weary journey through Arizona and New Mexico to El Paso in Texas, whence the Mexican Central Railway runs down to the capital.

There are at least seven distinct tribes of Indians in the state, but of these only the Yaquis come in to work in the camps. The Yaquis are men of fine endurance; though coppery in colour, their peculiar cast of features gives them a strong resemblance to the Japanese. They are excellent workers, a Yaqui being considered to be equal in labour to at least two Mexicans. It therefore seems ridiculous that a Mexican *peon* should esteem it a most deadly insult to be mistaken for one of his Indian compatriots, even although President Porfirio Diaz is himself a full-blooded Indian.

Horses, mules, and *burros* are very cheap. The horses are of that small bony breed familiar in the Transvaal; but the mules are generally much more stoutly built animals. A good horse or mule can be purchased for from five pounds to ten pounds. The *burro*, or ordinary ass, is always apparently in the last stages of decrepitude, besides being blemished by many open sores, which his Mexican master operates upon with a pointed stick when he desires the *burro* to progress. A curious dark stripe is always noticeable about their shoulders; possibly it may be the last surviving sign of their descent from more fully striped ancestors. *Burros* are very plentiful and far from costly, the ordinary price being from five to ten shillings. Usually they are employed in teams of fourteen, hitched to heavy wagons loaded with wood brought from the mountains, and used as fuel in the furnaces of mining-mills. At Minas Prietas, the greatest camp in north-west Mexico, one sees scores of these wagons at the end of each month filing in long procession to the mines. The cords of wood are stacked in seven-foot-high parallelograms intersected by narrow pathways. On a pitch-dark night it is an eerie sensation to go through a short-cut in the wood-piles, in which snakes and other reptiles are usually unpleasantly plentiful.

Among reptiles the most dreaded is the fearful helo monster (*Heloderma suspectum*), a species

of large lizard—at least lizard-like in body, though the horrible-looking head, with its protrusive parrot-bill and flat snake-skull, makes it unlike and more terrifying than any other living thing. Differing from other deadly reptiles, its poison does not lie in its fangs, and there is some difficulty about locating it. There do not seem to be many authentic cases of recovery from the effects of its bite, so that the universal terror of it is not inexplicable. Rattlesnakes, coral-snakes, and curagos infest the stony places in the deserts, but rarely enter the busy camps. The curago attains a goodly length, sometimes as much as nine feet, but is quite harmless and very sluggish in its movements. It gets its name from the cruciform mark in white upon its forehead, on account of which the superstitious country-people will not harm it. Frequently, indeed, it is treated as a household pet.

Centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas are also common, growing to a great size. Though they sometimes prove deadly to children, they are rarely fatal to adults.

Disease is rife in all the centres where many people are gathered together. The scourge of smallpox and enteric fever is perpetually present; while *gringos*—that is, Americans, or Europeans—suffer terribly from dysentery.

The life of the people in the isolated *haciendas* or farms is one of great simplicity. The *vacqueros* are fine healthy fellows, good shots, and excellent horsemen; but in the camps it is sadly different, and the long rows of gambling-booths or *mescal* dens tell their own tale.

The wholesale trade of Sonora is largely in the hands of the Germans, who have erected commodious warehouses at Guaymas, the seaport on the Gulf, and started manufactories for the production of sugar, beer, tobacco, and pottery in different parts of the state; but the retail traders are the Chinese, of whom hundreds make Sonora a convenient route to quietly edge their way into the United States, from which by law they are ostensibly excluded. Among the Chinese a curious feature is the complete absence of any woman-kind. In fact, it is only in the Chinatown of San Francisco that they show themselves as though they were at home in China.

Frequent lotteries take place among the China-boys. These are more serious affairs than the ordinary daily gambles at *fan-tan*, for the pool is so well subscribed to that the lucky winner makes enough to return to his native land and establish himself there as a man of substance. It is an almost tragic sight to watch the strained yellow faces, old and young, that cluster round the pool. Yet after it is all over they are so impassive that you forget the intense emotions that for a moment revealed to you the China-man's home-sickness.


From across the United States border many

strange wayfarers come into Sonora—mostly men 'wanted' for cattle-lifting, horse-stealing, sheriff-shooting, or less creditable adventures. The presence of so many of these individuals makes for liveliness of a kind. One or two per cent. of Frenchmen remind you that Mexico was once overrun by the troops of France, and

that many Frenchmen still emigrate to the ancient land of the Aztecs. A few Germans, always unsuitably attired for the great heat, make money unobtrusively, and do not dispute with the Americans who boldly 'guess' that when Mexico is good enough to grab, 'God's Country' will annex it.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNT BEE!' cried Ronald Somerville, bursting into Beatrice's room one morning, 'I do wish you would take us over to Kissingen to-day. There's a brake starting about three o'clock that gets back about nine.'

'I should like it very well,' said Beatrice; 'but wasn't there some talk of your going to see a cricket-match with the Professor?'

Ronald's face was a study. Deep-rooted Anglo-Saxon contempt for the foreigner spoke in every line of it.

'In the innocence of his heart the poor old fellow took me once to see their so-called cricket at Würzburg. Defend me from ever having to witness it again! I don't want to hurt the Professor's feelings; but I can hardly help showing my pity for the poor fellows who have no better idea of the game than that!'

Beatrice laughed. She had often argued with her nephew, but found it impossible to convince him that any manly qualities could be possessed by young men whose idea of enjoyment seemed to be to drive in a long procession of hired carriages to a beer-garden, and there sit and drink all day. There was too much of the British schoolboy in him to enable him to understand any other ideal of life than his own.

Frau Hofmann was easily persuaded to accompany them to Kissingen, for she dearly loved to get a peep at the fashionable world, see the costumes of the rich Americans, and catch sight of some of the royal or distinguished visitors who were pretty sure to be there.

After lunching at the 'Saline' in the salt-impregnated air, and coming down the river in one of the queer little boats, listening to the band in the Kurgarten, and watching the guests, Frau Hofmann bought one of the local papers to see who was staying at the hotels just then, and studied the 'Visitors' List.'

'Here are some compatriots of yours, Fräulein,' she said to Beatrice: 'Lord George Bartlett, Lady Alicia Bartlett.'

'Oh! I know them,' cried Beatrice; 'at least I have met them once or twice.'

Frau Hofmann gazed at her with awe and increased respect. To know an English lord!

and not to seem in the least proud of the fact—ach! it was wonderful.

'Perhaps you will meet him,' she suggested.

Beatrice devoutly hoped not; but she took up the paper when Frau Hofmann had finished with it, and looked again at the list. Down at the bottom were two names that caught her eye: Mrs Trevanion and Mrs Lessingham!

She started so that the paper fell to the ground. Was *he* here with them? With trembling fingers she picked up the paper and turned to the page again. No, there was no mention of Dr Standen among the visitors; and her pulse, that seemed to have been suddenly arrested, resumed its beat.

She had not heard from the Court for some time, nor indeed had she written; but she thought it strange that Effie should not have let her know they were coming to Kissingen, which was near enough to Würzburg for a meeting to be easily arranged.

Beatrice hesitated what to do. Should she make known her presence to them, or should she wait for them to take the initiative? She was very unwilling to thrust herself where she possibly might not be wanted, and she felt that Effie could easily have written to her had she chosen; on the other hand, a mighty craving arose within her to hear something of Julius Standen—just to hear his name mentioned; and the strength of the craving frightened her. She had hoped and believed she was learning to think less about him; but the way her heart had beat to suffocation at the thought of his being near convinced her that her feelings were not so much deadened as she had thought.

She was still debating what she should do, and hearing without heeding Frau Hofmann's chatter, as they strolled together up and down the path, when a sudden turn brought her face to face with Mrs Trevanion and Lady Alicia Bartlett.

'My dear Beatrice,' the former cried, 'what an unexpected delight to meet you here! Effie has been going every day to write and ask you to come over, and I cannot think why she has procrastinated so long. But you know her way. Where are you staying? and how long have you been here?'

Beatrice answered her questions as soon as she

could get a word in, and introduced her companions, after which the whole party sat down together under the trees.

'You must have been surprised to see me here,' Mrs Trevanion went on. 'I thought Effie wanted a change of scene after—after some occurrences of which I will tell you later; and as Lady Alicia and her brother were coming here, we decided to join them.'

'And where is Effie?' asked Beatrice.

'Oh, she has gone out riding with Lord George and Mrs Wilton.'

'And is Dr Standen here too?' Beatrice got out at last.

'No, no,' said Mrs Trevanion. Then lowering her voice so as to be inaudible to the rest of the party: 'Don't talk about him! I was never so disappointed in any one in my life. I could not have believed he would have turned out so narrow-minded and prejudiced, so harsh in his judgments, and so bigoted in his scepticism.'

Beatrice's breath was so taken away by this—to her—sudden change in Mrs Trevanion's sentiments that she hardly knew what she murmured; but fortunately the elder lady was always too much absorbed in her own conversation to notice the way in which it affected others. She went on talking about their journey, what she had suffered, and what attention she had received, until the time approached when the start homeward for Brückenau had been arranged.

Frau Hofmann, though inwardly swelling with pride and importance at having become acquainted with a member of the real English nobility, had no mind to lose their return fare and be compelled to hire another carriage to get home; and so they parted, Mrs Trevanion promising to bring Effie soon to see them at Brückenau.

Accordingly a few days afterwards they came; but if Beatrice hoped to hear anything from Effie about the cause of Mrs Trevanion's evident animus against her former favourite she was disappointed. She chattered a great deal about their travels; but directly the conversation turned to Penruth or their mutual friends, she became uneasy and sought to change its course.

Beatrice was much puzzled by her behaviour. Had she any inkling of what had happened?

Did she know that her friend had, all unwittingly, robbed her of her *fiancé's* love? Hardly, for she was even more friendly, more caressing than ever towards Beatrice. Only she so evidently wanted to avoid all questioning on the subject of her engagement that Beatrice, not being one of those people who love to probe the tenderest points in their neighbour's consciousness with the sharp blades of their persistent questions, left her in peace; though, when she was gone, she wearied herself in fruitless conjectures as to what could be the cause of her unwonted reticence.

They met two or three times before Mrs Trevanion left Kissengen for Munich, which was to be their next halting-place; but the odd constraint in Effie's manner still remained. She was never quite her old natural self with Beatrice now. Only at the last moment before they left did she give her friend a clue to her state of mind.

'I wish I was as strong and brave as you are, Beatrice,' she said. 'You won't blame me when you hear all—will you? I would not like you to think badly of me, but you don't know what a hard time I have had.'

'You are talking in riddles to which I have no key,' said Beatrice. 'Tell me, dear, what it is that's wrong.'

'No, no, not now,' said Effie hastily. 'I will write.' Then, hurriedly kissing her friend, she rejoined the rest of the party.

'By-the-bye, Beatrice,' she called out just before the carriage drove off, 'we have had some bad news from Penruth'—

Beatrice's heart seemed to stand still, and a mist of darkness gathered before her eyes.

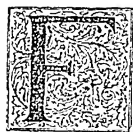
'You remember Miss Caradoc?' Effie's voice went on, and she came back to the world again—the living, moving world, in which the sun shone and the birds sang, and which was not darkened all at once by a sudden calamity. 'She is very ill, and from what we hear there is little chance of her recovery.'

Beatrice took shame to herself for the relief she felt. She remembered Miss Caradoc's kindness and sympathy at one of the hardest moments of her life.

'I am sorry,' she said. 'I liked her so much, and I do hope she will get better.'

BLIND HORSES AND FALSE TAILS.

By J. BAINBRIDGE.



FEW people are aware that within the circumference of Greater London there are scores of totally blind harness-horses and scores of perfectly sighted harness-horses wearing false tails passing along the countless thoroughfares daily year in year out.

There is no demand for blind saddle-horses, of course, albeit they can honestly be ranked with the kindest, the handiest, and the best-mannered hacks anybody could wish for. This is writ large upon the basis of my wide personal knowledge of them. One of the handsomest and most admired horses ever seen in Rotten Row was a jet-black mare I rode there every fine day

during the season a quarter of a century ago, and she was quite blind; but as an indication of her intelligence and happiness, and the confidence she had in her rider, she frequently tossed up her pretty head and gave a loud ringing neigh—a horse's joyous shout, and a sure sign there is not, in the everyday sense, much amiss with that horse—and moved and carried herself like a prize-winner. She loved to be patted and talked to, for the poor dear could do almost anything except see and talk; and we read and studied each other's thoughts and desires as though we were akin.

I often meet with blind horses attached to vans, carts, cabs, and occasionally to a few private carriages. Induced by his sagacity, a blind horse lifts all his feet considerably higher than before he lost his sight, and puts them down with great caution all round; his ears are ever moving and on the alert to catch and obey his master's voice, and he answers to the gentlest touch of the reins; the whip he neither needs nor receives; and, as if it were so ordained by the Supreme Being, he puts his entire trust in the master he seems to know is his truest and best friend. I have observed, in London and elsewhere, innumerable proofs of the greatest kindness of drivers and grooms to their blind horses, and feel sure this expert report will be gladly noted by the very excellent R.S.P.C.A.

None are so susceptible of touch and sound as those who are absolutely sightless. In the eighties Tattersall's horse sales were regularly attended by a blind dealer in horses, who bought animals of his own personal selecting only. The points he questioned his attendant-companion about were few; all the rest he did himself with his sensitive fingers and hands when examining a horse, and by his acute hearing while a horse was being walked and trotted past him. I never knew him to buy a 'wrong un.' His son is now one of the largest buyers and most respected horse-dealers in the United Kingdom.

False tails are extensively made for horses, old favourites especially, whose caudal appendages present a worn-out and moth-eaten appearance, like Petruchio's 'old mothy saddle' and his prodigiously mothy get-up (*Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2). They are also worn by funeral horses, and by other horses of exquisite outline selected for a particular kind of work, but which are somewhat spoiled in appearance by the possession of a rat-tail (bald like a rat's). These useful appliances, however, are not constructed exclusively for harness-horses. I have seen rows of bogus tails, artistically joined on to the crupper, hanging up in a cavalry barracks ready for instant service, being slipped on just like a finger-stall. The 'fine ends' or false tails used by nobody but 'horse copers' or low swindlers are most ingeniously fastened on the animal's bare back by invisible means. A dealer in horses never looks at a horse with

a bad tail, and he always goes to the best market only.

While staying in the country, a neighbour invited me to accompany him to a small horse-fair across the river, as he wanted to purchase a young cart-horse. I arranged to go with him, and asked, 'Will you take a veterinary surgeon with you?' 'No. Would you?' 'Certainly, in your case, for a horse might have a diseased heart, or some other internal or latent complaint, which I don't think you could detect. Don't you go to an unknown man and buy a "faked" horse.' 'Is that so? Well, listen to this and don't you forget it, because I bought the patent: If a man wants to slide a "faked" horse on me he must be an early riser.'

On arriving at the fair we had a look round, and then my friend stopped short and closely eyed a big, heavy, useful-looking cart-horse. 'That looks a good worker, all over,' he said; 'and if he had another mane, and another tail, and a white off-hind-heel, I would say he was my old Ginger I sold five months ago.' 'Did you really have a horse with two manes and two tails?' I inquired innocently. 'I meant a different mane and a different tail.' 'Which, in the main, is a different tale,' I most humbly remarked.

Ignoring that mild echo, my companion marched up to the horse and looked in its mouth. 'What age do you call it?' I asked. 'You have a look, and tell me what you make it.' 'Many men would call it a six-year mouth,' I answered, after a quick inspection. 'I say it is six-year-old,' chimed my ally; and, turning to the vendor, asked him, 'What age is this horse?' 'Six off,' replied the man. 'How far off?' I wanted to know. As a response to my inquiry, and as a very personal favour, that worthy seller shot me a side-glance meant for my instant decapitation. I may here explain that a six-year-old is 'six off' when just over six, and 'rising seven' when nearer seven than six, and so on every year.

'What's the price?' whispered my neighbour to the man. 'Thirty-five ginneas is the price, an' five shillin's the runner, an' durt cheap at that. It's a real good 'oss, a luvly wurkir in hevery way, an' as soun' as a noo silvur bell, I gives ye me sollum wurd ov 'onour, man to man. It's a sixty-ginnea 'oss prop'ly; but as I bort it cheap hoff th' breedir hisself, wot wanted money bad, I ken sell it cheap. Thirty-five ginneas is the price—take it or leave it.' With that definite finish the eloquent orator moved away with a fine dramatic air of supreme independence.

My comrade next examined the horse for himself—I stood back and reserved my breath—and finally he, after immense haggling with the vendor, bought the horse for thirty-one guineas, and five shillings for the runner, the attendant

who runs with a horse to show its action and paces.

The purchaser, his own stableman with the horse, and I then bent our steps towards the ferry-boat, homeward bound. We boarded the boat safely, and on reaching the opposite landing-place our good ship bumped the pier so heavily that the noble steed was thrown down on his broadside, with his legs jammed against the side of the boat. Then, as the animal could not release its legs, the owner, his man, and I took hold of its tail to pull the beast clear. 'Now, altogether,' shouted my companion. We obeyed his command with a good heart and with such fidelity that at the first tug we three fell in a heap on the deck, each man grasping that tail. We had pulled the tail off! The stableman was the first to rise, and on viewing the horse and its own proper tail he immediately exclaimed, 'Lor! ain't 'e got ole Ginger's paint-brush [a very short tail], maister?' 'Is this the patent you told me you'd bought?' I asked the heroic horse-buyer.

Eventually we all got ashore and arrived home, and early next morning the buyer had a veterinary surgeon in, who instantly settled all doubt by saying, 'You have purchased your old horse back. Its teeth have been "Bishopped," the mane and the white heel have both been dyed, and the tail you will, I feel sure, be only too delighted to hang in the hall as a prized memento.'

My learned friend—he learned something that morning—had not an ounce of delight left in him; the 'coper' had taken the lot, for the victim had paid in all thirty-three pounds in gold for his old horse, which he had sold five months previously for four pounds fifteen shillings. The swindle was notified to the police, who made a hot search after the 'coper'; but that wily bird had flown—he was 'an early riser.'

To the uninitiated I might explain that the terms 'horse coper,' 'faker,' or 'chanter' are synonymous. A 'horse coper' is a professional swindler of no fixed address. These gentry can 'fake' a horse so cleverly as to defy ordinary detection and identification. A 'coper' can make a horse appear younger than it really is by altering the marks in its teeth, or he can cause a horse to look older than it actually is by extracting certain teeth to suit the age desired. These tricks were invented by a knave named Bishop; hence the title 'Bishopped.' If any part of a horse is dyed, the dyed hairs naturally fall off and new hairs of the natural colour rapidly grow in their place.

When a man wants to buy a good honest horse, at a fair price, he must go to a well-known and respectable firm, and there are many old established firms, conducted on principles of the strictest integrity.

The comparative ages of a horse and man have long been an 'unknown quantity' to a vast majority of the general public. Being anxious to secure authoritative opinions thereon, I consulted eminent veterinary surgeons in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York, and I now give the result of my investigations: Up to a horse's tenth year the age of a horse is reckoned as corresponding with one-fourth of a man's—that is, a three-year-old horse equals a boy aged twelve; a six-year-old horse equals a man aged twenty-four; a ten-year-old horse equals a man aged forty. After a horse is over ten years reckon each additional year as two years, plus the man's forty. Thus, a thirteen-year-old horse equals a man aged forty-six; a nineteen-year-old horse equals a man aged fifty-eight; and a thirty-two-year-old horse—at which age, some historians aver, Alexander's historic horse Bucephalus died—equals a man aged eighty-four. What hunting man has not used a Bucephalus nose-band on a hard puller when riding to hounds?

I will close this article with a few practical side-lessons. A 'jibber' (in harness) is the synonym for a 'sulky horse' (in saddle). If a 'jibber' or a 'sulky horse' gets a chance to perform, all the coaxing, whips, spurs, shouting, pushing, pulling, leg-rapping, and the gentle art of bestowing unwritten blessings won't induce him to budge a yard before he chooses; and yet the remedy for that charming performance and the secret of that remedy are very simple. I once drove a new, nice-looking, ride-and-drive horse in a dog-cart, and he went well till opposite a vestry dust-cart, and there he revolted and 'jibbed.' 'Have you got your big golden wedding-bell with you, uncle?' I questioned the dustman. 'I've gut the big parish bell, if yew means that, mum—I ax pardun, I mean sir.' 'Yes. Here's the price of a pint of cocoa. Now ring your very loudest and stand clear. The first two notes of that bell—*ding*, *dong*—did it. My horse started off at a plunge, and did not pause until he reached home. The first time I rode him in saddle he again rebelled and 'sulked'; but, being ready for him, I at once dismounted, and taking a stout piece of cord from my pocket, I tied his ear down to the bridle-cheek; I then remounted, and he immediately trotted away as good as gold, like a number of other 'jibbers' and 'sulkers' I have treated in precisely the same way. I saw this cord trick done by a carman in 1859. Some London hansom-cab horses that are disposed to 'jib' have loud 'rumble' bells strapped on the bridle to prevent them.

So much for the remedies. Now for the secret—namely, whilst a 'jibber' or a 'sulker' is performing, his whole attention is closely riveted to his pet performance; but an immediate and vigorous use of a bit of cord, as I have described, suddenly diverts the horse's attention from the subject occupying its mind, and man is again

master. However, 'jibbing' or 'sulking' is, strictly speaking, an incurable vice.

All young horses are apt to be gay and flighty. The higher a yearling's pedigree the stronger is the probability of that young horse being a playful flirt on the road at first; but all that will soon be outgrown, and then one of his chief characteristics will be his splendid high courage, for which all well-bred English and Irish horses are world famous.

Every intelligent young horse—many horses are consummate fools, as announced by their narrow forehead and small receding and expressionless eyes, denoting a diminutive brain—is keenly observant and an expert imitator. By watching his stable companions and other horses, and silently communing with each in the language of marvellously expressive eyes, he can quickly learn a variety of clever items; or, as a contrast, he will, if not instantly checked, easily learn a lot of bad tricks, such as crib-biting, wind-sucking, tearing his clothing, slipping his

head-collar at night, and 'refusing' in the hunting-field.

After a long and varied experience as a public horseman, I unhesitatingly assert that several lines and passages in Shakespeare's works distinctly show the author of them possessed a practical knowledge of horses. History tells us Bacon was a clever and an ardent horseman, and, like Swift and many other men of their time, he emphatically prescribed horse-riding for mental cares and overstudy; but nowhere do I find it recorded that Shakespeare had any knowledge whatever of a horse! Then who wrote Shakespeare's plays—Shakespeare or Bacon? Again, Bacon engaged his man-servant at the hiring-fair in Paul's, and bought his horses at the then aristocratic horse-market in Smithfield, London. So did Shakespeare's Falstaff (2 *Henry IV.* i. 2). Paul's was the open public market-place around old St Paul's Church (now the Cathedral) and its historic pulpit, Paul's Cross.

OLD MR JELlicoe's PLAN.

CHAPTER II.



TWO days later Forster arrived at Westhampton by an afternoon train; and Mr Walter Lowden, according to arrangement, met him on the platform of the railway station.

The Ogre's solicitor was a man who inspired confidence at the first glance. His appearance was that of a plain business man; but it only needed one look into his face, one glance into his eyes, to gain an impression entirely favourable. His manner was prompt and decided, his expression kindly, his look open and direct. 'Here,' thought Forster, 'is one whom I should like to work for;' and he remembered Mr Sturge with renewed dislike.

'Mr Forster?' asked the solicitor, who had singled out his man without difficulty.

'Yes,' answered Forster somewhat shyly.

'I am glad to see you. My name is Lowden.'

They shook hands, measuring each other at the same time. Forster's impressions were already formed, mainly upon instinct; the solicitor's look was that of one who worked less by instinct than by reason and the lessons of experience. Forster knew that he was being weighed in the balances.

'There is a carriage waiting,' continued Mr Lowden immediately. 'If you please, we will go direct to the Castle.'

They passed out to the station entrance. The carriage which awaited them was a public conveyance, and Forster felt a vague disappointment when he saw it. Mr Lowden did not explain at once why the Ogre had not sent his

own carriage, but waited until they were seated and on their way towards the outskirts of the town.

'It is just as well,' the solicitor began, 'that I should explain, Mr Forster, some of the circumstances in connection with this interview. Unless I do so you may misunderstand them. In the first place, I have to tell you that your uncle swore, many years ago, that as long as he lived no Forster should ever rest for an hour beneath his roof or break bread at his table. My client is strictly a man of his word, and for that reason your stay at the Castle will be a very brief one.'

This extraordinary opening was to Forster as a dash of cold water in the face. He did not speak, but his hopes fell like a house of cards. He had scarcely expected a cordial welcome, but what was this?

Yet in a moment he was allowed to recover himself. 'Pray,' said Mr Lowden, whose quick eyes missed nothing that passed—'pray, do not misunderstand. As I have said, Mr Jellicoe is a man of his word, and his word compels him to this course. It is not caused by any hard feeling towards yourself personally.'

'Oh,' murmured Forster, 'I see.' He felt that he had exposed himself to a man who was quite capable of reading every look, and the feeling was not a pleasant one. Yet he forgot it at once in the revival of his hopes and the return of his visions. After his life of drudgery he had been allowed, during the last two days, to look forth into a new world. For a moment

the outlook had been darkened; but now it was clearing again. He hoped for very little, but little was needed to make a new world for him.

'No,' said Mr Lowden, 'it is not caused by any hard feeling towards yourself. Your uncle is eccentric, as perhaps you have heard. But if I am not mistaken, you have never had any communication with him?'

'None whatever. I have never seen him.'

'But you have heard the story, no doubt. I refer, of course, to the story of your father's connection with Mr Jellicoe.'

Forster hesitated, flushing painfully. 'I have heard it,' he replied, 'but perhaps only partially. Probably the people who related it to me knew it only from one side. I have heard little about my uncle.'

'Ah!' said the solicitor. 'I expected that. I think it would prepare you for your meeting with your uncle if you heard the story from this side. Of course it is a painful history for you. Nevertheless'—

'Nevertheless, Mr Lowden,' said Forster quietly, 'I should like to hear it.'

They were now passing through the outskirts of the town, but Castle Haynby was still some distance away. Mr Lowden took every advantage of the time left to him, and related the story of Harvey Jellicoe in a brief, incisive manner which allowed no waste of words.

It was an extraordinary story, and in many respects a romantic one. At the age of thirty Harvey Jellicoe had found himself the head of a family of three, and the owner of a successful shipping business. The family consisted of himself, a younger brother, Gilbert, and a still younger sister, Alice. The elder brother had been slightly deformed from his birth, and his affections were as intense as they are frequently found to be in such cases. The chief object of his regard was his sister, some fifteen years his junior, and as perfect in person as he was himself faulty. His affection, indeed, was almost idolatrous in its nature, and it only seemed to increase as the girl grew into a woman. His deformity was a matter of which he was always and naturally sensitive, and it forbade him either to expend his regard upon those beyond the limit of his immediate circle or to look for affection from them; in this way all the warmth of his nature was concentrated upon one object, and he did not allow any one else to share it.

It was chiefly for his sister's sake that he applied himself with such zeal to the extension of the business which his father had left him, developing an ability in this direction which was as brilliant as it proved to be successful. At five-and-thirty he found himself a rich man, and at this point he was enabled to take up his brother's interest in the firm, and to allow the younger man to open a house in London,

with substantial capital. As a matter of fact, the two had never worked well together, and the parting was a relief to both. Thus Harvey Jellicoe and his sister were left alone.

This, of course, could not go on for ever. Paul Forster appeared upon the scene, having come from the north to reside at Westhampton as managing director of the Southern Counties Bank. Harvey Jellicoe distrusted and disliked him from the first, not only because he presented himself in the character of a suitor, but for other and sounder reasons; but with his sister it was unfortunately otherwise. Paul Forster, though much older than herself, was a man of much personal attraction, and she was quite unable to gauge the value of his real character. His great ability in financial matters had brought him early to an assured position, and there seemed to be no need of one of those extended courtships which enable people to know as much about each other as they should. In spite of her brother's jealous warnings, in spite of his affection and his entreaties, Alice Jellicoe became Paul Forster's wife.

The result, to one of Harvey Jellicoe's nature, was what might have been expected. He had lavished an intense affection upon his sister, and at the bidding of another man she had left him, counting as nothing all that he had given, and thrusting him aside without hesitation, without pity. There came a breach between brother and sister which nothing could heal, and Harvey Jellicoe's affection was transformed into a bitterness quite as intense. In some five years he saw his fears fully justified by the sudden disappearance of Paul Forster with a large amount of the bank's funds. Almost by an accident he was intercepted, but committed suicide at the moment of arrest. This shock caused the death of his wife immediately after she had given birth to a son.

'The remainder of the story,' continued Mr Lowden, 'is quite as remarkable. For the sake of his sister's name, your uncle repaid to the shareholders of the bank every penny which had been misappropriated by Paul Forster; and although the chief portion of the plunder had been recovered, this action was almost sufficient to ruin him. That, however, was all. He refused to have any connection with you because you bore the name of Forster, and also, I have heard, because you were like your father in feature. Then, having no sister to care for, and wishing, no doubt, to be able to forget her, he devoted every energy he was possessed of to the re-establishment of his business. The result is a matter of public knowledge. When he retired some three years ago owing to failing health, he was a very wealthy man. He purchased Castle Haynby, which happened to be in the market at the time, and settled there.

'It is owing to this change of life, I fully

believe, that you are visiting him to-day. Having no longer any occupation in business, his thoughts turned naturally to the past. He seemed to experience a revival of the sensations which he had never quite forgotten—the intense affection which he had once cherished, the intense bitterness which had followed it. He seemed, also, to be curiously divided between these emotions, experiencing each of them in turn. For the last few months, I may say, his state of mind has been a very much troubled one.’

Forster looked at the speaker with a sudden glance of questioning. Mr Lowden comprehended it.

‘No,’ he said decisively; ‘there is no saner man in England. He is deformed in body, as you know, and perhaps, as frequently occurs in such cases, he is also warped in his affections to a certain extent; but the irregularity does not extend to his intellect.’

At that moment the carriage left the main road, and passed into an avenue where the rays of the sun were entirely shielded away by magnificent trees.

‘This,’ said Mr Lowden, ‘is Haynby Park. In a few minutes we shall be at the Castle.’

There was a brief silence. Then the solicitor concluded his remarks:

‘As to your interview to-day,’ he said gravely, ‘I am able to tell you but little. If your uncle exhibits any eccentricity you need not be surprised, for he has always been eccentric. In any case, I trust that you will remember the story I have told you.’

Forster promised to do so, and thanked him for his kindness. The story, indeed, had entirely altered his views of his uncle, and had filled him with mingled pity and respect. Previously he had heard only of his bitterness, his eccentricity, and his wealth. He had been told that this was a man who hated the name of Forster as he hated nothing else in the world, and a man from whom he must never expect anything but hatred; and he had expected nothing, going on with his hum-drum drudgery without a glance in the direction of the man whom he had come to regard, vaguely and almost humorously, as ‘The Ogre,’ and with scarcely any knowledge of him that was not grotesque and distorted. After Mary Benning had appeared in his life he had thought of the matter more frequently, but more enviously rather than more hopefully; for he knew well enough that Harvey Jellicoe had another nephew, Gilbert Jellicoe the younger, of Mincing Lane. To this Gilbert, in the course of time, must fall the Ogre’s wealth and the splendours of the Ogre’s Castle.

Then that amazing letter had come, opening out new hemispheres for him, and gilding everything with hope; and now, after the letter, he had reached the interview—an interview which was full of mystery and full of possibility. He

had also heard the true story of Harvey Jellicoe, and this story had only strengthened his hopes. Not that he hoped for much, but only for that little which would be enough because it would enable him to go to Mary Benning. He received now one hundred and fifty pounds a year. If he could only hope for another hundred and fifty—well, that would be three hundred, and enough. Yes, enough! Why, even another hundred a year would be a gift of the gods!

So he reasoned as they passed on, their faces shadowed by the leaves above. Then the carriage rolled out of the avenue into the open spaces of the park, a glorious picture of turf and flowers; and he saw before him a long reach of ivy-clad gray walls, rich with glistening windows and crowned with hoary turrets. This was Castle Haynby, which the founder of the great Jellicoe line of mail steamers had purchased from an impoverished peer some three years ago. He remembered it only faintly, for it had happened at the time when Mary Benning had first walked into his office; but he fancied that the purchase of such a property by a deformed septuagenarian without family had created something of a sensation among the gossips.

The effect now was not a pleasant one for himself. Before the magnificence of the prospect his hopes seemed to dwindle, and to become ridiculous. He felt grotesquely out of place; and he perceived that the old conveyance in which he sat was a hideously shabby one. The contrast between this day and his other days was so great that he seemed to have stepped suddenly into new atmospheres.

The carriage stopped, and in another moment he found himself standing in the hall of Castle Haynby. Lowden was at his side, and a silent footman had gone to tell the Ogre of their arrival. He returned at once, and addressed the solicitor:

‘The master will see you alone, sir.’

Mr Lowden turned to Forster. ‘You will wait here,’ he said, ‘for one moment.’ Then he passed down a corridor and disappeared.

He was absent for several minutes. Forster looked about him, but his mind was in too agitated a state to allow him to notice definitely what he saw. Yet he knew, vaguely, that the whole place was strangely hushed and silent, and that footsteps fell noiselessly. ‘Just like an ogre’s castle in a story-book,’ he found himself saying under his breath. ‘Exactly!’

Then Mr Lowden returned, breaking the hush. ‘Now, Mr Forster,’ he said gravely, ‘your uncle will see you. Follow the footman.’

Forster obeyed, and in his turn passed down one of the corridors leading from the hall. Presently the man opened one of the doors on his right, and pronounced his name in a hushed tone. Then the managing clerk roused himself, and tried to think of what was before him. An

instant later he was within a room, and the door was closed.

CHAPTER III.

HERE was nothing formidable in the Ogre's chamber. It was a large, warm room facing south, with shaded windows. Nor was there anything formidable in the Ogre himself, who lay in one of the window recesses in a reclining-chair heaped with cushions and pillows.

Forster stood irresolute for a few moments, for there was nothing to break the discomfort of the meeting. Then he moved forward, perceiving that the invalid was looking at him closely. For the second time that day he felt that he was being weighed in the balances of a wise man's judgment.

'Come and sit down,' said Harvey Jellicoe suddenly.

The discomfort passed, in a measure. Forster found a chair, and drew it nearer, forming some impression as he did so of the man who had spoken. He was a very old man and very frail, with bitterness and disappointment written in every line of his aged face. The features were keen and drawn, and the skin was of an ashen complexion; but the old man's eyes had lost none of their life and quickness. He would be able to read and judge to the very last. The impression of frailty was accentuated by the fact of his deformity, ill-concealed by the pillows which had been placed about him. Harvey Jellicoe was almost a hunchback.

There was silence while Forster seated himself, and he was the first to break it:

'I am sorry to find you ill, sir,' he said gently.

'Are you?' asked Harvey Jellicoe almost grimly. 'You have no cause to be sorry.'

As he spoke he looked his visitor in the face, possibly to note the effect of the retort. 'There—there,' he added immediately, 'you must excuse me. Illness makes me irritable; but we need not quarrel. You are very much—very much like your father.'

The change of subject was startling, and Forster did not meet it readily. 'You are very much like your father,' repeated the Ogre, with a return of the first bitterness. 'But not so fine a man. Had he been more like you, perhaps'—'Perhaps nothing would have happened' was probably what he meant to imply; but the words went unspoken. The managing clerk, sitting on the edge of his chair in visible discomfiture, was a figure to provoke pity rather than insult, and the old man checked himself with evident impatience.

'Well,' he said after a brief pause, 'we had better go on. I sent for you, Andrew Forster, in order to see if you were as much like your

father as I fancied you to be. I am sorry to say that you are; but that is no surprise. I understand that you are a poor man?'

Here was a plain question which could be answered plainly, and Forster felt relieved. 'I suppose I am poor,' he said. 'I receive a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year.'

Harvey Jellicoe smiled. 'Poor enough! Well, what did you think when I sent for you? Did you feel particularly hopeful?'

This was an Ogre indeed! Forster felt that his face burned, and knew that those keen eyes were reading, as in an open book, the whole story of his hopes and visions. Yet he answered truthfully:

'I do not know what you would call particular hopefulness, sir. But I must say that I felt some hope. Perhaps it was only natural.'

This nervous reply seemed to give the old man cause for reflection. He turned his eyes towards the window and looked out upon the expanse of Haynby Park. When he spoke again it was in a less bitter and cynical tone.

'Well, it was natural, no doubt. You will find, I think, that you were justified, too. You know, of course, that my life is over, and that I am forced to settle my affairs. It is my intention to give you a little help.'

A little help! Andrew Forster's pulses quickened. A little would be enough!

'Do not expect much,' continued the sick man. 'No one bearing your name should dare to expect much from me. Indeed, only a year ago this would have been utterly impossible; but since I have been laid here I have learned, perhaps, to be foolish. I have remembered that though you are Paul Forster's son you are also the son of my sister.'

The keen eyes quitted Forster's face once more, as though their owner wished to conceal any expression which that name might have brought into them. He went on more quickly:

'You are aware that I have only two relatives by blood: yourself and Gilbert Jellicoe, the son of my brother. Gilbert Jellicoe is already a rich man, and needs nothing. Do you know him?'

'Yes,' answered Forster slowly. 'I have met him once.'

'You have? How was that?'

Forster answered with difficulty, for the memory was anything but agreeable.

'There was a secretaryship vacant,' he said, 'in connection with a London company, and I happened to hear of it. It was necessary that the person appointed should be acquainted with the law. I found that Gilbert Jellicoe was one of the directors, and went to see him. With his support I could have obtained that post without trouble; but he refused to give his support.'

'Indeed?' said the Ogre, with a flash of interest. 'Why?'

'He said,' replied the managing clerk, 'that he

dared not assist a son of Paul Forster to any position of trust.'

There was an uncomfortable pause.

'Did he?' said the Ogre then, with a sudden return of his bitter manner. 'Gilbert was always a careful man! But that incident will make my proposal still more interesting to you.'

He raised himself slightly, as though to speak with greater ease. 'Listen, then,' he began, as soon as he was settled, 'and I will explain. After a great deal of foolish thought, I decided at last that I must consider both of my relatives; but I also decided that I would not show undue favour to either of them, and that my consideration should take a curious form. I resolved, in fact, that I would leave a certain sum divided between you and Gilbert, but not divided equally. This sum would produce a total income of one thousand and fifty pounds a year; and of this, one of you should receive the thousand, and the other the fifty. I also decided that chance should settle between you as to who should take the larger sum and who the smaller.'

This utterance was so extraordinary that Forster could not conceal his bewilderment. The watchful eyes of the old man perceived it.

'You are amazed?' he said. 'That is perfectly natural. This is a plan of mine, which you may call a freak, if you please. I call it an experiment, or an object-lesson.'

'An object-lesson?' echoed Forster.

'Yes. Not an object-lesson for me, but for those who should be left to see it. By giving chance the decision, I should be allowing her to select the worthier man for the greater gift. According to the general opinion, you would be the person to whom the larger sum, in strict poetic justice, should fall; but from what I have seen of life, I felt pretty sure that it would go the other way. That would be an object-lesson for the witnesses.'

The old man smiled as he spoke, but the smile was not a pleasant one. It was plain that his humour was of a decidedly cynical cast always. Forster, however, made no answer, for a moment's reflection showed him that surprise was out of place here. He had been warned to expect eccentricity, and he was getting it. This was evidently the idea of an embittered imagination.

After a short pause Harvey Jellicoe went on. He spoke in level tones, as one who chooses every word:

'My plan was this. I had two wills drawn up, dated the same day. Even Lowden, who drafted them, and the witnesses, who signed their names, do not know which of the two received my signature last: nay, I do not even know myself. The two documents are absolutely identical in all respects but one. One of them gives a thousand pounds a year to Gilbert Jellicoe, and fifty to you; the other gives your cousin the fifty and yourself the thousand.

'On the day of my burial, after the ceremony, you would meet in the library here: yourself and Gilbert, with Lowden, and certain other persons selected by myself. On my writing-table you would find two packets, one sealed with red wax and one with blue. These packets would contain the documents I have described. As you are the poorer man, I decided that you should have one privilege: you should be the person to select the packet to be opened; but before opening it, Lowden would destroy the other packet in the presence of all the witnesses, so that there could be no going back; and the packet you had selected would be regarded as my sole Will and Testament. Is my meaning quite clear to you?'

'It is quite clear,' answered Forster slowly.

'Of course you think it all very extraordinary,' said Harvey Jellicoe; 'but it is a fancy of my own. Eccentricity, you know, is a sick man's privilege. That was the plan which I formed, and to a certain extent I have carried it out. On finding that both yourself and Gilbert were in health, and able to be here at any time, I selected my witnesses and told them the particulars. They have all agreed to be here, and to see the matter through. In that respect, as it turns out, I have been rather too hasty; for after arranging it so far, I have again changed my mind.'

He paused and seemed to be considering. Forster waited, wondering what this change might be. To a certain extent he was excited by what had been said. A thousand a year—a chance of a thousand a year! Yet he tried to remember that it was only a chance.

WAXWORKS.



THE making of waxen effigies is as old as the hills. These figures were made in the days of pagan Rome, and they are made at the present time—but with a difference. Waxen images played a very important part in ancient witchcraft. There is an obscure allusion in one of Horace's *Satires* to their use in

stimulating a sluggish lover; but they were more usually employed with the amiable purpose of torturing an enemy. The belief was that as the wax was melted by heat, so the person whom the image was moulded to represent would waste away; or that, if needles were thrust into those parts of the effigy representing vital organs, the original of the figure would suffer agonising

torments and ultimate death. Ovid describes Medea as thrusting fine-pointed needles through the spleen of a waxen image, with murderous intent towards an enemy. Chaucer speaks of

Ymages, lo, through which magike,
To make a man ben hool or syke;

and throughout medieval times—and, later, during the witchcraft era—the belief in the effective use of magic figures of wax or other soft material by witches and criminals was firmly held. Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was charged with attempting the life of Henry VI. by the manipulation of a waxen effigy of His Majesty. A similar charge was brought against Mary de Medicis and a female favourite with regard to the life of Louis XIII. of France. Many other instances are recorded by the chroniclers. James I., in his little book *Demonologie*, shows that he fully believed in the malign power of such effigies. Superstitions of this kind linger long; and only a few years ago the use of clay figures with the same diabolical end in view was found to be still in existence in the Highlands of Scotland.

It is pleasanter to turn to a less sinister use of waxen figures. Under the Roman Commonwealth it was the practice at the obsequies of men of noble birth to carry effigies wearing waxen masks to represent the ancestors of the deceased. After the ceremonies the figures were placed in the hall of the dead man's house. From this would appear to have been derived the ancient custom in this country, at the funerals of kings and queens and men of high degree, of carrying in the procession a waxen effigy of the deceased. This was borne on a 'herse'—a platform hung with black. Many a figure of this kind was carried in solemn procession to Westminster Abbey; and the old custom was to allow the effigy to remain for about a month in the Abbey, near the grave, except in the case of royalty, which was privileged to have its effigies on show for a much longer period. There are very many allusions to this singular custom in the history of the Abbey and its illustrious dead. It has been traced so far back as the fourteenth century. As these royal waxworks accumulated, and began to fall into disrepair, they were removed from their original stations and put away in wainscot presses in a quiet corner of the Abbey. Cupboards full of decayed waxen majesty were among the attractions of the sacred edifice to gaping visitors. Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher did not think much of the show. He says he saw little more than 'black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax.' A doggerel-writer of 1658 catalogues them in this wise:

Henry the Seventh and his fair Queen,
Edward the First and his Queen;
Henry the Fifth here stands upright,
And his fair Queen was this Queen;

and so on. A few of these effigies, in varying degrees of preservation, are still quietly guarded within the precincts of the Abbey. Some of the figures, as they fell to pieces, were replaced by new effigies. Horace Walpole alludes scoffingly to a new Queen Elizabeth of wax, which had been placed in the church 'to draw visits and money from the mob.' Perhaps the most unblushing instance of this commercial side of the Westminster waxwork show occurred early in the last century. After Nelson's funeral in St Paul's, the car on which the body had been conveyed to the Cathedral remained there on show; and the Abbey was abandoned to a great extent by sightseers—much to the detriment of sundry pockets. Then some Abbey doorkeepers, it is said, put their heads together, and determined to provide a counter-attraction in the shape of a waxwork figure of the great sailor. This was done, and crowds of sightseers once more came to Westminster, and filled the officials' pockets.

Waxwork shows, among more secular surroundings, have long been a favourite means of amusement both in this country and abroad. When Wordsworth and his sister visited Hamburg towards the close of the eighteenth century, they had not long landed before they were invited to visit an exhibition of waxworks. The immediate predecessor of Madame Tussaud in London was a Mrs Salmon, whose show was originally established in St Martin's-le-Grand in the time of Queen Anne. Addison has several allusions to it in the *Spectator*. It seems to have been a fairly large collection of figures, for what was described as her 'Royal Court of England' contained no less than one hundred and fifty effigies. As the undertaking prospered, Mrs Salmon's successor, Mrs Clarke, who carried on the business under the name of the original proprietor, moved in 1785 first to No. 189, and later to No. 17, Fleet Street, announcing that the new locality would be 'more convenient for the quality's coaches to stand unmolested.' Her sign was the 'Golden Salmon.' One of the curiosities of the show was a figure of Old Mother Shipton, which kicked the visitor as he left! The proprietress died in 1812, and her collection was sold by auction for something less than fifty pounds.

Madame Tussaud started her exhibition in Paris in 1780. A little more than twenty years later she came to England, and opened her show in a house on the site now occupied by the Lyceum Theatre. It was a long time, however, before Madame Tussaud's became one of the permanent sights of London. After exhibiting for a while at the house just mentioned, and then at the Hanover Square Rooms, Madame Tussaud travelled the country *à la* Mrs Jarley, gradually increasing her collection as fortune favoured her. Then a great misfortune befell her in crossing to Ireland: her vessel was wrecked and her whole show lost. She and her sons found themselves in

Cork under the necessity of beginning the world afresh; but, nothing daunted, they started again with fresh waxworks, and once more won prosperity. In 1833 the show was established in London, and ever since that date it has been a permanent attraction to young folk and to country cousins. By the year 1827 the collection had grown to such an extent that an early catalogue, printed at Durham in that year, filled thirty-eight pages. The proprietress was described on the title-page as 'Niece to the celebrated Courcuis of Paris, and Artist to Her late Royal Highness Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVIII.' At the end of the pamphlet there is a curious advertisement to the effect that Madame Tussaud's son 'Respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has a Machine by which he Takes Profile Likenesses, Price 2s. to 7s., according to Style.' Apparently these likenesses were of the nature of silhouettes; but one would like to know something of the machine which produced them at such rather expensive rates.

Waxwork shows of a limited and very inferior kind were often to be seen at the old fairs. At old St Bartholomew's Fair in Smithfield, seventy years ago, for instance, the visitor was sure to

find waxworks among the many attractions of that objectionable institution. There he could see Mother Shipton side by side with Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots over against Jane Shore, and kings and murderers mingled in happy confusion and common disreputableness. The original Madame Tussaud, also, was only one of several waxwork proprietors who travelled about the country, from town to town and village to village, in the manner which Dickens has pictured so forcibly in his story of the wanderings of Mrs Jarley and her caravan. These peripatetic shows have not yet quite died out. Country towns are still occasionally blessed with a sight of 'The most stupendous collection of real waxwork in the world,' in which the gentlemen, pigeon-breasted and blue about the beards, and the ladies, of miraculous figure, as in Mrs Jarley's day, are all engaged in 'looking intensely nowhere, and staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing;' but, as with some other once popular travelling shows, the profits in the 'waxwork line' are not what they once were. The tastes of country towns and even of the villages have become sophisticated; and the delights of such 'unrivalled collections' are more apparent to children than to adult pleasure-seekers.

DANGERS OF THE DRUG AND CHEMICAL TRADE.



N engine-driver of long experience said that it was well for people who travelled that they did not know how often an accident was avoided only by a hairbreadth, as otherwise the nerves of a good many would be considerably shaken; but it is of material importance that it should be known that there are trades in which a considerable amount of danger is ever to be guarded against by those engaged in them. The trade of the chemist and druggist, both wholesale and retail, is pre-eminently one of these, as is also that of the chemical manufacturer.

Readers of the *Pickwick Papers* have been wont to smile at the insinuation of the chemist who figured in the 'Bardell *versus* Pickwick' trial—that murder might be committed if he were empanelled as a jurymen, because his boy was apt to confound Epsom salts with oxalic acid; but the passage will not excite much risibility on the countenance of the average chemist, for he knows well that from time to time fatal accidents have resulted precisely from this mistake; some manufacturers having so dealt with these articles as to make them very similar in appearance. Occasionally it happens that spirits of hartshorn is sent out when spirits of sal volatile has been ordered. Fortunately the stronger ammoniacal smell of the former generally prevents the

recipient from swallowing it; but every now and then we read of considerable suffering caused by such a mischance.

At one time both pitmen and weavers in the northern counties were accused of having recourse to vitriol-throwing to 'serve out' a black-leg. Both Mrs Hodgson Burnett and the authoress of *Mary Barton* have introduced episodes into their novels in which that liquid has been used. The former writer, in *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, has painted with very realistic effect a scene in which a brutal miner is 'done to death,' instead of his intended victim, by the mistake of his accomplices, who, before setting on him with bludgeons, throw sulphuric acid in his face.

This death-dealing fluid is in daily use with the druggist, and he must exercise extreme caution in handling it. Frequently he has to dilute the acid, a process which, if heedlessly performed, may cause damage to the surroundings, the heat evolved in the mixing often resulting in the cracking of the bottle. An unskilled helper might readily cause an accident of this kind; but, fortunately for all concerned, chemists are not wont to entrust dangerous work to inexperienced assistants without due caution, as they are too well aware of the serious consequences which may ensue. Young students in school laboratories occasionally pay the penalty for carelessness in handling bottles of strong corrosive

acids, with the result that they get marked for life. It requires constant supervision on the part of the laboratory instructor to prevent such occurrences.

Not long ago a serious amount of damage was caused at manure-works in Huntingdonshire, where a fire took place which melted some large leaden tanks containing sulphuric acid. Some of this flowed into a tributary of a river in the neighbourhood and destroyed large numbers of fish.

The authenticity of the following account of a narrow escape by a wholesale druggist is vouched for: 'I was sitting one morning at my desk. My office is just under our wet room' (the usual term for the department where liquid pharmaceutical preparations are kept and prepared). 'All of a sudden, I heard something splash on my desk close to me. Fortunately I was sufficiently cautious to get up from my seat and go to a corner of the room before looking up. A small trickling stream was coming through the ceiling. I shouted up through the speaking-tube to find out what it was, and received the reply, "A bottle of sulphuric acid has burst." I cannot say how thankful I was that I had neither touched the liquid nor remained where I was, for had I stayed another second, and looked up, I might have lost my sight. It came down close to my seat. Of course, after that I had the whole of the upper floor securely sheeted with lead. The overfilled bottle that burst should not have been brought up and put where it was; but I was not going to run such a risk again. An ominous black stain on the ceiling remained to keep me in mind of my narrow escape.'

An engineer connected with one of the largest chemical works in the West of England was walking under some of the vitriol tanks, and felt something drop into his eye. He thought it was a rain-drop and brushed it off, and for a time gave no further attention to the matter; but when he went to bed that night his eyeball began to pain him so badly that he had to get a doctor, and then he found, all too late, that it was a drop of acid, not water, that had touched his eye. He completely lost the sight of that eye.

Certainly the escapes of some men are wonderful. A carter in the employment of a large railway company was entrusted to deliver two glass carboys of pure sulphuric acid. He drove up to the merchant's door and said to the manager, 'Your men must be careful about lifting these, sir. They've got no stoppers in them.' Sure enough, their necks were filled with paper. 'Good gracious, man!' said the manager, 'tell me at once—has any of the stuff got on your face?' 'No, sir; not as I knows on.' 'Did the company really hand over these two carboys to you to deliver without stoppers in them, and without telling you what they held?' 'Yes, sir; no one told me what was inside. I saw the stoppers were gone, and so I stuffed paper into the necks.'

'Why, man, if you had got that acid on your hands, and chanced to rub your eyes, you might have been blinded for life.' On the face of the matter, it would appear as if there had been some scandalous carelessness on the part of the railway officials. The stoppers of the carboys could not, in all probability, have been quite tight when the consignment was delivered to the railway company, and the shaking in transit had jerked them out. It happened to be a dark wintry afternoon when they were handed over to the carter on arrival, so that acid fumes from the stopperless vessels were not discernible; and although the accompanying address-tallies had marks on them which would have been sufficient to indicate their contents to an experienced trader, these were not sufficiently clear to be decipherable by an ordinary railway porter or carrier.

That prussic acid is a deadly poison is known to the million; but comparatively few are aware of the extent to which it is prescribed in minute quantities, and how in consequence a bottle containing enough for a hundred or more fatal doses may have to be handled several times in a day by the dispenser. Should he slip with the bottle, break it, and cut himself, he might be a dead man in a moment if the acid touched the broken skin and got into a vein; and yet there are people who think that a chemist ought to be hurried, and complain that they have been charged perhaps a shilling instead of elevenpence for a preparation compounded at the risk of his life. Were he to become 'an absent-minded beggar,' the consequences might be such that it would be beyond the power even of Mr Rudyard Kipling to win popularity for him.

The distilled essential oil of almonds, which when diluted supplies the popular flavouring for sweets and confectionery known as 'ratafia,' contains in its strongest form a sufficient percentage of hydrocyanic acid to make it highly dangerous. A young man who was executing an order by pouring some of it from a large bottle to a smaller, noticed that he had not put the label quite straight on the smaller bottle, and took it off again. Before replacing the label he licked it to make sure of its sticking properly; but, whilst pouring, he had inadvertently let a drop or two trickle on the outside of the bottle where he had affixed the label. Then, when he touched the label with his tongue, he felt as if something shot along that member, and also a jump of his heart, so he rushed to a tap, which was fortunately close at hand, and put his tongue under the running water. Never, as long as he lived, he said, would he forget that poisoning sensation.

Death has sometimes occurred from taking strychnine in mistake for morphia. Here, again, there is sufficient similarity in appearance, when the strychnine has been powdered, to deceive the inexperienced; and a more deplorable mistake is hard to imagine than that a person in need of a

sedative should be given instead that which will cause most frightful pain and contortions. In more than one case the wholesale druggist has been found to have been mainly responsible for this error, having supplied the goods to the retailer wrongly labelled. Fortunately these occurrences are few and far between, owing to the check systems adopted to guard against accidents. It may be asserted that such a mistake would not be likely to occur if poisons were kept separate from other things; but morphia happens to be a poison as well as strychnine. The sufferings from strychnine poisoning have been very vividly described in Charles Reade's *Hard Cash*, from which the following is an extract:

'The room was nearly full of terrified neighbours: Sampson shouldered them all roughly out of his way; and there, on a bed, lay Maxley's gaunt figure in agony.

'His body was drawn up by the middle into an arch, and nothing touched the bed but the head and the heels; the toes were turned back in the most extraordinary contortion, and the teeth set by the rigour of the convulsion; and in the man's white face and fixed eyes were the horror and anxiety that so often show themselves when the body feels itself in the grip of death.'

With reference to mistakes committed by wholesale drug and chemical firms, it is generally found that when they have resulted seriously pecuniary compensation is very readily offered. Not many years ago one of these firms paid a sum of some thousands of pounds when a death occurred which, it was thought, was due to a poison the retailer had sent out by mistake—a mistake which it was alleged had been caused by an error on the wholesale dealers' part in the first instance. No legal verdict had been obtained against the wholesale chemists; but as it was enough for them that there had been some irregularity, they felt morally bound to make that large monetary sacrifice, and in so doing they earned the respect of their confrères.

It is undoubtedly because an excessive amount of care is taken that there are comparatively so few fires at drug and chemical establishments. Were novices left in charge the number would be increased immediately, as can easily be surmised when the inflammability of so much of the contents is borne in mind, and also that spontaneous combustion will occur if certain articles are brought into close proximity.

The care exercised by ordinary retail pharmacists seems to be recognised by insurance companies, as they customarily grant policies to the chemist at somewhat lower rates than they require from several other classes of traders. These rates, however, are liable to be materially raised should stills and retorts be introduced for manufacturing purposes.

Manufacturing chemists who conduct the process of camphor refining find it extremely difficult

to get an insurance company of good standing to accept the risk without charging a very high rate indeed; as, in case of a fire breaking out, there are such inflammable materials on the premises to feed the flames that they are likely to spread with alarming rapidity. Experience, however, usually causes the manufacturer to conduct such operations in an isolated shed; and when a fire occurs, though the shed is enveloped in flames, no attempt is made to put them out until the building is quite burnt to the ground and there is no more material for the fire to feed upon.

It is sometimes asserted that chemists leave dispensing to their errand-boys or at any rate to raw apprentices. This is a most unfounded charge. There are even chemists so scrupulous that they decline the services of medical students who come prepared to pay a fee to be taught dispensing, holding that by so employing the students they would not be dealing fairly with their customers, who have been led to believe that the dispensing department is entirely controlled by able and experienced men.

Many a retail chemist will admit that once in his life the fear has come upon him that he has put up something wrongly, and he has had a sleepless night in consequence; but he will generally add that after all he found the mistake had not occurred. His accuracy may be compared to that of the bank cashier. Neither can be said to be infallible; but the wonder in both cases is that mistakes are not more frequent, considering the number of articles with which the compounder of medicines has to deal, and the haste with which money is paid in and received over the counter of the banks in busy centres.

It is sometimes a grievance of retail pharmacists and hospital dispensers that reports of poisoning cases appearing in the newspapers do not state quite clearly, so that the public can take in the fact at once, that the fatalities have not been caused by any fault of the parties from whom the poisonous draughts have been obtained. Consequently, there is frequently a misconception of the facts, and a slur rests on the chemist till the exact circumstances of the case are ascertained at the subsequent inquest or by other means. In the number of the *Chemist and Druggist* published on 13th January 1900, five cases of poisoning are recorded. In every case the fatality was caused by mistaking the bottles; and, as the following extract shows, there seems to be no reason for blaming the seller of the potion taken inadvertently:

'On December 26, a shepherd named John Jordan, living at Perton, drank some sheep-dip solution in mistake for beer, and died nine days afterwards.

'A lady, named Sophronia Workman, who was residing with Dr Ridley, of Bromley, was given some liniment in mistake for an aperient by one of the doctor's servants. The liniment consisted

of equal parts of aconite and belladonna, of which Mrs Workman took a teaspoonful, and died.

'At an inquiry held at Islington on January 9, concerning the death of a woman named Helen Lee, the evidence showed that deceased had obtained some medicine and liniment of belladonna for rheumatism from the University College Hospital. During the night she drank the liniment in mistake for the medicine, and died in the Great Northern Hospital.

'On January 2, Mr T. Hood, senior partner of the legal firm of Woodward, Hood, & Thorne, Billiter Street, E.C., was found dead in bed at his house in Southend. At the inquest on January 6, the evidence tended to show that deceased had accidentally—in mistake for a homœopathic medicine—taken a quantity of prussic acid which he had obtained a few days before from Mr R. G. Dawson, chemist, Southend, to poison a cat.

'An inquest was held, on January 5, at Mansfield, touching the death of John T. Spilman (twenty), from carbolic poisoning. Whilst on a visit to a friend named Fish, he was taken ill, and the doctor prescribed some medicine and ordered carbolic acid to be used as a disinfectant. A bottle of Calvert's No. 5 was obtained from Mr J. Agar, chemist, West Gate; and during the night young Fish, who was sitting up with his friend, inadvertently administered a dose of that in place of the medicine, with fatal effect.'

When cholera or some other dangerous epidemic threatens a district, the article called bleaching-powder or chloride of lime is largely used. It is very offensive to handle, as the smell of it is difficult to get rid of, and some who have to do with it get their stomachs most uncomfortably disordered unless they take such precautions as covering the mouth with flannel to prevent the fumes of the chlorine from going down the throat.

The members of one high-class drug-firm said that if they could do so without giving offence they would never sell another ounce of it. On one occasion, when they had some at the back of the premises, a door had inadvertently been left open, and a strong gust of wind blew a quantity of it over some little children playing near by. The amount of compensation they had to pay for injury to the children and their clothes amounted to more than the profit derived from its sale during a period of several years.

There are many articles sold by the chemist which cannot be handled with impunity. Strong caustic potash, for instance, will readily blister the skin; but it is in daily requisition from wholesale druggists. Corrosive sublimate or perchloride of mercury is also objectionable, being likely to create irritation in the throat. So is arsenic. A chemist in Wales nearly caused the death of his porter, when, with a view to saving expense, he set him to pulverise a lump of it in a mortar. Another pharmacist suffered a good

deal in grinding cantharides (commonly known as Spanish fly) in a small hand-mill, getting intensely irritated by the blistering particles which flew in his face.

The author of *Lorna Doone* in his *Clara Vaughan* has depicted the agony which his heroine suffered from pressing her face against a pane of glass which had been smeared with a liquid which, by its effect, must have been hydrofluoric acid; and indeed such contact would be productive of exquisite torture; but this acid has to be sold in comparatively small quantities. It is much used in the stained-glass trade, and manufacturers are required to have it put up in gutta-percha bottles of various sizes, ranging usually from four ounces and upwards, at prices which seem somewhat inadequate, considering the nature of the article.

It appears, therefore, tolerably evident that the occupations of the drug-vendor and pharmacist and of the chemical manufacturer are attended with far more than average risk of danger when compared with other trades and manufactures. What, then, may be considered the compensations of those who carry them on? 'The ignorant will say, 'Why, the immense profits of course.' If these existed in reality there would not be that severe competition which now exists between druggists, wholesale and retail alike, and between chemical manufacturers also; but there certainly is some recompense in the acquisition of the exceptional knowledge which cannot fail to be acquired by industrious workers engaged in these trades, and there is the consciousness that they lend themselves to developments and are part and parcel of the movement for increasing the welfare of the community. The past record of the benefit of chemical discovery and of the blessing of healing drugs is well calculated to stimulate the ardour for further research and to a certain extent to shed some glamour even over the mere dealing in such commodities. Very few pharmacists are really indifferent to a grateful acknowledgment of the efficacy of a medicine which they have furnished; and when it does come, it takes the edge off the undeserved imputations of extortion which many are too prone to cast at them.

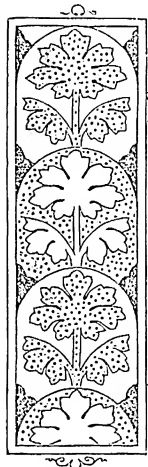
THE GARRULOUS LOVER.

I AM as love-sick as a nightingale
That breaks his heart anew each summer night,
And, babbling all his secrets to the vale,
Finds solace dwelling on his own sad plight.

I strike my lyre again, and yet again—
My faithful lyre, companion of my days—
To find that I can waken but one strain:
My passion, and the strangeness of Love's ways!

Nor would I have it otherwise than this,
Lest my poor heart should break 'neath its full store.
Oh, hush my babblings, love, with one long kiss,
And I shall hold my peace for evermore!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE CHANGE OF NATIONAL TYPES.

LONG-NOSED ENGLISHMEN, BLONDE FRENCHMEN, AND BEARDED JAPANESE.



THE circumstances of blood or food, of early habit or subsequent education, creating for the races of the world—the highly civilised races—a new physiognomy?

To one who believes in the evolution of racial type by means of natural selection an answer in the affirmative presents no difficulties; but to others—the student of comparative ethnology, the acute archæologist, the thoughtful traveller—this important matter is as firmly settled as that the Chinaman has slanting eyes, the Tartar high cheek-bones, and the Spaniard an olive complexion. Max Nordau has discussed the question as regards the French and Germans, Professor Mantegazza as regards the Italians, and Dr Hamilton and others concerning the actual blending of the multiform racial features of the American population into a single type.

The subject has, perhaps, in this country as yet hardly received the attention its extreme interest and importance deserves. Yet every Englishman who is at all familiar with the ancient physiognomy and the physical aspect and proportions of his race must be aware that the New Englishman of the twentieth century is not quite the same animal as was the Englishman of the Tudor period. The loyal subject of Edward VI., flax-haired if he were a yeoman, and black-haired in towns, would hardly recognise as his posterity and compatriots the equally loyal subject of Edward VII. Indeed, it is not certain that there has not been a special and distinctive type for each century; and this, if it is really the case, would, of course, not preclude the recurrence of a former type at intervals. Among the factors which have undoubtedly affected the physique, hair, and complexion of the nineteenth century Englishman, has been the matutinal tub—the widespread prevalence of the bathing habit. It seems strange when we reflect that in the

eighteenth century the morning bath, now regarded as so essential to Englishmen of all classes, was hardly ever indulged in, and the cold plunge within-doors a thing practically unknown. The physiological effects of frequent bathing are well known, among them being a heightened colour, sharper features—that is, a raw-boned appearance—and (as Dr Andrew Wilson has lately pointed out) a thinning of the hair. As to the latter, it is common knowledge that in the fifteenth century curly hair was the rule in England; but whether the change to lankness is to be ascribed to the wigs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or whether the wigs themselves were resorted to as a means of disguising the less hirsute luxuriance, it would be difficult to determine satisfactorily.

Another factor in the creation of the modern type among ourselves is the habit of pedestrian exercise, and also our greater indulgence in outdoor sports and games. Both of these have probably had a greater influence on the female sex in this kingdom, the difference in the physique and stature of the Englishwoman now and at the beginning of the Victorian era being really astonishing. One facial tendency, which has been remarked by Professor Mantegazza as characteristic of the English of both sexes during the past century, deserves to be noted: it is the greater length of nose, accompanied by more straightness. Aquiline noses, we are told, which were exceedingly common in the eighteenth century, are becoming rarer in Great Britain.

Looking abroad, we are shown the Frenchman gradually growing lighter of hair and complexion, owing to the greater fecundity of the Norman and the constant infusion of Swiss and Alsatian blood. The habit of drinking beer in preference to wine is also said to be influencing the physique and facial tint of the Gallic race. There can be no question of a slight increase of stature and a more erect carriage amongst the males, this

resulting from the same cause which has transformed the whole race of Germans from round-shouldered, shambling men, with a profusion of adipose tissue, into grim, sinewy automatons—namely, the severity of universal military discipline. But, with the Germans, they have to thank the army for a decrease, instead of an increase, of stature, the height of the men, as shown by official reports, having gradually diminished since 1851. Whether the Kaiser's subjects will regard this loss as sufficiently atoned for by the greater size of the German chin, which is becoming a prominent characteristic unknown to the Prussians under Frederick the Great, is a matter which we must leave to the subjects of William II. to determine.

The Russian face is undergoing a pronounced change, owing to new blood, and different food, habits, and conditions of life. But perhaps the most extraordinary metamorphosis of all is taking place under our eyes amongst two nations as widely separated in origin and history as it is possible for any civilised countries to be—America and Japan. The American physiognomy is as completely marked as that of any race under the sun that has, as Anthony Trollope remarked, 'bred in and in for centuries.' Yet, as the same traveller pointed out, the American owns a more mixed blood than any other race known. His chief stock is English, and with this are mingled the bloods of Ireland, Holland, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, and Slavonic Austria.

'All this has been done within a few years, so that the American may be said to have no claim to any national type of face. Nevertheless, no man has a type of face so clearly national as the American. The lantern jaws, the thin, lithe body, the dry face, the thick hair and thin lips, the intelligent eyes, the voice not altogether harsh, though sharp and nasal—all these traits are acknowledged all over the continent of Europe.' Yet perhaps Trollope was mistaken in attributing the formation of this type to 'hot-air pipes and dollar worship,' although not altogether wrong in supposing the American countenance to be modified by his 'special aspirations.' Yet it is extraordinary how rapidly the child of English or European parents, born and bred in America, assumes these special features. By some it has been believed that the so-called American face is merely a reversion to the countenance of the aborigines, and considering how strong the general likeness is, this theory deserves careful considera-

tion. On the other hand, how is it that the Canadians, whose habits of life differ from their neighbours, should preserve a more English type of visage, so that after three or four generations they are very readily mistaken for Englishmen? Here there is certainly no reversion to the aboriginal type.

In Japan, it has been observed, with increasing astonishment, as almost a freak of nature, that ever since the adoption by the Emperor Mutsuhito, thirty years ago, of European customs and costumes, the Europeanisation of the physiognomy of the Japanese has been growing apace. One of the not least wonderful results the traveller will learn from the barbers of Tokyo and Yokohama, is the increase in the growth of the beard, and of the lesser stiffness of the hair, owing to the habit of wearing hats and of brushing and oiling the hair. As a sample of a completely Europeanised Japanese, both in appearance and habits, the present Japanese Ambassador in London may be cited. The increase of stature amongst the Japanese is very perceptible; and the substitution of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths amongst many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion. Before the advent of military discipline on European models the Japanese were notable as the smallest-necked race in the world, a firm of London collar-makers with a large trade to Japan asserting that thirteen inches was the normal circumference of a full-grown Japanese's throat. In a little over twenty years, owing to more athletic development, the average has risen an inch and a half! To athletic development should also be added greater *avoi*rdupois, inasmuch as a more generous diet and abstinence from par-boiling is bringing its reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.

If, therefore, the Mongolian races are found capable of achieving, by slow degrees, the Caucasian physiognomy, there can be nothing surprising in the circumstance to which Max Nordau has drawn attention, that the Jews are slowly losing their identity. Once the Jews abandon their peculiar habits and dietary, the change is declared to be very rapid, the second generation almost perfectly resembling the inhabitants of the country in which it is domiciled. This was exemplified in the case of Captain Dreyfus, one of the most famous Jews of recent times, who looked little like a Jew, although both of his grandparents were of the most pronounced Hebrew type.



THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JULIUS STANDEN.

CHAPTER XV.



BEATRICE eagerly scanned her letters day by day for the promised communication from Munich; but it was more than a week before a bulky envelope in Mrs Trevanion's handwriting reached her. It came in the afternoon just as they were all about to start on a walking expedition; and Beatrice begged to be allowed to change her mind and remain at home, to which, after some demur, the others consented.

Being ready dressed, she took her letters out with her; and, finding a retired spot in one of the plantations near the hotel, she sat down to read them undisturbed.

Effie's epistle was rather incoherent. She wanted Beatrice to exculpate and not to blame her; for Effie was one of those whose first desire is to stand well with their friends; but the story she had to tell was a lame one, and the glossing of it over rather difficult. It had been so uncomfortable for her between Julius and her aunt, she wrote; the latter was always urging her to give him up. It had come to this at last, that she had to choose between them; and life as a country-doctor's wife, on bad terms with her aunt and her aunt's set, and thrown back for society upon the town-people, had been such a gloomy outlook that she had shrunk from it.

'I would have held out longer, Beatrice, but for a strange thing that happened, something so strange that I would not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. One evening Julius had been expected, but did not come; and the Bartletts sent round to ask us to go there, as a friend had come from London who had wonderful powers of showing one future events; and it was an opportunity not to be lost of ascertaining anything we wanted to know. Aunt Clara was wild to go, so I left a note asking Julius to follow us, and we went.

'The friend was a mummy-like little old woman; but she had really wonderful powers. It was a most extraordinary evening. I was rapt out of myself and hardly knew what I was doing.

'They burned a lot of curious-smelling stuff, and as it cleared away I saw pictures through the fumes. I saw visions of myself—of a figure very like mine—in all kinds of scenes, but always accompanied by a man's form. This was very vague, and I could not see it distinctly; but one thing I noted, it was not tall enough for Julius.

'And then they told me of some evil influence that was about me, of some one I ought to avoid, who would do me great harm were his destiny linked with mine. And they showed me a presentment of this person: a denser cloud of smoke

appeared, and then there came a sudden flash of light and I saw—Beatrice, you will hardly believe it—I saw, as clearly as if he were standing there before me, the face of Julius Standen!

'It upset me awfully, and I felt I really could not see him when he arrived, which was not long afterwards, and I was ill for days; and then Aunt Clara talked to me and talked to me. You know how she can go on. She said she had had a most impertinent letter from Julius, and at last she persuaded me to break off my engagement.

'He came, and insisted upon seeing me alone, and to all appearance he was as nice as ever; but I could not forget seeing his face at that *séance* (though, of course, I did not tell him of that). I stood firm, and everything is at an end between us.'

At this point the letter dropped from Beatrice's hand, and fell unheeded to the ground.

Julius was free! That was all she could grasp at the moment. Free, and through no fault of his own. The chain that honour forbade him to break had been snapped asunder by other hands than his.

It was some time before she remembered Mrs Trevanion's letter, and turned to that.

While Effie's had been apologetic in tone, Mrs Trevanion's letter was distinctly triumphant. She was so glad she had at length been able to induce Effie to give up a connection, which, after all, was hardly worthy of her. If she could have seen how her reader stamped her little foot, and had caught sight of the indignant sparkle in her eye, it would have been a revelation to Mrs Trevanion. She was sure her dear Beatrice would know that Effie's welfare was her first object in life, and she trusted that some more desirable prospect would open out before her than that of becoming the wife of such an obstinate and unreasonable man. ('Lord George is the "prospect," I suppose,' said Beatrice to herself.) 'I am travelling now entirely for her sake, for I feel sure that amid strange scenes and new surroundings she will soon forget her fancy for the young doctor.'

Beatrice thought to herself that *she* had not found it quite so easy.

She had nearly reached the bottom of the page when she looked up suddenly and saw that she was not—as she had fondly imagined—quite alone in the plantation. Some one was approaching from the other end of a long green alley—an Englishman she could see even at this distance, judging by his dress and bearing. What a nuisance! She hoped it was not one of the guests whom she knew at the hotel. At any rate she would be absorbed in her reading and appear not to see him. To have to make small talk just

now would be unendurable! But as he came past something impelled her to look up. She leaned back in her seat, pale and trembling! She had found herself face to face with Julius Standen!

'I have frightened you!' he cried remorsefully. 'I ought not to have come upon you suddenly like this.'

She was silent for a minute, literally unable to speak. It had all come upon her at once, the news of his freedom and then his sudden appearance. She wanted time to think. She had that feeling that sometimes comes upon us with the approach of great happiness. We do not dare to seize it at once; we want to put it a little farther off and look at it, to play with it a little before we make it our own.

She held out her hand to him with a smile, a smile that seemed to make words unnecessary, and he took it and seated himself by her side.

'How did you find us out?' she asked.

'I went to Würzburg first, and they told me you were here.'

Effie's letter was still on the ground, and he stooped to pick it up. It was impossible for him not to recognise the writing.

'Then you know—all?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Beatrice; 'but only just now, just this instant. She did not tell me when I saw her. I had only just finished reading her letter, when I looked up and saw—you! And are you quite strong again now?'

'Yes. As far as that accident is concerned, I have entirely recovered from its effects; but I feel tired out, utterly tired out. I have had a long tussle with death over a patient, and have been worsted. Poor Miss Caradoc!'

'Oh! is she dead?' asked Beatrice, and a sudden swift rush of tears filled her eyes.

'Yes, she is dead, though I would have given anything to save her. I did my very utmost; but it was not to be.' Then he told her of the long attachment there had been between this quiet-looking middle-aged lady and Geoffrey Ormiston.

'If ever a man was broken-hearted,' he said, 'it's poor Ormiston. I took it upon myself to send for him at the last, and I was very glad I had done so. She died with his hand clasped in hers. It was hard to separate them. It has taught me one thing, Beatrice,' he said simply, 'that love is not for Time, it is for all Eternity.'

Beatrice glanced at him, and noticed what had not struck her at first, how grave and worn he looked. He had been through a hard time since she saw him last. Very gently, very timidly, she laid her hand upon his arm. His own immediately closed over it.

'I loved Miss Caradoc,' Beatrice said, still trying to divert the talk from too personal channels. 'I did not know her very well; but there was something about her that made me take to her at once.'

'She gave me a message for you, Beatrice.

Her love, and her hope that you would one day get your heart's desire. She knew my secret, Beatrice—I could not keep it from her; but she did not explain what she meant by her message to you.'

'I understand,' said Beatrice; but she did not intend to give him any further enlightenment just then.—'It is so strange that you should have dropped out of the clouds upon us like this!'

'Not much out of the clouds! I had work enough to find you, I can assure you! By the way, I went to see my old landlady at Würzburg, and she told me a very charming young lady had been there, looking for rooms, who said she knew me.—What is the matter, Beatrice? Was it you really? Did you think of leaving your present hostess and going there?'

'No, I didn't want any rooms. I merely went — I only wanted — Oh!' cried Beatrice, with a rosy flush, 'are you the densest or only the least conceited of men?'

'Can it really be so?' he cried; 'did you care enough to go there for my sake? I can hardly believe, my darling, that such great happiness can be for me—that this great treasure of your love, of which I am so little worthy, can really be mine! It seems so much to ask, Beatrice, that you should give yourself to me!'

She did not answer, but turned her head and looked at him, her breath coming quickly through her half-parted lips, her whole soul shining in her honest eyes.

There was no sound to break the long silence, save the gentle rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze. The scent of the pines filled the air, and the tops of the trees quivered and wavered, hiding and then revealing glimpses of the clear blue sky overhead, just flecked with fleecy clouds.

'I went home before leaving England,' Julius went on presently. 'I had to break to my father the news of the rupture of my engagement and—to prepare him for other news. After all, it is not such a pleasant thing—to have to tell people you have been jilted.'

There was no trace of bitterness in his tone as he spoke; but there was in the voice in which Beatrice cried:

'How could she do it? I almost think I hate her for it.'

'Why, you unreasonable little thing!'—he drew her closer to him, and for the first time that day his voice reminded her of the merry Julius she had at first learned to love—'would you have had her still keep us apart? Or do you think less of me for having been thrown over?'

Her only answer was to snuggle her hand into his.

'I wanted to arrange with my father, too, about exchanging my practice. I did not like the idea of bringing you back to Penruth.'

'Upon my word!' remarked Beatrice saucily,

'it seems to me that, for the least conceited of men, you took things a good deal for granted!'

'What a horrid little speech! You shall make amends to me for that by-and-by. Yes, Beatrice, I did take for granted that what you told me that day on the sands at Yendell was the true expression of your true and constant heart. Tell me, Beatrice, was I too presumptuous?'

His eyes sought hers eagerly, longingly.

Play with her happiness? No, that she would not, for it also meant playing with his.

'No, Julius,' she said softly, and then more softly still, 'My love!'

He put his arms about her and drew her closer to him, till she seemed to feel the throbbing of his wildly-beating heart. She did not strive to release herself, nor did she repel him when he bent his head and kissed her flushed face and her warm, trembling lips.

'And what did your father say?'

'Oh! he was kindness itself, as the dear old fellow usually is. He is going to set me up in a London practice; and it's just possible that Sir Humphrey Haughton, who has always been a good friend to me, might get me a post in one of the scientific institutions. I shall have to satisfy *your* father, Beatrice, as to my ability to keep you. Will he be very hard to please?'

'I don't think so. Besides, I have money of my own.'

'Have you?' cried Julius. 'Well, I won't deny I am glad of it, for that will simplify matters, and obviate any necessity for delay.'

'And now I really must go in. They have probably got home, and are wondering what has become of me. Are you going to stay in Brückenau?'

'Just as long as you do. You won't get rid of me in a hurry now.'

'Then I must introduce you to the Hofmanns and explain your presence here.'

'Why should we not tell them at once that we are engaged?'

'Oh! let us wait a few days until I have had time to write home and get an answer from my father!' pleaded Beatrice, who knew well with what a fuss and what a flourish of trumpets the announcement of an engagement is received in German circles.

He understood the reason of her wish a few days later, when the fact of their engagement was made known. The Professor beamed at them benignantly through his huge spectacles. The two children were in a state of great excitement about it, and watched Aunt Bee anxiously to see what effect it would have upon her. Frau Hofmann was delighted, and insisted upon making it known to everybody with whom they had the very slightest acquaintance; she was only rather surprised and disappointed that the lovers did not make such open display of their happiness in public, as is the custom of the simple-minded

German *Brantpaar*, and she put it down to that extremely cold-blooded temperament with which our Teutonic cousins credit us.

Those were golden days for Julius and Beatrice as they wandered about the shady woods of beech and pine, and felt that the blank, hopeless misery of the past was more than made up for by their present bliss.

CHAPTER XVI.

T IS two years later, and in a cosy morning-room in her pretty house in Kensington, Beatrice Standen is awaiting her husband. She is not alone, for in that big arm-chair drawn up to the fire sits Geoffrey Ormiston, absorbed in a book. The Standens' house is his headquarters whenever he comes to town, which he does more frequently now, and for longer periods. He looks older and more bowed than the lapse of time warrants; and his thin, ascetic face looks softer in repose.

Another, and far more important, inmate of the house has just been carried off by the nurse. She is Geoffrey Ormiston's godchild; and Beatrice, who has taken the lonely old student, her husband's friend, into a very warm corner of her heart, has called the child Dorothea.

It amuses and yet touches her to see the dreamy philosopher and the tiny maiden gazing solemnly at one another. Behind which pair of eyes is hidden the deepest wisdom it were hard to tell. The tiny creature has won her way to his heart already. He has wonderful and awful schemes in his brain for her education, plans that would make Beatrice's hair stand on end had he the hardihood to reveal them to her.

Presently the door opens and Julius comes in. He leans over his wife and kisses her. They never mind Geoffrey Ormiston when he is reading; he knows no more what is going on than if he were in another planet.

Julius has been at a social function, a big *conversazione*—the kind of thing he cordially hates, but which, in his official capacity, he is bound to attend, for he has now an important post at the institution where the *conversazione* is held.

Beatrice usually goes with him, and he does not object to the affair so much when she is there, and they can exchange an amused glance across the shoulders of the miscellaneous crowd, and can at any rate enjoy the drive home together. He is her lover still, and his busy life makes doubly dear to him the few leisure moments in which he has her all to himself. As a slight indisposition kept Beatrice at home to-night, he has seized the very first available opportunity to beat a retreat.

'I have a great surprise for you, Beatrice,' he cries; 'who do you think came up to talk to me

in the most gushing manner, as if I were his dearest friend?'

'His!' echoed Beatrice, laughing. 'If it had been a female gusher I could have made a hundred guesses; but a man! I give it up.'

'Lord George Bartlett! Really? And was Lady Alicia there too, and the inevitable Mrs Wilton?'

'No, he was accompanied only by his wife, and it is there that the surprise comes in.'

'Effie, of course!'

'No, Madam Cocksure; not Effie at all. He told me his wife would be delighted to see me again, and renew a pleasant old acquaintance. Then he led me up to her; and it was the late—I mean the former Mrs Trevanion!'

'No!' cried Beatrice in genuine amazement; 'is it possible? How is it we never heard of it?'

'That I cannot say. Perhaps they were married very quietly.'

'But I always thought—indeed I felt quite sure—that he intended to marry Effie.'

'Probably he did at first; but either to him or to the astute Mrs Wilton the idea may have occurred that a fortune *in esse* was decidedly to be preferred to a fortune *in posse*.'

The reader may as well be told here that this was a pretty correct surmise as to the facts of the case. The plan of the Bartlett party had originally been that Lord George should marry Effie and eventually acquire her aunt's money; but some half-tender tones and not discouraging glances on the part of the elder lady had suddenly given him the idea that a quicker way to the fortune might be feasible.

'And how was Mrs—Lady George looking?'

'Not quite so prosperous as formerly, and nothing like so well-dressed. I fancy that some of the money that used to go in handsome gowns and Paris mantles has been diverted to pay Lord George's wine and cigar bills!'

'And Effie?' Beatrice asked.

'Is about to make the Rev. Stephen O'Rorke a happy man, and to bask still in the sunshine of her aunt's favour. You remember O'Rorke, the little Irish curate at Penruth?'

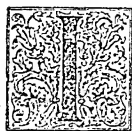
Beatrice laid her soft and satin-smooth cheek against her husband's. She was not often demonstrative; but this was her favourite form of caress.

'I remember everything at Penruth,' she whispered; 'because it was there I first met you.'

THE END.

HOW TO GET RECRUITS CHEAPLY.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, *Mr Thomas Atkins*, &c.



AGREE with those who think that it is cheaper to pay high wages and have efficient soldiers, though comparatively few, than to have multitudes on small pay who cannot shoot straight, march fast and far, or keep out of military hospitals and prisons. A soldier who could hit De Wet, Botha, or any other leader of an army opposed to us would be worth his weight in gold. He should get a thousand pounds a year or anything that would retain him. It is true that mere numbers were required in South Africa because of the long lines of communications that had to be guarded; but in campaigns less exceptional it would be the quality and not the quantity of the soldiers that alone would tell. Mr Brodrick thinks that the present pay would have to be doubled to get a higher stamp of recruits; but it would be economy to double or even to treble it if by doing so men of the stamp of the Royal Irish Constabulary could be obtained. If the army were made so good a trade that there would be a hundred candidates for every vacancy, and great fear of being put out of it for misconduct, all military prisons and half of the military hospitals might be abolished. Nothing is so expensive as crime, even military crime; and what would be saved by

having only one punishment in the army (three times admonished and out you go!) would enable the Secretary of State for War to propose a rate of pay for soldiers the mere contemplation of which now frightens even the courageous Mr Brodrick. It may be said that this kind of soldier would be too costly to be shot; but he would fight more intelligently, and would not be so easily wounded or made sick as a cheaper article. Besides, battles are not won by getting killed, but by killing; and the more 'slim' in mind and tough in body a soldier is the more dangerous will he be to the enemy.

If, however, the plan of making the army so good a business that men will wish to come into it, and will behave well for fear of being put out of it, may be considered too expensive, there is another and a cheaper way of getting recruits from a better class than that to which the majority now belong. This would be to allow a soldier, after he is dismissed recruit-drill, or even after he has been in the army for a month, to live anywhere within two miles of barracks he likes and can afford, so long as he turns up for his duties (he might pay a substitute for coal-carrying fatigue) well fed and properly dressed. The one-year volunteer student-soldier in the German army has this privilege, and it seems to work

well there. What respectable parents, who have tried to bring their sons up well, dread, and the sons themselves, is the barrack-room. If a young man knew that he could live in lodgings by himself, or with one or more like-minded chums, and had not to face barrack-room customs, language, and the glare of publicity, he would not be afraid, whatever were his antecedents, to indulge his taste for soldiering. A regulation like this would, it seems to me, be far better than forming a regiment of gentlemen-privates, with its invidious distinction, and would give us thousands of recruits whom snobs of tradesmen would be afraid to warn off their premises lest they should miss the opportunity of entertaining a moneyed angel unawares.

When I have met private soldiers in Germany coming down the stairs of a fashionable hotel on their way to parade, or seen them sitting at a *table d'hôte* and having the largest share of the attention of waiters, or passed them walking with the *élite* of the place!—when I have seen the respect they are held in in that country I have wished that the privates and non-commissioned officers of our army had something of the same social standing, and this they would I am convinced soon approach if they were allowed when practicable—that is, on home service and when not in camp—to live where they liked within two miles of barracks. This privilege would, I feel sure, cause to enlist men of good social position who cannot pass the examinations to be officers, and men of the stamp of the Imperial Yeomanry who went out to South Africa; and the presence of these men in the ranks would make shopkeepers, managers of public entertainments, and people of that kind, respect every Mr Thomas Atkins in a way they do not now. I know a general's son who enlisted as a private soldier, and went to get his hair cut at the shop of a barber who had cut his hair ever since he had hair to cut. The barber explained to him that if he came in civilian clothes he would be delighted to operate upon him; but that he could not allow him to come into the 'saloon' in his red coat, for if he did so the other customers would walk out. So long as this sort of thing is possible recruits for the six army corps to be established will not be forthcoming, no matter what payment is offered to them. On the other hand, any regulation that increases the consideration of the general public for the soldier gives a great fillip to recruiting. The food in the army is now as good as what is given at our best public schools, and there is no 'comfort' which a soldier wants except to be allowed to live out of the barrack-room, the atmosphere of which is not nice either physically or morally. Grant this privilege, and a superior class of men would flock into the army.

A young man who has been accustomed to a bedroom to himself cannot bear the thought of 'pigging' it with others. Suppose that you, my

reader, went to an hotel and asked for a bedroom and were told that there was none unoccupied, but that you could share a room with another gentleman, a stranger, would you not decline the offer without thanks? What then must it be to a young man who has been brought up in refinement to live in the close proximity of a barrack-room with from twenty to fifty men, some of whom dislike baths, some of whom come in drunk at night, some of whom do not believe in the sacredness of property, and do not filter their language. But could not barrack-rooms be divided into cubicles as are the dormitories at public schools? I have talked to many soldiers about this proposed arrangement, and they all condemned it. They said that a man would never sit in his cubicle cleaning his things alone, but would go in and out of the cubicles of his neighbours; and that at night, as the cubicles could not be supervised as the barrack-rooms now are by a non-commissioned officer, men would bring bottles of whisky into them.

Certainly soldiers would have to live together on active service, in India, and in other places abroad, because they could not get accommodation in hotels and lodging-houses; but men put up with things cheerfully when they have to do so which they do not tolerate if the things of which they complain are not inevitable. The army would become much more popular if the territorial system were made a reality. Each corps on returning from abroad or manœuvres or a camp of exercise should go to its own place as naturally as the Royal Marines return to their respective divisions at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham on landing from abroad. Then allow soldiers to live at their own homes or in lodgings if they can afford it. So long as they feed themselves properly, take good care of their clothes, and are at hand when wanted, why should not regular soldiers make their own arrangements about lodging as do the volunteers? I have known a militia regiment the men of which were billeted out and did not live in barracks. The arrangement answered well.

Were this privilege given, well developed and well brought-up men who would not live in barrack-rooms would come into the army, and would not want a ruinous increase of pay. We would get all who fail to pass the competitive examinations for commissions, most of those who now go out as colonists, and rich men who now idle or dissipate away their lives because they have no work given to them. These men would have in most cases private means, and with the lodging and fuel and light allowance that would be given to them in lieu of accommodation in barracks could hire quarters for themselves outside.

Of course we are only thinking of those who have private means and could pay for lodgings outside barracks. If it be said that this would be unfair to those who from want of funds would


have to live in barracks, we reply that money always does give an advantage to those who have it over those who are less fortunate, and that the same thing now obtains amongst officers. This plan of allowing those men and non-commissioned officers who can afford it to live out of barracks so long as they perform punctually every duty of a soldier might be tried on a small scale at first as an experiment. No doubt such a regulation would, when the details of it came to be worked out, give much trouble to the authorities; but after a time it would bring a different stamp of men into the army, and would raise the social position of Mr Thomas Atkins—or of Thomas Atkins, Esquire, as he would then become.

So long as the social position of soldiers remains what it is we shall never get an army of the best, and may be very thankful if we escape having an

army of the worst. When a non-commissioned officer of good character tells me that he is taking his discharge from the army I often ask him why he does so, and he nearly always answers, 'Because civilians despise us, and do not care to walk with us in uniform.' If a higher class of men were induced to join the army by being allowed to live out of barracks the uniform would be more respected. For the same reason officers and warrant-officers should be obliged to always wear uniform except when playing games, hunting, or doing something of this kind. As it is, the higher non-commissioned officers think that it is a great privilege to be allowed to dress in mufti, and they get into badly-fitting, vulgar-looking clothes. By their example, officers should teach them that it is not a privilege to get out of uniform but to remain in it.

OLD MR JELlicoe's PLAN.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

 HAVE again changed my mind,' repeated Harvey Jellicoe, still without looking up. 'During the last few days I have been troubled, I suppose, and I have grown more foolish. You require this thousand a year more than Jellicoe does, and I have decided that you shall have it. But the plan must still be carried out, for the people I have spoken to are deeply interested in it in more senses than one; and by them, at least, I intend to be regarded as a man of my word to the last. Indeed, there is no need to disappoint them, for we can arrange things without. In short, I ensure your receiving the thousand a year by telling you which of the packets to choose when the time comes.'

There was a longer pause now. If Forster had been a man of quick intelligence, if he had been able to comprehend a situation at a glance, he might have used that pause for a protest which would have saved him great trouble in the days to come; but he was not quick, he was not far-sighted, and the opportunity fled. Indeed, he saw and understood only one thing—that he was to have the wealth of *Cresus*—one thousand pounds a year! It was to be no chance, but a certainty.

'So you see,' continued Harvey Jellicoe grimly, 'I have given up my object-lesson and my experiment, and have taken your legacy out of the region of chance altogether. You will choose, on that day, the packet which bears the *blue seal*.'

'You will choose on that day the packet which bears the *blue seal*.' So it was told. The managing clerk's plain and commonplace face, always colourless, was now flushed and glowing. He tried to stammer something, perhaps a word of thanks, a sentence full of surprise and grati-

tude; but the Ogre—yet who would have called him an Ogre just then?—went on:

'That is all the difference. You will choose the packet with the blue seal, and you will receive your legacy. I give you this because you are a poor man, and because you are my sister's son. I may say that I also give it because I have learned that you have never shown any inclination to your father's weaknesses. You have always been an honest man, and will know what to do with your money. Be careful that you do not forget—the blue seal!'

Who could have forgotten? Certainly not the man who sat there beside the invalid, with the face of Mary Benning before his eyes. The blue seal!

'This, of course,' concluded Harvey Jellicoe, 'is between ourselves and Lowden, who is a man to be trusted. Otherwise, my plan would be marred.'

With that he sank back among his pillows, apparently exhausted by the effort he had made. A moment later he turned his eyes to see how Forster had received his gift.

But the last words had changed everything. As soon as they had been spoken, Forster saw what he should have seen earlier, and the rosy colours of the prospect faded suddenly. He had no need, now, to wait and consider, for one conviction had come prominently forward. Its effect was chilling.

'But,' he stammered, thrusting aside a swift temptation to silence—'but in that case Gilbert Jellicoe will be deceived—and the others. It will be a kind of'—He stopped in confusion.

Harvey Jellicoe's face exhibited surprise. 'A kind of what?' he asked with curiosity.

'A—a kind of deception,' said Andrew Forster. For the first time during the interview a little

colour crept into the old man's ashen face ; but if it came from an impulse of anger he restrained the feeling at once. He seemed to reflect.

'Well,' he said quietly. 'I suppose one could look at it in that way. What of that?'

It was difficult to speak ; but Forster was encouraged by his manner. 'Only this,' he said, with manifest diffidence. 'I—I should not like to be a party to it, in that case. Wouldn't it be possible to—to find some other way?'

Then Harvey Jellicoe stirred upon his pillows. The colour returned to his face, and his eyes darkened. For a moment or two he seemed to be divided between anger and amazement.

'What do you mean?' he inquired harshly. 'Find some other way? Do you mean to dictate to me?'

The managing clerk, who after all was only a managing clerk, seemed at first to regret that he had spoken. He looked alarmed, and drew back a little.

'Whatever Paul Forster was,' continued the Ogre, 'he was not a fool ; and I am surprised to find a fool in his son. If there is a deception at all it is mine, not yours.'

He waited for another word ; but it did not come. Forster sat still, with his eyes bent to the floor and his face pale. His silence seemed to appease the Ogre.

'There,' he said in a quieter way—'there ; that is enough. You can leave me now, and bear in mind what I have said. The blue seal will be the one. For the rest, Lowden will write to you when the time comes.'

Forster rose to his feet, but did not at once turn towards the door. He had a question to ask, and summoned the courage to ask it. Never before had he felt so keenly his lack of words, his awkwardness, and his want of tact.

'I—I will think over it,' he said nervously. 'But—but what if I do not care for it then?'

Harvey Jellicoe looked him up and down in mingled contempt and amusement. The pause before he replied was an ominous one.

'In that case,' he said, 'you will get neither the thousand nor the fifty. I am glad that you have warned me, and I will provide for it. Good Heaven, sir ! who are you to talk of scruples—the son of Paul Forster?'

Forster shrank from the words and from the contemptuous wonder which emphasised them.

'Go,' said Harvey Jellicoe. 'Go at once. But I am a man of my word, and my offer shall stand. Go, and send Lowden here.'

There was no word of farewell between the parties to that extraordinary interview. Forster moved to the door, his features pale, his lips set. There he turned, as if to speak ; but the old man was looking in the other direction, out through the window to the great Park. He opened the door silently, and passed out.

Down the corridor to the hall he went with

quickened tread, in growing agitation, and through the hall to the entrance. There his carriage was waiting, still and shabby in the sunny afternoon. Mr Lowden was sitting on the terrace, and looked up sharply at the sound of footsteps.

'He wishes to see you,' said Forster briefly.

'Ha ! thank you,' said the solicitor, rising at once. 'Are you returning now? You can take this cab if you like.'

This did not take a moment to arrange. Forster was only too glad to leave the place alone, and drew a breath of relief when he found himself rolling away down through the avenue. Lowden shook his hand warmly at parting ; but nothing was said with regard to the interview.

In about half an hour he was at the railway station, with a considerable amount of time at his disposal for thought and consideration. By that time Harvey Jellicoe's business with Mr Lowden was just coming to a conclusion.

'Then you feel that he won't refuse?' said the solicitor, rising from the chair which Forster had previously occupied.

'No,' replied the old man slowly. 'He won't refuse. Getting at a man's true character, Lowden, is like digging for water. You have certain strata to go through—principles, sentiments, religion, and what not ; but if you have the power to go on digging, you'll get to the rock at last—bottom rock, the man's self, naked and greedy. A thousand a year would find bottom in most men, I fancy. Besides, the fellow owes Gilbert a bad turn !'

The solicitor made no reply. The Ogre's cynical views were quite familiar to him.

'So,' continued Harvey Jellicoe, 'we shall not be troubled with any nonsense ; and he shall have his thousand a year, Lowden, because he is Alice's son. If I have to do any thinking on the other side, I do not wish to think of her boy as a life-long drudge. That will do, Lowden.'

Thus briefly dismissed, Mr Lowden left the room, and soon afterwards took his departure from the Castle.

CHAPTER IV.



ANDREW FORSTER returned to the North, and on the next morning appeared at the office as usual. For several reasons the days which followed his return were destined to be memorable ones.

Fortunately, perhaps, he was left a great deal to himself at that time, the junior partner having gone up to town, and Mr Benning being still confined to his house ; otherwise the managing clerk's preoccupation must have been observed. Thus there was less than usual to divert his thoughts from the problem which had been placed before him ; and through the long, dull days in

his murky office it faced and challenged him with a persistency which would not be denied. In his evenings he would often sit idle-handed, setting himself resolutely to face the question and to answer it; but it returned in his dreams at night, still unanswered and still persistent.

Again and again he examined every detail of his remarkable situation, in the vain attempt to find satisfactory guidance. He saw, clearly enough, that in arranging his so-called plan the old man at Castle Hayby had intended him nothing but good, though the whole arrangement bore traces of that eccentricity and cynicism for which he had long been notorious. He had relented towards the son of Paul Forster, and had decided to help him; but he had determined to disguise his action under a plan whose every circumstance displayed the old bitter and disappointed spirit. The poor man should play the rich man's game and be his puppet to the very last.

The alteration in the plan showed a further relenting, despite the bitterness which had marked some phases of the interview, and the curious circumstances which had surrounded it. Gilbert Jellicoe and the witnesses should be the puppets now, and the son of Alice should come in behind the scenes. But the plan—the pet arrangement upon which, no doubt, he had expended much thought and much bitter humour—must not be marred as far as outsiders were concerned. He had told them what was to be, and he was a man of his word. He had failed to see that his nephew must act a deceit, and when this had been shown him he had exhibited a perfectly natural anger and contempt. He had always been obstinate and imperious.

It was there that the question came. Forster shrank from the little trickery which was involved in the matter as he would have shrunk from an open lie or an act of theft. Honesty was not, with him, a matter of policy or expediency; and Mr Sturge's estimate of his character was a perfectly just one. He had been brought up by some humble relatives of his father, simple country people who had regarded the career of Paul Forster as something indescribably shameful. Andrew had shown none of his father's brilliant qualities, and they had perceived early that his place in life must be a simple one; but they had done their best for him in a worldly sense by placing him where he might earn an honest living. They had also endowed him with a large share of their own sterling principles, had told him his father's history, and had given him to understand that he must, as far as possible, wipe out the stain. He could only do this by living a life which no man might find fault with.

Up to this time he had done so, though not without difficulty, his punctiliousness in trifling affairs having often provided amusement for those about him. To his morbid and sensitive imagination the slightest lapse seemed to point to public

shame and the suicide's death. But now—but now—a slight lapse now, and one which would always be a locked secret from the world, meant to him everything that a man may desire in life.

Day after day he spent irresolutely, pressed by innumerable arguments. 'You cannot refuse,' said common-sense; 'it would be absurd. The old man gives you the money just as fully as if he had handed it over to you on that day. You must consider him a little, and humour his eccentricities. You know well enough that no other man would hesitate for a moment; and why should you, for the sake of a foolish scruple, a shadowy ideal of honesty? Your very ideas, you know, are utterly out of date in these days! Then, after all, who shall suffer by your action? Gilbert Jellicoe? Well, if you owe any one a blow, that is the man. As for the witnesses, your action will not affect them at all, and probably, as men of the world, they would be with you if only they knew. Lowden, again, is already your friend, and the matter will be quite safe with him. Put out your hand then, take up your legacy, and take with it the woman you love.'

Against all this specious reasoning there stood only that one poor scruple, backed, however, by the best instincts of the man who cherished it. Forster was not in any sense a man of the world, and he found much of the world's reasoning as distasteful to his nature as was the self-assured and patronising manner of Mr Sturge. Moreover, there was in this obscure young man's composition some strain of quixotism; and perhaps this inclined him to contemplate a foolish action largely because it seemed so foolish by the light of plain reason. Yet a greater temptation could scarcely have been placed before a man who had spent his life in lowly places, and who saw the passing years grow old without sign of promise.

In such a difficulty, it sometimes requires but a small thing to bring about a decision. The thing that came to Forster was not a small thing in his sight; but that he should have considered it final illustrates afresh the extremely impractical tendencies of his mind.

The person who brought the solution was the woman whom he had come to regard, vaguely, as part of his temptation. Indeed, he was glad that he did not meet her during the early days of his return, feeling that her very presence would make the struggle impossible. But during Mr Sturge's absence there was frequent communication with the senior partner, generally by means of the office messenger; and on one occasion, about a week after Forster's return, it happened that Mary Benning herself came down.

His fears vanished as soon as she entered the room, and he found that her coming was quite as much a godsend as ever. He had not noticed that during the past year or so such godsend had become rather more frequent than they had been previously; and even if he had noticed it,

he would have been the last man to form any correct idea as to the reason.

On this occasion he forgot his problem for a while, and conversed as freely as his natural diffidence would allow. Yet after a time that problem returned, and the shadow descended. 'A thousand a year,' murmured the voice of common-sense. 'A thousand a year! What would she think of you then?'

He became pre-occupied, and lost the animation which her coming had given him. Naturally, a pause fell; only, however, to be broken by a question which startled him into renewed attention.

'What was your father's name, Mr Forster?'

Forster started and looked up; but Mary Benning's eyes did not meet his. He hesitated for a moment, and then answered: 'Paul Forster.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Mary Benning involuntarily.

He waited in some agitation. It was quite evident that she had heard the story of Paul Forster, and had connected him with that name.

'Oh!' she repeated in distress, 'you must forgive me for asking so abruptly. But I saw something in the *Times* yesterday, and it reminded me of what you said a little while ago. I wondered, and I asked without considering.'

'You saw something in the *Times*?' said Forster.

'Yes. It was yesterday's *Times*.'

The journal named was something of an institution in such an establishment as that of Messrs Benning & Sturge; and in a few minutes Forster succeeded in finding the copy for the previous day. Under his visitor's guidance he turned to this paragraph:

'ILLNESS OF MR HARVEY JELlicOE.—The illness of Mr Harvey Jellicoe, who is now lying in a critical condition at Castle Haynby, brings to mind a great public sensation of some thirty-five years ago. There are many who yet retain a vivid recollection of the scandal of the Southern Counties Bank, chiefly memorable, perhaps, for the tragic circumstances which brought the affair to a conclusion. It was Mr Harvey Jellicoe's brother-in-law, Paul Forster, who was the Managing Director of this concern, which had its headquarters at Westhampton. After appropriating the funds to his own use with consummate cunning for several years, he tried to escape the consequences by turning the bulk of the remaining property into portable securities, and setting out for South America. By the merest chance he was overtaken, but avoided arrest by taking his own life. The bank property was secured, less some thirty thousand pounds which Forster had spent; but every penny of this sum was restored to the depositors, mostly people in moderate circumstances, by Mr Harvey Jellicoe, whose sister was Forster's

wife. The rare generosity of this action will not be forgotten, and it is to be regretted that the whole of Mr Jellicoe's after-life was strangely embittered by what had taken place. Himself a man of sterling integrity, he felt keenly the shame which had fallen upon his family, and even his own subsequent success failed to give him compensation. Of late years he is said to have developed traces of eccentricity in social matters, though his spirit of enterprise and genius for organisation were as striking as ever. He gave up business three years ago, and has since lived in seclusion at Castle Haynby. He is best known to the present generation as the founder of the great Jellicoe line of ocean steamers. We understand that he has no relatives living, with the exception of Mr Gilbert Jellicoe of Mincing Lane, the son of a younger brother.'

Forster read the paragraph slowly. It was his lot to be reminded continually of his father's sin, for the case of the Southern Counties Bank found reference in the public prints whenever some similar fraud would recall it to memory. But the matter had never touched him so nearly as now.

'Yes,' he said quietly. 'That was my father.'

Then he looked up. He hardly knew what he had expected to see; but what he did see stirred him to the heart. Mary Benning's eyes were turned upon his face with a look, not of curiosity, not of simple vulgar interest, but of unmistakable pity and sympathy. It seemed to tell him that she had read, without error, his whole story, and that nothing he had suffered was unknown to her. He saw more, and probably more than was really to be seen: for even an ordinary, unimaginative man of thirty-five may read strange and wonderful things in the eyes of the woman he loves.

'Oh, Mr Forster,' she said, 'I am so sorry!'

His face flushed, and his eyes brightened. For the moment he experienced an overwhelming feeling of simple gratitude, a feeling far too powerful to find utterance in words; and before he could recover from his emotion she had risen to go.

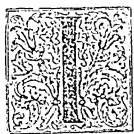
'I am so sorry,' she repeated softly, holding out her hand.

'I thank you,' said Forster huskily.

Their hands touched, and then he was showing her out through the farther office. Beyond the outer door he stood to watch her pass down the stairs, a neatly-dressed, well-formed figure, with grace and composure in every movement. He continued to watch, hoping, without the slightest reason, that she would look back; and she did look back, perhaps because she knew that he was hoping for it. With the look came one of her rarest smiles; and then she was gone.

INTRICACIES OF MARINE INSURANCE.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



IN these days of huge steamships and vessels impelled by the unbought wind, the necessity for marine insurance requires but little demonstration. Even when the world was younger, the loss of an uninsured fleet of carrying craft usually resulted in bankruptcy for the stricken shipowner. Shakespeare has put into the mouths of Solanio and Salarino, two staunch friends of Antonio the 'Merchant of Venice,' an accurate description of the unenviable mental condition of an uninsured owner of either a ship or her cargo. Antonio was sad, they thought, because his 'argosies with portly sail' were on the deep blue sea, remote from a safe haven. 'Had I such venture forth,' said Solanio, 'the better part of my affections would be with my hopes abroad. I should be still plucking the grass to know where sits the wind; peering in maps for ports and piers and roads; and every object that might make me fear misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt would make me sad.'

Where a merchant's future depends solely, or even principally, upon the safe return of the ships he owns, or the cargo carried in certain ships, his anxiety must be infinitely greater than when the risk is covered by insurance. Hence it is that suggestions are received from various quarters setting forth the desirability of compelling a shipowner to limit a ship's insurance to a clearly-defined portion of her declared value.

Very seldom, if ever, has the modern shipowner cause to keep awake at night listening to the wind howling dismally around his housetop. Marine insurance has become a mere matter of business, and the shipowner takes the fullest advantage of the facilities offered. Underwriters will take any kind of risk, provided the premium paid be deemed sufficient. As a general rule they pay up without demur when a loss in which they are interested is certainly proven.

Acting upon the known disinclination of underwriters to contest a claim, a few black sheep among the smaller class of shipowners have doubtless made considerable sums of money by causing ships to be deliberately cast away.

Coffee-houses in the City of London were once the merchants' places of resort for transaction of business. Edward Lloyd kept a coffee-house in Tower Street—removed to Lombard Street in 1692—which was frequented by owners of ships and cargoes, and by merchants who were prepared to write their names under an agreement promising to pay the amount specified thereon should casualty occur. In this way has arisen the designation underwriter, as applied to the insurers of ships and cargoes. Evidently Lloyd's Coffee-

house became a centre of intelligence for the shipping industry; and in 1696 the proprietor brought out a paper, called *Lloyd's News*, for the information of his patrons. This journal came under the ban of the Government, and ceased to exist. Thirty years later *Lloyd's List* was issued; and in 1884 it was amalgamated with the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*.

A coffee-house was open to all, therefore privacy was almost impossible. Speculative underwriting now became so marked a feature at Lloyd's as to necessitate some system of business more in consonance with strictly mercantile habits; and honest traders looked askance at gambling of the most barefaced description sheltered under the cloak of underwriting. To remedy this a society was formed for the purpose of excluding such frequenters of Lloyd's Coffee-house as were not business men; and in 1770 another move was made to Pope's Head Alley. The need was now felt for premises to be solely used for the transaction of marine insurance business, where the procedure of underwriting could be regulated, and the necessary information furnished to members with respect to the hulls of ships and their movements. Twenty-nine underwriters having guaranteed one hundred pounds each to ensure the construction of a new Lloyd's more suitable for their requirements, Lloyd's took up its quarters on the first floor of the Royal Exchange in 1774, and an annual subscription was required from members. At the same time highly necessary steps were taken to put down the flagrant speculative underwriting then prevailing. In 1871 Lloyd's was incorporated by Act of Parliament; and it is now the most important centre of shipping intelligence in the world, with an agent at every place of commercial significance. It comprises six hundred underwriting members, one hundred and fifty non-underwriting members, and four hundred and seventy annual subscribers, with a premium income amounting to three million pounds sterling per annum. Every underwriting member must deposit five thousand pounds, which cannot be attached or used except in satisfaction of purely marine policies; the investments and various guarantees held by the committee of Lloyd's on behalf of members amounting to about four million pounds sterling. Marine insurance is not, however, confined strictly to Lloyd's. There are now many bodies of merchants engaged in such business; and, as a consequence, competition is very keen. Edward Lloyd passed away very many years ago; but his name still survives, and will be in use so long as marine insurance is deemed necessary. Moreover, the name of Lloyd has also

been adopted by commercial concerns of similar aim and integrity in foreign countries.

Some large shipping companies act as their own underwriters—in other words, they are sufficiently blessed with capital to lay aside a reserve for a day of misfortune; and a few firms take a certain proportion of the risk on their ships. As a general rule, however, owners of ships find it less troublesome to insure the ships to their full value at Lloyd's, or elsewhere. Occasionally the ship, her cargo, and her unearned freight are insured in full; consequently under some conditions of the shipping trade an owner may find the loss of a ship rather a gain than otherwise. It is absolutely necessary in these days of big ships and costly cargoes to spread the risk as far as possible over a number of underwriters. Vessels range in value up to that of the *Oceanic* of the far-famed White Star Line, some half-a-million sterling. Often a cargo is worth one million pounds sterling, sometimes even twice that value. Mr T. F. Aukland, a well-known underwriter, once told the Shipmasters' Society of London that two hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of silkworms' eggs had been shipped in one liner from China. An underwriter's aim, as might readily be inferred, is to make money. In order to do this he must take every care to fit his premiums to the risk. The class of ship, the nature of the trade in which she is engaged, the route she will probably follow, the standing of her owners, have all to be taken into account. A huge book at Lloyd's affords every evidence as to a shipmaster's career in so far as casualty is concerned.

When an owner desires to effect an insurance on some specified ship he instructs a broker to carry out the usual formalities. The latter writes out on a slip of paper the particulars of the risk, and presents this document to an underwriter for approval. Having made an estimate with respect to the nature of the investment, the underwriter determines the premium which the shipowner will have to pay. This may be anything short of a rate per cent. sufficiently high to prove prohibitive. Each underwriter writes upon the slip the exact amount he is prepared to become responsible for and puts his initials against it. If, for example, the sum of five thousand pounds is required, and ten underwriters take a risk of five hundred pounds each, a stamped policy is then filled up setting forth all the essential facts, the underwriters erase their initials from the slip, sign the policy with their names in full, and the transaction is complete. In case of loss, or casualty insured against, the underwriters pay up after the necessary and sufficient proofs have been adduced. Competition among underwriters prevents premiums from becoming extravagantly high, while at the same time it compels them to cover risks to which they would otherwise have objected. Experience teaches in underwriting as

in other matters. Composite ships in the tea-trade with China brought down so many claims upon the underwriters that they eventually became practically uninsurable. On the other hand, experience was wanting as regards iron ships when they were first introduced, and insurances upon them were difficult to place. Once their strength and durability were known, the tide turned. Underwriters seldom object to pay what they have put their names down for, provided documentary evidence is furnished. The loss may seem open to objection; but grumbling only harms their connection. Experience thus gained tends to avoidance of a similar risk in the future. Were shipping casualties unknown, then the underwriter's occupation would be gone. A few losses really assist the general body, inasmuch as the necessity for insurance is thus made evident.

The premium charged by an underwriter varies with the reputation enjoyed by the firm to which a ship belongs. An Atlantic liner, for example, is insured for twelve months at from four to five guineas per cent., whereas a so-called tramp-steamer may have to pay from seven guineas to ten guineas per cent. Cargoes become differentiated in like manner. Goods that are insured for about six shillings per cent., in a steamer belonging to a line of repute, have to pay from twelve shillings in summer to twenty-five shillings per cent. in winter if carried in a 'tramp.' Now, inasmuch as all these steamers, whether liners or tramps, are built to the highest class, it follows that the cause for this difference in rates is not to be found in the construction of the ships themselves. Underwriters have fewer claims from ships engaged in regular trades, managed by firms of long standing in the commercial world, than they have from similar vessels trading to the Black Sea one voyage, the East Indies another voyage, not infrequently owned by a large number of small shareholders and managed by persons unacquainted with ships and shipping.

Shipmasters are encouraged by the underwriters to do their utmost when danger threatens. A skilful master, ably backed up by a competent crew, may save the underwriters many thousands of pounds. Some of the repairs effected at sea under critical conditions are amazing. Such actions on the part of captains are meritorious, and are not forgotten by the underwriters. A four-masted sailing ship of 3134 tons register, the *Liverpool*, was almost swamped by a sea not long since, in 42 deg. S. 17 deg. E., while running before a gale. All her charts, chronometers, and her nautical instruments were washed overboard. For several days her crew were engaged in baling out water which had got into the hold through the smashed hatches. Fortunately one small compass was left. By the aid of this, and the use of the log, Captain Owen Lewis brought this fine ship to within four days' sail of Calcutta. Then he obtained the exact geographical position

from a Norwegian barque, and proceeded to his destination. The underwriters concerned subsequently presented the captain with a purse of one hundred guineas. A well-known steamship in the New Zealand trade, the *Tokomaru*, Captain Maxwell, of the Shaw-Savill and Albion Company, broke her tail-shaft when five hundred miles from Rio Janeiro, homeward bound. After eight days and nights of unremitting toil her crew succeeded in repairing the damage, and she returned to Rio under her own steam. Had the propeller fallen off while the men were at work in the confined space of the shaft tunnel, drowning was certain. The value at risk was two hundred thousand pounds. Assistance of other steamers offering to tow the *Tokomaru* into port was declined, and the underwriters thus saved a bill of five thousand pounds for salvage services. Captain Maxwell was presented with a cheque for one hundred and fifty guineas and a letter of congratulation; Chief-Engineer McEachran received a similar sum, together with a gold chronometer watch; and five hundred guineas were divided among the remaining officers and men.

Delay caused by quarantine at certain places is vexatious and expensive. Underwriters have covered this risk at about two guineas per cent., on the understanding that in the event of a ship being thus detained they would pay thirty pounds per day for a maximum number of ten days. Under the new French grain tariff, ships bound from Pacific ports of the United States to France with grain were a source of anxiety. A few hours even might make a difference of thousands of pounds to those interested in the cargoes. Underwriters accepted the risk. In some cases they contracted to pay ninety guineas per cent., and in other cases as though the vessel was actually a total loss if she did not arrive before midnight on a specified day. This is a form of gambling; but it is sometimes urged that all marine insurance is of a speculative nature in so far as the underwriters are concerned. A still nearer approach to gambling is attained by what is termed an 'honour' policy. The person insuring has to rely solely upon the honour of the underwriter accepting the risk, inasmuch as such policies are not recognised by the law of this country. Quite recently a person obtained an insurance of this description on a steamer, and the underwriter eventually refused to pay. The vessel was to be paid upon as a total loss should she not reach Japan on or before a certain date.

Rumours of war have a marked effect upon the rates of premiums. When the Fashoda incident was approaching a satisfactory settlement the rate for insurance against risk of war with France dropped from twenty-five guineas to ten guineas per cent. The Spanish-American war made business brisk for underwriters, but the claims were very few. Underwriters refused to pay on the steamship *Restormel*, captured by the United

States ship *St Paul*, and subsequently released by the prize court. She was insured for fifteen thousand pounds against total loss, and her owners abandoned her to the underwriters, who refused to carry out their contract on the ground that she was not a total loss, and the contraband nature of her cargo had been concealed from them. A settlement was arrived at in court under which the underwriters paid four thousand five hundred pounds and taxed costs. Underwriting is just a business requiring tact, discretion, and a knowledge of ships and human nature. Big frauds on underwriters are rare under modern conditions, but they are still subject to considerable unnecessary loss from minor claims.

Underwriters know fairly well the average time occupied by a ship in making a passage between any two given ports. Should a ship exceed this average, it behoves an underwriter to reconsider his position. He may re-insure her at a slightly increased rate, or he may prefer to abide the result. As the interval increases the rate rises. Very frequently from eighty guineas to ninety guineas per cent. have been paid for re-insurance, only to learn later that the ship has arrived in port. After many days have elapsed without any tidings of a ship, varying, of course, with the voyage on which she is engaged, the vessel is regarded as overdue. Some time later, no news of her having been received during the interval, she is posted as missing, and the underwriters pay without a murmur.

Underwriters who accept such exceptional risks are known as the 'doctors.' They have some very exciting experiences at times. In 1897 sixteen vessels arrived at their destination, on which fifty guineas or more had been paid for re-insurance, three of them being sailing vessels. An American ship, the *T. F. Oakes*, was two hundred and fifty-nine days making the passage between Hong-kong and New York, a voyage accomplished in 1895 by the British ship *Alcides* in eighty-three days. Underwriters who paid ninety guineas per cent. to shift their risk on this vessel had the luck against them. Nevertheless a comparison of the two ships' passages goes far to justify uneasiness. The *T. F. Oakes* changed her name but not her star, for she became a total loss next voyage. The *Natuna*, a British sailing ship, also afforded scope for speculation. She was two hundred and twenty-five days from London to San Francisco, or about twice as long as the average passage. Eighty guineas per cent. was paid on her just prior to arrival. Underwriters who troubled to study the career of this particular ship would have found her credited with several abnormally protracted passages. Of eighteen vessels on the overdue list which arrived after long delay, in 1898, only three were steamships. One sailing ship, the *Ravenscrag*, was absolutely uninsurable when she reached Callao after a passage of one hundred

and eighty-five days from Port Townsend, Puget Sound. Had another week passed without news of her, the underwriters would have paid the insurance, and she would have been posted as missing. Yet her passage was almost equalled by the *Premier* in 1886, which was one hundred and fifty-three days from Puget Sound to Iquique.

A few years ago ninety-three per cent. was paid to re-insure the German barque *Matadore*, but she arrived at Valparaiso after a passage of one hundred and sixty-three days from Shields. A similar vessel, the *Henny*, occupied two hundred and thirty-two days between Corinto and Queenstown. She happened to be spoken off Cape Horn about the date she ought to have been making her number at Queenstown, so the fears of the underwriters were allayed, and her rate did not advance beyond thirty guineas per

cent. An iron vessel's bottom becomes covered with barnacles and grass, and cargo may be of a nature to shift at the least provocation; all these points must be reviewed by underwriters.

Lloyd's and similar institutions fulfil a necessary function in the shipping world; but it must be confessed that competition has tended towards a lowering of the standard. How far the system of insurance of ship, cargo, and unearned freight is desirable seems open to question; yet there would be grave difficulties in the way of compelling an owner or the manager of a shipping company to take a specified share of the risk, as is often urged. A volume might be written on the subject of marine insurance; but sufficient information for the general reader is given in this outline of the method pursued, and the risks undertaken by underwriters.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

In her ear he whispers gruffly,
'Pork for lunch; for dinner, tripe;
See that neither's done too toughly;
Bring the pouch and fill my pipe.'



O, 'mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, deep-chested music,' from a weekly newspaper Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate, read out a parody of his own Lord of Burleigh (*English Idylls: The Epic*). The skit had

disgusted him less than at one time such compositions usually did. The period was one of the poet's visits to London during the earlier eighties. The place, the suburban lawn of a friend, who had secured as guests at a garden-party the two master-singers of the age—not only the Laureate but his friend and rival in numbers, Robert Browning. It formed the only occasion on which, at least during this London sojourn of Tennyson, the two poets met. They were seated a little apart from the rest of the company, under a particularly fine mulberry-tree. Here, against the will of each, they had been lured into holding something like a levee. The last presentation had now taken place. The bards were discussing with each other the personality of certain friends they possessed in common, especially of Mr Gladstone and Mr Jowett, the then Master of Balliol. 'The most remarkable case of a double identity—now a reproduction of Samuel Johnson, now an adaptation of his own Socrates.' Such was the comment of Browning on the Greek professor who had recently caused the poet's election to an honorary Fellowship in the college of Wycliffe.

These, however, were not the only two Balliol men our host had secured. With an elastic step, something between a trip and a leap, presently

came across the lawn nearly up to the spot where sat the elder bards, their younger rival, Algernon Charles Swinburne. The estimate of that poet's age, given in the biographical dictionaries, was, as indeed it still is, belied by an activity not less youthful than that of Tennyson's successor in the Laureateship—Mr Alfred Austin, when in his finest lawn-tennis form, on his own Kentish sward in 'the garden that he loves.'

Now, for the first time that afternoon, the conversation between the authors of *Paracelsus* and of *In Memoriam*, at the leading of their host, seemed to have taken a literary turn, and by way of Balliol associations and of the Attic tragedians, to have travelled to Browning himself. Some one recalled to Tennyson his own comparison of himself with his classical masters—first, by-the-by, uttered to his college friend Kinglake—'in expression not much below Sophocles or Virgil; but there is nothing in it.'

After this, Tennyson, as if by way of practical apology for an egotistic allusion, speaking now *sotto voce* to a new-comer, Henry Irving, boldly launched out into the apparent paradox that, so far from being obscure, Browning was quite the most lucid of living English poets; if his meaning ever seems doubtful it is because he dazzles from excess of light. That opinion was presently confirmed by Mr Swinburne, who, however, supplemented it by an anecdote, not apparently confirmatory of the view. The author of *Atalanta in Calydon* had been passing a few days with his old friend, the Master, at Balliol Lodge. Jowett had just been reading Browning's transcript of the *Agamemnon*. What did he think about it? had asked Swinburne. The reply was preceded by the bland smile that always played over the cherubic features before some specially

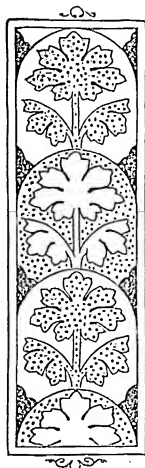
pointed utterance fell from the lips: 'I can just make it out with the help of the original.'

About Tennyson's life at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight nothing new remains to be said, except perhaps that, at least during his later years there, his sufferings from the importunities of inquisitive visitors were greatly abated. The only stranger I can remember to have seen there was a young American author, already of distinguished performance and of even more brilliant promise, who had brought with him a letter of commendation from Longfellow. He was painfully shy and absent-minded at the dinner-table, nearly forgetting to eat, and quite, I think, forgetting to drink; in the latter respect he resembled his host, who on that day, while the dishes were on the table, touched only one of them. With the dessert a small bottle of the Laureate's favourite port, unfortified—such, he said, as 'Will Waterproof' once could get at 'The Cock' in Fleet Street—made its appearance. It was only sipped by the poet, after intervals between conversation with his Transatlantic guest or of reveries with himself. At last, however, the decanter was drained. The poet, as if surprised to find it empty, with a touch of plaintiveness in his melodious monotone, said reflectively to the visitor, who had not touched the wine, 'Do you always drink a bottle of port after dinner?'

'Romancist rather than novelist, more than either poet, in the sense the word is used by my friend Mr Matthew Arnold yonder, is the description I should give of myself. About a generation after my death my books will be the vogue once more, and people may begin to see in *The Caxtons* an allegory of England's colonial greatness, for to me Pisistratus was ever the type of England, recouping losses in an older world by undreamt of gains in the new.' The lips from which fell these words during the intervals between long puffs of a singularly ornamental Turkish pipe were those of the first Lord Lytton. He was seated in his drawing-room at Knebworth. The only other persons present were the critic mentioned by the host and the writer of these lines. According to his habit, the host had been strictly invisible during all the earlier part of the day. He was then taking special pains with the final polish on the verses incidentally introduced into *Kenelm Chillingly*, and one or two other of his books. Till he had done his day's work, which sometimes began with sunrise, Bulwer never left his study-dressing-room; then, after some two hours in his valet's hands, he appeared downstairs, in evening dinner-dress of perfect cut, magnificently groomed, an ideal survival of the Regency dandies. Some of these lived on into Victorian days; the last of them probably died in the late Lord Lamington, better known as Mr Baillie Cochrane; to some persons he was still more famous as the Buckhurst in the novel of his friend and ennobler. In general company Lord Lytton was, as

a rule, like Disraeli himself, persistently silent. Perhaps to that rule the one exception was the farewell dinner at Freemasons' Hall to Charles Dickens, before the latter's departure for America, late in the sixties. Bulwer had proposed Dickens's health, making, as he did so, some references to the novelist's uncomplimentary sketches of the nobility and of the baronetage. Dickens uttered a series of asides, intended to be generally audible along the central table whereat he and Lord Lytton were seated; these murmurs began a brisk little conversational debate between the two. However, to show Lord Lytton's conversation at best, one ought to have seen him, as it was sometimes my privilege to do, playing host to not more than two or three friends at that Hertfordshire country-house whose grounds and whose rooms showed even more than his books their owner's idiosyncratic genius and taste. It is worth remembering to-day that the author of *The Caxtons* was the first Secretary of State who gave all his energies to making his office a great Imperial department. That example became very fruitful with his friend and eventual successor, the late Lord Carnarvon, who was Bulwer's favourite guest at these little Knebworth parties.

'I have long been meditating such an expansion myself. I should not be at all surprised if I began the work to-night, after we have finished that pint of port.' So spoke another Lord Lytton, who had recently inherited his father's honours; the place was the dinner-table in the Kensington house of the late John Forster, Dickens's biographer and essayist about a generation since. Forster had made some pithy remarks on the philosophy of home-life and the hints for home happiness contained in the latest novels of *The Caxton* series. 'Why,' he had asked, 'should not these things be elaborated into verse by a poet who sympathised with the novelist's views?' Hence the remark already quoted, of the man who a little later was to become the first Earl of Lytton. He was not slow in acting upon the hint, or rather in being encouraged by it to proceed with his practical anticipation of the advice. The servant, on entering Robert Lytton's bedroom next morning, found its occupant still in full evening-dress, seated at the table with a pile of newly written-over foolscap pages before him. That is how *Fables in Song* began. They were published later, I think in the same year, and were declared by Forster to be the book of the son that would, of all others, have delighted his father. Many years later than this, while he was holding public offices abroad, circumstances caused me to see a good deal of this first Earl of Lytton. The ease and quickness with which he passed from political or diplomatic to purely literary work, the amount and the high finish of the writings he turned out, the mental refreshment that he evidently derived from the change of labour, reminded many who knew him of Mr Gladstone himself.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A VISIT TO A BULB-FARM IN IRELAND.

By MARY GORGES.



THE natural resources of Ireland are very great; but it is only now that they are being brought to notice. It is worse than useless to speculate on why they have so long lain fallow; their hour has come at last, and one by one industries are cropping up, north, south, east, and west, which bring employment and consequent comfort to a people terribly in need of both.

One of the most attractive of these industries is that of bulb-growing, which, though of recent origin, is attaining a remarkable success. It has fallen to Messrs Hogg & Robertson, the King's seedsmen, 22 Mary Street, Dublin, to prove how very suitable is Irish soil for growing flowers, the results of only a few years' cultivation of their bulb-farm at Rush, on the eastern coast of Ireland, being simply marvellous. Imagine a wild, almost desolate tract of land; for though the country in the vicinity has many richly-wooded spots, the bulb-farm itself is singularly bare of shelter. Only fourteen miles by rail from Dublin, you could fancy yourself in the very heart of the country, 'far from the madding crowd,' as, on an Irish jaunting-car you drive the mile or so from the station at Rush and Lusk to the bulb-farm, observing the whitewashed cottages and the quietness that seems to rest alike on place and people—on the men digging in the fields, and the carts jogging along a somewhat rough road, drawn by horses which, you instinctively feel, have never been 'bothered' by undue pressure or vexed by motor or steam-car. Just beyond the slope of fields to the right, the sea breaks upon a sandy shore, and Lambay, Ireland's Eye, and Howth shimmer in soft blue outlines against the horizon. It all looks so peaceful, so primitive, so refreshing, that you are wanting to camp out in this lonely spot, and forget the world for a while, when suddenly a blaze of colour on the left-hand side of the road recalls the fact that you are going to see what

has been done, and is doing, by the taste, energy, and skill of man in transforming comparatively waste land into a very garden of beauty.

This field of tulips is the first indication of the bulb-farm; and a little farther on the car stops, and you walk up a narrow roadway to the entrance. A gate opens, and at once you behold a 'crowd,'

A host of golden daffodils,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way;
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.

Except that it is not 'along the margin,' though the bay is near, Wordsworth might have been writing of this daffodil-farm; for here are fields of narcissi, planted in long ridges and presenting one unbroken mass of bloom, the absence of gap being very noticeable in the strong east-wind which is blowing, and which seems as the breath of life to the flowers. Not one unhealthy or imperfect blossom is seen among the myriads upon which the spring-sun is glinting; however delicate the tintings, the flowers have the imprint of the most abundant vigour, and it needs no telling that the sandy soil, which crumbles beneath the feet passing between or around these acre-ages of blossom, harbours neither slug nor snail to mar them. Mr North, curator of the Royal Botanic Society, recently remarked on the singular suitability of the limestone soil sloping from the mountains to the east coast of Ireland for the growing of flowers, especially bulbous ones. He stated also that flowers grown in Ireland had larger blossoms and a much more delicate perfume than those grown in England; and, indeed, he goes so far as to say that, comparing similar flowers grown in the two countries, one would almost suppose them of different species, from the superiority of the Irish ones. His conclusion

is that in flower-growing Ireland ought to have no rival.

The bulb-farm at Rush was established in 1895 by Mr James Robertson, who, observing the capabilities of the soil, determined to try if bulbs equal or superior to those imported from Holland could not be produced upon it. He therefore acquired some of the most suitable land, and applied himself to the development of the Irish bulb-trade with such skill and energy that the bulb-farm has become a veritable Holland in Ireland. He began with the culture of the narcissus, to which some six acres are devoted, and about three hundred distinct varieties grown.

Flowers grown by the acre mean a picture rare and never to be forgotten; the only drawback being that, passing down these long beds, many of which contain more than a thousand bulbs, the eye is met by such a galaxy of beautiful flowers that it becomes hard to distinguish them singly. Yet each has its special charm, from the grand trumpet-daffodils down to the delicate dwarf varieties, whose 'little flowers bespangle the ground like stars.' Save for the able assistance of the foreman of the farm, very confused, indeed, would have been the ideas carried away of the relative merits of the various flowers, which it became possible to appreciate as he pointed out, one after another, the newest and rarest, some being worth thirty pounds, and others fifty pounds for a single bulb. Varieties named Lady Margaret Boscawen, Brigadier, Countess Cadogan, and Countess Mayo, were among these rare and beautiful bulbs. A hasty jotting preserves the memory of the Glory of Leyden, a great trumpet; the Golden Spur, with its rich yellow leaves; Madame de Graaf, a lovely white trumpet-daffodil; Queen Sophia, a great beauty, the frilled cup heavily stained orange-scarlet; the Duchess of Westminster, snow-white, with canary cup; the King and Queen of Spain, royal in beauty as in name; Victoria, a grand new trumpet-daffodil, creamy-white, with rich yellow trumpet; and many others equally striking but impossible to enumerate without seeming to catalogue. Of the leading kinds the quantities grown are very great; for instance, to quote from the *Irish Gardener*, 'Sir Watkin is represented by six or seven long beds, containing thousands of bulbs in each, Emperor about the same, *Barrii Conspicuus* occupied twice this amount of space; while Queen of Spain, *Nelsonia*, *Burbridgeas*, and many others were there in their tens of thousands.'

It was not easy to leave the daffodils for the tulip-farm, which is a short distance off, and quite as great a speciality; but truly the first sight of these radiant flowers drove away, for the time being, all thought of the fair, pale blossoms that were tossing their golden heads in the sunbeams near by. The glory of colour that met the view was indescribable. Each of the long

beds contained about five hundred plants in full bloom; some beds were filled with crimson, others with golden tulips, with scarlet, with reds in every shade—deep cherry-reds some—which made the petals of a snowy expanse of white tulips beyond them absolutely dazzling as they fluttered in the breeze like the white wings of fairies. The sun was glowing, the wind was gay, sweeping ever and anon adown these colour masses; the rich carmine rose-tulips, the lovely pink-and-white Cottage Maids, the brilliant orange-scarlet, bronze, orange, vermilion, violet. The field slopes slightly; and it is impossible to convey the impression made, on looking down, by the soft blaze—soft despite its brilliance—for distinctly as each separate colour stands out, they yet seem to blend into one great harmony, like the many notes of a great anthem chord. A far-fetched simile it may seem; but the grandeur of colour has the same power to thrill and touch the spirit as that of sound, for both give a glimpse of the Infinite and Invisible, from which they come. It is said that Turner once hung enraptured over some painted comfits which he had combined, so as to form a wondrous colour-effect: what thoughts might not these shining fields have suggested, what visions, to be transferred to canvas, with that hint of spiritual significance which he could so well impart, in its turn thrilling 'audient and beholding souls!'

About seven acres are devoted to the culture of the tulip, and here are all the leading varieties in the early-flowering single and double sections, and perhaps the largest and most varied collection in Europe of May-flowering cottage garden tulips. Already the Parrot tulips in the adjoining fields were showing glimpses of gold, scarlet, and green stains, and there were battalions of serried ranks whose green sheaths were still unopened. Some of the leading varieties are grown in great quantities, such as *Tulipa Macrospila*, a glowing crimson-scarlet, with deep zone of black and yellow, and perfume resembling the sweet-pea; and the Golden Crown, of each of which one hundred thousand bulbs were planted last autumn.

Of course all this gives much and greatly needed employment; for the fishing industry of Rush, once so thriving, has dwindled away, receiving its *coup de grâce* of late from the steam trawlers, which are destroying the fish round the coast. Many people find constant work on the bulb-farm, the number being considerably increased during the lifting and planting season.

About five acres are reserved for miscellaneous bulbs, English and Spanish Iris, Ixias, Anemones, Ranunculus, Gladioli, &c., all of which grow remarkably well on this cool, moist, sandy soil. Formerly the land was in the hands of small cotters, and was found most suitable for early potatoes and market vegetables; now it produces flowers remarkable for size, depth and purity of

colour, and—what is most important—larger, finer, healthier bulbs than can be found elsewhere. This, of course, is partly due to the climate being so especially adapted for them; but it must not be forgotten that suitable soil—not easily selected or so largely available as many experts imagine—is absolutely essential.

The charming look of health and happiness about these flowers strikes every one who sees them. A writer in *The Garden* says: 'Though I have seen tulips in Holland and in England, I never saw them happier than upon this wind-swept shore. . . . The soil is mainly sand, which has for ages been manured with sea-weed from the adjacent shore. It is deep and easily worked in nearly all weathers, and is supplied by moisture from below in much the same way as are the bulb and other gardens of the Dutch and Belgians. This sunny strip of sand is said to have the lowest rainfall in Ireland, for which the subterranean moisture makes amends. . . . I never, even in Holland, saw foliage so clean, strong, and

healthy, nor flowers so fresh and splendid in form and colour. Now that the fact is accomplished, one wonders why bulb-culture was not tried here long ago.'

The fame of Messrs Hogg & Robertson's bulb-farm is rapidly spreading. Innumerable medals and awards from the Royal Horticultural Society, the Royal Botanic Society (London), the Midland Daffodil Society (Birmingham), from the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, &c., prove the estimation in which the flowers are held by the horticultural world. At the Dublin spring show, these daffodils and tulips were, in 1899, awarded nine prizes—five firsts, two seconds, and two thirds; and in 1900 five firsts, one second, and two third prizes.

Many visitors come long distances to view the bulb-farm. To the expert such a visit means a twofold pleasure; to the simplest lover of flowers it is a delight, and a memory, to

Flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude.

OLD MR JELlicoe's PLAN.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*



ORSTER returned, elated, excited, triumphant. As he passed through the general office one of the clerks looked up, and observed his face. This was the junior clerk, a young man who had no confidence in himself or in his own impressions. He saw Forster's face, and stared at it helplessly; and while he stared a startling conviction illumined his mind. It brought to his lips a sudden exclamation, immediately after Forster had closed his door.

'By Jove!' he said.

'Eh? What is it?' inquired the article clerk, looking round.

But the junior clerk was considering, and the illumination passed. 'Oh, nothing,' he answered carelessly; and then he returned to his work. For he saw, upon consideration, that he had been mistaken, that the thing was ridiculous, impossible. What! old Forster, with his nervous little ways, his pale face, and the hair turning gray about his temples? Oh no, he had made a shocking mistake, and he had better keep it to himself; for the article clerk was a clever and caustic young man, who lost no opportunity of indulging in satire at the expense of his companion's impressions and opinions. So the junior clerk did keep his dazzling conviction to himself—a thing for which he was sorry ever after.

Forster returned to his room, that dusty, musty little office which he knew so well. He sat still, and tried to look out through a window which had not been properly cleaned for years; yet he

saw more visions through that window in five minutes than ever man saw in a necromancer's globe.

Mary Benning's look had had a most curious effect upon him. Harvey Jellicoe's golden temptation was no longer powerful enough to lead him from his own way; his surroundings were no longer intolerable, his work was no more a wretched drudgery. A new life had been poured into his veins, and he felt stirring within him energies which had never been touched before. That look! that look!

Nor had he the same doubts, the same irresolution. The girl's look of pity and sympathy seemed to have revealed, suddenly, the gulf into which he had almost fallen. 'She felt for me because of another's fault,' he thought; 'and I was just about to step into the same road myself!' Which suggests, perhaps, that a man is none the more likely to dishonour himself for having looked into a pure woman's eyes.

So he formed his resolve, assisted to it by a circumstance which probably neither Harvey Jellicoe nor his solicitor had taken into calculation; and he felt, when it was done, that the one woman in the world would have cared for him all the more because he had done it. Then he set himself to await the end.

During the days that followed, the temptation came again often; but he was not to be tempted. He recalled what he had seen, and was satisfied, feeling that he would never be a really poor man while one woman was ready to look at him in that way; and not even for as much as ten thousand

a year would he forfeit his right to that look. Thus it is that the glamour of love makes a poor man rich and turns the wisdom of the world to no account.

One hope he felt that he had some right to entertain—the hope that Harvey Jellicoe might relent still further, and consent to offer him some other alternative. Otherwise he schooled himself to dismiss without pain the visions which had come so suddenly and unexpectedly, and to bend his mind to other things. When all this was over, and when Harvey Jellicoe and his affairs had become things of the past, he would yet be the richer for the incidents of those exciting days. He would have something new to live and work for, something infinitely better than the one thousand a year; and he would see whether it was not in him to move out of the old rut and make a better place for himself in the world. And always, after that conclusion, he would fall to thinking of Mary Benning's eyes!

But Harvey Jellicoe did not relent further, and did not offer an alternative; and just as summer was fading the final summons came at last from Walter Lowden. It was a brief note, and reminded Forster painfully of that other letter which had brought with it such visions and such hopes. Now the visions were gone.

'I regret to inform you,' wrote the solicitor, 'that your uncle, Mr Harvey Jellicoe, passed away this morning. The funeral will take place on Thursday next, the 24th instant; and I have to request that you will not fail to be present, according to the arrangement made with you by the deceased gentleman.'

CHAPTER V.

HARVEY JELlicoe had left very full and precise instructions as to his own funeral arrangements. The only persons to be invited were six gentlemen selected by himself, and these were to return immediately afterwards to the Castle. There they would assemble in his library, for the purpose of which he had already informed them; and those who were to be present only as witnesses were requested to accept the deceased man's thanks in the form of a gift of one hundred pounds. 'It was never my habit,' he had declared to Lowden, with that cynicism which spared no one, 'to ask any man to serve me without reward; and I do not intend to begin at the end of my days!'

These remarkable instructions were followed to the letter, though Mr Lowden did not think it wise to make public the remarks which had accompanied them. The six persons who followed Harvey Jellicoe on his final journey from the Castle to the village were Andrew Forster and Gilbert Jellicoe, his only surviving relatives; Walter

Lowden, the one person who had enjoyed his entire confidence; and the three selected witnesses—Mr Newman Hartt, the present head of the company which had taken over deceased's business; and two local magistrates, Captain Justiss and Sir Robert Mure of Haynby Manor. These three had bound themselves to see the dead man's wishes fully carried out, however extraordinary those wishes might prove to be. The village church, however, was crowded, and a large number of persons had come up from Westhampton to witness the ceremony in the churchyard. Several of these were prominent merchants, anxious to pay their late fellow-worker a last tribute of respect; but the greater number, naturally, had been attracted by mere curiosity, Mr Lowden having found it impossible to keep the unusual funeral arrangements from being made public. These visitors were much interested to point out, among the group of mourners, the person of Andrew Forster, 'son of the notorious Paul Forster, of the Bank.'

So Harvey Jellicoe was laid to rest, his warped body finding a home where every man must come at last to seek it; and the clergyman of the parish pronounced over him those words of hope and comfort which mother Church has ordered to be read. It occurred to Forster that by this time rest might have come also to that warped heart, which had first loved with so great an affection and had then nursed its resentment through so many bitter years. Perhaps Harvey Jellicoe had now made his peace with his sister, and had found that even for Paul Forster there was some shadow of excuse.

Afterwards the six returned to the Castle together, and Forster saw the approach of his ordeal. During recent days he had cherished a certain feeling of anger against the old man who, without regard for honour or conscience, had tried to make him take part in an unworthy trick; but that feeling had not survived the scene at the graveside. To him, however, the whole affair was a trial of no ordinary character, for he had read in many eyes the knowledge of his own name and story. It even seemed to him that others of the six regarded him with a certain aloofness; but this impression was probably due to his own over-sensitiveness. Indeed, Gilbert Jellicoe even took the trouble to be cordial. The prosperous and perfectly-dressed merchant from London appeared, to-day, to have forgotten his last meeting with the managing clerk, and evidently considered that the managing clerk should also forget it, just for the occasion. Afterwards, of course—

At the Castle, luncheon was awaiting them. It was a curiously stiff affair, in which every one was ill at ease: for they could not converse before the servants upon the matter of chief moment, and their interests in life were otherwise widely different. There was general

relief when an adjournment was made to the library.

The door of the room was found carefully sealed. 'This was done in Mr Jellicoe's presence, two days before his death,' said the solicitor. 'The windows are also sealed on the inside, and shuttered. You perceive that the seals on this door are still unbroken.'

He unlocked the door, and broke the wax. The room within was quite dark, and he immediately took down the shutter-bars to admit the light. When the seals upon the windows had been found intact the party returned to the table.

Six chairs had been placed around the table, upon which lay a loosely-folded cloth. Upon this cloth lay an envelope, which the solicitor took up as soon as the others were seated. He showed them that it bore an inscription: 'Instructions for my solicitor, Walter Lowden.' Then he tore it open.

Within were two articles: a folded sheet of paper, and a smaller envelope, sealed. This envelope the solicitor laid aside.

'All of you,' he said gravely, as he unfolded the sheet of paper, 'are aware of what we have to do. I shall, however, read to you my late client's instructions.' He then began to read from the sheet:

'My only living relatives are Gilbert Jellicoe, son of my brother Gilbert, and Andrew Forster. One is already a wealthy man: the other is the son of a man who dishonoured my name, robbed me of the only woman I ever loved, and afterwards caused her death. Thus there is no reason why either of these relatives should have an interest in the disposition of my estate.

'For reasons of my own, however, I have decided to leave them a certain sum. This sum is divided, unequally, into two parts, which represent respectively an income of one thousand pounds a year and another of fifty pounds. Chance is to decide the destination of these legacies.

'The two packets on my table'—

At that point Mr Lowden paused to draw back the folded tablecloth. This action revealed two large packets lying side by side, one bearing a large seal in blue wax and the other a similar one in red. Then the reading went on:

'The two packets on my table contain duplicates of my Last Will and Testament, with this sole difference in their provisions: that in one I bequeath the sum of one thousand pounds yearly to Andrew Forster, and fifty to Gilbert Jellicoe; and that in the other the order is reversed. It is my wish, as already explained to my nephews and to the witnesses, that Andrew Forster, as a poor man, shall have the privilege of naming the packet which he desires to have opened. The other shall be at once destroyed, with any other document of a similar

kind whose existence is within the knowledge of my solicitor; and the selected packet shall be proved, and its provisions executed as those of my Will.'

Again the solicitor paused, but this time because he had reached the end. 'Such,' he said, 'are our instructions. May I ask whether they are perfectly clear to every one present?'

It seemed that they were. By this time the interest was great, for the fascination of the hazard had touched them all. That is, all save one.

'Then we may proceed,' said Mr Lowden. 'I call upon Mr Andrew Forster to execute his portion of the plan.'

All eyes were upon Forster. He was agitated, as any man must be at a critical point in his life. To his eyes the packets upon the table had an irresistible attraction, and he could not withdraw his gaze from the large blue seal of the packet farthest from him. It seemed to be a seal of a gigantic size.

Swift though the impulse was, he did not give way. Had he been wise enough and worldly enough, he might have fought down those foolish and quixotic emotions at the last moment, and extended his hand for the gift before him. Had he done this we should know him, to-day, as a man of comfort and substance, placed secure above the drudgery in which his life had been hidden and his best emotions stifled. But he did not do it, for at that last moment he was more quixotic than ever; and the ridiculous fancy came to him that if he gave way now that large blue seal would stand for ever between himself and happiness. It would never quit his vision; it would blot out the smile of the one woman in the world.

Probably he was unstrung, hysterical. He felt this to a certain extent, and doubtless the others perceived it. He stammered noticeably when he rose to speak.

'I—I am very sorry,' he said, 'but I cannot do my part. It is impossible.'

Intense interest gave place to astonishment. No one had expected this.

'It is quite impossible,' repeated Forster nervously. 'There is a circumstance which prevents me.'

Then he sat down awkwardly. He had previously decided to give no reason, because of the reflection which must fall upon Harvey Jellicoe if the truth became known.

The position was a curious one. Two of the witnesses looked at Mr Lowden in bewilderment. The third, Mr Newman Hartt, put up his eye-glasses to regard Forster more attentively. His look was one of surprise, mingled with indignation. The pause of those moments was a most embarrassing one.

'This appears to me very extraordinary,' said Sir Robert Mure, looking at Mr Lowden in a

questioning way. 'Was this difficulty provided for?'

Mr Lowden did not answer at once. He smoothed out his paper of instructions, and seemed to be waiting. Gilbert Jellicoe was the first to recover himself, and point a way out of the difficulty. It was the simplest way imaginable.

'I suppose,' he said, 'that since my cousin refuses, I must take his place. Is that so?'

Forster had not thought of that. But his returning hope vanished with Mr Lowden's answer, given slowly:

'No, Mr Jellicoe; my client arranged otherwise. In case of Mr Forster's refusal, his chance was to be withdrawn. But first I must ask whether his refusal is final?'

The look which emphasised the question said, as plainly as possible: 'It is not yet too late. Be wise!' But Forster shook his head. The solicitor waited another moment, but in vain. It was evident that he was himself perturbed, and the expression of doubt and anxiety upon his face was easily read. But after that moment's waiting he turned away with a movement which Forster fancied he understood. 'He calls me a fool!' he thought.

In silence Mr Lowden took up the small envelope which he had taken out of the packet of instructions, and passed it to each one in turn. It bore the superscription 'Only to be opened in case of Andrew Forster's refusal.' When he had received it again, he said:

'The deceased gentleman provided for every possible contingency. I shall now read his further instructions.'

He opened the envelope, and extracted a sheet thickly covered with writing. In a moment he began to read:

'Since Andrew Forster has rejected my offer, both the packets upon the table are to be destroyed by burning as soon as this first paragraph has been read: and my Last Will and Testament will be found in the drawer of the table around which the company are seated. I have been forced to provide in case of his refusal.'

The solicitor paused. 'Is that clear, gentlemen?' he asked.

There was a brief silence. 'Quite clear,' said Gilbert Jellicoe; 'but very extraordinary!'

Without remark Walter Lowden moved to the side of the table where the drawer was. There was a key in the lock, but he invited them to notice, ere he turned it, that the drawer was secured by unbroken seals. Then he opened the drawer and showed it empty save for a weighty packet lying in the corner, similar to the others upon the table. He took this out, and passed it from one to another; and they read the endorsement: 'Last Will and Testament of Harvey Jellicoe, Esquire.'

His next action was curious. He took up the two sealed packets, and walked with them to the fireplace. There he struck a match, and set fire to a heap of light combustibles which had evidently been specially prepared. As the flames sprang up he laid upon them the two packets, and returned to his seat.

His movements were those of a man who knows his business exactly, and has no hesitation as to its execution. Gilbert Jellicoe watched him in much surprise, but made no sign of interference. He was a man of prompt thought, and probably felt relieved that the element of chance had been eliminated from the proceedings; his own interests were not likely to be affected, for his uncle would scarcely punish the one man for the other's action. As for the witnesses, they had every confidence in Lowden, and perfectly understood what they were expected to do.

'I open this Will in your presence,' said the solicitor, 'and lay it upon the table; but before I read it I must first read the remainder of the instruction.'

The will was opened, and laid upon the table—a portentous-looking document, fully signed and witnessed. Then the solicitor resumed his reading.

Save with Forster himself, the interest was keener than ever: for there was still a Will to be read, and it was the Will of a very rich and eccentric man, while the whole of the circumstances were extraordinary. But Forster remembered Harvey Jellicoe's threat, and cared little for what should follow. He tried to turn his thoughts to a town in the North, and to the woman he should find there when he returned—a neat and graceful little woman, though not a beautiful one, and a woman who had helped him unconsciously to act up to his best convictions.

Yet the first words that were read brought his thoughts back with a rush.

'In writing the words which follow, I have a very slight hope that they will ever be read; but I declare my earnest desire to be that the third document may, through Andrew Forster's conduct, become operative as my Last Will and Testament.'

The words were a surprise, and a stir went round. 'So he was sorry for the chance he had offered me,' thought Forster. 'How he must have hated my father!'

'Now that Andrew Forster has refused to take his opportunity,' read the solicitor, in a slightly tremulous voice, 'it is time to state the facts of the case. The plan which I arranged was designed to be a test of the man. I explained it to him, with one addition—that I told him which of the packets contained the Will in his favour. By choosing the one with the blue seal he could have secured wealth, and avenged himself, as far as he knew, upon Gilbert Jellicoe for

an unworthy insult in the past. So much I offered him because he was the son of my sister.'

Gilbert Jellicoe started, and his sallow face grew dark with a rush of crimson. But, heedless of his emotion, Lowden continued:

'The remainder of my plan was simple; but I had little hope that this part of it would ever be executed. It occurred to me that my sister's son, though like Paul Forster in face, might have the heart of his mother. If he possessed that spirit I knew that he would be strong enough to reject the reward I offered him for taking part in a dishonourable action; but none knew better than myself the power which this temptation must have for a poor man. By withstanding it he has proved himself to be the son of Alice Jellicoe, a woman of so pure an honour that she could not survive the shame of her husband's fall; and, as her son, he is worthy of the best that I can give him. For that reason'—

Mr Lowden paused, as though to call special attention to what should follow; but there was no need for the pause. They could have heard his slightest whisper, for the stillness of the room was breathless:

'For that reason I have bequeathed to him, as provided in the Will now lying upon the table, the whole of my estate, with the exception of certain sums in various legacies'—

Another pause, during which the reader glanced swiftly over the paper at the faces around him. Then he continued:

'With the exception of certain sums in various legacies. And I wish to declare here, with all solemnity, in the presence of men of honour and integrity, who are fully aware of the whole story, that I consider Andrew Forster to have atoned completely, by his action, for the dishonour which his father brought upon the family, and for the pain which I suffered personally.'

Mr Lowden ceased. He had read the closing words slowly and impressively, and now he laid the paper down.

'That is all,' he said.

No one spoke for a little while. Gilbert Jellicoe's sallow face had lost its flush, and he sat motionless, looking abstractedly at the Will upon the table. The witnesses stirred, and glanced inquiringly at one another, as though to ask a silent opinion upon this extraordinary affair. Then they looked at Forster, who sat with his hands clasping the arms of his chair and his lips parted. The managing clerk looked pitiful in his amazement.

'You all know the story, gentlemen,' said Mr Lowden, 'and you all perceive, now, my late client's intentions. Had Mr Forster been anything but a man of fine honour he would have chosen the packet with the blue seal, and received

a substantial legacy without any one but myself being aware of the means. I think you will agree with me that he has fairly and fully won the excellent fortune which has fallen to him. If you please, I will now read the Will.'

Then Gilbert Jellicoe spoke, rousing himself. 'It seems to me,' he said, 'that my uncle did not consider my position to any great extent. I should have suffered largely by my cousin's choice, and without, I think, any just reason.'

The solicitor smiled. 'No, Mr Jellicoe,' he said. 'I was just about to explain. My client was anxious to do you justice, and you would not have suffered, though I must not now give you the particulars. But I think you will find yourself considered in this deed. Your cousin withstood more temptations than one.'

He took the document from the table. Silence fell again in the room, save for the sound of his voice and the movements of the parchment. Yet the spell of interest had been broken, and scarcely one of the company now listened closely, except, perhaps, the merchant from London. For now the secret was told at last and the great question settled.

Briefly stated, the provisions of the Will were that Gilbert Jellicoe should receive thirty thousand pounds, free of any charge or duty whatever. He smiled somewhat sourly when he heard the sum mentioned, for he was a man who would never believe that he had enough. There were various other legacies to servants and public institutions, and the residue of the estate passed to Andrew Forster. This residue, as the solicitor explained in reply to Captain Justiss, would probably amount, in all, to a value of some half-a-million sterling.

Now they perceived the whole meaning of Harvey Jellicoe's plan. It was the idea of an old man with no interest save in his memories. For over thirty years he had nursed and cherished, through all his wealth-gathering, a keen resentment against the dead sister who had been his idol, and who had rejected his affection to enjoy that of a brilliant but worthless man. He had also kept alive his passion of hatred against that man for his evil and its consequences.

So for more than thirty years. Then, with the abandonment of work, came renewed thought and memory: his love for Alice Jellicoe had returned, and had tormented him with thoughts of her son; but the reviving affection for his sister had not succeeded in driving out the deep-rooted bitterness of his heart. He had decided that Andrew Forster should enjoy the wealth which he had hoarded, but only if he could prove himself free from all traces of his father's weakness. In any case he should not want for the comforts of life. In this way the old man had dealt out a kind of bitter justice, satisfying at the same time his affection for his sister and his scorn of her husband's crimes.

It was a strange story ; but it was quite intelligible. Perhaps Andrew Forster, sitting dazed and motionless, was the last to see it ; but before the reading was finished he, too, had comprehended the situation. Every word of Harvey Jellicoe on the day of the interview, his mingled bitterness and consideration, every change of feature, was now fully explained. What he could not realise was the astounding change in his own position. Half-a-million sterling !

The reading ceased, and the solicitor slowly folded up the sheet. 'Our business is now concluded, gentlemen,' he said.

There was a stir and a movement at last. The witnesses, who for the last few minutes had seemed to Forster the figures in some curious dream, came over to offer him their congratulations. He found himself shaking hands with them, and there was a deal of talk in which he took little part ; but presently he found himself alone with Mr Lowden.

'I, too, congratulate you, Mr Forster,' said that gentleman warmly ; 'and there is one thing which you will be pleased to hear. The last days of

your uncle's life were troubled ones ; but any happiness that came to them was through you. After your visit he always cherished a certain hope that you would win through to your inheritance ; and that hope gave him many cheerful moments.'

'I am glad to know it,' said Forster.

'It is quite true,' continued Mr Lowden, 'and the result has justified him. As your uncle said, a thousand a year was a force that might reach the heart of any man, and prove him to the bottom of his character. You have gained your possessions nobly.'

He folded the Will of Harvey Jellicoe, and placed it within its covering. By that time Forster had moved towards one of the windows overlooking the lawn ; and after one glance at him the solicitor quietly left the room.

Andrew Forster did not see the lawn or the avenue beyond, but a new world in whose happiness the troubles and toil of the old one were entirely blotted from memory ; for through this new world walked the woman who had helped him to win it, and who should share it with him now that it was won.

THE MOUNTAIN EELS OF THE NORTH-WESTERN PACIFIC.

By LOUIS BECKE.



ANY of the rivers and lakes of the islands of the Western Pacific are tenanted by eels of great size, which are never, or very seldom—as far as can be learned—interfered with by the natives of either the Solomon Islands, New Hebrides, New Ireland, or New Britain, who never use the eel as food. The Maories, however, as is well known, are inordinately fond of eels, which with putrid shark constitute one of their principal articles of diet. In the few mountainous islands of the vast Caroline Archipelago in the North-western Pacific, eels are very plentiful in the numerous small streams which debouch into the shallow waters enclosed by the barrier-reefs ; they are also to be found in rivulets far up on the mountain-sides and occupying little rocky pools sometimes no larger than an ordinary toilet-basin. The natives of Ponapé, the largest island of the Caroline Group, and of Kusaie (Strong's Island), its eastern outlier, regard the fresh-water eel with aversion ; and should a man in crossing a stream accidentally touch one with his foot he will utter an exclamation of horror and fear. Before the advent of missionaries, and down to 1845-50, the eel (*tōan*) was an object of worship and constantly propitiated by offerings of food on account of its malevolent powers. Personal contact was rigidly avoided ; even to touch

one by the merest accident was to bring down the most dreadful calamities on the offender and his family : bodily deformities, starvation, poverty, and death. Although the natives of Strong's Island are now civilised and Christianised, and a training college of the Boston Board of Missions has long been established at Port Lelé, a superstitious dread of the eel is still manifested. The writer once witnessed an instance of this during his sojourn on the island, when he was shipwrecked there in 1874. He had taken up his residence in the picturesque little village of Leassé, on the western or lee side ; and one evening he was visited by several of the ship's company : a Fijian half-caste, a white man, and two natives of Pleasant Island. At the time of their arrival he was in the house of the native pastor—a man who had received an excellent education in a missionary college at Honolulu ; and when the four seamen entered, each holding a large eel, there was instantly a united cry of horror from the parson and all the members of his family, as they made a rush for the door, in their haste overturning the lamp and nearly setting the house on fire. In vain the writer followed and urged them to return, telling them the men were gone and had taken the *tōan* with them ; but he could not induce either the pastor or his family to enter the house that night. One singular thing about the eels on Strong's Island is that

they hibernate, in a fashion, on the sides or even summits of the mountains nearly two thousand feet high. Selecting, or perhaps making, a depression in the soft moss-covered soil, the ugly creatures fit themselves into it compactly, and remain there for weeks or even months at a time. As many as thirty of these holes have been counted, all tenanted, within a few square yards; some were quite concealed by vegetable debris or moss, others were exposed to view, with the broad, flat head of the slippery occupant resting on the margin or doubled back upon its body. The fish showed no alarm; but if poked with a stick they would extricate themselves and slide slowly away. In the streams these fish are very voracious, preying on the crayfish—a crustacean

of which the natives are very fond, but do not capture for fear their hands might come in contact with the dreaded *tōan*. The writer had a proof of the voracity of the eel one afternoon, when he had shot a pigeon beside a mountain stream. After plucking and cleaning the bird he proceeded to wash it by dipping and moving it about in the water, when it was suddenly torn out of his hand and quickly swallowed by a disgustingly bloated reddish-coloured eel about four feet in length. That pigeon had cost him two hours' tramping through the rain-sodden mountain forest; so, loading his gun, he followed the thief down the stream to where the water was but a few inches deep, and then blew its head off.

THE SALVING OF SUSAN MARTIN.



CAPTAIN MARTIN of the liner *Gaelic* was a man of many experiences; but a fresh one came to him when Silas Z. Crackston proposed for his daughter Susan.

It was not only that Mr Crackston was a millionaire—in pounds, not dollars—but the Captain had never previously had such a suggestion made to him; and the suitor's manner was unconventional, at least from a Britisher's point of view.

'Say, skipper,' the American said one evening, as the two paced the bridge-deck together after dinner—'say, skipper, that's a daisy gurl of yours you have aboard this trip.'

'She's been well brought up,' assented Martin, 'though I've had anxious times about her since I lost her poor mother; but you are a widower yourself, Mr Crackston, and know what that means to a man.'

'You bet,' the other answered with more feeling than the words seemed to imply; 'but when I get down to bed-rock of the thing I reckon I'm not sorry sometimes my Priscilla didn't leave me chick nor child. She was a plain woman, was Priscilla; and I calculate my cash and her babies would have been a tough team to drive together nowadays.'

The sailor laughed. 'Well,' he retorted, 'I know nothing about that, never having had money enough to make trouble that fashion. If I had, Susan would know well enough how to handle any she had to do with. She's all there, though I say it myself.'

'I guessed that,' Crackston answered in his deliberate drawl, 'which is just why I think, Captain, me and you might have a bit of a deal about her.'

The other flicked the ash of his cigar over the rail, and stared at his companion, but did not

answer. The master of a ship carrying millionaire passengers soon learns that silence is golden.

'I guess,' the speaker continued in a perfectly level voice, 'you'd be glad, now, to see Miss Susan well married, and settled down?'

'That's so,' replied the skipper; 'it's in the natural order of things. Not but that I'd be sorry to lose her.'

'Yup,' concurred the millionaire, 'that's the right thing to say; but you see I'm on the other side of the fence—I've made my pile, and a fairish one too, as you know, Captain—and I rather reckon what I want now is a wife with tone to help spend my income. And I think Miss Susan's just the gurl to do it, and get value for it every time.'

'You want to marry her?'

'That is my notion, Captain. I'd settle what you please on her; and if you'd a fancy to drop the sea, and start shipowning ashore, I guess there ain't no impediment to the money she'd have been' put into shipping. Is it a deal?'

Martin was much perturbed. A better match financially he could hardly hope for; and, spite of the prosaic way in which Mr Silas Z. Crackston's business instincts had led him to put the matter, he knew the American for a man who would make an indulgent husband for his daughter. But there were difficulties, and the Captain hesitated.

'I never took stock in family myself,' the other continued, noting his doubt; 'but if that's in your mind I calculate it's obtainable. There was a man of my name in the *Mayflower*; and, if you say the word, I'll send an order to the right place for the all-firedest kind of an ancestry they hold, and get a pre-emption on the family estates if so be as Susan has a notion to be lady squires. You can count on Silas Z. every time, Captain.'

'Tisn't that,' Martin said at length; 'and if she chose to take you I wouldn't stand in the way; but'—

'I jump,' interpolated the American quickly; 'there's another man?'

'I wouldn't just say outright; but I have my suspicions.'

'So?' Crackston was all alertness. 'Then he's got to be worked. I'm not the kind to let a little thing like that stand in my way. Who is he?'

For answer Captain Martin glanced up to the flying bridge above them, where his chief-mate was keeping watch and ward. He was noting something on the log-slate by the light of an electric lamp, which brought his strong face and square shoulders out in vivid relief against the blackness beyond them.

'Chief-officer Hazlett, is it?' commented the Yankee widower. 'Waal, Captain, with your permission, I'll get his views when he comes off duty, and talk to you again afterwards. When Silas Z. is sot on a thing he goes right through with it.'

Captain Martin could not well object, and he had an idea it would be no use if he did. Accordingly, when Hazlett came below, he found his room occupied by Crackston, and by the odour of the remarkably fine cigar that gentleman was half-smoking, half-chewing. A steward was setting upon the folding-table a bottle of Pommery '93, and the mate expostulated.

'That'll be in order,' explained the passenger. 'I reckon the skipper knows I want a word with you, and that it would be best wet. Draw the cork, boy, and vamoze.'

The steward opened the wine and disappeared. The visitor passed a glassful, together with his cigar-case, to the officer. Then he commenced.

'I guess,' he said, 'you know who I am?'

Hazlett, used as he was to the eccentricities of wealthy passengers whom it was part of his business, if possible, to please for the sake of the ship's reputation, answered suavely.

'I should,' he replied. 'You've crossed often enough in ships I've been in, Mr Crackston; though I can't recollect you ever came after me before,' he added drily.

'Now,' responded the visitor, 'that's business; and I'm here on business. I never came after you, Mr Hazlett, because it never was worth my while. Now it is. Silas Z. always talks straight.'

'And so does Thomas Hazlett,' retorted the mate, taking mental measure of his guest; 'so, as I'm for duty again at eight bells, and want to turn in, I'll be glad if you'll tell me what you want.'

'There are no flies on you—no sirree,' replied the American admiringly, 'and I'll not keep you. You hold some stock,' he went on, looking the other in the face, 'in Miss Susan Martin?'

Hazlett's manner stiffened. There was a limit

beyond which even millionaire passengers might not go. 'This is good wine,' he held up his glass as he spoke, 'and I think, Mr Crackston, it has possibly touched your head.'

'Not a touch,' returned Crackston cheerfully; 'but I guess you don't like Miss Susan coming into this. No more do I; but she is the business I'm here about.'

'What business have you with her?' demanded the mate hotly.

'Same line as you, my son—same as you. I rather calculate I may marry as well as yourself?'

Hazlett could not trust himself to speak, and the millionaire proceeded: 'Waal—to come to biz. You hold stock in Miss Susan: I want to. What's your figure?'

'I think,' snapped the sailor, 'you'd best go out before I fire you out. I never'—

'Hully Ghee!' the visitor interrupted, 'if ever I encountered the same as you Britishers. If there's one thing sure and certain in all creation it is that every man has his figure, and here you flare like an oil-burst when I ask yours. I told you I was here on business,' he concluded insistently.

'And I tell you we'll do none,' asserted Hazlett, holding himself in.

'Great Knox! How d'ye know that till I tell you what I'll offer. See you here,' he went on quickly, drawing a cheque-book from his pocket, and signing his name, with a fountain-pen he also produced, to one of the slips in it—'see here: fill in what you like above that, and drop Miss Susan. That's a fair bid.'

'No, sir,' thundered Hazlett in amazement at the man's self-confidence; 'not for every penny of the pile I'm told you're worth.'

Crackston did not move a muscle. 'Waal, friend,' he answered, pocketing his book, 'you've had your chance, and I'd rather have done it that way, fur I don't mislike you; but you've refused, and I reckon you'll find Silas Z. 'll make things uncomfortable fur you now in gettin' what he's sot on.'

'Get out,' ejaculated the younger man, 'get out of this—and do your worst. I'm not afraid.'

'I didn't say you wanted grit,' answered the other imperturbably; 'but it takes a tip-top man to best Silas Z.' Then nodding a benign farewell, he took himself off, leaving the sailor in no very pleasant frame of mind.

Hazlett's uneasiness proved only too well founded. A week or so after the *Gaelic* reached port he received a curt notice of dismissal from the service. The overlooker, a friend of his, confided to him the reason for this.

'You see,' that gentleman said, 'you've got some one's back up last crossing; and I wouldn't wonder if it was the man they call the 'Cattle-King'—Crackston. He was about the office more

than a bit anyhow; he's a big shipper, and has shares in the line besides. Don't you say I told you.'

Hazlett left him, wondering where the next blow would fall. It came when he met Susan in the street quite by chance.

'Oh, Tom!' she greeted him with softened eyes, 'I am waiting for father, and can only speak to you for a minute. I have been wishing to see you.'

He pressed her hand, which he had taken, and she pulled it away. 'Don't,' she said; 'you must not.'

'Must not what?'

She hesitated. 'Must not think of me any more,' she said, turning away her face. 'Father says so.'

'But what do you say?' he queried, trying to catch her averted eyes. Suddenly these were turned full upon him.

'What can I say?' she retorted. 'That horrid old man is so kind in giving me heaps of things, and father says I can't refuse.'

'Can't refuse?' Hazlett exclaimed. 'You mean'—

'Here is father,' she interrupted. 'I must go,' and rushed off, although her lover, whose sight was keen enough, could see no person at all resembling his late captain.

That Susan would prove true Hazlett believed; but he gathered also from this somewhat cryptic conversation that her elderly wooer's tactics were having some effect, and that if he was to oust his rival he would have to set his wits to work.

Meantime, the first thing was to secure another ship. When that was done he could approach Captain Martin, if not with confidence, at least with a definite proposal for the lady's hand. But a command was hard to procure, and the *Gaelic* had sailed again ere Hazlett got a berth. Moreover, he learned that both his sweetheart and the millionaire had gone west with her, whilst gossip added they were to be married when the liner next returned to England.

The *Diver*, of which Captain Martin's whilom mate was appointed master, was a wall-sided tramp-boat of some six hundred tons register, and his first voyage in her was from the Bristol Channel to Ponta Delgada in the Azores with coal. The employment was distasteful enough to him, but it was always employment; and as his new charge wallowed her way out into the Atlantic he felt happier than he had done since leaving the *Gaelic*. Moreover, luck seemed to be in his way; for, on the third day out, his first officer roused him at daylight to report a big liner ahead, flying signals asking for assistance. Hazlett jumped for the bridge, from which a glance showed him this 'lame-duck' to be none other than the *Gaelic*.

A boat from her put off as the *Diver* approached,

and Hazlett shook hands with the officer in charge of it as he stepped over the rail.

'Hullo! old man,' the arrival exclaimed, 'this is a little bit of all right to find you here. Are you the skipper?'

'I'm all the skipper there is on this box o' bricks,' Hazlett answered. 'What's wrong aboard you?'

'Propeller gone,' replied the other concisely; 'fouled some wreckage last night. Skipper wants a pull into Queenstown.'

'Come into my room,' said Hazlett. 'I'll need some particulars.—You're homeward bound again, I suppose,' he went on when they had entered the captain's room. 'Are you full?'

'Chock-a-block, both in the holds and cabins. She is good salvage. Old Crackston the "Cattle-King" is with us too, and the skipper has his daughter with him.'

Hazlett's face lit up. 'You and I were always good friends, Renshaw,' he remarked; 'will you do me a turn now?'

'Of course,' the other responded heartily, 'and call it square when you tow us in.'

'I'll give you a message about that to Captain Martin. All I want you to do for me is to hoist the yellow flag on the *Gaelic* if you see it going up on me.'

Renshaw thought a minute. 'I don't know your game,' he said at length; 'but you always were a white man, and you'll see me straight if there's any trouble.'

'That'll be right,' Hazlett said, commencing to pen a note as he spoke. 'You give this to the old man with my compliments;' and, finishing the missive, he handed it to the messenger, who duly departed.

When Captain Martin perused it he said things unfit for publication, and sent a quartermaster to ask Mr Crackston to step up to the chart-room.

'See here,' he exclaimed when the millionaire arrived. 'It is not usual to consult passengers in a case like this; but as you have got me in the mess—why, you'd best know it,' and he flung him Hazlett's letter.

The American grinned as he read it. 'Great snakes!' he ejaculated when he had mastered the contents; 'but I held up all along he had grit.'

'Yes,' retorted the wrathful skipper; 'but that don't help me out of the hole. Says he'll tow me in for salvage to be settled in Court provided I marry him to Susan before the ropes are passed. What am I to say to my owners?'

'Waal, skipper,' the other drawled, 'I rather calculate I'm one of 'em, and I'll tell you what to do. The young man may be grit all through; but I guess he ain't out on top of Silas Z. jist yet.'

The Captain was silent, and Mr Crackston continued. 'Send him along a polite note,' he went on, 'to say his terms don't suit; and that, as the weather's fine, you'll wait till another boat

happens this way, with a skipper that's married already.'

Captain Martin demurred; but the influence of the millionaire overbore his scruples, and the letter was despatched. The boat carrying it had not been five minutes alongside the *Diver* when that craft dipped her ensign by way of farewell, and proceeded on her voyage.

'Good lands!' ejaculated Crackston when he saw this move; 'that gits him. I reckon Silas Z. notches one up this trip.' He remained confident all that day and the next, though on each several steamers passed within sight, but absolutely refused to take notice of the signals of the *Gaelic*—all, that is to say, save one, which flew a message to the effect that the liner's plight should be reported to the health authorities at the first port.

'What d'you make of that?' Captain Martin demanded of his friend. 'Why should he report us to the health people?'

The 'Cattle-King' pondered before replying; then suddenly his eye caught a trail of black smoke circling round the horizon ahead of the liner.

'Gosh!' he exclaimed, 'but he has scored after all. He's roping us in, skipper—warning all that come along we are an infected ship. He has his eye-teeth all cut, has Hazlett,' the American added admiringly; 'but you hold on, Cap. He can't split himself into two or three, and something 'll slip past him without information—you bet your bottom dollar on that.'

This prophecy proved correct. Next morning a steamer flying Italian colours bore down upon the *Gaelic*, signalling an offer of assistance; but close behind it came the *Diver* again.

'Now our stock's topside,' chuckled Crackston, and watched anxiously whilst a boat from the liner dipped and rose over the rollers towards the new-comer.

Suddenly the hoot of Hazlett's siren drew the Italian's attention to the *Diver*, from whose mast-head there burst a glow of the yellow bunting so significant to sailors of insidious danger. A minute later a packet of similar cloth climbed the fore signal balyards of the disabled liner, jerked spasmodically at the truck, and streamed out into a gigantic quarantine flag. Almost before it had reached its full extent there was a swirl of white at the stern of the foreigner, and in five minutes more that craft was speeding away from the supposed infected *Gaelic* as fast as her engines would drive her.

When Captain Martin saw the yellow flag flying above his own ship he spoke luridly, and

had it hauled down at once; but the damage was done, and Crackston recognised it.

'I calculate, skipper,' he said to Martin, 'it ain't any use your swearin'. Silas Z. isn't often bested; but he knows when he is, an' takes his beating standing up. Have you told Miss Susan what this young man's terms are?'

'Never told her even who was the skipper sent them,' Captain Martin answered gruffly. 'Why should I?'

'Now I admire!' exclaimed the American. 'She's got to agree to them, I guess, or we'll float here long enough.'

'Why didn't you say so before?' answered the sailor, much aggrieved at his passenger's changed tone.

'Waal,' said the other deliberately, 'you see, skipper, every man plays his own hand till the rubber is through. You send for Miss Susan, and leave me settle the stakes.'

When the girl appeared he went on in fatherly fashion. 'My dear,' he said, 'are you agreeable to be salved?'

'I really don't understand,' laughed Susan, thinking her elderly admirer was joking. 'It depends on who does the salving perhaps.'

'Jist what I calculated you'd say,' the American answered. 'There's a young man of the name of Hazlett in that steamer out there proposing to take on the contract.'

The girl flushed rosily. 'And the terms,' she queried, keeping up the pretence of jocularly to hide her confusion.

'He's all alive,' answered the millionaire, 'or Silas Z. might be talking another way. He isn't taking any chances—wants your father here to hitch you to him before he takes the *Gaelic*'s tow-rope.'

Susan turned to the Captain. 'What do you say now, father?' she asked.

'Say?' exclaimed the badgered sailor. 'Seems to me it doesn't count a continental what I say—Mr Crackston, here, has taken command. Please yourself, and I'll be pleased.'

'Then,' said his daughter, turning to Crackston, and dropping a demure curtsy, 'will you let Captain Hazlett know I'm ready to be salved?' and, with a rush, she bolted from the chart-room where this conference had been held.

'Now, Cap'n,' summed up the American, 'you go ahead, and hunt up the marriage-service for those in peril on the sea. I'll cross to see this young man, and let him know when Silas Z. climbs down he does it handsome; but, Good Grant! to think Silas Z. shouldn't come out top man after all.'



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TUBERCULOSIS IN CATTLE AND MEN.



R KOCH, the famous discoverer of the bacillus of phthisis, in his recent address before the Congress on Tuberculosis made a pronouncement which was of the most startling character, for it traversed a dogma of almost universal belief as to the transmission of the dread disease more commonly known as consumption. His investigations go to prove that it is impossible to convey the disease from animals to man. Hence all the precautions which have been devised to ensure for the people a supply of milk, butter, and fresh food uncontaminated with the terrible organism, which he was the first to recognise, are of secondary importance. Human consumption can no longer be traced to cattle, nor can it be regarded as hereditary. To quote the professor's words: 'The only main source of the infection of tuberculosis is the sputum of consumptive patients, and the measures for the combating of tuberculosis must aim at the prevention of the dangers arising from its diffusion.' If Dr Koch's views prove to be correct, and they will be subjected to the most searching investigation before being accepted, the task of ridding the world of a scourge which kills more people than all the wars, famines, and pestilences put together, is immensely simplified.

PUBLIC CATTLE-TROUGHS.

Every lover of animals must have commended the action of the society which has placed in the streets of the Metropolis water-troughs where horses can quench their thirst; but it appears, according to the testimony of a correspondent of the *Times*, that the troughs are a mistake, and should be replaced by simple stand-pipes from which water can be drawn for the same purpose. The writer in question asserts that these public troughs have become centres of contagion, and that he himself has lost six valuable horses in as many months through infection brought into his stables from this source. Other owners of horses, he tells us, have suffered in like manner. He now supplies each of his carmen with a pail, and they have instructions to use no other means for watering the horses under their care.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOILERS.

The adoption in our navy of water-tube boilers of the Belleville pattern has given rise to a controversy which has now lasted some years, and which has culminated in official tests which were designed to show whether the Belleville was better than the cylindrical or Scotch boiler. For this purpose two second-class cruisers, the *Hyacinth*

and the *Minerva*, the first-named ship being fitted with a Belleville and the second with a Scotch boiler, were pitted against one another in trials which comprised runs to Gibraltar and back. Although the official report has not yet been published, it is known that these trials have not resulted in a triumph for the Belleville boiler. In one respect only did the Belleville prove advantageous, and that was in the quickness of getting up steam; but this one virtue was counterbalanced by grave faults. The trials were marred by one of those accidents which have been painfully frequent with this form of boiler; in the course of the tests a tube blew out, and one of the stokers was so seriously burned that he had to be taken to the naval hospital at Haslar. The Scotch boilers on board the *Minerva* gave no trouble whatever, and ensured a better speed with a smaller consumption of coal.

DISCOVERIES AT ABYDOS.

At University College, London, there were exhibited in July last the most recent results of Egyptian exploration, some of the discoveries being of a most interesting and remarkable nature. At this exhibition we were able to look upon beautifully wrought jewellery and other objects which have delighted the eyes of those who went down into silence more than six thousand five hundred years ago. The search amid the royal tombs of the first Egyptian dynasties yielded nothing more astonishing than the forearm of a queen, which had been broken off, thrown aside, and neglected by the numerous former plunderers of the place. This arm was now for the first time relieved of its wrappings, and beneath them were found four splendid bracelets. These specimens of the jeweller's art are two thousand years older than the oldest before known. The materials used by those ancient workers do not comprise any of the more valuable precious stones as we know them to-day. There are beads of amethyst and turquoise, of lapis lazuli, and of garnet, whilst the connections are made of gold. There are also some stone vases with gold covers fastened on with twisted gold wire, and a royal sceptre formed of cylinders of sard, with a core of copper, and with separating bands of gold at intervals. It is curious to reflect that this exquisitely finished jewellery, indicating an advanced state of civilisation, was the product of a period far anterior to the date which used to be assigned to the creation of the world.

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA.

We have more than once in these columns adverted to the ordinary system of establishing communication between a stranded ship and the

shore by means of the line-throwing rocket, and have ventured to point out that a line so thrown must in nine cases out of ten be urged against a repelling wind. If, however, the rocket be fired from the ship, the line is carried with the wind, and has consequently a far longer range. The latter course would necessarily imply the provision on every ship of rocket gear, and it is to meet this serious need that Schermuly's life-saving apparatus has been introduced, and is now being exhibited at the Crystal Palace naval and military display. The apparatus can be manipulated by one man, in which respect it differs greatly from the clumsy appliance of the coastguard. It consists of a box containing a line four hundred yards in length, which is coiled round specially-arranged pins so that the flying rocket can run it out without check or friction; upon the box is a ball-and-socketted support for the rocket-holder, which can be adjusted to, and clamped, at any required elevation. The entire system was recently put to rigid tests from a yacht anchored off Greenhithe in the Thames, and gave every satisfaction. The address of the inventor is 62 Stanisby Road, Poplar, London, E.

THE CAMERA AND THE STARS.

Professor Turner recently addressed the members of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, who met at Oxford this year, upon a subject of extreme interest—viz. 'Photography in relation to Astronomy.' In one important point, he said, the astronomer differed in his use of the camera from the ordinary photographer: directly a picture of the stars was taken the astronomer sat down to measure it. Taking as an example the little planet *Eros*, he showed how, from photographs taken from two different points in the earth's orbit, the distance of *Eros* could be deduced, and how at the same time the distance of the sun and of the other planets could be checked. The photograph had the advantages of both speed in the taking, and accuracy; it was a permanent record. The position of a star was indicated in it by a single dot, whereas to express its position in numbers as many as twelve figures might be necessary. The professor also dwelt upon the wonderful cumulative action of the light from distant orbs, which enabled their images to be secured on the plate by means of very protracted exposures. In this way they had learned of the existence of stars which the human eye had never detected, even when helped by the most powerful telescopes.

THE DEADLINESS OF WARFARE.

A military officer writes in one of the German papers on the interesting subject of the improvements in weapons of warfare, and his remarks seem to prove that as perfection in these weapons is gradually approached the losses in killed and

wounded decrease in number. In two of the most sanguinary battles waged by Frederick the Great the casualties amounted to 43 per cent.; at Waterloo they were 24 per cent., and at Leipzig 21 per cent. of the men engaged. In the Franco-German struggle of 1870-71 the greatest loss was at Mars-la-Tour with 16 per cent.; this was reduced to 12 per cent. at Sedan, and to 8 per cent. at Gravelotte. In each case these figures represent the losses on both sides. It is too soon to give any figures for the Transvaal War; but the writer remarks that the British are disappointed with the effects obtained by the use of lyddite and machine-guns. He also gives carefully compiled figures showing the losses in various wars from illness and disease, and concludes that in the wars of the future far more men will fall from these causes than from wounds.

CELERY FARMING IN MICHIGAN.

The Dutch have always been famous gardeners, and it is a matter of common knowledge how they can turn the most unpromising and swampy land to valuable account. A colony of Dutch market-gardeners not long ago settled at Kalamazoo, Michigan, and took possession of what would seem to most people a worthless and dismal swamp. They have drained and cultivated this land in such a manner that it is now worth a large sum per acre. Their chief crop is celery, and from a total area of five hundred acres, which is divided into small holdings of one acre or even less, they send away annually from twelve to fifteen million heads of that succulent vegetable. The quality of the celery is so good that it is greatly sought after, much of it finding its way as far east as Philadelphia.

THE ANTARCTIC SHIP 'DISCOVERY.'

The good ship *Discovery* is now on her way to the South Pole, accompanied by the best wishes of all. She carries provisions for three years, and, thanks to the advance of knowledge in the matter of tinned foods, her crew will be able to regale themselves upon such luxuries as 'duck and green peas,' 'lamb and green peas,' tinned fruits of various kinds, besides many other delicacies. Her crew consists mainly of blue-jackets from the Royal Navy, and everything has been done to make their life on board as pleasant as possible. An enormous metal windmill forms part of the ship's equipment, its object being to work a dynamo for electric lighting.

SPORT IN SCOTLAND.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* has an interesting article dealing with this subject. Sportsmen flock to Scotland every season in increasing numbers, some for grouse-shooting, some for salmon-fishing, and some for deer-stalking, whilst others of a more rapacious nature seek all three forms of sport. The old-fashioned shooter grumbles at the

greatly increased rental of moors in Scotland; he was content to reckon his grouse as costing him £1 per brace, but when that figure is nearly doubled, as it is now, in consequence of the great demand for moors, he puts on his considering cap. A moor with a good lodge yielding a bag of five hundred brace used to fetch a rental, as we have just indicated, of £500; but now that the demand has so greatly increased, such a shooting will fetch from £750 to £900. If, in addition to the grouse, the proprietor has a salmon-stream to offer, he may practically ask what he likes for his land in the way of rental. Deer-forests are still more expensive luxuries; there are about one hundred and fifty such forests in Scotland, and they vary in price with the number of stags, the locality, and the kind of lodge. But, generally speaking, the tenant may reckon that each stag which falls to his rifle will cost him about £25.

GERMAN CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES.

Much valuable information is wrapped up in the consular reports which reach this country from various parts of the globe, and occasionally we meet with one which gives us food for reflection upon our own shortcomings. It is with such a feeling that we have read the report of Dr F. Rose, His Majesty's Consul at Stuttgart, who shows that Germany holds to-day the proud position of being the foremost country of the world in those industries which depend upon the application of chemical principles to manufactures. In the year 1897 the product of these manufactures had a value of more than forty-seven millions sterling, and it is believed that for the past year the value must have been several millions in excess of that huge sum. Dr Rose shows the dividends earned at thirty-six works. Very few are below 10 per cent., and some run up to 27 per cent. This splendid result has been brought about through the far-sighted policy of various German governments in encouraging a theoretic and practical education in chemistry. The cost has been, perhaps, a few hundred thousand pounds per annum, but the ultimate gain is magnificent. It is sad to think that although the first of the aniline dyes was discovered in England, the huge industry which has since grown from the seed thus sown is to-day almost exclusively German. Even the red colour which is employed for the uniforms of the French infantry comes from a German dye. When the British Government realises that encouragement of science is a good investment something may be done for this country; but we have lost the position which we might have occupied.

BOMBARDING THE CLOUDS.

Mr W. L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, has recently published his

opinion as to the value of dispersing impending hail-storms by the use of cannon. In spite of newspaper reports as to the efficacy of this system in Austria, Italy, &c., he attaches no importance to the method. After considering the effects of concussion upon the clouds, and the height to which any disturbance can be conveyed by the means employed, he writes: 'After examining all that has been published during the past two years, my conviction is that we have here to deal with a popular delusion, as remarkable as is the belief in the effect of the moon on the weather. The uneducated peasantry of Europe seem to be looking for something miraculous; they would rather believe in cannonading as a means of protection, and spend on it abundance of money, time, and labour, than adopt the very simple expedient of mutual insurance against the losses that must inevitably occur.'

WIRELESS MESSAGES IN WARFARE.

The wonders wrought by wireless telegraphy continue to excite the admiration of all; but the experience gained by its use on our battleships during the recent naval manoeuvres, seems to show that for purposes of warfare the system is at present far from perfect. It is true that two ships can talk to one another at five or six times the distance possible with the old system of flag-signals. But the messages cannot be regarded as being private so long as any other ships within range, with the necessary apparatus on board, can intercept and interpret them. The *Times* special correspondent, in pointing out this obvious drawback, suggests that a remedy might be found in the employment of cipher; but even then an enemy's ship, by putting her own apparatus to work, could render the message unintelligible. The same authority considers that the wireless system will not be quite satisfactory for war purposes until the transmitting instrument can be so adjusted as to emit vibrations of different pitch at the will of the operator, and the receiving instrument rendered sensitive only to vibrations of a given pitch at a given moment. According to recent reports Marconi has fair hopes of surmounting these difficulties.

MOSQUITOES.

The mosquito has always been a source of intense annoyance in countries where his unwelcome presence has manifested itself, and since it has been shown that the insect is the active agent in propagating fevers of the malarial and yellow varieties, he must be regarded with the terror inspired by the approach of an irresponsible assassin. Mosquitoes are often prevalent in France, and in the southern parts of our own country; and in France they are increasing in numbers year by year. Professor Blanchard of Paris has recently made a communication to the Academy of Medicine upon the subject. He tells

us that the mosquito which is now troubling the Parisians belongs to the *culex* species, and is innocent of being the carrier of the deadly fevers already mentioned; but he seriously believes that it may have the power of transmitting leprosy. He considers that the Academy should demand of the public authorities that a pamphlet should be issued broadcast warning the people of the dangers incurred by the presence of mosquitoes in their midst, and pointing out how the insects can be exterminated by the use of petroleum on the stagnant pools where the creatures are reared.

A NEW GAS STANDARD.

One of the London gas companies has obtained parliamentary power to lower their standard from sixteen-candle power to fourteen-candles. It has always been a very expensive proceeding to keep gas up to the first-mentioned standard, for the reason that Newcastle coal will not produce such gas, and a certain quantity of 'Cannel' coal had to be provided to enrich it. But Cannel coal cannot now be obtained except at a prohibitive price, and the companies have for some time been enriching their gas with petroleum vapour. This vapour, however, has a trick of divorcing itself from the gas in the pipes after a comparatively short journey, with the result that distant consumers have had to pay for a standard of illumination which they did not get. The fourteen-candle gas will give a little less light, but it will not blacken the ceilings so much as the richer compound; its heat-giving powers will not be in the least curtailed, so that users of gas-stoves and cookers will not suffer by the alteration, and incandescent gas-lights will be as brilliant as ever. The London householder will therefore incur hardly any loss, and when he finds that he is paying a reduced gas bill, he will only rejoice at the change which has been effected.

THE FLETCHER MUSIC-METHOD.

The new method of teaching music to children mentioned in the June number of this *Journal* as being taught with success in America is also taught to a small extent, though with equal success, in this country. It is entirely novel in its treatment of the study of music, presenting it in such a fascinating manner to youthful followers of the art that they cannot fail to be thoroughly roused and interested; and thus the first step is taken, as all teachers know the inestimable value of interest and curiosity in the subject to be studied. The Fletcher method aims high, and yet its teachers find it possible to a very great extent to attain the ideal the inventor has set for them of ear-training; rhythmical development and knowledge of time; ability to read music rapidly; thorough knowledge of the keyboard; complete knowledge of the construction of major and minor scales; technique; practical knowledge of intervals,

chords, analysis, and modulation for the purpose of original expression in music; systematic memorising; awakening interest in the great composers; and giving a knowledge of musical instruments. To enable the children to obtain this knowledge—which is applicable to other instruments equally with the piano—in a pleasurable and childlike manner, Miss Fletcher invented a most elaborate set of apparatus. Six sets of material are handled by the children in learning notation alone, bringing them down by gradual degrees from large notes in block form made in proportion to a staff which the children themselves put into position, to material which presents them to the children in the same form and similar in size to those they will see in printed music. Special materials meet the difficulties of scales and time, while intervals are not forgotten; and for combination of all these various points there is a keyboard known to the children as the 'dumb piano,' which possesses peculiar properties dear to the hearts of children. It may here be stated that this method is the result of experience in teaching music in the old way; and it is this which gives it its wide practical value, and makes it so easily adapted to pupils varying in age from four to fifteen. As each difficulty was encountered it was met and overcome, and is thus presented to its teachers in the form of the Fletcher method. Miss Fletcher—who, by the way, is now Mrs Fletcher-Copp—paid a flying visit to England in the spring of 1899 in order to secure her patents. She found time, however, to give a demonstration before the Incorporated Society of Musicians, which was much appreciated, and she gained warm testimonials from some of our best musical authorities, including Franklin Taylor and Mr William Cummings. Mrs Fletcher-Copp hopes to visit England this winter, if sufficient teachers can be gathered together to form a class.

GOLD AND GRAY.

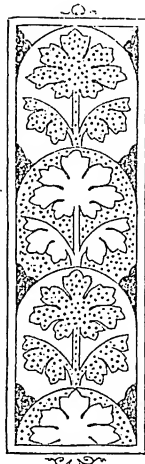
I TOLD you once, sweet wife, long years ago,
When all our blood thrilled with a youthful glow,
That in the whole wide world nought could compare
To the wild glory of your golden hair.

Now a far other vision seems to rise.
Nay! start not, dearest, with such wondering eyes.
A deeper beauty I have learned to see:
That silver-gray far dearer is to me.

A. M. ORPEN.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



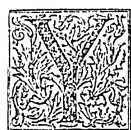
Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

AT THE SIGN OF THE 'SILVER BELL.'

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of *The Attack on the Farm, For the Sake of a Kiss, &c.*

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



'ES,' said the old major as he filled his pipe from a very beautiful gold snuff-box, 'it's not a bad box, and it's got a history, too; for, in a way, I got my wife and I got my fortune through that little article; though,' he added, with a chuckle, 'I reckon I should have got the former anyhow, as Catharine was as true as steel. But throw another log on, and I will tell you all about it.'

'It was on the 18th of October 1813, the third and last day of the battle of Leipzig, that we Hussars were waiting in reserve behind some houses in the rear of the suburb of Connwitz. With the idea of getting between Poniatowsky on the extreme right and Victor on the left of the centre, the Austrians had three times assaulted and taken that place, and three times we had driven them out of it, thanks chiefly to Marshal Oudinot, who had brought up the Young Guard, which had been in reserve at Probstheida. The white-coats, finding all their efforts useless, had now commenced to pound the houses with shot and shell in the hope of bringing them about our ears or setting the place on fire. Behind us, from the towers and steeples of Leipzig, the inhabitants were watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle; in fact, they were better able to judge of what was going on than we soldiers were.'

'Unfortunately Poniatowsky and his Poles had lost Dolitz on the 16th, and this enabled the enemy to place a battery in what was for us a very awkward position, whence they could drop shell after shell (which they did with remarkable accuracy) into the village.'

'It was getting towards dusk when we received orders to take this battery that was causing so much harm. The low-lying ground between the Elster and the Pliesse, in consequence of recent floods, was little better than a morass, and worse

ground for a cavalry charge could hardly be found.

"We are in for the devil's own game now," muttered my old comrade, Lendrier. I thought so too, but said nothing; yet I have often thought of his words since; for, alas! as far as he was concerned, they came only too true.

'We had hardly emerged from the village and got into the open than we were exposed to a murderous cross-fire, to say nothing of our being just within musket-range of those in the houses at Dolitz. Owing to the swampy nature of the ground, it was impossible for the horses to get into their stride. The front ranks were simply mowed down; men and horses fell in heaps, and that threw the whole mass into confusion. Veterans as most of the men were, they could not stand such a fire, and many were about to fly when an aide-de-camp tore up. I recognised him at once, for it was General Corbineau himself, aide-de-camp to the Emperor.'

"Who is in command here?" he roared.

'I had seen the *chef d'escadron* reel in his saddle two minutes before, and the senior major was lying at my feet. I was senior captain, though I was taking the junior major's place then.

"I am," I answered.

'Turning to the men, in a gentler tone he shouted, "Courage, *mes enfants*; the Emperor is watching you. You see that battery: you must take it. There are five guns. There will be five crosses for you. *Allons*, follow me!"

The men rallied, and, forming up, we dashed forward, floundering through a regular bog. We were but two hundred metres now from the guns, when, just as we were ascending to cross a road, which was slightly higher than the surrounding field, a ball struck my horse full in the chest, throwing me with terrible force on the hard ground. I remember nothing more; but when I

came to my senses the moon was shining brightly, though ever and anon its bright beams were obscured by the clouds that scurried across the sky, for the storm that had been raging was slowly dying away. I had received a wound in the head in falling, and my hair was stiff with the clotted blood. Every bone in my body ached, but luckily none was broken. I had a flask, which was nearly half-full, and after I had taken some of the spirit it contained I felt somewhat revived; so, wrapping my long cloak around me, I resolved to wait where I was till the morning. I was half-asleep and half-awake when I heard voices behind me. I was lying against my dead horse. Looking up cautiously, I saw two of those cowardly scoundrels who follow every army; they generally make a pretence of being sutlers, and, keeping out of the way while any fighting is going on, come out at night and rob the dead, and if necessary do not hesitate to murder the wounded. The sight of these rascals quickly roused me. I knew only too well I should receive no mercy from them. I would as soon have fallen into the hands of Blücher's butchers as into theirs, so I quietly drew my pistols from the holsters and resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. The two thieves were so intent at that moment taking all the valuables from a corpse that they had no idea of my vicinity.

'About ten paces off lay the body of one of our men. I had no idea then who the man was. Catching sight of it, the rascals approached the body. Stooping over the supposed corpse, I heard one of them say to the other that the man was still breathing.

"Give him the knife, quick," replied the other.

'I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight; but ere it descended the silence of the night was broken by the sharp report of my pistol, and with a bullet through his heart the would-be murderer fell prostrate across the body of his intended victim. The other, taken by surprise, stood motionless for a moment; then his eye fell on me, and he had half-drawn a pistol from his breast when I gave him the contents of my other weapon in his stomach, and he fell groaning and writhing on the ground. Rising with some difficulty—for I felt shaken and weak, and every movement gave me horrible pain—I went to the assistance of the wounded soldier. To my surprise, I found it was poor Lendrier. What made it worse, too, was that he had only just been made a captain the week before. Like myself, he had risen from the ranks, and we had served through many a campaign; but I saw as I poured some spirit down his throat that this one would be his last. He was one of the bravest men I ever met, but at the same time of a very reserved and taciturn disposition. Wine never unlocked his tongue. Women he hated. His one idea was to rise in the service that he might have better chances of looting. I

believe he came from Auvergne; but if he had any relatives he never spoke of them.

"It's all up, Valbach; I am done for," he said bitterly, in a low, weak voice. "This is not the first good turn you have done me, and now I will do you one. Feel in my pocket, and you will find a gold snuff-box." I did as he directed me, and took out the very box you see before you. In it was a piece of parchment, and by the light of the moon, which was now shining brilliantly, I saw a rough sketch and some figures; but the document would have meant nothing to me had not the poor fellow explained its meaning. "I will tell you what it amounts to," he said. "Exactly twenty paces due south—that is, behind the first Calvary* you come to—about a league and a half from Grien, which is about six leagues from Linz, on the high-road to Vienna, at the foot of a young beech-tree, you will find a box, the contents of which will make you a rich man. The tree has carved on it an 'I,' which stands for ' *Ici*.' About a foot from the stem of the tree farthest from the road, under the leaves, is a large stone, and under that you will find it. Now," he concluded, "I have given you the key, and you ought to be able to unlock the door."

Talking had made him so weak that I went to the corpse of the man I had shot beside him to see if I could find a flask upon it, as I had given him all the spirit I had got. Putting my hand in one of the pockets of the rascal, I found it was full of watches and rings—some of them, I found afterwards, of great value—and also many gold and silver coins, and, luckily, a flask. For a time this spirit kept my poor comrade alive; but as the moon was sinking in the west, in spite of all I could do, he gradually sank, and passed away unconsciously.

'I then commenced to search more thoroughly the bodies of the two rogues. One, I found, was still alive, and on my touching him he fought most viciously, till I gave him a blow on the head with the butt-end of my pistol. Round the fellow's waist I found a leather belt simply stuffed with gold and notes to the value of many thousand francs. The man, as he lay unconscious in the moonlight, looked like a little Polish Jew. A more villainous countenance I had seldom seen, and I considered that in clearing the earth—as I thought—of him, I had conferred a benefit on humanity as well as on myself.

'Now I must tell you that when I had returned to my native village in Alsace five years ago, Catharine Ketzler, the beautiful daughter of Carl Ketzler the miller, had promised to marry me. She was seventeen then, and the acknowledged belle not only of the village but of the whole


* These crosses, erected at the side of the road on the spot where a man has been murdered, are generally found in very desolate places.

country-side. So, as I sat and waited for the long night to end, you may imagine what thoughts came into my head, now that I found myself possessed of so much wealth, to say nothing of the treasure that I might find near Linz. For once in my life I hoped that the war might soon cease. My one desire hitherto had been to gain the gold epaulets of a colonel, but now I cared nothing for them. Let me only get back safely to my beloved Alsace, and I should be content. What a nice little farm I would buy! What fine cows and chickens Catharine should have to look after! These bright dreams really seemed to do me good; and when the dawn broke, after a good meal—for the man I had shot had a large bag of victuals on him—I had strength enough, though still very weak, to catch a horse that was quietly browsing near. As I turned to go away I took one last glance at poor Lendrier; and I was rather surprised to see that the rogue I thought I had disabled had taken his departure. However, I cannot say that I paid very much attention to it then; but, as it happened, I had not seen the last of him, as you will hear.

'A dense, cold fog overhung the landscape. I had no idea how the fortune of war had gone. We might be victors or we might not. I could hear in the distance the sound of military movements in the town behind; but all was quiet opposite, in the Austrian lines. I had meant to make my way over the stone bridge at Leipzig to my headquarters, when suddenly I was startled by several loud explosions coming from the city itself. I knew at once that our parks of artillery were being blown up. A sillier thing to have done could hardly be imagined. It told all the world that we were about to retreat, and gave our enemies fresh courage. Had the ammunition been thrown into the river, they would have known nothing about our intentions for some time, as the fog prevented them from seeing what was going on, and many more of our men might consequently have escaped. Luckily I espied a small foot-bridge leading to a mill; and, taking my horse over it, I succeeded in getting into the main column of retreat on the Lindenau Road. Apart from Oudinot's corps of the Guard, who surrounded the Emperor, the whole army was a mere disorganised rabble, and as we retreated the houses were pillaged and the people ill-treated. I should not have thought so much of this had it not been that, when a few months later the allies entered our own dear country, they more than followed our example. I had gone a league, when, in our rear, I heard another explosion. This was the bridge of Leipzig, our only line of retreat, being destroyed; and as that was done while thousands of our men were on the other side, those unfortunates were either compelled to fight for their lives in the burning houses or swim the river. Prince Poniatowsky in trying to do so was drowned, and Marshal MacDonald

only just escaped the same fate. But there is no need to tell you of the horrors of the retreat to the Rhine, or of the glorious but disastrous campaign of 1814, which ended in the following March. Suffice it to say that it was not till the middle of the following November that I, with the half-pay of a captain and the brevet rank of a major, was able to leave Tours, where my regiment was quartered, and set off for my native village.'

CHAPTER II.

T was getting dusk, and the last red rays of the setting sun were shining on the vane of the little church, half-hidden in the trees, as I approached my old home. The cock which surmounted the steeple shone out, indeed, like molten gold. This bird, I may tell you, showed that the inhabitants of the village were Protestants, the Roman Catholic hamlets having a cross on the church to distinguish them. Soon I found myself within sight of the ivy-clad cottage where I was born, and where my brother now lived. It was at the top of the steep little street close by the church. Joseph was a blacksmith, like his father before him; and round the smithy door, as I approached, I saw the children just out of school watching the bright sparks fly up from a shoe he was making for a horse patiently waiting within.

"What! Jacques?" he exclaimed as he rushed out to greet me. "Can it really be you?"

"Yes," I answered; "and I shall have plenty to tell you to-night; but I am off to the mill now to see Catharine."

"The sooner you go, then, the better," he replied, "for young Strellmann, the son of the tanner at Hagenau, goes up there pretty often. You know what a miser Ketzler's wife is. She wants Catharine to marry that fellow, for he has got money."

'I did not stay to hear more, though I was angered by what my brother told me, and I resolved to make the tanner's son pay dearly for his audacity if I met him; for I had no doubt of Catharine's constancy.

'The very ground I trod on reassured me; for, passing through a wood, I came into the self-same field in which we plighted our troth. It was bleak and bare now; but, ah! how different it was then, on that bright summer day, with the bees humming, and when the brook that turned the mill was sparkling in the sun! I had just returned from Spain then, as brown as a berry, with the rank of a *mareschal de loges-en-chef* (troop sergeant-major), and a couple of medals on my breast and a sword of honour at my side; and I can tell you that I thought fairly well of myself.

'It was harvest-time, and Carl Ketzler, who had a small farm as well as the mill, found, as

so many of the young fellows were away at the wars, that it was difficult to get hands to help him to get his corn in. I willingly offered my services, though that was more with an eye to being near his daughter than for his material benefit. I could ride for hours under a hot Spanish sun without fatigue; but this reaping, I soon found out, was regular back-breaking work, and rather more than I bargained for. However, I cut and Catharine tied, and we two were very happy together.

"Come, Jacques," said she, "I am tired now. Let us rest a little."

"So I made up a stook under a lime-tree. In the valley beneath us we faintly heard the rhythmical clack of the mill and the tumble of the water, and now and again we caught a glimpse of the bright back of the kingfisher as he flashed along the stream. In the distance the sheep-bells tinkled, and the birds sang gaily overhead, and the *ordenbands* (striped butterflies) fluttered around us. The scent of the lime, the beautiful prospect, and the presence of the lovely girl beside me filled my heart with love and happiness—I was even too happy to speak; but Catharine, who had gathered a large bouquet of flowers, and sat with them in her lap, at length broke the silence.

"Jacques," said she merrily, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "I'm going to make a wreath."

"And very well you will do it," said I.

"Now, don't you love these pretty flowers?"

"Of course I do," I answered. "I love the poppies, for they are like your lips; I love the marguerites, for they are as white as your arms; and the *kaiserblumen* are only equalled by your eyes. Why not," I added, taking up some corn—"why not mix this with them, to match your silky, flaxen hair?"

"Oh! I will if you like," she answered demurely.

"You are a good girl," I replied, quietly placing my arm round her waist, "to do what I wish you. Now, tell me, Catharine," I continued, getting bolder, "will you do something else I want you to do—say, *ma chérie*, will you marry me?"

"She blushed and drew back a little, eyeing me shyly—ay, doubtfully—all the time.

"You really mean it?" she said nervously, for all her natural gaiety and coquetries had suddenly gone.

"Of course I do," I replied. As our lips were very close, somehow they met; but, alas! they quickly parted, for coming up the hill we saw her mother. We had our fright for nothing, however, for she, as it happened, never saw us. The miller quite agreed to our betrothal; but his wife did not at first see it in the same way, as she said she had no faith in *les militaires*. But when I gave her a valuable watch (for we

soldiers did not go campaigning in those days for nothing) she at last consented.

"I recalled all this when I saw the mill before me, and quickened my pace at the thought of beholding the lovely girl again. Just as I passed the stable I heard my Catharine's sweet voice within, softly singing to herself. Darting into a shed—for I meant to surprise her—I looked through a chink to see what she was doing. Ah, what a pretty picture she presented! She had evidently gone there to get some food for her chickens. She was seated on the edge of a bin, delving her white, plump arm into the oats, and letting them trickle slowly through her fingers. Any one who has done this knows what a pleasant sensation it is. The light of the lantern above fell on the black Alsatian bow, which showed up in a striking way her flaxen hair, bound up in two tails and almost reaching to her waist. As she bent over, the fine contour of her figure showed how much she had grown since I had seen her. At her feet, rubbing itself against her green kirtle with its red border—for this was the dress in the Protestant villages, just as the women wore red petticoats with a green border in the Roman Catholic ones—was a fine black cat, which, having caught a huge rat, had brought it to show her.

"Ah, Mimi!" she said sadly, "when will my Jacques come back? He is a long time—isn't he? But it's getting late now, and you want your supper—don't you? Well"—

"I must have made some movement, for she sprang up and stood still for a moment, her lips parted in an attitude of attention. I could wait no longer. Rushing across, I met her at the door.

"Your Jacques has come, you see, my darling!" I exclaimed, and in another moment my arms were round her neck. She was so taken by surprise that for a time she could do nothing but return the kisses I showered upon her.

"Oh Jacques!" she cried as soon as she could find words to speak, "can it really be you? And what are you?" she continued as she stroked my major's gold demi-epaulet!

"A major, my lass."

"A major!" she answered, looking up lovingly into my eyes; "and will you really marry me, a poor miller's daughter?"

"Of course I will, my lass; if I were a general of division I would, and should think myself lucky. But what is this I hear of young Strellmann. If I come across him I will put a bullet in him as sure as I stand here."

"Mother wants me to have him. She says he is rich," she answered. "But you need not fear; nothing would make me take him, even if you had not come."

"The valuables and notes which I had taken

from the two wretches on the last night of the battle of Leipzig had realised nearly twenty-five thousand francs, and I had the bulk of that in my pocket. We had withdrawn into the stable.

"Oh, he is rich—is he? Has he got many notes like this?" I said, as I showed her a handful of notes for a thousand francs each.

"Oh Jacques!" Then I heard the miller's wife calling her daughter.

"You wait here a moment," I said to Catharine, "and I will go to your mother."

"It happens very often that when a *mareschal de loges-en-chef* receives a commission he is transferred to another regiment. I had been originally in the Chasseurs, so when I approached the miller's wife I saw at once she did not recognise me as an Hussar. In fact, as I came up the village no one had known me.

"And what may be your service, sir?" she said, with a very low curtsy, as she gazed in wonder at my sky-blue uniform and fur-trimmed dolman, and the medals on my breast.

"Before I could answer, the miller, who looked stouter and more jovial than ever, came out.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" he said.

"What can you do?" I answered somewhat warmly. "Why, give me your daughter as you promised. Was it fair to allow other fellows to make love to her while I was fighting for my country?"

"Why, wife," exclaimed the worthy man, "by my faith, it is Jacques Valbach!"

"Never shall I forget the look of astonishment on the face of his spouse. She was a little, shrewd, cunning woman, who ruled her easy-going, good-natured husband with a rod of iron. I did not know his real character so well then, and I, with all the world, pitied him; but I think now that the miller never did a better thing than when he married her, for she, in spite of her nagging tongue, was hard-working and thrifty, and without her he would have spent all his gains down at the "Fleur-de-Lis."

"Just then Catharine came out, and before their faces I kissed her as though she were already mine. Her mother, with her natural sharpness, took in the situation at once. A major for a son-in-law was a very different thing from a *mareschal de loges*.

"Come now," she said, "and let bygones be

bygones. Young Strellmann," she continued when we were seated round the table with plenty of beer in front of us, "has not got such gay plumage as you; but I quite agree now to your marrying Catharine. At the same time, he's a decent young fellow, and what's more, he has got money."

"Has he got more than that?" I replied, taking the notes from my pocket. "There's twenty odd thousand francs, and I think I know where to get more."

"The little woman was too astounded to speak, and gazed at the papers with a sort of awe that was perfectly laughable, for never in all her life had she seen such a sum before.

"Jacques Valbach," she answered emphatically, "Catharine is yours."

"Very well," I replied. "Now, as I am one of the family, I will tell you how I got this money." Then I related what had taken place, and also gave them some information about the hidden treasure; but I did not tell them too much, as I knew the truth of a proverb I had heard in Spain: "A secret between two is God's secret; but a secret between three is all the world's."

"The miller's wife was so excited by what little I did say that she actually wished me to start the very next day; but as I had determined to take high ground from the very first, I bluntly told her she might order her husband about as much as she liked, but as I had not seen Catharine for five years, I had no intention of going till it suited my convenience. Before I returned in the evening to my brother, I made Ketzler write a letter to my rival, informing him of Catharine's betrothal; and I added a postscript, telling him I could hit a bird on the wing with a pistol. He took the hint, and three months afterwards consoled himself by marrying a girl in his own district.

"The miller, at the suggestion, I believe, of his wife, proposed that when I went in quest of the hidden treasure he should go with me. I very stupidly consented. I liked him, and thought he would be a pleasant companion, as indeed he was; but had I had the slightest suspicion of his drinking habits—and he certainly never showed them when his wife was near—I would never have agreed to his accompanying me."



THE WEALTH OF SPAIN.



It will, perhaps, be a surprise to some people to learn that Spain is potentially one of the richest countries in Europe—full of unrealised resources and treasures which have not been brought to light. We are apt to think of the Peninsula only as a down-trodden and declining country, though it was once one of the great European Powers; and politically, indeed, this seems to be the case. However, those who live in Spain and know anything of its trade recognise that there are certainly immense undeveloped resources in the country. The Phœnicians knew something of this when the old Cadiz existed, quantities of gold, silver, and precious stones being exported from Spain by that industrious and enterprising people; and though the palmy days of Spain seem to be over, it may be that the untold riches hid in the bowels of the earth, as in an old lumber-room, will there, as elsewhere, be exploited some day when least expected. Some years ago, when coasting round Spain, as we passed the northern provinces, the captain of our vessel pointed to the distant ranges, lit up with brilliant sunshine, and said, 'There is any amount of gold and silver there, waiting for some one to exploit it!' Then we longed for the enterprise which opened up the diamond-fields of Kimberley.

Most of us are probably familiar with the principal productions of Spain: its copper-mines in Rio Tinto and silver-mines at Linares, its steel from Bilbao, and its salt from San Fernando, with a multitude of other products besides. There are, however, industries not perhaps so well known which I may refer to, as I am well acquainted with the country.

The fact that the Spanish promise of progress is never realised reminds us frequently of a tale told in our youth to point a moral: Two girls were set to get certain pieces of work done to show to their father on his return in a year's time. The good girl did not attempt much, but completed everything properly; the naughty one, however, began a number of lovely things, all giving promise of artistic design, but none of them was ever finished! Spain is in the position of the latter, and supplies the moral of the story. Many industries are begun there; but the home manufactures are never perfected, or they are only perfected in other countries. For example, in Barcelona, the most flourishing commercial centre in Spain, cotton goods are extensively manufactured. Print for women's dresses can be bought at one *real* (about twopence) a yard; and it is largely used by the working-class women, the cheap *percal* being within the reach of all. Though that fabric does not wear well, it is so bright and fresh for a few months that the

traveller is struck by the fresh, clean appearance of the poorer class in Spain, as contrasted with our poor at home. Thus the cheap and coarse print satisfies a want, but happy is the mother-familias whose husband earns sufficient to enable her to buy *percal Ingles* for herself and children, which, as she expresses it, 'will wear for ever.' The latter, however, will cost three or four times as much as the home product, so it is beyond the reach of the poorest class.

The Catalan bobbin-lace is almost the best produced in Spain; but the darned lace, formerly worked in the convents, is scarcely to be met with, though torchon lace is largely made. Silk handkerchiefs are also manufactured in Barcelona; these, though very pretty and inexpensive, are not to be compared with English ones for wear. In fact, English goods of all kinds, when they can be obtained, are much preferred. The shoemaker will, if possible, obtain English leather if you want shoes that will wear well; but he will charge accordingly, explaining that if he uses leather from the Spanish tanneries he can make them at half the price charged for those made of English materials. This strikes one as strange, as in former days Spanish leather was highly appreciated.

It is the same with articles of food such as sugar, salt, and all groceries. In Malaga, with a fertile soil adapted to the growth of the sugarcane, and where it grows in abundance, the article produced can hardly be used. It costs about fivepence a pound, is coarse and brown, and has much sand mixed with it, so that foreigners living in Spain prefer to get the Demerara sugar, for which they do not pay much more. It is the same with the ordinary raisins sold for cookery; they are impure and mouldy, and unsuitable for use. Of course, superior raisins can be bought in Malaga, but they are very much more expensive than the same quality would be in England. It is the same with coal; the Transatlantic line of steamers uses the coal of the country, wishing to encourage Spanish trade; but when speed is required English coal has to be resorted to.

The most thoroughly satisfactory produce from the south of Spain is that of the vintage. The Xeres wines are deservedly renowned, the total quantity of butts shipped from Cadiz in the year 1899 amounting to 51,951. Salt is also exported; and near San Fernando, where the salt-pans are, the picturesqueness of the scenery is not a little enhanced by the glistening pyramids of salt sparkling in the sunshine. The amount of salt exported during 1899 is given as follows: To northern Europe, 4363½ lasts (the 'last' is equal to two and a half tons); Newfoundland, 23,120 lasts; River Plate, 48,321 lasts; Brazil, 6371

lasts; various places, 1804½ lasts. The salt is exported in its rough, natural state, and is much resorted to in that state in cooking by the Spaniards, and the poorer classes pound it up and use it at the table; but though they employ it liberally in cooking, it is rarely used as a condiment. It is only after refinement in other countries that the salt is really fit for the table, and then the price for a packet of about a quarter of a pound is fivepence.

Cork is another product of the province of Cadiz. There is a very heavy duty on the bark, though, curiously enough, there is none on ready-made corks. The total amount of cork exported during 1899 was 133 tons, so it is not a flourishing trade. Of olives 2064 tons were exported from this province in 1899, and the greater portion went to Cuba and the American republics; but some 22 tons went to Great Britain. The exports from this province also include a quantity of pulse of all sorts—pease, beans, &c. Tunny-fish are largely exported, and 109,500 were caught and sent to Italy to be cured in 1899.

At the Government Arsenal in San Fernando there are two shipbuilding yards on the shore of the Bay of Cadiz. The work there is supervised almost entirely by English mechanics. A cruiser of 2000 tons displacement is now being built for the Government. The keel was laid in February 1899. A merchant-vessel of 2050 tons gross, for owners in Bilbao, is also in progress. It is the first large steamer of the kind built in Spain under the inspection of Lloyds' Register. The steel for it is supplied from the works in Bilbao and Gijon, and the engines and boilers came from Glasgow. There are several smaller vessels in course of construction at the same place. Hitherto very few ships have been built in these yards. It is stated there are many difficulties to contend with—one of these, and not the least, being the wholesale theft of iron. Dilatoriness in forwarding the necessary materials is probably the greatest hindrance; but with the employment of sufficient capital much of this delay might be avoided, as there is every facility for a steel manufactory in Cadiz. Pig-iron of splendid quality is to be had from Malaga and other parts of south Spain; Spanish coal is quite good enough for this purpose, and can be easily procured, while labour is plentiful and cheap.

In 1899 the erection of a sugar factory called *Agriarera Zerezana* was begun, and is now nearly completed; and as beet is grown for the purpose, German houses supplying the seed, it is hoped that this will prove a great success, white lump-sugar being dear and of a poor quality. Granada has encouraged the same industry for some years.

In the province of Cadiz alone there are several mines of copper, coal, slate, and lead, and near the town of Corella even petroleum has been found; but as the main spring has not yet been

discovered, the industry has been abandoned for the time being, as the oil was found in too small quantities.

These few facts prove that the province of Cadiz is most fertile and rich in resources; and were the ground better and more thoroughly cultivated, quite a large revenue might be drawn from that source alone. Any one who is interested in fruit-growing would do well to spend a few weeks in this province in early spring, making excursions into the surrounding country, especially in the direction of Puerto Real and Puerto Santa Maria. In February the whole country is covered with white sweet-scented broom, and white-and-pink almond-blossom, which has an exceedingly striking effect, the rich clusters almost bending to the ground with their weight; and a little later the pale-pink apricot-blossoms are to be seen. What will strike the traveller will be the tracts of uncultivated land, which if properly cultivated would amply repay the owner. It needs, however, some one with sufficient capital, and with energy to work the land. The farmer who is destitute of capital cannot make agriculture pay; the duties are so unreasonably heavy that the poor can hardly even earn a living. Every article of food is taxed, and so is every head of cattle. Each kid or lamb added to the stock must be registered, and so much paid as duty; the peasant-woman cannot bring her eggs to market without paying her dole, and the same with fish, fowl, bread, salt, and even matches—in fact, every article imaginable is taxed.

Those who have lived amongst the people and know something of their struggle for existence are impressed by the hardness of their lot and the cheerfulness with which they bear it. They receive no encouragement to till the land, and have become quite hopeless. The Andalusian peasant has a reputation for laziness, and it is more or less deserved; but when supervised the Spanish workman will do good work. There is no doubt the peasant would be more energetic in his field-labour were he not ground down by imposts. He is usually sober, quiet, and kindly, a good husband and father, inclined, perhaps, to be too fond of a *siesta*, and generally for taking life easily; but he is content with very small wages, hardly ever drinks, and is very good-tempered. He is very moderate in his food, as two meals a day suffice. One is often struck by the perfect harmony and gaiety that is apparent in the family life of the peasantry, as the labourer sits with his wife and children round the smoking earthenware bowl, dipping their bread into the *gaspacho* of bread, oil, garlic, and tomatoes (if in season), with various other condiments, washing it down with the *vin du pays*, and finishing up with his cigarette; then, after an hour's rest, this child of the soil will stroll back to his work, singing gaily to himself, and the wife and little ones will return home carrying the dish.

It always strikes the onlooker that the Spaniard gets the most enjoyment out of his life that he can, and in a way unknown to the more plodding English labourer. The Andalusian peasant does not live half so well as the English agricultural labourer; he rarely tastes meat, though he often eats the coarser kinds of fish. Near Xeres the peasant who works on a farm during the harvest gets sixpence a day and a loaf of bread, and with that pittance he must live and even support a family. His only bed while at harvest-work is the cotton blanket he brings with him, in which he rolls himself.

We need hardly say much about the Rio Tinto mines near Huelva, where the copper is so abundant; being worked by an English company, they are widely known. The mines are well worth a visit, and the traveller, as he is carried along in the train, will be struck at first by the beautifully fertile country near Huelva. In a short time, however, he notices that the land is arid and vegetation burnt up, every tree and shrub being blighted and either dead or dying; for the sulphurous smoke has a devastating effect, even miles away. Once at the mines—if it is one of the days comparatively free from smoke—one cannot fail to be impressed by the wild, weird beauty of the scene, with its barren rocks, the working of which has revealed their marvellous colouring—green, blue, red, and every tint imaginable. New mines of iron and silver-lead are beginning to be exploited near Badajoz. A large number of ships enter Huelva Port; 1016 entered in 1899. Improvements have been completed which enable larger ships to get in.

In addition to the copper ore and other produce, manganese is a very important item of the Huelva trade. In the province of Huelva there are no less than twenty-three manganese-mines, and 148,419 tons were exported in 1899. A new export duty on minerals, which came into force on March 19, 1900, is, however, a heavy blow to the mining industries.

The wine exported from Huelva is the common white *vin du pays*, and is sent chiefly to Paris, Rouen, Bordeaux, Cette, and Marseilles. It is usually exported in November. The French merchants send their own empty casks, and usually have them filled under their own supervision.

The British shipping has fallen off during the last year or two, for the reason that formerly they had the monopoly of the loading of iron ore at Seville, whereas now Spanish, Norwegian, Danish, and German boats are also chartered for this trade.

Olive-oil, which is one of the chief productions of Seville, used to be unrefined, yellow in colour,

with an unpleasant taste and smell, and rather acrid. During the last two years French dealers have become purchasers at a high price, and had the oil pressed and prepared under their own supervision; and after it is further refined in France, it is a really very fine article, and can compete with any salad-oil. This is another proof that, though Spain is rich in possibilities, she does not know how to bring her produce to market in perfection. The Spaniard, of course, prefers the unrefined oil, and would complain that the purer variety had neither taste nor smell. On one occasion an Englishman who had travelled to Cadiz by merchant-vessel in stormy weather, in company with a Spaniard who had been frightfully ill all the way, was much amused and rather disgusted when, on their arrival at the hotel, the Spaniard begged to have fried eggs with 'much much oil. I have not tasted it for so long,' he added pathetically. The English gentleman found it hard to enjoy his own meal as he saw the eggs brought to the table swimming in green oil, and watched with fascinated eyes the eggs and oil partaken of, and the plate left clean and polished. However, many growers now prepare the oil for foreign consumption.

It has been stated that smuggling is largely resorted to by the Spaniards; but in justice it must be admitted that they are not the only offenders. On the plea of buying English butter or other produce, of which the merchant-captain usually has a supply, necessary articles of dress are packed in as well, the Custom-House officers being usually inveigled to a different part of the ship while these little transactions are going on, or become conveniently blind, as the 'Silver Key' is freely used. On one occasion, when perhaps the tip was not sufficiently large, the head official was merciless in searching the trunks of some residents in Spain who were returning from England and had knitting-wool, flannel, and tea packed away amongst their other things. The lady who owned the trunks was taken aside by the official and remonstrated with quite pathetically. 'Why bring over these things,' he said in a pained voice, 'when you can get them just as well here—tea fresh from China—in fact everything? I only speak for your good!' he added.

The subject of Spanish industries has only been touched on; but perhaps enough has been said to rouse an interest, and to show that capital and enterprise only are needed to make Spain one of the richest and most flourishing countries in Europe. It may be that a great future lies before her.



LIFE IN A CONVICT PRISON.

BY AN INMATE.

PART I.



HERE is probably no institution around which so many misrepresentations and misconceptions have taken root as our penal establishments. The 'man in the street' is fairly well informed on most subjects; but if you button-hole and sound him as to his knowledge of our prison system, what do you find? Well, if his mind is not a complete blank on the subject, it is invariably stored with fables, legends, or hearsays. The cause of this is to be found in the lamentable fact that, whilst the army, the navy, and almost all the other branches of the Civil Service are not only open to public inspection, but have also a literature of their own, in which their distinctive marks and peculiarities may be seen and read of all men, the prison service alone is a closed volume so far as the general public is concerned.

Blue Books, Parliamentary Reports, and other official publications throw but a feeble gleam of light on the actual working of our penal and prison codes. For a comprehensive view we must go beyond official records, and hear the testimony of those who have 'gone through the mill,' and have a practical acquaintance with it. In this connection, the writer may here claim the right of dealing with the subject as one having authority—the authority of a lifelong association with prisons, local and convict.

So much by way of preamble. Now, before plunging into reminiscences of this or that particular prison, a brief outline of the general routine of prison life, as established by the laws 'thereunto made and provided,' will be a fitting prelude to the more interesting details of that life as it is worked out from day to day in the most important of His Majesty's convict prisons.

The English prison system is of a dual character. Convict prisons are conducted on principles quite different from those governing the local jails. For example, a person sentenced to a term of imprisonment for any period not exceeding two years—the maximum period spent by any person in a local jail—practically passes the whole term in strict solitary confinement, which is the most trying of all punishments (happily, recent legislation has modified this 'strict solitary confinement'; and since the passing of the Prison Act, 1898, a prisoner who has 'a clean sheet' may, with the Governor's sanction, be allowed to work and, under certain conditions, exercise in 'association' with other prisoners); whereas a prisoner sent into penal servitude for any term,

whether it be for three years (the minimum) or for twenty-five years (the maximum), now only spends six months in separate cells, after which he is sent to one of the convict stations, known in official phraseology as 'Public Works' prisons.

There are now only five of these prisons in England—omitting that at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, which is a hospital rather than a labour station. Broadmoor is the criminal lunatic station, the Bedlam of the convict service; and Parkhurst stands in the relation of 'chapel-of-ease' to Broadmoor.

The regimen at Parkhurst is precisely similar to that which obtains at every other convict prison. Parkhurst has to-day accommodation for nearly eight hundred inmates, is administered by one of the most humane and benevolent governors in the whole convict service (Lieutenant-Colonel Plummer), and is generally looked upon by all sorts and conditions of prisoners as 'the haven where they would be.'

All prisoners except those in hospital are employed from ten to twelve hours daily, inclusive of the time allowed for meals; and the way this daily routine is worked out is as follows: All rise, to the sound of the bell, at 5.10 A.M. during summer, and 5.30 in the winter months. Having washed, they immediately set about cleaning up their cells and making up their beds, all bed-clothing having to be neatly folded up and placed on the bed-board—excepting on Tuesday and Friday in each week, when it is hung out on the railings of each corridor until dinner-time for ventilation. The roll has by this time been taken, and if it is found correct the night-watchmen go off duty, and the ordinary staff take charge.

At 5.45 A.M. the first meal of the day is served, each prisoner standing at his cell-door to receive his rations from the hands of the warder in charge of his particular ward. The dietary scale for ordinary convicts, a copy of which is hung on the wall of every cell in the prison, so that a prisoner may know what he is entitled to receive at each meal, is as follows:

BREAKFAST.—*Daily*—1 pint of tea (or gruel) and 10 or 12 oz. of brown bread.

DINNER.—*Sunday*—1 pint of pea-soup and 6 oz. of brown bread. *Monday and Saturday*—5 oz. of cooked beef, 1 lb. of potatoes, and 4 oz. of bread. *Tuesday and Friday*—1 pint of shin-of-beef soup, 1 lb. of potatoes, 1 oz. of cheese, and bread. *Wednesday*—5 oz. of cooked mutton, 1 lb. potatoes, and 4 oz. of bread. *Thursday*—1 lb. suet-pudding, 1 lb. potatoes, and bread as before.

SUPPER.—*Daily*—1 pint of cocoa and 8 oz. of brown bread.

This scale applies to able-bodied or full-labour prisoners; 'light-labour' men get the same kind of food, the only difference being a slight reduction in quantity. The hospital-diet and the punishment-diet are quite different from the ordinary prison fare. For the former the medical officer prescribes the diet suitable to each case; and the governor decides (subject to medical revision) the diet given to prisoners who are under punishment for breaches of prison discipline. Here it may be mentioned that even the governor can sentence a prisoner only to such punishment-diet as the Home Office authorities have prescribed.

From the foregoing scale it will be seen that, of the three meals supplied to prisoners daily, the first and the last are always alike; whilst the dinners, served at 11.45 A.M., are the only substantial meals; and were the quality of these midday meals always what they should be, and are supposed to be, they would compare favourably with those supplied by any other public institution in the country. Unfortunately, the prison commissariat is not an ideal one, and complaints are constantly heard as to the inferiority of the food-supply.

To resume our account of the daily routine. At 7 A.M. each morning members of the Church of England (nineteen-twentieths of the prison population) are marched off to chapel, where a twenty-minutes' service is conducted, either by the governor, the chaplain, or one of his assistant schoolmasters. This matutinal service over, the congregation disperses, each man going straight to his 'gang' or working-party to commence the daily labours.

The occupations of prisoners vary in different prisons. In Portland, for instance, it is mainly stone-work; in Dartmoor, agricultural labour; and in Parkhurst it is of a nondescript character—with the exception of one or two parties engaged in making hammocks, bags, straps, and other accessories for the military and naval services, the bulk of the convicts are there employed on work intended solely for the prison service. Each man is supposed to be so employed from eight to ten hours each day; and if his 'conduct and industry' be such as commend themselves to the warder in charge of the 'gang' he is credited with eight marks each day. As the whole of his sentence would have to be worked out in prison if he only received six marks daily, the remission of sentence allowed by the act depends upon his getting the other two. Should he succeed in getting full marks, and avoid forfeiting any for breaches or alleged breaches of prison discipline, he earns the full remission allowed by law, which is one-fourth of the sentence passed upon him.

At 5.20 P.M. all labour ceases. Every man is

supposed to be in his cell and under lock and key at 5.45 P.M.; when the last meal of the day is served out. After that each prisoner is left to his own devices (except those attending the evening school) until 7.45 P.M., when the bell rings down hammocks and bed-boards, and the last scene in the convict's daily life closes between the sheets.

Every opportunity is afforded to the convict for self-improvement, although, unfortunately, no inducements are at present offered. If a man is of a studious turn, the prison library furnishes ample food for thought and study. He is supplied with a library-book twice a week; and as part of the cell furniture consists of a slate and pencil, he can go in for music, mathematics, or drawing. Here it may be stated that the writer has known several prisoners who laid the foundations of success in after-life whilst undergoing terms of penal servitude, by utilising the means supplied by the prison regulations. Unhappily, however, the great majority of prisoners neglect the means of self-improvement provided; thinking only of how they can pass the time in a manner agreeable to their own tastes, they neglect education and study, and become absorbed in intrigues and schemes which frequently not only extend their term of imprisonment, but cause endless trouble to the officials.

If one who has had a more than ordinary experience of prison-life might be allowed to make a suggestion to the authorities on this matter, it would take the form of a hint of a graduated scale of rewards for evident progress in intellectual pursuits. At present the penal element predominates. With a little encouragement, prisoners might be brought round to a better frame of mind; and if penalties are efficacious in making men cease to do evil—a proposition which the writer cannot support—it is quite certain that some slight premium might with advantage be offered to those who have learned to do well.

When a convict has completed his sentence he is turned adrift without any adequate provision for a fresh start in life. The maximum amount now allowed to a prisoner on his discharge is a paltry five pounds or six pounds, out of which he will have to pay the so-called Prisoners' Aid Society a certain sum for clothing, unless he is content to rig himself out in a suit of clothes recognisable at sight not only by other discharged prisoners he may meet in the street, but by the first policeman he encounters in the vicinity of Charing Cross or Brook Street.

After a three years' sentence, the writer—who had not forfeited any 'gratuity' by misconduct whilst in prison—found himself, on leaving the office of the Royal Society for Discharged Prisoners, where his wife and child came to meet him, the possessor of the large amount of twenty-three

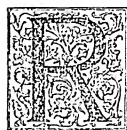
shillings; and he has known men who had served much longer terms of imprisonment turned loose upon society with even less money in their pockets. Every thinking person will agree that such a condition of things merely puts a premium upon crime; since, before a man can live by honest labour, he must live for a time on the money given him on his release. If, therefore, without abolishing penalties, a scale of rewards for self-improvement whilst in

prison were adopted, a double purpose would be served; encouragement would be given to the convict for industry, and suitable provision made for his sustenance for some time after his liberation.

In the next article the reader will be introduced to some distinguished criminals the writer has rubbed shoulders with during his imprisonment, thus enabling him to catch a glimpse of convict life from day to day.

THE MYSTERIES OF ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

By HERBERT RUSSELL.



ARE indeed are the instances in which man can not only take liberties with the mysterious laws of nature, but actually improve upon their method of working; yet this is what those who carry

on the process of artificial incubation claim to do. They can rely with a greater degree of certainty on producing a chicken from a fertile egg by mechanical aid than by consigning its pale shape to the nest of a sitting hen; for a hen—however staid her demeanour, or having feathers bristling with maternity—is but a fickle creature, and may quit her cosy seat at any moment, leaving her unfledged offspring to perish in their shells. An incubator plays no such vagaries; it is a passive object from which will issue in due course the protesting chirrup of the ‘pipping’ chick.

The writer lately had rather an amusing experience of the deceptive practices of the broody hen. An elderly Dorking, of incorrigible sitting propensities, fell into that morbid and dragged condition which bespeaks a fervid desire to go a-hatching. The time-honoured prescriptions of dark confinement and a bucket of water failed to produce any effect upon the dejected bird. In due course a sitting of thirteen eggs was procured, and the Dorking was ‘set.’ She settled down very close, with a prolonged gape of satisfaction. On the following day the gardener paid a visit to the outhouse in which she was shut up, and as he approached, a sound of cheerful and exultant cackling greeted him. With a dark suspicion crossing his mind on hearing such notes of levity proceeding from a sitting hen, he lifted the latch and entered. Then the Dorking flapped her wings, uttered a triumphant whoop, and fluttered off her nest, revealing to the astounded gardener *fourteen* eggs in the hollow she had just vacated.

Artificial incubation has of late years become tolerably common both as an agricultural and a domestic pursuit; yet the public generally have only very vague ideas concerning it, and this, so far, is perfectly intelligible. The fact of being

able to produce life by artificial means is necessarily fraught with a suggestion of mystery; and though the method by which this is achieved is comparatively simple, there seems a sort of uncanny secret about the whole thing which perplexes many.

However, the real philosophy of this apparent intrusion into the realms of nature is to be found by realising that artificial incubation is merely another illustration of that great truth: ‘Man cannot create; he can only perceive.’ The ostrich, consigning her eggs to little graves in the sand, and leaving the sun to hatch them, may fairly claim to have originated the idea of artificial incubation. Human perception saw that the hen hatched her eggs merely by the heat which her body generated; and, this point understood, it only remained to successfully reproduce the simple principle of nature. The combined fruits of many essays in this direction are summed up in the incubator of to-day, a piece of mechanism which, the civilised world over, gives birth to millions of chickens every year.

Although artificial incubation, as a general pursuit, is quite modern, the idea of it dates back into very remote ages. The dusky subjects of the Pharaohs practised it, not indeed as we do, but in great sand-ovens known as *mohmals*. The Chinese of the period of Confucius also hatched eggs—as they still do in certain parts of the Celestial Empire when not occupied in less peaceful avocations—entirely by the heat of the sun. Then, coming down to the history of artificial incubation in our own country, we find that it was practised in very much earlier times than most people acquainted with the subject appear to imagine. The *London Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligence*, for the year 1750 contains a very quaint article, based upon a work by M. Reaumur, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, entitled ‘The Art of Hatching and Bringing up in all Seasons Domestic Fowls of all Sorts, by Means of the Heat of Artificial Fires, in Ovens or Stoves prepared for that Purpose.’ This curious old account shows that even then,

though the mechanical appliances were crude and primitive in the extreme, all the principles of artificial incubation were pretty clearly understood. The description given of the 'pipping' period is particularly quaint:

'The truly interesting moment is that when the chickens hatch; and this moment—the success of which is to reward those who take the charge of these stoves for all their care and trouble—will yet require some further attention. Some chickens which would otherwise lose their lives may be still saved by helping them to get out of their shells, and that is a piece of assistance they could not receive from a hen. The chicken is almost a round ball as it lies in its shell; the neck is bent and disposed along the belly, and the bill is turned under the wing as we often see in birds asleep. The chicken, however, in this situation is to break its shell, and this it performs by strokes of its bill. The first effect of these strokes is a small crack, for the most part between the middle of the egg and its bigger end. The fore-part of the chicken points towards that end, and the hind-part towards the lesser. The chicken then, by striking the shell with its bill, insensibly turns itself about from the left to the right; and it is accordingly always from the left to the right that it prolongs the crack first made in the shell, till it extends almost quite round the circumference of the circle the bill has described; and it is commonly the work of near half a day for a chicken to get out of its shell. To get out it pushes its body forward with its feet, and thus it forces the anterior part of the shell to rise up, and so complete the breaking away the shivers that still connect that half-shell with the inferior one. When it is thus got almost quite out, it draws its head from under the wing, where it had till then remained. It next extends its neck, but is still frequently several minutes attempting before it has the strength to raise itself. By little and little it then seems to grow stronger, and when it has for a little while dragged its legs after it, it at last becomes able to stand upon them, to stretch out and erect its neck, and to carry its head upright.'

We cannot suppose that any hen, at all of a contemplative turn of mind, looks with particular favour upon the artificial incubator. It simply represents a cool—or, more strictly speaking, a warm—usurpation of her own legitimate rights. Whilst she still remains very much in request as an egg-producing member of society, she is rapidly being discarded as a mother. Indeed, to such an extent is this true, that those comparatively few poultry-breeders who still remain conservative to the natural method of hatching will tell you how each successive season the difficulty of procuring broody hens becomes greater and greater; and the reason of this is intelligible enough. The vast multitude of people who keep poultry in a

small way merely to supply the requirements of their households do not want to be troubled with fowls that are habitually falling broody; one incubator will enable them to replenish their stock abundantly. So the varieties of hens which are most productive of motherly specimens are being gradually eliminated and the non-sitting varieties bred more and more exclusively. The chicken of the future will be a mechanically produced creature, whose sole mission in life will be either to lay eggs or repose upon a parsley garnished dish. It would be an interesting speculation for one fond of psychological problems to try and determine how many generations of hens must be hatched by artificial incubation in order to effectually destroy the maternal instinct within the species.

The subject of artificial incubation is one which has an interest for a far wider community than might be imagined. From the wealthy landed proprietor whose coverts are replenished by its aid, down to the humblest artisan who hatches forth a little brood from an uncouth structure of his own design, the votaries of the incubator are to be found; but by far the largest class interested in the artificial hatching-machine is undoubtedly that vast number who are ever on the look-out for a practicable and in no sense undignified method of adding to their income, for there is money to be made out of the quaint pursuit. A chicken will cost twopence to produce, including the value of the egg that bears it, and its worth at the moment of being fully fledged is sixpence. The market for newly-hatched chickens appears to be practically insatiable; and although a profit of 200 per cent. upon twopence is in itself trifling enough, yet, when it comes to be multiplied some gross of times over in the course of a few months, the total assumes proportions quite worthy of consideration. It is well known that poultry-farming is steadily developing into a regular industry in this country, instead of remaining a very subordinate branch of general agricultural pursuits; and this is entirely due to the altered conditions wrought by the era of the incubator. How large is the field which really exists for the business of breeding fowls may be best judged by the fact that the value of the foreign imports of poultry produce into this country is six million pounds per annum.

The artificial incubator, as a mere piece of mechanism, is a very simple structure. The conditions it has to fulfil are of such a comparatively elementary character that it could scarcely be otherwise. The maintenance of a uniform degree of temperature over a given period is the main essential, and a lamp radiating its heat into a closed box will effect this in principle. True, a considerable amount of ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of appliances for automatically controlling the heat, so that it will be maintained at an exact given point; for the

normal hatching temperature of a hen's egg is about 104 degrees Fahrenheit, and any considerable fluctuations above or below this would effectually arrest the process of germination. The method by which the heat of most types of incubators is controlled at the present day is through the action of a little metallic capsule charged with a volatile liquid which expands and bulges upwards when the requisite temperature is reached, thus moving delicate levers which lift a damper upon the lamp-chimney, and by this means the surplus heat is allowed to escape.

Whilst the heat is the primary quality in hatching eggs, there are various other conditions which have to be provided for in order to approximate to the natural functions of the hen. An incubator must be so designed as to keep the eggs within it regularly supplied with the requisite amount of moisture and ventilation during the whole period of germination. Further, there must be a considerable degree of nicety of adjustment, as either an excess or a deficiency in these requirements will produce that *bête noir* of the incubator operator—'dead in shell.' Indeed, 'dead in shell' is one of the strongest proofs of the inefficiency of an incubating machine. For, although the contrivance may fail to comply with several of the essential conditions of artificial hatching, the heat of its interior will set up development of the embryo within a fertile egg, and commonly carry the process right up to the pipping period, thus deluding the possessor into a belief that the hatch is progressing favourably; but when the critical moment arrives, and the fully-formed chick endeavours to burst forth from its oval white prison, it proves unequal to the task, through inanition, and so perishes. This is what is termed 'dead in shell.'

The incubator at the hatching period is a strange and interesting spectacle to those who behold it for the first time. You catch the sound of muffled chirruping coming from inside, and when you pull open the egg-drawer you witness a singular confusion of broken shells, and the struggling, draggled-looking shapes of newly-hatched chicks, with here and there a gaping beak just emerging through the shell. There is a sense of mystery about it all—this creation of life, so to speak, through the instrumentality of man's handiwork—which cannot fail to impress the thoughtful observer. At one time some gigantic incubators were made to hold one thousand eggs; and the sight of these literally vomiting forth their flocks of twittering little creatures at pipping-time was not readily forgotten; but these very large incubators were, comparatively speaking, very unsatisfactory in the results they yielded, owing chiefly to the great difficulty of maintaining anything like an even distribution of the interior heat over the

whole of the hatching chamber, and so they were abandoned. At the present time very few incubators are made of a larger capacity than one hundred eggs; and, indeed, it has been found in practice that the smaller the machine the better results proportionately will it yield.

It may fairly be claimed on behalf of a good incubator that it will hatch quite as successfully as the hen. Many machines will bring forth 90 per cent. of chickens from fertile eggs placed in them. Divide the same number of eggs amongst a batch of the most assiduously broody hens, and they could not do more; for there is a large proportion of perfectly fertile eggs which neither hen nor incubator could ever hatch, for some mysterious protoplasmic reason, and these come under the generic heading of addled. To those who have endeavoured to ascertain the cause of an egg being addled the problem is very perplexing. Comparatively few people, indeed, know the correct application of the term, and to the vast majority an addled egg means simply a rotten one; whereas the designation really implies a clear, fertile egg which cannot possibly be hatched.

Whether an artificially incubated chicken is as robust as a naturally hatched one is still the subject of doubt and conjecture with many, although to close observers it has been abundantly demonstrated that there is not the slightest appreciable difference in the quality or stamina of either; and if any conclusive proof were needed upon this point, it may be found in the fact that a surprisingly large proportion of the feathered prize-winners at our big poultry-shows have been hatched in the incubator.

The wonderful and mysterious process of the development of the latent embryo into a full-grown chick has been most interestingly described by a French savant, who set himself to closely watch every stage of it from beginning to end. For the purposes of this investigation an incubator with glass walls was constructed, thus making the interior of the hatching-chamber plainly visible. The French scientist selected an egg of promising fertility; and to facilitate his experiments he removed small portions of the shell on both sides so skilfully and delicately as not to damage the lining membrane. Into the apertures thus made he fitted minute pieces of very thin glass. In his own account of the observations he states: 'I then placed the egg with the glass bull's-eyes into an incubator, in which was mechanism run by clockwork, and revolving once in each hour; so that I could have the satisfaction of looking through and perceiving the changes upon the inside at the end of every hour. No alterations were noticeable to me until about the end of the twelfth hour, when some of the lineaments of the head and body of the chick began to make their

appearance. At the end of the twenty-fourth hour the heart appeared to beat; and in forty-eight hours two vessels of blood were to be distinguished, the pulsations in which were quite visible. At the fiftieth hour an auricle of the heart appeared, very much resembling a lace or a noose folded down upon itself. At the end of seventy-two hours there were to be distinguished the wings, and two bubbles for the brain, one for the bill, and two others for the fore-part and hind-part of the head. The liver appeared at the end of the fifth day; and at the end of one hundred and thirty-one hours the first voluntary movement or motion was observable. After one hundred and forty-eight hours the lungs and the stomach had become discernible, and four hours later the intestines, the loins, and the upper mandible were all to be distinguished. The slimy matter of the brain commenced to take form and became more compact at the beginning of the seventh day. At the expiration of the one hundred and ninetieth hour the bill first opened, and the flesh began to appear upon the breast; on the hundred and ninety-fourth hour the sternum appeared. At the two hundred and tenth hour the ribs had begun to set back from the back; the bill was become quite plain, and so also was the gall-bladder. At the commencement of the two hundred and thirty-fifth hour the bill had become green, and it appeared evident that the chick might have moved had it been taken from its shell. Four hours more, and the feathers had commenced to shoot out and the skull to grow gristly. On the two hundred and sixty-fourth hour the eyes made their appearance, and two hours afterwards the ribs were perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first hour the spleen drew up to the stomach and the lungs to the chest. When the egg had turned in the incubator three hundred and thirty-five times, the bill was frequently opening and closing, as though the chick were gasping for breath. When three hundred and fifty-one hours had elapsed, the first cry of the little imprisoned biped was audible. From that time forward it grew rapidly, and came out a full-fledged chicken at the proper time.

The French savant could only have perceived the developments he describes by the aid of magnifying appliances and a strong light; for

in testing an egg in the ordinary way to ascertain whether or not it is fertile, no change can be detected in the appearance of its interior until it has been in the incubator for about seven days. For though germination has been proceeding steadily from the first hour of the egg being subjected to the hatching temperature, these traces of development are not visible to the naked eye until the chick itself begins to open out, when the vague configuration of it is plainly discernible through the opacity of the shell if held against a strong light.

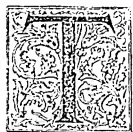
Although the artificial incubator in this country is chiefly employed in the hatching of hens' eggs, it is also coming into use more and more for stocking game-preserves. Pheasants in particular seem to hatch better and to rear better when produced by artificial incubation than they do when entrusted to the tender mercies of the gaily-plumed mothers amongst their species. Many a gay Lothario of the turkey tribe and waddling duck of the farm-pond owes its existence to the hatching-machine. Upon the South African ostrich-ranch the fleet-footed creatures are nearly all born in the incubator; and the cackle and clatter which goes on in one of these big machines at the pipping period is described as little short of bewildering.

Of the artificial incubator as a mere mechanical appliance we have not attempted to give anything like a detailed description—first of all because any such description would be likely to prove but of slight interest to the average reader; and, secondly, because there is such a variety of types in existence that even to briefly indicate them all would far exceed the space available. It has been our purpose to deal rather with the end than with the means—to speak of what is done rather than to describe how it is accomplished. There is a certain subtle suggestion of mystery in this power of calling to life which the most experienced incubator operator seldom quite outgrows. Familiarity in this case rarely breeds contempt; and callous indeed must be the person who—conscious that the existence of the living creature is due to his own handiwork—can view a little chick struggling forth from its confines without feeling a vague sense of having penetrated into one of the deepest of Nature's secrets.



LEMON-RANCHING ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

By D. WINGATE.



THE life of the lemon-rancher in Southern California is not altogether without charm; for, if he has any eye at all for beauty, he must perforce at times pause and admire the landscape spread out before him. The orchards nearly all lie along the slopes of the foothills facing the blue waters of the Pacific, nestling under the shelter of the different ranges of the Sierras; and, viewed from a distance, these orchards delight the eye, not only on account of the glossy green of the trees, but also because of the wonderful precision in planting. The house of the rancher, as a rule, stands in the midst of his trees; for, in picking, he walks many miles during the month. In fact, if he means to make his orchard pay he must be on the spot.

On my first introduction to a lemon-tree in good bearing I felt inclined to exclaim, 'What a sight of lemons!' When the fact is grasped that this heavy bearing continues all through the year, one is filled with ambition to possess a ranch and grow rich on the proceeds; but unless a man is prepared to work daily among his trees, the cost of Chinese labour considerably reduces the profits. The wages of a competent Chinaman are forty dollars (or eight pounds) a month, and those of an assistant Chinaman at least thirty-two dollars; and a ranch of only twenty acres might require a third man. It takes time, too, for a beginner to acquire the practical knowledge of these Orientals, who can tell at a glance the marketable value of the fruit while on the trees. One day when examining the trees in a friend's orchard I was accompanied by the head Chinaman, and was struck by his sage remarks; he would point to the lemons and observe, 'Him ready June, him ready July,' and so on from tree to tree. With his burlap-bag suspended from his neck, strong clippers in one hand, and in the other a measuring-ring to slip over the lemons to make sure they were market size, I followed him around, and acquired much useful information as to 'fancy' and 'very fancy' lemons. This man, Sing Kee, was a faithful and indefatigable worker, thoroughly true to his employer's interests; indeed, he was quite willing to sell anything or even steal to 'make bossy big pocket.'

The 'fancy' lemon must have a smooth skin, and must be free from the scratches so frequently left by the thorns after a high wind. The 'Lisbon,' a favourite variety imported from Portugal, has most formidable thorns in its early years; but these diminish in size as the tree matures. This lemon is very acid, and can be

picked any month of the year. A variety named the 'Villa Franca,' which was also imported from Europe, is less susceptible to cold than most of the lemons grown on the Pacific slope, and has the advantage of growing on an almost thornless tree and being nearly seedless; and the 'Eureka' and 'Genoa' are other two favourite varieties.

The picking does not terminate the grower's work with his lemons, for on the very day of the picking they must be carried to the lemon-house, and great care must be taken that the fruit is not exposed to the sun or bruised in any way. Then begins the curing process. On a small ranch this is accomplished by piling the lemon-boxes one above another in a shady place, with space between each for ventilation. Lemons picked in November and cured thus will keep till July, and then be finely coloured, firm, and in excellent condition for shipping. The large ranches have elaborate curing-houses built with double walls filled in with sawdust to keep the rooms at an even temperature, and with ventilators in the ceilings and floors. Some growers, however, prefer to sell their fruit green from the trees at a lower price rather than run the risks of curing.

It has been said of the Californian that his chief business is to 'cultivate, irrigate, and exaggerate.' My experience is, that if he attends fully to the cultivation and irrigation he may be allowed a little license in the matter of exaggeration, for the Land of Sunshine owes its beauty and fertility in a great measure to these two first operations, and hard and sweating operations they are. Water, or the want of it, is the great question of the day in many lemon-growing sections; one hears so much talk of an inch—ay, even half-an-inch—that a new-comer speedily realises how important a factor water is in ranch life in South California. In dry years the sum of fifteen hundred dollars an inch has been paid for irrigating purposes!

Before buying a ranch it is of the utmost importance to inquire into the water-rights, and this must be done in no superficial manner; for if the title prove defective it means ruin to the unfortunate owner. Only lately I heard of a long-pending law-suit on the water-rights in a certain section; and before the suit was closed the owner of a ranch in that section sold out, and the buyer in six months' time found that the decision of the Court had gone against him, and he had to go to the trouble and expense of drilling for water or be dependent on his neighbours.

Sicily is really the home of the lemon, and the Sicilian lemon is the great rival of the

Californian fruit. Until the latter becomes better known in the markets, it will not bring the same profit to the producer as the orange has done in the same sections. Though the lemon is less hardy than the orange, and more exacting in its requirements—one of them a practically frostless situation—many growers have given preference to it because it is not so much an article of luxury as the orange, and it is not necessary to sell it as fresh fruit; the peel, as in Sicily, could be salted, and exported to be candied, or used for the extraction of oil of lemon, from which the culinary essence is made.

Perhaps the hardest work on a lemon-ranch is the pruning; and there are many ideas on the subject. The question, 'How shall we prune, and when shall we do it?' was asked of the Southern California Pomological Society; and one has only to read the exhaustive paper written in answer by an experienced lemon-grower to grasp the importance of the subject. The apple-grower would not dream of trimming his trees as the lemon-trees are trimmed. What is known as the horizontal system of pruning, or rather the Baronio method, was introduced by an Italian gentleman of that name into San Diego County, where he now resides. The aim of this method is to produce low, wide, open standard trees having all the merits of an espalier with none of its drawbacks. Every part of the tree is kept within easy reach of an average-sized man standing on the ground, on the principle that a lateral branch is more fruitful than an upright one. The branches are so thinned out that air and light can freely gain admission to every part of the tree. It is impossible to explain fully without illustrations the result of this method of pruning; but it is easy to see that the removal of the high top of a tree lessens the leverage on the root, and thus the tree gains firmer hold of the ground, and its lateral branches become more prolific. To know what to leave and what to remove is an art which can only be acquired, like everything else, by practice. In an untrained tree one sees the fruit growing at the end of long limbs, swayed to and fro by the wind, scarred by the thorns and bowed down by its own weight. Left to itself for even as long as five or six years, the lemon-tree will still go on bearing prolifically; but the size and quality of the lemons bear no comparison to those of the carefully pruned tree of the orchard. This system of pruning applies to young trees; but many old orchards have been altered to this more open 'centre' style. Naturally the cost of picking fruit from trees trimmed on the horizontal method, and not more than about eight feet in height, is greatly reduced.

Some men have made the mistake, in the first instance, of buying too much land, as their means were not sufficient to bear the drain of the cost of high-priced labour to work it; therefore the trees were neglected and did not give a return

proportionate to the number planted. A small orchard is, in the long-run, more profitable, unless a man has enough capital to pay all the outgoing expenses for the first five years; and to bring a lemon-orchard into bearing requires a considerable amount of money. The first preparation of the ground is expensive, and the irrigation and the pruning will take more labour during the first years of the orchard's growth than when the trees have matured. In one orchard beans were planted in the wide space between the trees in order to bring in a little money while the lemons were growing; but this is not advisable, for all the fertility the ground possesses is required to nourish the lemon-trees, and a small crop such as beans only serves to impede the cultivation around the roots, even if it does not take much from the soil.

About seven years ago the citrus fruit-growers of South California originated associations in the different sections, which by co-operation pack and market the fruit grown by the members. The oldest organisation in South California of this kind is the Lemon-Growers' Exchange of Ontario; and last year was the most successful of its existence, its returns showing that the lemon of the Pacific slope is competing favourably with the European lemon. The Ontario Exchange handles a very superior quality of lemon, the soil of that association being peculiarly adapted to the fruit; and its two principal brands, 'The Bear' and 'The Quail,' are now known in Europe.

THE ARCHER IN THE GARDEN.

WANDERING at twilight through my garden fair,
Made fragrant by the cool, flower-scented breeze,
A rustling sound of cautious steps betrayed
The stealthy tread of Death among the trees.

Such old acquaintances are he and I,
I scarcely turned my head as he drew near;
'Twas not for me the White Horse paused below,
Small cause had I the tight-strung bow to fear.

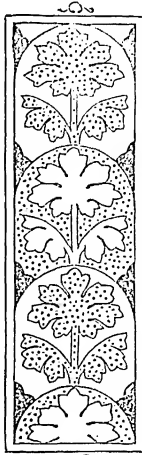
But when the noiseless tread upon the grass
Ceased where the roses kindle into flame,
The blood dropped slowly through my beating heart,
And seemed to spell the letters of your name.

Swifter than speech—'swift as the thought of man'—
I reached your side, breathless with sudden fear.
I had not known—ah, who could ever guess?—
That while unconscious, Death could steal so near!

Trembling, my arms about your neck I clasped,
My cheek against the calm beats of your heart;
Some desperate hope was sounding in my ear,
Incredible it seemed that we could part.

There was a chance that in that close embrace,
And veiled by mists that hide the setting sun,
The Archer might be cheated in his aim,
And deal to both the fate ordained for one.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A BRIGHT OCTOBER.

By 'SANSTERRE.'

VARIABLE and uncertain as is the climate in this country of ours, taking one year with another we seem pretty sure to get what has sometimes been styled 'the Indian summer' in the early part of October. Beginning with the suspicion of a white frost, the early sun soon breaks through the mist, and then shines full and freely through the bright, clear air from a sky of delicate blue. In the early morning, and indeed throughout the whole of the day, there is scarcely a breath of wind, and yet the heat is not oppressive. There is a briskness in the air that seems to invigorate instead of depressing the wayfarer. From the cottage chimney by the side of the wood the smoke ascends straight upwards in a slowly expanding column until it is finally lost in the dim distance. The leaves, still hanging on the trees, have long since ceased to grow, and are slowly changing their fresh green hue for various shades of yellow, red, and brown before finally dropping under the effects of the autumn wind and rain. The sportsman will make the most of these few bright days. While they last, partridges, although by this time strong on the wing, will not be too wild, and consequently inaccessible except by driving. And on the first of the month the noble pheasant is added to the list of the game that may fall a victim to the gun. Until the leaves are nearly off the trees pheasant-shooting proper can hardly begin, for it would be next to useless to turn a company of beaters into the big wood. The birds could hardly be flushed, and would only have a greater tendency to stray away after the close of the day, while the ground-game would be disturbed for nothing.

The blackberries are still ripening on the hedgerows, and acorns are falling from the trees. Both of these offer an irresistible attraction to many a straying pheasant, who finds the change of diet very much to his taste after a course of

maize and raisins at the hands of the keeper. The wild-bred pheasants, too, who have never fraternised with their hand-reared brothers and sisters under the fostering care of 'velveteens' and his assistants, will cling to the fields in which they were hatched, and later on will stray farther and farther away, until possibly they are lost altogether.

Consequently, on such a day as is described in the early part of this article, the squire can arrange for an extremely pleasant outing without in any way spoiling his prospects of sport when the big days, with their attendant noise and bustle, take place, in going through the coverts for the first time. A couple of guns, each with a well-broken retrieving spaniel and a sensible attendant, will generally be quite sufficient. Ten o'clock will be early enough for a start. The stubbles as yet have not been ploughed up, and at least some food may still be found on them. They need not be walked very closely, for the covey—now wiser from experience—soon recognises the approach of an enemy, and long before the gunner arrives within range the birds take wing for a safer resting-place. The cool, broad leaves of mangold, turnip, or swede afford them a safe hide; and if, perchance, some well-grown rape or mustard for the farmer's sheep happens to lie in the line of flight, the startled covey takes refuge there. In this the birds will lie well, as a rule, and being scattered here and there, will not rise all at once as they did on the stubble. Here, too, a crafty cock-pheasant may have hidden himself only to be flushed and fall a victim to the nearest gun as he sails away with defiant crow towards his home in the woods. The roots also, a field or two away from the covert, are likely to contain a few pheasants as well as a sprinkling of ground-game and partridges. Then there are the thick hedgerows, with their overgrown ditches and grassy banks. A gun on each side of these, with his dog hunting a few yards ahead, will be certain of at least a

few shots—and the genuine sportsman is never greedy. On many manors there are narrow strips of covert dotted about here and there. These can be worked by the spaniels, and a good many shots thus obtained.

By one o'clock a halt will be desirable, and under the shade of a spreading oak at the corner of a field the luncheon-basket will be waiting. The days are already beginning to shorten, and it seems a pity to waste time by going home to lunch. Besides, an *al fresco* meal is very enjoyable, and all are glad of a temporary rest.

As the party is small, more walking has to be done; the dogs, too, find the thick undergrowth very tiring; and the keepers will be glad to rid themselves of their respective burdens. All too soon the short hour allowed passes. The game and the now depleted luncheon-basket are packed on the pony-cart which brought refreshments; pipes are lighted—just one for each—and then off again to finish up the day.

If the end of September has been wild and windy, as it often is, it is just possible that the first woodcock may be met with. Particular attention is given to likely spots, and when in their neighbourhood there is a sense of double keenness on the part of gunners, keepers, and dogs. Coming to one of these favourite places, the old keeper, in a hoarse whisper, tells his master that he *thought* he saw a 'cock the other night flying along the strip of plantation; but, as he was not quite sure, he did not like to mention it before. In grim but hopeful silence the strip is worked through. A rabbit in a thick bramble-bush brings just a whimper from one of the dogs, and hopes are raised only to be dispelled the next moment as bunny rushes through the fence towards some burrows on the other side of the field. At the report of the squire's gun the rabbit goes through an unrehearsed acrobatic performance, and then lies still. Hardly is a fresh cartridge inserted when the dog gives tongue again, and this time there is no bunny, but instead the wished-for woodcock comes out round the branches of a big tree, and, seeing the gun outside, swerves like a flash and is off up the side of the strip. Quickly as he is flying, the pellets of No. 6 fly faster; and as the aim is true, the first 'cock of the season falls, a lifeless but tasty lump.

As the afternoon wears away, the birds will be drawing towards the stubbles, and the outlying pheasants, too, will be nearer the edge of the roots, intent on securing their evening meal. Here, possibly, the sportsmen separate for a while, and in this manner drive towards each other and obtain more than one sporting 'right and left.' Meeting once more at a spot previously agreed upon, one last little belt remains to be worked. By slow and steady degrees the game-

bags are filled once more. Lower and yet lower sinks the autumn sun, and soon it will be time to leave off.

How enjoyable is the walk homewards in the cool, refreshing evening air! In pleasant chat the events of the day are passed in review; this and that skilful shot fired over again in imagination; the work of the dogs criticised, and praised or blamed, according to circumstances; reasons alleged for certain misses—or shall we say 'failures to bag'? for some shooters are very reluctant to believe that they have 'missed' a bird.

The Hall is reached at last. In the squire's *sanctum* there is tea or other refreshment, and just a short rest while the keepers hang up and count the day's bag. There are six brace of partridges, five brace of pheasants, three hares, seven rabbits, two pigeons, a landrail, and—the woodcock. Not an extravagant quantity certainly, judging it by the standard of those shooters who like to see the day's sport run into four figures! Many a well-preserved manor would afford a number of days like this without in any way appreciably lessening the result of the 'battue' at the end of November. It has often seemed strange to the writer that game-preservers and those who have a considerable acreage of shooting at their disposal do not more frequently arrange such days. The expense, if expense has to be considered, is almost inappreciable; the sport is certainly beyond reproach; the harm done in the way of disturbing the shoot inconsiderable. The bright October seems to be wasted—from the sportsman's point of view—if advantage be not taken of the still, sunny days which serve to remind us of the departing glories of summer, and at the same time to herald the approach of winter. The sport would be genuine and sufficiently varied, the game would have to be worked for, and the display of intelligence on the part of the dogs, coupled with genial companionship on the part of the guns, would all tend to make such expeditions doubly enjoyable.

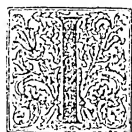
The writer of these lines is singularly fortunate in possessing a neighbour whose tastes coincide with his own. The squire has a well-stocked and carefully preserved shoot of considerable extent, and on many occasions he and 'Sansterre' have wandered round, gun in hand, both before and after the covert-shooting proper has taken place. Consequently the hints contained in this article are not the result of imagination, but the outcome of actual experience.

Try the plan, brother sportsman; and if you do not enjoy yourself you can easily discontinue the innovation.

Believe me, genuine sport is not to be gauged by the amount of cartridges used, nor by the quantity of game that adorns the larder at the end of the day.

AT THE SIGN OF THE 'SILVER BELL.'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.



It was on a bright winter's day that we set off. Jacob, the miller's eldest son, a dull, stupid fellow, drove us down in a *leitewagen* to Strasburg, where Ketzler had a brother named Frederick, who was a well-to-do brewer and maltster.

'Though in appearance very much alike, the two brothers were very different men. Frederick, it is true, had the same jovial disposition; but for all that, he was uncommonly shrewd and clever, and had amassed a good deal of money. His wife was dead, and he had no children, and it was an everlasting puzzle to the miller's scheming wife what he would do with his property. The brewer was evidently delighted to see his brother, and he was also very nice to me. He gave us a good dinner, and brought out his finest wines. The way these brothers drank certainly astonished me. I can carry a fair amount myself, but I should soon have been under the table had I taken half that they did. Having got our passports—and as regards mine, I bribed the official to omit my military title, as French officers were not beloved on the other side of the Rhine in those days—we set out the next day in high spirits.

'I could not have wished for a pleasanter companion than my future father-in-law. He seemed altogether a different man now. He was so henpecked at home that he was more like a boy out of school; and this journey to him, who had never been farther from his village than Strasburg, was quite a great undertaking. He laughed and joked at everything, and was as happy as the day was long. The only thing that troubled me was the amount of wine and beer he consumed; this loosened his tongue far more than I liked, and I had to speak seriously to him about it.

'It is a good hundred leagues from Strasburg to Linz, and I purposed going *via* Tübingen, Augsburg, Munich, and Brunau to that place. The miller luckily had a married sister at a place named Molke, no great distance from Linz, and we made out, when any questions were asked, that we were going to see her. To avoid suspicion, we travelled in a leisurely way by any diligences we could get. All went well till we got to Munich, where we put up at the "Erzherzog Carl." It happened that I was chatting to the landlord one evening when I heard the miller, who had had quite enough wine, talking in an excited way in the next room. Looking through a glass partition, I saw a little, dark, cunning-looking Jew, and a great, hulking, red-headed man seated at a table with him. They were so engrossed listening to Ketzler that they did not notice me. I quickly

went to see what was going on; but on my appearance the conversation suddenly ceased. The men exchanged knowing glances, and the miller, looking very sheepish and stupid, got up.

"It's time to go to bed," I said as he followed me out of the room.

"What have you been telling those two fellows?" I asked sharply. "They look a couple of arrant rogues."

"They've come from Baden-Baden, where I don't think they have won much," he answered, evading the question.

"Never mind that. What have you told them?"

'After a good deal of shuffling he admitted he had told them far more than he ought.

"*Donnerwetter!*" I exclaimed angrily, "and have you told them where we are going?"

"I said we were going on to Brunau to-morrow; but nothing more, for I don't know myself."

'This was true, and I thanked my stars that I had not let him know.

"Very well then, to-morrow, instead of starting at eight, we will go at six in a special post-chaise;" and I went out and told the landlord.

'No sooner were we out of the town the next morning than, instead of going on to Brunau, we made a long detour, and avoiding that town, went on to Linz, where we arrived a day later than we should have done. By this manœuvre I considered I had given the two inquisitive rogues the slip, and was easier in my mind in consequence. My companion had little money of his own; so, as I paid for everything, I took very good care from that time that he had enough wine, but no more.

'We put up at Linz at the "Goldener Adler," and I set about in a diplomatic way to find out from the landlord something about the country. Grien, I found out, was nearly eight leagues from Linz, which was farther than I expected. I also gathered from him that farther on, on a hill, was a very celebrated shrine, called "Maria Taferl," and that many thousands of pilgrims went there annually, more especially in September.

'There were also, he told me, several shrines and Calvaries on the road, at the side of the Danube. Now, all this agreed with what my poor dying comrade had told me, and you may imagine my delight at hearing it corroborated by my host. It was as much as I could do to hide my emotion. I told the landlord about going to see the sister of my companion, and ordered a trap and a good horse for the morning, leaving a deposit for it with him, as I was not sure when

I should come back, the fact being that I could not make up my mind whether to return by the same route, or not.

'A few hours would now decide the great question as to whether I should find the hidden treasure or not, and it made me so excited that I hardly slept a wink all night. Carl Ketzler was equally affected.

'We started at eight the next morning. It was a bright, clear day, and the noble river sparkled in the sun; but the lovely scenery had no charm for us. The Danube might have been a ditch for all that we cared. The road skirting the river, of course, was mostly level, and we travelled very easily—in fact at such a pace that we got to Grien at half-past ten.

'After leaving that place we reduced our speed. Neither of us spoke; we were far too agitated for that. With straining eyes we gazed in front, looking for the Calvary.

"We must have come a league from Grien now," exclaimed the miller; "and see! there's a wood," he continued as we turned a corner of the road. "*Ma foi!* it's a lonely, desolate part this—just the place to murder a man in."

'We were going at a walking pace, when, after crossing a bridge over a stream that ran into the river, we suddenly saw, a little way back from the road, in front of a forest of beech-trees, a high cross with the figure of the Saviour on it, and a lamp burning in front.

"Here we are," we both exclaimed at once. "This must be the place."

'I trembled all over with excitement. I carried a very strong stick with a knob on it. Before I left I had got my brother to make me a spade that I could screw the stick into. Making sure there was no one in sight, I sprang out of the cart.

"Now," I said to Ketzler, as I did not want an empty trap to be seen standing about, "you drive on and come back in ten minutes."

'Entering the beech wood with feverish steps, I counted twenty paces—"Une, deux, trois—dix-neuf, vingt!" and then commenced carefully to examine every tree. Soon my eye fell on the right one. There was no doubt about it. The "I" for "*Ici*" was still visible about a metre and a half from the ground. I looked carefully round. There was not a soul to be seen; the stillness was only broken by the thumping of my own heart and the harsh notes of two jays above me. Bending down and removing the leaves, I soon found a large stone, which I quickly removed. Like one possessed, I began to dig, and very soon struck something hard, and in another minute I had the box, which was rather more than a foot square, in my possession. For a moment I stood dazed with delight; but I was soon brought to my senses by the slow, heavy rumbling of an approaching wagon. Hugging the box, I hastily retreated

farther into the wood, and, crouching down, waited for it to pass. *Parbleu!* what a time it seemed! I could have kicked the clown as I heard him talking to his horses; but at last all was quiet again, and I began to examine the box. It was made of oak and rather rotten, but so securely locked that it was only by the aid of my spade that I could wrench it open. To my surprise, as it was so heavy, I found it was full of mouldy morocco cases instead of gold, as I expected; and a faint shiver of disappointment went down my back. But that soon passed away as I opened one of the largest of these.

'I was no judge of diamonds; but when I saw it contained a magnificent tiara, necklace, and ear-rings of these glittering gems, for the moment the sight fairly took my breath away. I was so overcome by delight that I could do nothing, and continued to gaze rapturously at my *trouvaille*, when I heard the miller in a cautious tone asking me how I was getting on, and what luck I had had. I told him to wait and then I would come, and thereupon commenced opening the other cases, which contained bracelets, rings, &c. One of these bracelets, composed of pearls and rubies, was especially fine; and as for the jewelled snuff-boxes, I never saw anything like them. Fully half the box was taken up with gold coins, chiefly Austrian gold ducats and napoleons. I may add that these latter amounted altogether to eight thousand francs. Taking the jewels from their cases, I quickly transferred them to the belt I had taken from the Jew at Leipzig. I was too excited to take much care, and I stuffed them in anyhow; if the stones came out I could not help it. Then, replacing the cases, I carried the box to the carriage. The worthy miller was simply beside himself with delight when he saw the gold.

"I have got a few jewels too," I said casually, as I did not wish him to know too much. But the shining coins were quite enough for him, and he slapped me on the back with pleasure. If I had had any idea of returning by a different way, it had all vanished now. All my caution left me. Come what might, I determined to get back to Strasburg as fast as ever I could, though of course I did not mean to attract attention by undue haste. I meant to go to Strasburg because I had really no idea of the value of the stones, and I thought that perhaps Frederick Ketzler, with his knowledge of business, might know something about their value. I knew an Israelite at Frankfort to whom I would offer them; but I thought there was no harm in getting the brewer's advice first.

"Now," I said to the miller as we hurriedly drove back, "you only keep your tongue still for a few days, and you shall drink yourself blue once we are across the Rhine." And it is only fair to say he took my counsel.

'The landlord was evidently surprised to see us back so soon; but we told him the person we wished to see had gone away no one knew whither, and that consequently we should leave early the next day.

'With so many valuables in our possession, it behoved us to be more cautious than ever. As for me, I looked with suspicion on every one I met, and I rarely spoke to a single person if I could avoid doing so. We had been favoured by fair weather hitherto; but the next morning, when we left Linz, a cold rain came on, which turned to snow; and by the evening the whole landscape was covered with a thick white mantle. This, however, did not damp our spirits; it reminded us that soon Christmas would come, and that is always a great festival in Alsace.

'For more than twenty years there had been incessant wars on the Continent. These had now ceased. Thus it came to pass that many men who had led roving, reckless lives during that time had nothing to do. They could not at first settle down to a quiet life, so that numbers of rogues and vagabonds were about the country, and they infested the high-roads. This made the police on the frontiers very careful. However, all went well with us; our passports were in order, and they gave us no trouble. We had passed through Munich and Augsburg, and the next frontier would be that of our own beloved France; so when we had left Augsburg behind us our anxiety lessened, and we innocently thought we were practically out of the wood.'

CHEAPNESS OF PORTUGUESE HOTELS.

By C. EDWARDES.



PORTUGUESE hotels are interesting for the sake of the company one meets only in such cities as Lisbon, Oporto, and Coimbra. Elsewhere, and especially far from the railway, they appeal to the stranger for the very varied nature of their entertainment and the complete and constant amiability of the landlord or landlady. Alike in the towns and the country, they astonish by their cheapness; but in this particular it is the foreigner from a country the finances of which are in good condition who has best cause to congratulate himself. The native Portuguese has no gold to exchange into the national currency at a gain of 60 or 70 per cent. His income, such as it is, is paid in the State paper. An Englishman may, if he likes, receive the equivalent of a single sovereign in no fewer than eighty bank-notes of one hundred reis each. If he is wise he will prefer the golden quality in his pocket, changing his pound-pieces only when he must. He may feel confident that, in whatever part of the beautiful land he finds himself, there will be no difficulty in passing his gold.

In the city hotels of Portugal the prevailing characteristics are Spanish waiters from Galicia, a lavish table, weird and disturbing noises in the corridors at night, and a resident population of Brazilian guests. The cheapness, also, is a matter of course. You will be quite extravagant if your bill comes to five shillings a day. For the half of that you may easily get board and lodging in reputable houses, with two meals daily so charged with courses that the Anglo-Saxon conscience might well be shocked by the reflection that it is nothing less than robbery to eat more than half the menu. But it is not the fault of the Gallego waiters if you do not slight your conscience's promptings in this matter. Their

seducing whispers and smiles in praise of the *olla podrida*, the matchless forest-fed veal, and the ingenious puddings of Portugal are enough to turn the scale in favour of appetite at the expense of conscience. When a Portuguese himself condescends to turn waiter, he conceives an instant keen loathing for his unassuming rivals from the North. 'They know nothing, they learn nothing, and they work for next to nothing,' was the sentence passed upon them for my information in one Portuguese house; but I knew better than to believe so splenetic a libel. The Gallego is industrious and thrifty; the fact that he carries his savings from Portugal into Spain is alone sufficient to explain why he is reviled in Portugal.

It is the fashion for Portuguese clocks to strike the hour twice over. Heaven only knows why, for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus of its flight. The habit is apt to be irritating, especially in the night, when your bed (like enough a straw mattress and a bran pillow) chances to be near one of these monsters which dings its four-and-twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which merely stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works (and the supposition is reasonable), they will of course differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking, with intervals, during a maddening half-hour. You may happen to want to know badly which of the monsters is the least mendacious, and the bells at your bed-head communicate with two servants, one a Gallego and the other a Portuguese. In such a case ring for the despised stranger without hesitation. He will be with you in a minute, fresh and smiling, though half-naked, and if he distrusts his own

judgment about the clocks he will not mind saying so, and hasten to awake the landlord himself rather than that you should remain in doubt. I regret to add that his more conceited fellow-servant will more probably say whatever comes to his tongue, more heedful of his own comfort than of your desires. Thus is the installation of the Gallego waiter in Portugal justified as that of the German-Swiss with us.

The Brazilians at the town hotels are curious studies. They have bad complexions, bad manners, troublesome livers, and a good many diamonds about them. By these tokens they may readily be known; also by their comparative taciturnity at table. Their negro attendants add to their picturesqueness. I have seen a corpulent old gentleman brought into the dining-room on the arm of his black servant, looking harmless and quiet enough until his chair is reached. Then, before dropping upon it, he suddenly turned and kicked poor Sambo, with a torrent of words; and Sambo bowed low and departed as if this were his customary form of dismissal. The primrose-tinted young ladies who also come from Brazil with their parents are often rather pretty in a languid way. They do not eat much, but light their cigarettes at table with pleasing grace.

There is no love lost between the Brazilian and the Portuguese, who stand toward each other a little like our Yankee cousins and ourselves; but in old age many Brazilians thus come and sojourn in the country of their forefathers, whose institutions they find much fault with, heedless of the fact that Brazil itself is by no means a model state. They flash their diamonds in the faces of the impoverished Portuguese with execrable taste. In 1898 they proposed to give Portugal a really handsome present in celebration of the Vasco da Gama anniversary. A number of them subscribed many millions of reis, reckoning that it would run to an armed cruiser at least; but the state of the exchanges in both countries makes millions of reis look a very poor little sum in the sterling pounds which have to be paid to Glasgow ship-builders for even a small battleship. So the armed cruiser had to give way to a suggested torpedo destroyer.

Now let us get from the towns into the country, right into the very heart of it, and see there what Portugal can do for the traveller.

Scene the first, at Mangualde, a village of Beira Alta, with a nice white-faced hotel having iron balconies to its windows. These are set due south, looking from a ridge of high land across the Mondego valley at the giant line of the Estrellas, some fifteen miles distant—a huge pale-blue wall of mountain with snow spots near the sky-line. There are pine-woods just below the hotel, with granite blocks among the trees, as well as asphodels and myriads of pretty little yellow flowers with black centres, and red poppies in the reclaimed

vineyard patches, the odour from the blossom of which drifts sweetly into the house through the open windows. We are here about two thousand feet above sea-level, so that the foxgloves in the roadside ditches are not to be wondered at.

I came to Mangualde rather late in the evening. The landlord was about to set forth to visit a friend, or perhaps to gossip with one of the prisoners in the prison, as I had seen others doing. Mangualde's criminals seemed to be much enjoying themselves, thus gossiping while they smoked at the roomy, unglazed, though barred windows. One was singing like a nightingale. In a cool corner two were playing cards with great earnestness. From the prisoners' point of view, there is very much to be said in favour of Portugal's methods of punishment, and it was possible enough that my landlord had business to transact with one of these Mangualde unfortunates.

'I am sorry, senhor,' he said; 'but I fear there is not much in the house. Can your excellency wait a very little moment before his dinner?'

The 'little moment' resolved itself into a mere half-hour. I returned to a meal of macaroni soup, roast veal with pork and spinach, the admirable *pescada* (sardine-fed hake) which never fails in Portugal, a roast chicken with salad, cakes, quince preserve, Estrella cheese (such as the king's table is supplied with), fruit, coffee, and unlimited wine of great potency. The catalogue is worth giving. For this meal, a comfortable bed (not of straw) in a good room from which I saw the Estrellas crimson superbly to the sunrise the next morning, and breakfast of coffee and buttered toast, with two glasses of brandy for my flask, the bill was, in English money, two shillings and threepence.

My landlord and his wife, having asked my permission, came and sat with me while I ate. As they explained, it was a courtesy due to me, if I had no objection. I had no objection in the world, and was much amused by the poor man's diatribe against the railway, not long brought into Mangualde. 'Formerly on Sundays and feast-days there was no moving on the high-roads outside the place, so great was the crowd of asses and carts with riders all coming into Mangualde to do business. Now that is done with. They make their purchases once a month in the large towns. The railway, senhor, is a mistake for places like Mangualde.'

From Mangualde to the extreme north of the kingdom, the old fortified town of Valença, on the Minho, is a far cry, especially in Portugal, where nothing moves fast, even including the 'sud' express.

I came to Valença, on the frontier, through the most lovely pine-woods imaginable—endless miles of them, pervaded by crystal-clear little streams on granite sand, with banks of forget-me-

nots and ferns. Where the woods parted you saw blue mountains: those to the north in Spain; the others, nearer at hand, not unprovided with wolves for all their beauty. The town presented itself to view as merely a bronzed and mossy clot of high walls, above which the top of a church spire just peeped to suggest inhabitants. A vast, deep ditch, thick in lush grass, had to be crossed by a drawbridge. Then there were meanderings in excavated passages under the rock, and finally the cobbled streets of this quaintest of armoured settlements appeared. For coolness in the dog-days nothing could be better than such a burrow, and for safety a few hundred years ago when Spain and Portugal were at war. But I preferred to grope back into the sunlight, past the fountains in the ditch, with their picturesque crowd of laughing girls with jars on their heads, and mules and horses shaking their lips with desire to get at the cold well-water.

My inn was just outside the town walls, close to a vine-clad cottage in the full glory of a feast-evening: a daughter had been married that day, and to the strumming of guitars twoscore men and maids were footing it merrily on the shady side of the house. Here I dined in the open, under a vine trellis, with a hedge of roses and geraniums between me and the road, and a scented brake of heliotrope to the right. The waiter was a ceremonious and melancholy Spaniard, who might in half-an-hour at any time cross the Minho by the noble International Bridge to his native land. But no; he complained of the poverty of both countries, yet confessed that he so much preferred Portugal that he had not for years been in Spain. From this garden I watched the dancers and the merry grigs of Portuguese soldiers chasing the pretty dark-eyed damsels and folding them to their breasts in spite of sham shyness, until the sunset closed about us with flame-coloured and golden glories. The merry-makers had drawn the inevitable beggars of Portugal to the spot. Paralytic and blind and scrofulous, they crouched by the aloes at the roadside, shouting their laments. A bashful country priest came forth from the railway station, beset by the usual host of hangers-on eager to earn farthings as luggage-bearers. His bandbox was seized by one, his carpet-bag by another. He fought to retain his large white cotton umbrella, and succeeded; but he was purple in the face as he pursued those masterful porters; and when the beggars espied him they scrambled to their feet and played the gadfly still further, so that he stood for a moment or two as if dazed by his irritations. My melancholy waiter sped to his assistance. A fusillade of curses did the business, and the priest was brought into harbour wiping his face and muttering 'My God! my God!' as if he had narrowly escaped a whole regiment of bayonet-points.

A bill of three shillings here in the morning

was ridiculous: the dish of juicy white mulberries garnished with cone-shaped red strawberries, a mere detail in the dessert, seemed worth that alone.

Monção, some twelve miles higher up the Minho, and once fortified like Valença, must not be forgotten. It deserves to be remembered if only for its vast outlook towards the mountains, which I could see from my bed piled ridge above ridge, with dense woods on the lower slopes. The Hôtel Central here had pretensions to magnificence outside; but it proved to be mainly name-board. The two flats of the building devoted to it had been just blessed with their spring coats of whitewash to do battle with the flies of summer. Everything in the establishment was spotless: the embroidered linen was remarkable, the pillow to my bed one spacious group of initials about a foot high and broad. The town square in front of the hotel was, of course, also the town promenade after sunset. Here, in the starlight, the citizens walked solemnly arm-in-arm, while the children frolicked at hide-and-seek among the tree-trunks. The usual Portuguese perfumes of orange-blossom and roses grew stronger with the dew. Only when the clocks began their orgy of striking ten twice over did complete silence settle upon the little town, from whose shattered and golden-brown walls, all flower-decked, I rode on in the morning after settling an account of one-and-ninety. This day I was for Braga, that grand archiepiscopal city which still claims the primacy of all Spain as well as Portugal. There were several majestic palace fronts on the road—gorgeously chiselled windows and colonnades; but the palaces themselves had not been completed. Vineyards and tangled wildernesses were behind the façades. The custodian of a rose-bowered little cemetery near one of them explained the mystery. 'They are of great lords, senhor, in the past, whose money failed them.' The size of the escutcheons to the portals confirmed his words in part. Portugal and her people were sad spendthrifts in the centuries when we were only feeling our way towards national opulence. They are now paying in remorse and poverty for their reckless and improvident past.

But to return to my theme.

Braga has excellent hotels, of which that called the 'Grand' won my esteem for its head-waiter, with the mirthful, long Dundreary whiskers which blew before or after him in accordance with the salubrious draught arranged to keep the imposing dining-room cool. This room itself was gemmed with bouquets of flowers of that colossal kind only to be seen in the exuberant South. My own apartment was worthy of the Grand Hotel in Paris, with electric fittings, a balcony from which I enjoyed an enlivening view, and perfect cleanliness. The table was abundant to the degree of luxury; and I was free to smoke in a lofty palatial salon darkened for comfort

with curtains of lilac silk, and historic for its rather grandiose portraits of Braga celebrities. A full day here was well spent for three shillings and sixpence; and at the end of it I left the russet and melodious city of priests, bell-foundries, and hats (to say nothing about its labelled beggars at all the medieval archways) for the resort of Bom Jesus, which is famous all over Portugal and even in Brazil itself.

At Bom Jesus, it seemed to me, if anywhere in Portugal, I might rely on a bill of some respectability. This is a pilgrimage hill about eighteen hundred and fifty feet above sea-level, reached either by a glorious road winding up in the woods or by an abrupt funicular railway. The chapels, with their biblical groupings, and the church appeal strongly to the Catholics of the nation; the natural and other settings to them would interest any one. As for the immediate neighbourhood, where this rises towards the high Gerez Mountains it is nothing less than enchanting: wild forest beautified by flowers, with declivities which one need not descend, and exquisite views over lowlands and dark purple peaks. Roses and ferns and yellow broom charm the eye amid the undergrowth of this Eden spot.

My bedroom here opened on to a terrace beneath which the hill fell away sharply to the level. The sun set with superb splendour in the Atlantic, five-and-twenty miles away; and in the morning the phantasmagoria of cloud-drifts eddying over the green plain hundreds of feet below the hotel was itself worth much to see. The fare here was at the highest Metropolitan level, with at least one impressive German waiter to awe his Portuguese and Spanish underlings; and the company included a devout Duke and his family, and a round dozen diamond-studded Brazilians, who shivered in the exhilarating freshness of the breakfast-room. I paid a crown for my pleasure at Bom Jesus, and descended to the lowlands.

At the risk of being tedious, I must mention in some detail one more of Portugal's hotels. This time I was tired after a long day's cycling from Busaco, which included a needless twenty miles off towards the mountains of Vizeu, due to two places in the district having borrowed their names from the same saint. I was tired, and in doubt if Santa Comba Dão could receive me for the night. I could not learn that there was any regular hotel in the place, and it was after some

hesitation that I ventured to knock at the door of a little house festooned with flowers in which, I was told, lived two maiden ladies who received or refused guests at their pleasure.

At first sight of me these gentle souls begged to be excused. They were not accustomed to foreigners, they said. But I was not to be rebuffed by a single refusal, and very soon their objections were overcome. In the most gracious way they then invited me to enter. I must give them a little time to prepare dinner; afterwards, if I would make allowances for their rural simplicity and roughness— And so I went forth to see the lovely village by twilight, and lost my way in its alleys, with living water-brooks rushing through their midst, and singing women and children in its cottages. In less than an hour I returned, and this is the menu these ladies set before me—the reader will, I hope, pardon more of such appetising particulars for the sake of my argument—*Hors d'œuvre*, vermicelli soup, puchero, beefsteaks (with new peas in shell), trout, salad, chicken (with new potatoes), sweets and cheese, fruit and coffee, *vin du pays* (red and white). Every item of this meal was excellent: I feel no shame in the confession. The meal was served in a room transformed into a bower of flowers. Masses of carnations and roses filled one side of it, and on the other side a creeper with purple blossoms grew in the house and draped the door of my bedroom. When the ladies went to bed they put fresh wine, cognac, and biscuits on the table for me; and in the morning they provided breakfast, and blushed with pretty pride when I thanked them for their kindness. They asked me for the equivalent of one shilling and eightpence, and thanked me cordially when I paid it.

But enough of the subject. The discerning reader will not, I hope, misunderstand my motive in making so much of it. It is not that I wish to gloat over these absurdly cheap banquets in one of the most lovely lands in the world; but I admire Portugal and the Portuguese so much that I should like further to be a means of scattering at least a few English sovereigns amid its unforgettable landscapes. It is no exaggeration to say that one may live in Dom Carlos's kingdom on the equivalent of the mere daily gratuities which are expected, if not exacted, by the servants of our British hostelrys, and, as I think I have made quite apparent, live well.



BODEN GARRETT, SPY.

By W. H. WILLIAMSON.

II.—A DESPERATE RACE.



SOME of Boden Garrett's most daring and exciting work was done with 'Stonewall' Jackson in the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley. A few words will explain the military situation. General McClellan was threatening Richmond with more than two hundred thousand men. To this great host the Confederates could only oppose about sixty thousand soldiers. Jackson, however, relieved Richmond by a campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, for he threatened Washington, and President Lincoln withdrew men from McClellan to defend the capital. This move of Jackson's was carried out with a brilliancy that has earned it the attention of all military students, and covered with glory the name of its intrepid author; but the campaign might have been fruitless if General Jackson had not been most accurately informed of the positions of the enemy, and well acquainted with the topography of the country. In providing the Confederate leader with information, both of the enemy and of the ground, Boden Garrett, having been recommended for the service by General Beauregard, played a very prominent and an adventurous part.

The Confederates were at Staunton, watching. The Federals were at McDowell, waiting.

A spy who desires to obtain really sound and valuable information cannot afford to remain in hiding and trust only to his eyes. He must hear also. That means, of course, that he must walk among his enemies. Boden Garrett realised this, and he was not a man likely to underestimate his dangers or feel unduly nervous under their shadows. He made his way cautiously from Staunton towards McDowell—his objective. He was not going to 'play the fool' this time; he wore the blue of the Federal soldier, and carried in his pocket several letters which had been taken from Union prisoners in which the South and all things Confederate were exhaustively anathematised. They might be useful.

The first few miles of his march were uneventful. When he was beyond his own lines his eyes and ears were intent and keen. In case of surprise he was prepared to assume the air and character of a Federal escaped from the Confederate army, and he chose the 27th Pennsylvania as his old regiment, since it was reported that it was elsewhere than at McDowell.

As he drew near to the Federal outposts he was particularly wary and alert. He had passed a few houses and farms, and noticed men and women moving about them; and where there were men there was danger. As he lay on the

ground of an eminence from where he could command an extensive view, he saw a moving speck upon the road, and watched till it became a vehicle driven by one man. He saw it approach nearer, and made up his mind for a plunge into the dangers he had to face. So he walked to the roadside, and when the man in the vehicle was within hearing distance Garrett hailed him. The driver of the trap was a negro, and he pulled up as Garrett said:

'Say! Are you goin' far, for I'm tired?'

'Bout two miles, sah; to Massa Johnstone's,' replied the negro.

'Will you drive me to the camp, sonny?' asked Garrett, with an air of fatigue.

'Goin' home, sah; the camp's over there,' and the negro pointed along the road he had just driven.

'How far would you call it now?'

'Three miles, sah—mebbe more, mebbe less; but I 'specks 'bout three.'

'That's what I reckoned—going straight along the road, sonny—eh?'

'Yes, sah.'

'I reckon I'll have to walk. So long.'

'Good-day, sah,' and the negro drove away.

Garrett had at least got hold of some information, and probably might have obtained more from the negro; but the blacks were notoriously unreliable in their statements; and Garrett felt he would rather run risks for certitude than be contented with doubtful information.

As he walked towards the camp he avoided the road proper, and went warily under cover of mounds and trees that skirted the way.

He met nobody, and there was no sound or sign of any person till he had covered another half-mile of his journey, when the sound of a horse's hoofs was distinguishable. Garrett turned and saw a solitary horseman riding along the road and raising a trail of dust that hung, as it were, in anger at the disturbance.

One man was no more than his equal, so Garrett walked to the road and trudged along the middle of it, waiting for the horseman to overtake him. He unostentatiously felt if his six-shooter was safe, and generally gathered his wits. He enjoyed a few moments of delightful anticipation.

The horseman overtook him and pulled up, a course of action that pleased Garrett.

'Say, mate!' said the rider, 'am I right for the camp? You're a soldier—ain't you?'

'When you've been through half what I have you'll call yourself a tarnation general,' replied Garrett.

'You've seen some—hev you?' replied the horseman. 'This ain't no picnic—is it? But I reckon the Rebs air about bu'st—except for ole Jackson; 'e's on the war-path.'

'Oh! What's he up to?'

'I guess he'll be up a tree soon. But say, mate, is the camp far?'

'About a mile and a half.'

'Thank God! Straight on?'

'Yes.'

'So long,' and the man prepared to urge his horse forward; but Garrett edged close to its bridle.

'You're in a hurry. Won't the beast carry us both?'

'I can't do that, mate; I've got despatches.'

Garrett had decided. He whipped out his revolver and held the horse's bridle.

'Hands up, sonny,' he said, and pointed the revolver at the despatch-rider's head.

The other hesitated a very brief moment, and the expression on his face was very ugly; but his hands went up.

'Now you'll have to dismount very carefully and quickly,' said Garrett. 'If I only think you are going to play tricks I will fire, so don't make me suspicious. Get off this side, and keep your right hand above your head all the time—you can use your left to dismount. Come along.'

The rider dismounted, while Garrett stood holding the bridle of the horse a yard away from the man.

'Very nicely done,' said Garrett. 'Keep both your hands up, please, and turn your back to me. Thank you.' Garrett made a noose of his scarf. 'Now,' he said, 'put your hands quickly and quietly behind your back. Hurry up, sonny, or I shall shoot, and pitch your corpse among the bushes there. Somebody may come along at any moment; and the moment I see anybody I will shoot you and bolt on the nag, so save your skin by being smart.'

Garrett slipped the noose over the man's wrists and bound them tightly. Then he took his handkerchief and gagged him.

'March, sonny,' he said, 'right ahead there, 'way down among the bushes.' The man marched. When they were sufficiently far from the road Garrett made the man lie down, and then tied his legs. 'You can have a rest, sonny,' he said comfortingly, and then he explored the man's pockets. But the despatches were in the man's hat, and Garrett found them. They were addressed, 'General Milroy or O.C. at McDowell.'

He read the despatches, which were not of great importance; and, to give an air of verisimilitude to his character, he deftly took out the lining of his hat, put in the despatches, and replaced the lining. Then he boldly rode to the camp to face General Milroy.

He used his eyes and ears to their fullest measure as he rode through the camp, and when

he had delivered his message to the General's aide he drank in many details respecting the situation of the Federals. He was told to wait half-an-hour, and then he could take a message back.

Inwardly he rejoiced. He tethered his horse and strolled up and down the camp surveying with much inward satisfaction the position and equipment of the Union army at McDowell. He drew from sundry Federals their hopes and fears, expectations and determinations, and generally obtained very accurate information concerning the men under Milroy. He felt that the Federals could not give him much more useful information, so he desired to leave this interesting camp; but unfortunately his horse was tethered, and he had to await the message from General Milroy.

Time, however, was of some importance; also he felt that the less he remained under the gaze of the Union men the better would be his ultimate chances of escape. He had almost formed the resolution to obtain possession of his horse—or rather the despatch-rider's—as expeditiously and carefully as possible, and bolt without waiting for the message from the General, when, to his alarm—and Garrett was alarmed more than once—he saw the despatch-rider he had left bound and gagged among the bushes talking excitedly to two or three men not more than twenty yards off!

In an instant Garrett turned his back towards the man, and as quickly as was expedient walked away. He knew the hue-and-cry would be raised at once, and that there would be a hunt for the pseudo despatch-rider. Yet he dared not run, for that were to attract attention and leap into a noose. He made haste to turn round a building so as to be out of sight.

To secure the horse was now an impossibility—to venture near it was exceedingly perilous; yet how was he to get out of this dangerous place?

He spied the railway line fifty yards away, and walked speedily. He longed to run; but a calm walk was a necessity. In turning a bend he saw the railway station not thirty yards away, and made boldly for it. Trains are often convenient, and Garrett hoped to be able to hide in some luggage-train waiting in a siding, or to escape on any train that happened to pass through the station.

The station seemed full of men and trains, and Garrett mingled with the former. He walked in with assumed ease—rather much assumed—for he feared the arrival of the despatch-rider. He saw men preparing for a journey, and he wondered how long it would be before they went. A train was standing in the station, and he looked at the engine and saw it was unoccupied, and wondered what business engine-drivers had to leave their charges, even though, when he turned his eyes, he saw the man eating his dinner beside half-a-dozen Federal soldiers on the platform. Some non-coms. were running here and there, and there was a certain amount of bustle in the place.

The next minute Garrett felt he was crammed in a corner, for the despatch-rider, with half-a-dozen men, entered the station!

Garrett turned his back to them, and his alertness came once more to his rescue. In a flash he had seized the handiest way out of the difficulty, and he changed his opinion about the engine-driver. His heart was beating wildly, but he crept close to the untenanted engine and slipped in, almost unnoticed. He turned the lever, and in an instant the gigantic creature had snorted, the wheels gradually turned, there was a warning *ssh! ssh!* from the engine, and Garrett held his breath during the terrible moment as he waited for the great steed to take its full breath and dart upon its way.

The driver looked up from his dinner in wonder; the soldiers gazed with curiosity. The engine, with its coaches, gradually moved forward and forward, and Garrett's eyes were dancing and his heart was leaping as he saw he was nearing the end of the platform and steaming into liberty.

Ssh! ssh! On it moved, and Garrett crept to the side to look. The engine-driver, carrying the fragments of a meal in his hand, was on his feet, running to see who had usurped his post. The despatch-rider and those with him, guessing the truth, shouted aloud and rushed towards the engine. Everybody in the station was now aroused and looking at the moving train; but Garrett was feeling secure, for the great crank was working well, the grunts of the steam had ceased, the whole mighty thing seemed heart and soul with him—piston, cranks, wheels, fire, steam—all were on his side, and he laughed loudly as the last coach darted out of the reach of his pursuers, from under their very hands.

Garrett did not understand much about engines, but he knew enough. He had sent his train at full speed, and the excitement of a wild spin through the country in such a delightful escape from his enemies fired him with a desire for adventure. He looked at the country on either side, and began to wonder where he was going and what would happen next.

When well clear of the station he shut off steam and applied the brake. When his train—he was unquestionably in sole command!—came to a standstill he leapt to the ground, rapidly climbed the nearest telegraph pole, and cut the wires. It was only sensible, after all, to prevent messages being forwarded which might tend to his hindrance. Then he returned to his engine, and was quickly speeding away without discomfort to mind or body.

As he came to the next station he was prepared for emergencies; but the emergency would have been severe to have stopped the 'Missouri'—the name of his engine. He saw that the people in the station were astonished and filled with wonder at the bolting train, for it was clearly not in the

contract; but the gulping rush through the station filled Garrett with joy. It was an inspiring experience.

When he was a mile or two beyond this station he pulled up again and once more cut the telegraph wires. He hardly dared as yet to leave the train altogether, for he was in the enemy's country; but he hoped to be able to do so very soon. His hopes were not accurately realised.

He had had a ride so far that had been exhilarating without danger and smooth almost to the point of ease. When he neared the third station, however, his wit had to be called to his assistance, for he saw, to his chagrin, that his career was stopped by an engine and three coaches drawn up on the very line he was travelling on!

Here was a muddle, and it was necessary to prevent it being a disaster.

He went very slowly and whistled loud and frequently. The signals were against him of course; but Garrett had no intention of being stopped by a signal.

The stationmaster came towards him, for his engine was only just permitted to reach the edge of the platform, the other train occupying the better position.

'Air you mad? Can't you see the signals?' said the stationmaster in a voice of angry authority.

'Your darned signals are nothing to me,' said Garrett, bluffing beautifully, and trusting to his Federal uniform to support him. 'Haven't you been told to keep this line clear for the special? I reckon you stop locomotives for drink here—eh?'

'Special,' said the stationmaster; 'we've had no message about a special.'

'That tale won't do for me,' said Garrett in a magnificent temper. 'I suppose that's your excuse—eh? But it won't do for General Milroy.'

The stationmaster began to doubt the righteousness of his cause, and that is fatal to it. 'But I haven't received a message,' he repeated.

'Then there are some fools about. I'm not an engine-driver. I'm Captain Edwards of the 73rd Ohio from McDowell. The Rebs are swarming over the country, and we want to catch the whole lot. I'm taking despatches and going to bring back provisions. The driver and stoker of this engine are lying on their backs at McDowell. I volunteered, and now I'm to be stopped at this darned place while Jeff Davis hits General Schenck and Milroy in the back. It's a fool of a line!' and he stamped and looked savage.

'I'll see what can be done,' said the stationmaster.

'For Heaven's sake see quickly!'

'We'd better shunt this train, I suppose?'

'You're really sensible at last,' said Garrett, quietly congratulating himself.

'Here, Cooke!'

The driver of the engine appeared.

'You'll hev to shunt to let this train pass,' said the stationmaster.

The driver looked cross. 'He'll hev to go back some: what in tarnation has he come up so close for?' And as he spoke he got off his engine and walked slowly towards the 'Missouri.'

Garrett turned to the stationmaster.

'Hadn't you better wire to have the line clear in front, so that I needn't have another of these confounded intervals? Lee'll have time to get to Washington while I'm waiting at these places.'

'Right, cap'n,' said the stationmaster, in a much more tractable frame of mind, which shows that, after all, there are occasions when honesty is not the safest policy.

Then, just as the stationmaster was going to get this message sent, and Garrett was wondering whether he would get clean away after all, a shrill whistle from an approaching engine fell on their ears. It was promptly followed by another; and Garrett, looking at an advancing train, saw that some men were leaning out of carriages, and two were actually on the coal in the tender. Garrett luckily seized the truth: he was being pursued, and his pursuers were practically on him!

There is no necessity to emphasise Garrett's promptness of action. He could think and act in a flash. His face went a little paler and he actually felt the effort he made to give a little laugh and remark in the most casual way, 'Another picnic stopped! Send that message.'

For a second he wondered if the stationmaster was a suspicious man—and it was a bad second, with, however, a happy ending. The stationmaster went on his errand; but Garrett was still between the upper and the nether stones.

The train was getting nearer and nearer, and the men on it could be heard to shout.

Garrett knew he had no time to waste. Shunting was an impossibility. The other driver was walking slowly towards his engine. Garrett swiftly overtook him, and, with a smile and a nod, said:

'Here!' as though he had something very interesting to impart.

The driver turned round. Garrett seized him by the shoulders, tripped him up, and flung him on the floor. 'Move and I'll blow your brains out!' he said without unnecessary noise, showing the man his revolver. Then he leapt on the first engine and pointed the revolver at the white-faced stoker: 'Full speed ahead, sonny—quick! or you're a dead man.'

The stoker, with a trembling hand and a very fearful heart, obeyed. Garrett waited with a dancing heart for the train to get up its full speed. It snorted as the other had snorted, and then, belching its smoke, got up its speed, and tore like a huge hound released from its leash.

He had a few minutes' start, for the 'Missouri'

blocked his pursuers for a short time, and he made the most of them. The great limbs of the train shook and rattled as it bounded ahead in a desperate endeavour, and Garrett tried to keep one eye on the stoker and one on his pursuers, which was difficult, for the latter were not in sight. So Garrett played for safety.

'Shut off steam, sonny, and don't be frightened,' he said to the stoker, who was a long man from Michigan; 'for if you do what I tell you you'll have quite a tarnation good time.'

As the train slowed Garrett crawled on the tender so that he could command the stoker and a view of the way his pursuers must come.

'Get down, sonny,' he said to the stoker, 'and cut that telegraph wire. If you're very long, don't trouble to climb down—you'll drop!'

The stoker darted up the post, and the wires were cut with wonderful speed.

'That's good—capital,' said Garrett. 'We might be good pals, sonny. Here, unloose that last coach, and be greasy, comrade, or this six-shooter'll go off. I don't see why I should haul extra luggage, an' it may annoy some other people.'

When Garrett saw that the stoker had unloosed the coach he put his hand on the lever and sent the engine full speed ahead. 'Good-bye, sonny,' he called out. 'You can tell your pard when you see him which way I've gone.'

Then he went on his desperate race again alone.

His pursuers must have been seriously delayed by the coach on the line, for Garrett, seeing no sign of them, pulled up once more and let go another of the coaches. Then he shovelled coal on the fire, and the flames leapt out like tongues of dogs that love the excitement of the chase. He pulled the lever as far as he could, and the engine responded splendidly, for the rocking was tremendous, and Garrett had to hold fast to the rail to keep his feet.

He rushed through a station as a bird flies through an open door; there was a whir, and the station was far behind. It had not even been an incident.

When the line gave a great bend Garrett looked back to see if he could catch a glimpse of his pursuers; and, sure enough, an engine entered one end of a huge horseshoe as his went out at the other.

The race was truly a desperate one, and Garrett realised it. He could not get altogether out of sight now, for the great trail of smoke was caught by his pursuers before it could disperse. The atmosphere almost seemed to dart on one side in wonder at this wild race.

Garrett determined to run one more risk. He slowed up quickly and loosed a coach. It was terrific work, for he had not restarted the engine before his enemies, coming round the bend, caught sight of him. But they had to shut off steam at once to avoid the collision; and Garrett,

hidden behind the iron walls of his steed, laughed at their rifle-shots, and darted again on his wild career, knowing that for the rest he was in a grave case, for he would not be able to release any more coaches.

His pursuers cursed, of course, at their stoppage, and wasted fully ten minutes—probably more—in running the orphan car off the line. They turned the leading wheels off and made their own engine do the pushing while they guided the coach away. But then they rode desperately. They neglected neither an ounce of coal nor a molecule of steam. They rocked so that they had to hold fast for safety's sake; but they sped on gigantic wings.

Garrett knew they would overtake him, for they lessened the distance on the level. He stuffed up the mouth of his furnace as the wild highwayman put the steak to his mare's mouth.

However, he was encouraged to persevere when he remembered that the woods of Old Garton were not now very far away, and General Johnston, with a Confederate force, was on the other side of the woods. Suppose he were running into a terminus! The idea alarmed him. The Federals held the line, and probably it was torn up beyond their outpost. He began to wonder if he were not, after all, running his head into the lion's jaws.

Then he heard the whistle of his enemy again. They were at his heels. As they curved in and out he caught momentary glimpses of them. The race was madly exciting now, and nearing the end. Garrett had neglected the telegraph wires for the last few stations, and that left open a danger. The trains went as trains had never gone before on those lines! Men talk of the ride to this day.

Both sides began to recognise that the end was drawing nigh, in spite of the wild speed at which the sweating engines, in great clouds of black and white smoke, were travelling. Garrett knew he had no time to lose and no opportunity to miss. As he caught sight of his enemy's train again a rifle was fired, which convinced him that the position was very critical. The pursuing train seemed like a sentient creature, appearing to put forth every effort to reach the train in front.

Garrett turned his eyes uneasily to the rear as he rounded the bends, and the breathing of the engine behind made him very anxious. Was he to be taken after all this run? His train leapt along almost, though occasionally now it seemed to falter like a horse that tires. Garrett had to make up his mind quickly. But he was resourceful.

The Federals in the train behind were straining every thread of their engine. Many of them were lying on the tender with their rifles in hand, and their eyes on the train which they were now slowly bringing into full view.

'We hev him,' said one, as he noticed the distance between the trains grow gradually less.

'The durned cuss'll steal no more trains. He can't go through Garton,' said another.

'He'll go through the eye of a needle when we've made his acquaintance.'

'B' jiminy! But I'll hev a shot now,' said another man, and he aimed at the train in front, and hit the last coach.

'First 'e's a tarnation despatch-bearer, an' sees over the camp; then 'e's a durned conductor on the railway an' gits shown the country'—

'An' next 'e'll be a beautiful corpse visitin' another country.'

It was clear Garrett's pursuers were not animated by friendly feelings towards him.

The Confederate's train was visibly slowing. The pursuing Federals shouted as they got nearer and nearer, and every exit of the fleeing train was covered with a rifle. Yard by yard the second engine drew up, and the doomed train in front seemed to know its fate, for it jerked as though it wanted coal or water and its progress was pain and labour. It could not leave its pursuers now.

'Be careful,' said the leader of the Federals. 'He's as slippery as a buck-horse.'

The men were at every place where there was a chance to cover the doomed train. They lay on the tender; they leaned out of the engine; some of them climbed on to the top of the coaches and lay there. They were only thirty yards behind!

'You'll change your clothes very quickly now, Mr Darned Reb,' shouted a gaunt Northerner.

The race was practically over. 'Look out! Hold tight!' shouted one of the Federals, and the next moment they had bumped Garrett's coach.

The soldiers swarmed from the carriages like ants from a disturbed nest. They darted forward and covered the engine, which was soon brought to a standstill.

'Hands up, Mr Spy!' some one shouted.

Then the soldiers began to look at each other in dismay. They walked on the engine and into the coach.

'He's slipped!'—and there were other remarks.

It was true. Garrett had beaten them after all. When he saw that he must be overtaken he watched for his chance and dropped from the train at an opportune bend. There he hid while his pursuers passed; and then, with a celerity and instinct that were peculiarly his own, he made sure his escape.

The Federals searched diligently, but did not find Garrett, who reached General Johnston, and then taking horse, was able to reach General Jackson in time to be told that his ride on the engine was as daring as his information was valuable.

Garrett prized the approbation of 'Stonewall' Jackson very highly.

REASON IN ANIMALS.

By K. BALFOUR-MURPHY.



O animals reason, or are their actions merely the result of instinct? The problem is one which must present itself to every student of psychology; exhaustive research is the only means of solving it. The difference between the higher forms of animal intelligence which we call instinct and the intellect which is capable of reasoning is infinitesimally small.

In most cases it is a difficult task to gauge motives of creatures incapable of speech; but, on the other hand, the evidence that they form theories which require thought is apparent. The faculty of intuition is shared alike by the whole animal kingdom. Under three different headings may be classed the promptings of instinct which are most strongly developed both in the human race and in the brute creation: self-preservation, retaliation, and paternity. Naturally there are minor issues to these three chief themes; but, without the necessity of thought or use of intellect, they are inherent in all things living.

Close observation of animals in their natural state as well as in captivity leads to the conviction that most assuredly they do reason. Of course not all are endowed with the same power. Memory, which is an attribute shared by man and beast, is not necessarily a proof of intellect. Without memory, however, the powers of reasoning would be incomplete. The feats which animals perform in shows are doubtless the result of training; so that, however remarkable, they can only be ascribed to imitation, which is one form of memory, and which would require no original thought. In mammals the faculty of observation and the power of reasoning is much more highly developed than in the case of bipeds, although it is not excluded in the latter.

Amongst domestic animals horses rank highest for mental faculties, and then, in almost equal degree, dogs take the second place. The average cat, however, is merely an animal possessed of fine instinct. Its retentive powers are remarkable; but usually it does not distinguish itself by acts of intelligence. Its habits and tastes are distinctly those dictated by nature; but here and there it proves the possibility of independent action—the result of reasoning. The conduct of the writer's black cat, Tom, is a case in point. He is accustomed to be fed in the same place on every occasion, and lives usually in the same part of the house. Sometimes he pays a visit to the kitchen, and appears much interested in the proceedings going on there. As soon as the door is opened and a tray is ready to be carried to the dining-

room Tom is on the *qui vive*, and precedes the maid until she arrives at a point where the passage leads to his own particular domicile. On seeing that the food is not destined for him, he regularly sits up on his hind-quarters and digs his claws into the woman's gown in order to arrest her progress in what he considers a wrong direction. This cannot be the result of intuition. It is plainly thought, the work of his brain, which prompts him to adopt these means in order to enforce compliance with his own will.

Lower than cats come birds; and although imitative to a high degree, birds cannot be called intellectual. Parrots, probably, take precedence in the bird world; but, again, their precocity and amusing ways are attributable to their love of imitation and to their memory. A few years ago the writer had a strange experience with a pair of cardinal finches in her aviary. The birds were full-grown and strong. The male was exceedingly handsome, and for half the year his plumage was brilliant; but his mate was both quiet and homely in appearance. They lived together in peace with some dozen canaries, Australian finches, and a variety of other small birds; but the male cardinal assumed superiority over all the others, and this was granted with one accord. Least of all in importance with the male cardinal was his mate. She was neglected and insulted by him every time she either ventured to rest on the same perch or to approach the food when he was feeding. After occupying the same aviary for a year, the female died during a severe winter. The moment the male cardinal finch saw her lying motionless he descended and inspected the prostrate form; then, seeing that she did not move, he flew up, and for about a week fluttered continuously around the enclosure, only resting at night and when he fed (which he did ravenously); but at last he killed himself by dashing his head against the wires. This habit of wildly flying about was acquired for the first time on finding the inanimate body of his mate. The question is, What induced the bird to adopt a practice so entirely different from those hitherto indulged in? It appeared to the observer that when he realised that the female was dead, his constant regret left him neither rest nor peace. However, his sorrow was not caused by the loss of a companion, for no companionship had ever existed.

In the case of dogs, proofs of wonderful sagacity are of everyday occurrence. Sagacity, however, is generally to be classed under the term instinct, and not intellect. Perhaps the most pronounced intelligence in a race of dogs is to be found amongst the St Bernards. The

work which these noble brutes have accomplished is attributable in the first instance to strong instincts supplemented by highly developed reasoning powers. Tracking by sense of smell is inherent; but after having discovered a body, to endeavour to resuscitate what apparently is dead is an act produced by thought and by the power of reasoning. The much-lamented Barry at the monastery on the St Bernard Pass had methods of his own. If licking failed to restore animation, he would add the warmth of his own body by lying closely against the frozen wanderer, and finally he carried back to the monks mute tidings of some one in distress. All these acts denoted the workings of an active brain; they were links within links of a process leading up to the desired end. Plainly it was not a case of instinct merely, for the idea of self-preservation had to be reversed, as he had to endanger his own life for the sake of saving that of another. There are cases on record in which jealousy or sorrow have driven dogs to despair, when, rather than face their trials, they have committed suicide.

The similarity in the formation of the brain between human beings and vertebrate animals is extraordinary; the number of divisions is the same, although the development of the section is different. In man and beast alike the most prominent of these—namely, the cerebrum or large brain, which is the seat of the intellect—bears the strongest resemblance one to the other in regard to the preponderance of weight and size. The fact that the higher an animal stands in intelligence the more the cerebrum increases in size makes it obvious that his power is also growing. In many of them the upper side of the larger brain lies in folds which, were they spread out smoothly, could not possibly find room in the skull.

In spite of all the skilful research devoted to the study of mental energy in animals, the results achieved are not satisfactory. Doubtless the capability of abnormal formations exists. The phenomenon in man which we term genius is the outcome of a deviation from the usual formation of brain matter either in shape or quality. Who can deny that the lower animal kingdom is excluded from such possibilities? The sagacity and high form of intelligence possessed by the pure-bred Arabian horse is a well-known fact. They have partly been accounted for by the treatment which it receives, from birth onwards, at the hands of the entire family of the owner. It is petted, caressed, and talked to with gentleness and deep affection; and this affection it receives and returns by displaying self-sacrifice and great docility.

Probably some of the most marvellous examples of reasoning powers on record were displayed by a horse owned by a Mr A., who lived solitarily near the town of Nashville, Tennessee. The writer, who saw both the owner and the horse

about four years ago, can guarantee the accuracy of the following statement regarding the animal:

The owner had, in the course of business, to accept the animal in payment of a debt; but having no use for a horse, and not caring to incur the expense of its keep, he offered it for sale. However, as it did not find a purchaser, it was perforce retained, though it was considered a not very valuable asset.

After a time the horse displayed a most unusual affection for its master, for which there was no apparent reason, as the stable was a very rough one, and the occupant was by no means pampered. Mr A.'s attention was first drawn to the horse's peculiarities by the friendship it bore to its comrade, a dog, and this naturally led to greater intimacy between the man and the horse. Mr A. groomed and fed the animal regularly, and it showed its appreciation by first following him about the yard, and afterwards it imitated the dog by entering the house at its master's heels.

So far there was nothing remarkable in the animal's actions, which were only the result of imitation and intuitive thankfulness for good treatment; but during the next two years its mental faculties developed.

Mr A. now conceived the idea of riding the horse without a bridle and driving it without a bit, thus leaving its mouth untouched, using a saddle only for his own comfort and traces to attach the buggy when driving. When he wanted it to turn to the right or left he merely patted its hind-quarters and spoke to it, and that was sufficient. When Mr A., the owner, walked about the town, he was invariably accompanied by his horse and dog; and both followed him at heel, the former as completely free as the latter. If he stopped to speak to an acquaintance the animal waited its master's pleasure to go on, and then resumed its walk without any orders.

The animal's memory was wonderful and its perception of a meaning marvellous. It had a great love for fruit. On one occasion, in the town, an apple was offered it, when its mouth literally watered. 'Wait,' said Mr A. to his friend, 'and I will show you something.' Turning to the horse, he said, 'Tippoo, I won't give you this apple,' whereupon the glad expression vanished, and two rows of teeth were exhibited. Then he continued, 'I am very hungry, Tippoo. I am going to eat it myself.' The animal's mouth closed, and its head hung dejectedly. 'Well,' continued Mr A., 'I see that you are disappointed; let us halve it. Will that suit you?' Immediately the horse neighed and bowed its head!

Even more marvellous was its behaviour on an occasion when it felt indisposed to drag the buggy. The owner, who intended to drive to the city, addressed the horse, telling it to fetch the harness. The sagacious brute—which, by the

way, could distinguish at a glance what was needed for riding and what for driving—on receiving the order, disappeared, and returned as directed carrying the harness in its mouth, though to obtain this it had to lift down the saddle which was hung over the harness on the same peg. On returning, the horse, to Mr A.'s utter astonishment, walked slowly and limped as if in pain; seeing this, he examined the apparently injured foot, but could discover nothing wrong. Undecided what to do, he made the animal move about for a few minutes in order to find out what was the matter. Instead of abating, the pain seemed to increase rapidly, and the horse showed signs of the greatest dejection. Suddenly Mr A. turned to his favourite and said, 'I don't believe that there is anything the matter with you. It is all a hoax; you don't want me to drive you. Is that it?' In a dispirited manner the animal slowly raised its head. 'Well, take the harness back again.' No second bidding was required. The beast limped back to the shed, hung up the traces, replaced the saddle, and returned—quite recovered! The feeling of disinclination for work prompted the animal to conceive the only plan that would save it. Its action was instantaneous; no general in the field ever formed an idea and executed it with greater rapidity. It must be conceded that such a proof of cunning, with each detail perfectly arrayed, could not be the result of instinct, but of independent reasoning.

Memory is a prominent trait in all animals, whether domestic or wild; but it is usually associated with the instinct of retaliation. The following is one of the many remarkable incidents in the career of Mr A.'s horse which display the sagacity and wonderful rapidity of the animal's thoughts:

For the benefit of the survivors of the Johnston tragedy, Mr A. volunteered to allow his horse to give a public performance. The building was capable of holding some three thousand persons, and the seats were arranged in tiers as in a circus. The horse appeared in the ring without trappings of any kind, accompanied by its master. First of all it ran races with the dog. Sometimes it would win; but oftener it allowed its canine friend to carry off the palm of merit. Other feats succeeded; but the last was the most marvellous. Addressing his steed, Mr A. said, 'Tippoo, yesterday I introduced a gentleman to you. He is here somewhere among these people. I want you to find him.' The horse listened attentively; then, raising its head, it looked around upon the sea of faces. Slowly it walked about the arena, carefully searching; but in vain. Then it mounted, first by one passage and then another, towards the upper regions, but hesitated nowhere until, on the fifth row, it stopped before a stranger—the very man it sought.

Had Mr A. again felt tempted to put the once

despised animal under the hammer, he could at any moment have realised its original value many times over. In fact, he was offered a large sum by Barnum, who wished to acquire the horse for show purposes; but, needless to say, the offer was declined.

With the conviction of the presence of reasoning powers in the brains of animals, three questions naturally arise: Do they also possess souls? Is the popularly accepted belief that on the extinction of life a beast has finally perished the true one? Is the soul part of the brain; and if so, is that part developed in animals, or is it something higher, more god-like, which is reserved for man? Our theories are mere conjectures; proof there is none. The close affinity of certain powers in man and beast, without doubt, led the ancients to the idea of transmigration. In the minds even of the greatest of their philosophers dwelt the belief of the soul of man after death finally occupying the body of a beast. This conception would have been utterly unworthy had they not recognised that the higher organisation is common to the animal kingdom.

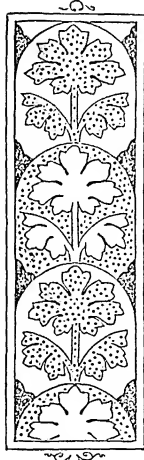
Those of us who have acquired influence over animals and regard them as friends, and have lavished affection upon them, must mourn their death as for that of a friend; and the thought of the existence of a soul and the belief that reunion in another world awaits them must bring solace. The great Preacher evidently shared that belief. He distinctly states that 'man hath no pre-eminence over a beast,' and adds with truth the words, 'Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?'

If research should ever be sufficiently advanced to pronounce with certainty the existence of reasoning faculties in animals, future generations must regard them in a totally new light. Actions which at one time appeared to be mere coincidences or the result of instinct may, through our better knowledge, be traced to noble impulses prompted by original thought on the part of our dumb friends.

AUTUMN SUNLIGHT.

SEE how yon flood of golden sunlight showers
 Its mellow radiance o'er the landscape bare,
 Where mournful Autumn reigns. New colours rare
 Light up the fading leaves a few brief hours
 Ere the chill winds despoil the wreathed bowers
 Of their rich foliage, whirling in mid-air
 The last frail progeny of Summer fair,
 That, dying, lingers 'midst her with'ring flowers.
 Beautiful sunbeams! as with rosy light
 This cheerless scene is flush'd beneath your kiss,
 And e'en decay with crimson hue grows bright:
 So glows the chaste'n'd soul 'neath heav'nly love;
 And shatter'd hopes, wreck'd dreams of earthly bliss,
 Grow golden in faith's radiance from above.

J. E. P.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ROBERT CHAMBERS'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN a former article the writer dealt with some extracts from Dr Robert Chambers's journals written during more than one visit to the Land of Burns. In addition to writing up his diary, Dr Chambers for many years kept a 'Commonplace Book,' and from this record the following extracts are taken at random.

After several years' seclusion at St Andrews, during which period the *Vestiges of Creation* was written and published, Dr Chambers seems to have made frequent visits to London, and, as shown by correspondence still preserved, had many opportunities of meeting the literary celebrities of the day. Under date July 20, 1844, he says: 'Mr Rogers, with whom I breakfasted this day, said that George IV. was only a gentleman for the first five minutes. The essentially vulgar nature of the man then shone out in ribald discourse such as would have disgraced a coal-heaver. Rogers heard him in the company of eight persons tell something which Lord Thurlow had said to him, of an extremely gross nature, but which he only thought a good joke. . . . Amongst other things which enabled George IV. to make a good impression at first were a couple of Latin quotations which he was sure to bring forward, one from Horace and the other from Virgil. In reality he had no more, and when this was found out the credit he obtained from them was gone.

'Byron had practical benevolence to a remarkable degree. Mr Rogers, calling upon him in his bachelor days, was answered at the door by a wretched-looking old woman, of extreme ugliness; which struck him so much that he asked Byron why he kept such a dreadful hag about him. Byron answered that the old woman, who was an inferior servant in his lodgings, had been kind to him in an illness he had, and he therefore had a kindness for her. Afterwards, when Byron was married and living in fine style, Rogers found the same

No. 203.—VOL. IV.

old woman opening the door of his really handsome mansion, but in a better dress; and he ascertained that ultimately he pensioned her. He was one who exaggerated small kindnesses shown to himself.'

About 1845 Mrs S. C. Hall was writing for *Chambers's Journal*, and also contributed several volumes to Chambers's *Juvenile Library*. This literary connection continued for many years, and no doubt brought about the intimate personal friendship with Dr Chambers which existed during the lifetime of both writers. Under date July 4 of the same year, Dr Chambers says:

'I accompanied Mrs Hall to a house in Kensington Square, to be introduced to Miss Porter, authoress of *The Scottish Chiefs*, &c. Tall, thin old lady, reclining on a sofa. Weakly health. About 70. Kindly Scottish manners. Talked of her young days spent in Surgeon's Square, Edinburgh. Her mother occupied part of the long house on south side of square—the west half, Lady Henderson the other. Knew the Kerrs of Chatto as neighbours. Miss Porter, when a little girl, saw one day a thin elderly gentleman in a white coat with a plaid in the square. Went up to him and said he was like grandpapa, and for that reason asked him to come in. He followed her into the house, where she introduced him to her mother as being so like grandpapa. He fell into conversation about the army, led to it by seeing the sword, &c., of Miss P.'s father over the fireplace. He said he also had been a soldier. Having fallen in love with his mother's waiting-maid, he had taken to that life in consequence of a quarrel with his friends. He had been at the battle of Culloden, and mention of this seemed greatly to affect him. By-and-by he went away. It should be mentioned that Miss Porter, on taking his hand at first, had observed it to be small, thin, and blue-veined, like a lady's. A few days after, a young medical student, visiting at Mrs Porter's, mentioned the curious circum-

OCT. 19, 1901.

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stance that an old gentleman had been run over and hurt by a wagon in the streets, had been carried to the Infirmary, and was there found to be a female. It was afterwards learned that this singular person was the sister of a clergyman, a person of good connections, who had a slight craze, and believed herself to be Jeanie Cameron, who was supposed to be Prince Charles's mistress. She died in the Infirmary.

'Miss P.'s brother, Robert, when a mere child, had been taken to drink tea with some of the rest of the family in a house where they met Flora Macdonald. A picture attracted his attention, and he showed a curiosity to see it nearer. Flora set him up on a chair to see it, told him it was the battle of Preston, and gave him explanations about it. This, he used to acknowledge afterwards, was his first lesson in historical painting.

'Lady Anne Barnard told Miss Porter that she had written "Auld Robin Gray" in order to raise a little money for the succour of an old nurse having no other means. She had heard from her music-master that so much as five pounds was sometimes got for a successful song; and she thought she would try. It was successful in the object. Lady Anne wrote much poetry besides, which is preserved by one of her relations.'

As a digression from the Commonplace Books I here print two letters from Mr Benjamin W. Crombie, a miniature-painter of the first half of the nineteenth century, best known by his series of portraits of Edinburgh notabilities, published under the title of *Men of Modern Athens*, from 1839 to 1847. Crombie also produced at an earlier date, among other portrait sketches and groups, a striking portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which was afterwards reproduced in lithography. Early copies of this print are now very scarce. The late William Scott Douglas, a biographer of Burns who, under the title of *Modern Athenians*, edited in 1882 a new and extended edition of Crombie's portraits, says that little is known of the artist, who died in 1847, nor has any scrap of writing or correspondence been brought to light. These letters have, therefore, some little interest as the only known specimens of the writer's correspondence, and are also of some importance as referring to the death of the elder Blackwood, the founder of the well-known publishing-house. The writer also mentions that portraits of Dr Moir ('Delta') and Sir David Brewster were then in progress. These portraits may still be in existence, but do not appear to have been reproduced. At any rate they are not included in the last edition of *Modern Athenians*.

B. W. CROMBIE to ROBERT CHAMBERS.

'EDINBURGH, Dec. 21, 1844.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Along with the copy of my group which you were so kind as to order, will you do me the favour to accept of a copy as a

trifling gift and as a very small return for the many obligations under which you have laid me? I would have sent you a copy before this, but the best impressions in lithography don't come out at first, and I have waited till I could select two of the best I could find. I shall be very happy if you approve of Part I. in regard to the resemblances and the style of the thing generally, and I will probably trouble you with a call to have your opinion personally. I have told the bearer to take the proofs to your house in Lynedoch Place, in case you prefer that they should be left there.—Yours very truly and obliged,

'B. W. CROMBIE.'

THE SAME to THE SAME.

'March 12, 1845.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I should ere this have acknowledged your two very kind letters of introduction to Sir David Brewster and Bishop Russell, and also the favourable answer of the former addressed to yourself which you were so kind as to send me enclosed.

'I am glad Sir David has no objection to sit, and it remains for me to decide whether I shall wait till he comes to Edinburgh in May, or wait on him at St Andrews. As to the collotypes he mentions, I don't believe they would be of much service to me in a profile likeness, unless it was to familiarise me with the character. In my letter to Sir David I said to him that in case he should not intend being in Edinburgh soon, I should be happy to wait on him at St Andrews when the season was a little further advanced.

'I have not yet heard from Bishop Russell, but hope to have a favourable answer.

'I had another sitting from Dr Moir, but it was a very short one. He sent me word on the morning that poor Mr Blackwood died that he would be with me that day at twelve, but found that he could not leave old Mrs Blackwood, whom he went to visit under such painful circumstances, so that it was past one before he reached my quarters, and his time was then very limited; but he is quite ready to give me another sitting whenever he can find time. I have found him very kind and obliging.—Ever yours truly and obliged,

B. W. CROMBIE.

'16 PITT ST., EDINBURGH.'

About 1850, in reference to some of the early contributors to *Punch*, Dr Chambers remarks that 'Douglas Jerrold is now the prince of wits in England. No man says such brilliant things. When Miss Martineau, in connection with a Dr Atkinson, published an unfortunate mesmeric work of an atheistical character, and some one described it in a company where Jerrold was, the wit said, "Oh, then, I see how it is. There is no God, and Harriet Martineau is His prophet."

'Mark Lemon published a volume of miscellanies under the title of *Prose and Verse*, by M. L. This Jerrold called "*Prose and Worse*."

'It was intimated that a Puseyite lady was exercising such an influence on Mr Thackeray that some feared she might *Romanise* him. "I would recommend her to begin with his nose," said Jerrold, this feature being rather. *trop peu prononcé* in the novelist.

'Jerrold, sitting with George Henry Lewes and Heraud—the latter a poet a good deal laughed at, and something of a bore—was asked by Lewes, "Have you ever seen Heraud's *Descent into Hell*?" "No, but I should like to," said Jerrold.

'Peter Cunningham was telling one evening where he had been dining and what he got. "We had a thing I never saw before—a soup made of calves' tails." "Extremes meet," was Jerrold's remark. He had a theory that women rather like to have their husbands stay out late occasionally. "It gives them a wrong."

Dr Chambers informs us that at this time (1850) Dickens was making three and four thousand a year. Thackeray was living at the rate of fourteen hundred pounds per annum, and Mark Lemon proposed taking a house at one hundred and fifteen pounds a year. The *Punch* men about this time gave a dinner to their publisher, Mr Evans, of Bradbury & Evans, at Richmond, where the price per head for the dinner was two pounds eleven shillings. We also learn that at their ordinary dinners the port wine cost nine shillings and sixpence per bottle. No doubt that mysterious body, the present *Punch* staff, is equally hospitable to its publishers and generous to itself as were its forebears of fifty years ago.

'Feb. 28, 1852.—Mr Kingston was in early life the intimate friend of Southey and Coleridge at Bristol. They were then extremely poor and very revolutionary. Though of a different political complexion himself, he suffered in public estimation by the acquaintance. He ceased to be the friend of Southey at the time of his turning his coat; but he retains the highest opinion of the personal goodness of the Laureate—a man of the purest life, of the most extraordinary kindness towards his suffering relations, of singular industry; in short, no personal virtue wanting. Mr Kingston describes Coleridge as first appearing before him in a guise much like that of a common vagrant or crossing-sweeper, having just arrived from a pedestrian excursion in Wales. He has a strong impression of the intensely poetical nature of Coleridge, and of the glowing riches of his conversation. Wordsworth, whom he did not know personally, he regards as *mechanically a poet* in comparison with the natural *afflatus divini* of Coleridge. Byron a black-guard! . . .

'Lord Ashburton, in conversing with me at Sir James Clarke's, suggested a reason for the cold, formal manners of English servants, which had struck him when he was himself a subaltern of office under Lord Ripon; being then a young man, I presume, and not come to his title. He

said when he came into the room of one of his superiors, as Lord Ripon, he observed great formality, that he might protect himself from being treated over familiarly in his turn. He thinks the English servants have a similar view. It is a defensive measure.

'Dec. 5, 1852.—Mr Fields, the American publisher, when lately in Edinburgh, told an amusing story of a meeting of the congregation connected with one of the churches in no-matter-what town of the Union, to deliberate about a subscription for getting up a lightning-conductor on their place of worship. After many individuals had discussed the matter in all its commonplace bearings, a German got up and said something to this effect: "Our church is called God Almighty's house. If He chuse to dunder on His own house, let Him dunder. It is His business. I won't give a cent."

'1853.—Sir Adam Ferguson, who lately visited me, full of life and glee, remembers sitting at the knee of David Hume and receiving presents of sweetmeats from him. He speaks in lively terms of the amiable, good-natured look of the philosopher, and thinks it has never been done justice to in any of his portraits. Sir Adam was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott from boyhood to the end of his days. He was the means of Scott seeing Burns, for he took Scott to his father's house on the night when the inspired ploughman was there in 1787. When we connect Sir Adam's life with that of his father, Dr Adam Ferguson, our minds are taken far back into the last century. He one day pointed out Brunstane House, near Musselburgh, to me, with the remark that his father had acted as secretary to Lord Justice-Clerk Milton there in 1742. Milton was *sous-ministre* for Scotland under the Walpole administration. Such circumstances must necessarily be very rare. Sir Adam Ferguson describes a shooting ramble he had one day on the high grounds near Galashiels with Sir Walter Scott. It was an exceedingly windy day, and Scott had like to be blown from his pony. Coming to a lonely farmhouse in a very exposed situation, they went up to it, but could get no admission. At length a female voice was heard within, and Ferguson called out, "What's come of the men?" "Oh, they're a' awa' o'er to Windydoors" (a real place so named). "I think they might have been content wi' their ain doors," said Scott in his droll, dry way as he turned his pony's head.

'Calling one day at Huntlyburn, and observing a fine honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, he congratulated Miss Ferguson on its appearance. She spoke of it as *trumpet honeysuckle*. "Weel," said Scott, "ye'll never come out o' your ain door without a flourish o' trumpets!"

We may here mention for the benefit of the reader that the venerable Sir Adam Ferguson died in December 1855. The writer is so fortu-

nate as to possess the gold-mounted snuff-box presented by Sir Walter Scott to Sir Adam in 1818, bearing an inscription to that effect. He has also in his possession a portrait of Sir Adam as he sat listening to Mrs Robert Chambers playing the harmonium, sketched on November 18, 1854, six weeks before his death. Sir Adam and Robert Chambers were frequent correspondents, but none of the letters remaining in my possession is of sufficient general interest to merit publication.

The following letter from John Bright, with which we close these memoranda, was written before the Factory Act came into operation, and refers to a series of articles in *Chambers's Journal* on the housing of the working-classes:

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have your kind note and

the copy of the forthcoming number of your *Journal*. The facts stated are important, and I will make use of them on Wednesday next in the debate on the Factories Bill.

'Lord John Russell and Sir George Grey are doing all the mischief in this question. They got into the mire in 1844, and now they cannot get out of it.

'Peel and Graham know more of economical principles than our present Ministers, and truth in these principles is far more essential to a nation than all the benevolence that was ever dreamed of in legislation. I am much obliged for your information, and very sincerely yours,


'JOHN BRIGHT.

'ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.'

C. E. S. CHAMBERS.

AT THE SIGN OF THE 'SILVER BELL'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

T was on a bitterly cold, frosty evening that we arrived at the "Silber Glocke" at Tübingen, a post-house celebrated for its white wines and pancakes. The proprietor was a model landlord, who did everything to make his guests comfortable. Strasburg was not fifteen leagues off—our journey, we considered, was now ended—so you can judge what high spirits we were in. The landlord, who remembered that we had put up there before, welcomed us warmly; and the pretty face of Gretchen the chambermaid—who reminded me of Catharine, and whose beauty had induced me to give her a memento three times as much as I should have done had she been plain—beamed with pleasure when she saw us. I was shown up to the best room immediately over the porch in the centre of the house, the miller having the next one on my right. It was a small inn, with only three rooms overlooking the street, though there were wings at the side. I mention these particulars that you may understand better what followed.

'I was in my room when I was startled by a post-chaise tearing up. I thought some couple had eloped by the manner it stopped, and looked out to see what was the matter.

"Here, I say!" shouted a voice to the ostler, which I recognised as that of the little Jew I had seen at Augsburg, "has a young fair-haired fellow and a middle-aged man from Augsburg arrived here to-night?"

'On the man answering in the affirmative, the Israelite, with the same hulking man I had seen before, quickly descended.

"*Ma foi!* we are in for it now," I muttered, and I went to inform the miller. I had not given him credit for much courage, but I did

not think he would have been so alarmed as he was.

"Let's have the horses out again and make for Strasburg," he said nervously. "*Ach, mein Gott!* whatever shall we do?"

'I saw at once I must rely on myself.

"Listen to me," I said savagely. "We are in this dilemma through your babbling, and we shall only get out of it by keeping our heads. We should gain nothing by going. It would excite suspicion, and of course these men could and would follow. It's not those two rogues I fear so much as the police. Suppose they did follow us, and I shot them both. I should have to answer many awkward questions. I should be searched, everything would come out, and I should lose all. I cannot tell what they really know; but they must know something, or they would not come after us. If I wounded them, out of spite they would inform the police. No; we must be guided entirely by circumstances. Leave everything to me."

'I had gone into the miller's room, and now returned to my own. The two men had come up and taken the chamber on my left. The walls were very thin, and I could easily hear them speaking, though they spoke in a low tone.

"We have got those two fellows at last," said the little Jew. "It's our last chance, too; they would have been in France by to-morrow."

"Yes, Moses, you are a clever boy. Whatever they have got, it must be worth something, or they would not have travelled at such a pace."

"I will just try that door," said his companion, and as he spoke he gently tried to open it. "No, it is locked from the other side," he continued. "When we see them safely at the supper-table, I will come up and see to that. I understand locks."

'I had been standing still all this time, and I remained so till they went down, and very soon we followed them, having taken very good care to place everything of value in our pockets. The two rogues had evidently agreed to be very agreeable, for when we entered the *salle à manger*, where they were seated at a long table with several other guests, they both rose when they saw us.

"I think," said Moses, with a smile in his cunning, snake-like eyes, "we met at Augsburg—did we not?"

"Now, I had meant to be very cautious and put a bridle on my tongue, but this was more than I could stand.

"Who are you?" I said sharply, looking him straight in the face, so that he cowered before my glance. "Do you think I remember all the blackguard jail-birds I may happen to come across at an inn?" Glaring at me, the fellows remained speechless for a moment. "Yes," I added, becoming reckless and wishing to finish the affair, "I wonder the landlord allows two such rogues as you are to come to the house."

"The guests, thinking a quarrel would ensue, rose from their seats, and the landlord rushed between us and begged us not to fight.

"Do not trouble yourself on that score, my good man," I said, with a sneer, for I had taken their measure by this time. "Cowards of that sort do not fight. They are more at home, I should say, at robbing the dead on a battlefield."

"Without having the slightest suspicion at that moment who the smaller man was, it was evident that my random shot went home. He turned as white as a sheet, and, slinking away, he and his friend went on with their meal.

"As I knew he would, on some excuse or other, while we were having our meal, Moses slipped upstairs. The miller and I sat smoking for some little time after supper, and then retired, leaving the little Jew and the red-haired man, whose name was Gluckstein, playing dominoes.

"As I expected, I found the lock of my door had been tampered with, and the key removed to the other side. It would have been easy for me to call the landlord and draw his attention to this, but I knew I should only be putting off the evil time. So I quickly made my plans, and resolved to carry them out, come what might.

"The door was near the window, and had it been pushed wide open would have touched my bed. With the help of the miller I moved a small chest of drawers and placed it at such an angle that, when the door was opened, a man could just squeeze through. Ketzler had a stick that was a regular bludgeon, and I meant to give my inquisitive visitor such a taste of its weight as would keep him from getting much farther.

"I don't suppose I shall want your help," I remarked to my companion; "but I might, so you must sleep in this room."

"There were two beds in the chamber; but, fearing he might go to sleep if he got into one, I made him settle himself down in an arm-chair, giving him plenty of counsel apropos of keeping silent, and, above all, not to go to sleep.

"We had just finished our arrangements when I heard a slight tap at our door and a light footstep scurrying away; and, looking down, I saw that a small piece of paper had been passed underneath it, with the single word "*Achtung*" written on it. Though, of course, this news was luckily superfluous, still I was grateful for the warning, which I knew came from the pretty chambermaid. The money I had given her had indeed not been wasted; but I resolved on the following morning, if all went well, that she should have a present that would be really worth having. A few minutes later the two scamps came upstairs.

"Well, Gluckie," said the little Jew in a purposely high tone, "I am tired. I reckon I shall sleep well to-night."

"Yes; it's hard work travelling. I shall want a good night's rest too," responded his companion. And then they commenced walking about as though they were undressing. I also did the same, and threw my boots out with a clatter.

"Soon all was silent. It was freezing outside, and the bitter cold north wind made the old sign-board outside the window creak on its hinges. The full moon—for I had drawn the curtains to see better—shone brightly, and made the room almost as light as day.

"He's asleep now," whispered Gluckstein.

"Yes; but we must wait some time yet. I can hear people about overhead. Fancy that villain remembering me after all this time. He must be the brute that shot poor Iky at Leipzig. You remember I told you all about that. You know he wounded me slightly at the same time; but I pretended to be dead, and that is how I heard about that treasure, though I could not follow exactly all they said; but when that fool blabbed at Augsburg I put the two things together, for I remembered the young one's voice. I have not forgotten what he did that night; but I guess we shall be quits very soon."

"To pass the time, the two men, after they had had some drink, began to play cards. The red-haired one was evidently losing, and, becoming excited, began to swear.

"Sh—sh—sh!" whispered Moses. "What do a few thalers matter, you fool?"

"Well, pass the *schnapps*, I say."

"No, no; you have had enough," said the other in an excited whisper.

"I tell you I will have some;" and to pacify him Moses evidently allowed him to get possession of the bottle.

'In spite of a heavy fur coat, I found it very cold waiting. Suddenly the clock struck midnight. As it did so, to my unutterable disgust, the miller actually commenced to snore. And what snoring! I never in all my life heard anything like it. He began with a few deep, steady grunts, and these grunts gradually soared up till they became sharp staccato, jerky squeaks. I hardly knew whether to laugh or swear. Oh, the irony of it! There, with the moonlight shining full upon him, propped up with pillows, and with his mouth wide open, sat the cause of all the trouble, perfectly happy and unconscious of the danger before us. As I sat on the bed, it was only by biting my lips and clenching my fists that I could prevent myself from getting up and kicking him off his chair.

'It was not likely that this unearthly noise could escape the two confederates.

"Hark!" said Gluckstein; "there is no doubt about his being asleep."

"No; but that sounds like the old one. It's that deuced hussar we have got to settle with. I cannot understand it. They said he was in the middle room; but, anyway, take off your boots; it is time we commenced business. Now, Gluckie," he continued in a coaxing tone, "you know what you have got to do. You simply go in as lightly as possible and search his clothes, and bring out any bag you can get. He is fast asleep; there is nothing to fear."

'There was not the least doubt, though the red-haired fellow had had quite enough *schnapps*, which his friend had probably allowed him to have to keep up his courage, that, now the time was coming to carry out their scheme, he did not seem quite so anxious to proceed with it.

"Gluckie! Yes, Moses, it's always Gluckie when there's any dirty work to be done. You go in yourself; you're smaller and lighter than I am. If that fellow wakes up there will be the Leipzig business over again."

"No, there won't. Here's a knife. If you prefer it, settle him quietly as he sleeps; we shall be across the frontier long before it is found out. Now, be a good boy, and go on."

'You can understand my feelings as I heard this calm arrangement for my benefit. But it did not trouble me much. On the contrary, as I was in for it, I rather liked the excitement of the affair, and only feared the villains would escape.

"Just wait a moment," said Moses; "we may as well have the side window open. You see, we can easily slide down the stable roof."

'While he was speaking I raised myself up, hardly drawing my breath, and standing with one foot on the bed and one on the chest of drawers, I waited for the man to enter. The well-greased handle turned without a sound; the door slowly opened; but, to the sur-

prise of the two rogues, it did not, of course, go very far back.

"Go on," whispered the Jew hurriedly as the other continued to push it; but, finding it would go no farther, he squeezed himself through into the corner by the window which I had left on purpose. Before he could realise where he was my bludgeon came down with terrific force and accuracy on his forehead, and he fell in a heap, like a bullock under the axe; but I, losing my balance, came to the ground also.

'Then what a scene followed. The miller's stentorian snores suddenly ceased. Completely losing his head with fright, he rushed to the door shouting, "Murder, murder!" as loud as ever he could. This soon brought down the landlord, his wife, and the servants.

"Yours is a respectable house indeed," I shouted angrily to the former, pointing to the prostrate form of the ruffian lying in a pool of blood with the knife still in his hand.

"Ah!" he cried, thinking the fellow was dead. "I am ruined. I am ruined. What a name my house will get!"

'Of course it was to my interest to keep the affair as quiet as possible. I did not want the police to appear on the scene, and bending down, was greatly relieved to find the man still breathing.

"He is not dead," I said to the host.

"Say it's a fit," said his quick-witted wife, for, hearing the commotion, some of the people in the house were making anxious inquiries and crowding the passages in a half-dressed state.

'Locking them out, we got the thief on to his bed and poured brandy down his throat; but for all that he remained unconscious for several hours. As for his companion, he had quickly grasped the situation and disappeared through the open window.

'Little knowing my real motives, the landlord was deeply grateful to me for the cool and considerate way I took the whole occurrence. He would not hear of my paying the bill. I said nothing to the pretty Gretchen; but, wrapped up in the very piece of paper that I knew from her manner she had passed under the door, I gave her a souvenir that made her bright eyes sparkle.

'With truly light hearts, very early the next morning we set off for Strasburg; and as the short day was drawing to a close we saw across the snow-clad plain the single spire of the great Minster. We were soon over the bridge at Kehl, and then we found ourselves once more in our native land, and a short drive brought us within the fortifications.

'Never had the dear old town, with its quaint towers and gables, looked more welcome to my eyes. The great Christmas market which had been held that day was over. Farmers with wrappers up to their chins, and with carts full

of presents and toys for the little ones, were hurrying off to their homes in the mountains. Children, who had not yet got tired of the snow, were having their last throw ere their mothers called them in. From behind the cosy red curtains of the taverns came snatches of songs and laughter; for was not Christmas coming, when all the world would be gay, and even the poorest would have plenty to eat?

'Passing up the narrow streets, we got into the Grosse Strasse, where the miller alighted to go and find his brother; while I went on to the "Roths Haus" in the Kleber Platz to order supper, which I resolved should be a good one, as Frederick Ketzler had treated me like a prince before we left for Linz.

'Ah, what a supper was that! It makes my mouth water even now as I think of it. What trout, what a goose, and what an omelette, to say nothing of a Strasburg pie and a Bavaiois! The wines, too, were of wonderful quality; though as far as I was concerned I only took a little hock, for the valuables I carried made me cautious. But my two lively companions were under no fears on that score, and as I gave them *carte blanche*, they emptied seven bottles between them of champagne and burgundy.

'Throwing on the logs, we drew our chairs round the blazing fire and commenced to smoke. The maltster said that the house was famous for some old schiedam—no one knew the age of it—so two bottles were brought up. The brothers had both carried their wine well, but this was more than even they could manage; and I, as a slight observer of human nature, was greatly amused to see the different way this powerful spirit affected them. The miller became simply uproarious, shouting drinking-songs at the top of his voice. To my surprise, however, it was just the reverse with the maltster. His conduct showed there was a strain of sentiment within him which I had not expected in such a shrewd, matter-of-fact man. He became perfectly maudlin, talking of the happy, innocent days of his boyhood, when he chased the butterflies among the hills, and of his never-to-be-forgotten wife who had died years ago. When he had just finished the bottle he slipped off his chair, and would have fallen against the stove had I not prevented him.

'Karl rushed to help me, but he could not keep his balance, and fell too. However, with the help of the waiter, after I had placed Frederick on a sofa, I got him upstairs, and put him to bed with his clothes on.

LIFE IN A CONVICT PRISON.

BY AN INMATE.

PART II.—PARKHURST.



SHORT time ago I had an interview with a gentleman—formerly a member of the House of Commons, and respected by hon. members on both sides of the House—whose knowledge of English convict life

is varied and wide. After discussing the plan of a work on the prison service on which I am at present engaged, that gentleman remarked: 'Dishonest criticism of this department of the public service has made the task difficult for you. The public generally are all but indifferent to the details of prison life; but reminiscences of notable criminals will be gladly welcomed. You should, therefore, enliven your work as much as possible with illustrations of individual character.' Believing this to be sound doctrine, I shall omit all dry details of prison life, and describe only incidents and individual characters.

In doing this I am confronted with a great difficulty: I never could discharge the functions of a master of ceremonies satisfactorily; and as I am cribbed, cabined, and confined within rather narrow limits, and my show is a very big one, I can only trot out a few of my principal lions. Further, even these few must, so to speak,

be dragged out by the hair of their heads, as space is lacking for a more dignified and ceremonious introduction.

It was not until I had completed five months of my sentence of three years' penal servitude that I was brought into contact with a prisoner worthy of particular notice; but he was one of the most singular characters it was ever my lot to associate with. His name was R—. He was a young man of good family, fair education, and independent means, and there was no excuse or explanation, except insanity, for the outrageous freak—namely, an offence under the Explosives Act—which resulted in his trial at the Newington Sessions and sentence to seven years' penal servitude.

For a long time the police of South London were at their wits' end to discover the perpetrator of a new 'gunpowder plot.' Now and again explosions would occur; but no clue could be obtained sufficiently clear to set the machinery of the Criminal Investigation Department in motion against any particular individuals, and the whole circumstances remained enveloped in mystery.

Some time in February 1897, however, an

attempt was made to blow up the local post-office at New Cross; and this also might have gone unpunished but for the receipt of an anonymous letter to the postmaster, written by a man who admitted the offence but defied the police to discover him. The police, however, did find him. They traced the incriminatory epistle to the young man R—; and after a very interesting trial, during which the plea of insanity was raised, but discounted by Dr Savage of the Home Office, the culprit was found guilty.

R— was my *compagnon de voyage* from the local jail (Chelmsford) to the convict prison at Parkhurst; and as we sat opposite each other and conversed freely, I thought then, and I still think, that the man was not in his right mind. At any rate, although his remarks were coherent and at times very intelligent, I have never seen a human being cut a more wretched and grotesque figure. I was requested at the time to make a report as to this and two other prisoners then (and now) under sentence; and the following is, as near as possible, a copy of that report:

R— has three 'distinctive marks and peculiarities' (to use an official phrase)—to wit, utter disregard of personal appearance, an unaccountable aversion to every kind of animal food, and a Micawber-like faith that 'something will turn up' and deliver him from limbo to-morrow or next day.

I have over and over again seen prison warders call poor R— to book for the slipshod style of donning his garments so characteristic of him; and, had they not strapped them up on more than one occasion, to my knowledge, his inexpressibles would have dropped off on the parade-ground. As to his aversion to meat, soup, &c., it was simply a fad; but it was a fad which he paid a big price for indulging. Five days out of the seven the prison dinners consist of meat or soup, and on these days R— always returned his dinner untasted. Of course, he was not allowed anything in lieu of the meals so returned, and the consequence was that he was always in a state of chronic hunger.

'Why don't you eat your dinners, R—?' I said to him one day.

'Can't, really. Never could eat meat or soup in my life.'

'But why? Are you a vegetarian?'

'No, only I never did; and as they don't give me a substitute for things I can't eat, it is plain that the authorities are starving me.'

'It strikes me, old man, that you are starving yourself,' I replied.

However, R— would not have this at all—he would not even listen to me; and so the abstention went on; and when I last saw him, shortly before my release, he had become quite pale and emaciated.

As to his marvellous credulity (I quote from a note made in the prison at the time), 'I am

afraid that I have been a factor in producing it. One could not help pitying the fellow—first, because it is quite clear that he has been the dupe of an organised conspiracy, the victim of a group of hare-brained and unscrupulous fanatics who simply made a tool of him; and, secondly, because I believe that the authorities are altogether wrong in subjecting a man under the influence of hallucinations to all the horrors of a penal regimen which has been described by Sir Edmund Du Cane—the man most responsible for it—as "imposing upon all under it an artificial state of existence opposed to that which nature points out as the condition of mental, moral, and physical health."

R— was only a harmless 'crank' in the prison; but we had cranks there who were by no means harmless. T— was one of these. Undergoing fifteen years' penal servitude for an assault upon his superior officer in the army, he was one of the most outrageous characters we had at Parkhurst. He exhibited his homicidal tendencies more than once in attacks on me and on other prisoners, and came perilously near killing a prison warder named M'Mahon. He tried to throw the warder over the rails in one of the halls; and had he succeeded in this attempt the officer would doubtless have been killed, and T— would have given Billington a job. As it was, the attempt failed through the timely intervention of other prisoners, and T— was punished according to the Rules and Regulations. It does not, I believe, necessarily follow that a man having a homicidal tendency must also have a suicidal tendency, but in this case the sequel pointed in that direction. At any rate, T— committed suicide shortly after my discharge and before he had completed three years of his sentence.

Two other cases of suicide occurred at Parkhurst during my sojourn. The first, on 21st February 1898, was that of an elderly man named M—, who was undergoing the terrible sentence of penal servitude for life, for, I believe, the attempted murder of his wife. As the woman subsequently recovered, probably M—'s sentence would have been reduced; but on hearing some ill reports of his wife from the outside he hanged himself in his cell, where he was found dead by the warders when they unlocked the doors in the morning. Some fellow-prisoners heard M— complain of ill-treatment by the medical officers, but I do not think there were any grounds for this complaint.

Within six weeks of M—'s death another life-sentenced man named F— threw himself from the top landing of 'A' hall, a distance of more than forty feet from the ground; and, alighting on his head, he was almost instantly killed. A sad feature of this case was that this hapless man had completed seventeen of the twenty years which all life-sentenced prisoners must serve before release on license; so that he

had only a comparatively short time to remain in durance. What special circumstance may have impelled him to commit this act of self-murder I cannot say. My theory of his suicide is embodied in this plain statement of fact: I have never known a single instance in which a prisoner's mental faculties have survived seventeen consecutive years' penal servitude in an English prison. I have known many who have undergone this punishment, but in each case it was admitted that the convict's mind was unaltered—a fact very symptomatic.

It was within a few months of the tragic death of F—that I first heard that we had a certain scion of nobility in our midst; and, of course, speculation was rife as to the identity of this aristocratic convict. 'Who is he?' 'What can he have done?' 'How long has he got?' Such were the burning questions of the hour. Unlike other questions burning very fiercely at this moment, these were speedily solved. Our distinguished fellow-sinner was, presumably on medical grounds, located in 'B' ward of the infirmary on his first arriving at the prison; and he was still in the same infirmary ward when I left the prison the following year. The first time I caught sight of the 'noble lord' was early in November, when, having been seized with influenza, I was admitted into the hospital and was almost a next-door neighbour of his. However, men may be next-door neighbours in a prison for a long time without even seeing each other, especially in the hospital wards; and it was not until I had been there three weeks, and was almost convalescent, that my desire to see this *rara avis* was gratified, and then it was gratified to the full. I was going down the iron staircase leading from No. 4 to No. 3 landing, when I nearly tumbled over a tall, thin, active young fellow who was on his knees, with a bucket of water by his side, scrubbing away with might and main at the stairs, as though he had been a general servant all his days. Rising to allow me to pass down, he lifted up a fresh, intelligent, and rather good-looking face. Then, with a smile and a mutual 'Good-morning,' I went on my way rejoicing. 'I have met a real live lord who is not above doing a little work,' was the note I made on returning to my cell.

There was 'much ado about nothing' a short time ago, when certain wiseacres predicted all sorts of evils because, as they said, the prison authorities made an invidious distinction in their treatment of men of different social rank, and cited the case of this prisoner, who was, they asserted, pampered with mutton-chops, eggs and bacon, and bottled stout, while other prisoners were fed on water-gruel and brown bread.' However, to prevent hoodwinking of the public, or evil-speaking against the authorities when they 'do the thing that is lawful and right,' it should be known that he fared no better in

regard to diet than any other prisoner in the hospital and under medical treatment. The doctor has a free hand in such matters, and more than a dozen men, including the present writer, had, or could have had if they so willed it, much more luxurious dishes than any of those enumerated by the wiseacres as evidence that this gentleman was 'pampered' by the powers that be. Further, it should be known that the real grievance is not that paltry distinctions are sometimes made between cattle and cattle, but that distinctions are not much more marked and much more comprehensive. To quote the notes before referred to, which were made at the time and on the spot: 'Where a difference exists a distinction should be made, and, moreover, must be made if we are ever to come within measurable distance of a rational prison system.' Before a parallel can be drawn between such men as a peer and a poacher, the difference between the silver spoon and the wooden spoon must be adjusted. 'He who hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

To resume the story, or rather history: 'Milord' may, as wiseacres and envious fellow-prisoners said, have 'lived like a lord,' but at any rate he worked like a working-man. Indeed, he was the only working-man in his party or gang. I have seen him repeatedly tackle jobs—such as digging, wheeling loaded barrows, and scrubbing passages—which some of the quack gentry and quack labourers have done their little utmost to slink out of; and on the very last occasion on which I saw his lordship he was stretched out on all-fours on the top of a high wall, scraping away at a mass of snow which had fallen during the previous night; his fellow-workmen standing by, and doubtless enjoying the sight of a lord at labour, but carefully abstaining from any participation in it. Young, agile, and apparently in good condition, he cannot have suffered much physically or morally from his imprisonment at Parkhurst—socially, of course, he will; but he is young enough to live down the stigma or ill-repute of a criminal conviction. I hope that he may do so; for, whatever his legal culpability, he has, whilst expiating his offence, shown himself to be not only a man but a gentleman.

Although a favourite amongst the officials and the better class of prisoners, this prisoner was made a target at which Messrs Tag, Rag, and Bobtail loved to have a 'cock-shy.' The hereditary animus between the superior and the inferior in human character was ever showing itself; and, next to Mr Jabez Balfour (with whom I shall have to deal in a future article), he was the best-abused man in the prison. All sorts of rumours were current as to the nature of his lordship's offence; but, of course, not a man in the prison—except those favoured

few who, being possessed of cash, were able to buy almost anything they desired—knew the actual facts of the case. This, however, did not militate in the least against the excursive freaks of Lady Fancy, and accordingly every conceivable sin was in turns imputed to his lordship.

Personally, my mind was a complete blank on the subject; and, as I always like to put the best construction on all things, I tried to induce Messrs Tag, Rag, and Bobtail to suspend their judgment until they should be in possession of the facts. However, as I always got into hot water on these occasions, and as I knew that the hostile feelings evinced by his critics could not have any prejudicial effect on the man himself, I finally gave up the idea of defending him. I

retired from the case, in fact, and left the scum of the 'submerged tenth' to pour out their impotent rage whenever and however they chose upon the star-bound head of the aristocratic convict. As a 'star' man—that is, one under first conviction—he was kept apart from the majority of the prisoners, and so could not hear one-half of the fine things said about him. Beyond this protective armour, however, he enjoyed no immunities from the prison regimen not possessed by any other prisoner. Whatever his besetting sin may be, or may have been, one thing is certain: he behaved himself properly, expressed himself decently, and, to quote another note made whilst in juxtaposition with him, 'he was every inch a lord.'

A KING'S GAMBIT.

AN ANARCHIST STORY.

By E. E. KELLETT, Author of *A Corner in Sleep and other Impossibilities*, *Jetsam*, &c.

PART I.

We are but pieces of the game he plays,
Here on this checker-board of nights and days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.



SHALL now explain the one and only incident in my life which needs explaining—the sole event in my placid existence which can be dignified with the name of an adventure, or about which clings

the slightest association of mystery. Concealment, indeed, except with regard to the real object of my 'combinations,' has always been repugnant to me; and as for adventure, I have never willingly dared anything more serious than a voyage to America or a few nights in Budapest. Excitement is bad for chess. Allow your brain to be upset, and you may overlook a mate in two.

Now to my narrative. In 1893, as you will remember, I became champion of the world, defeating the holder, after a very tough contest, by ten games to eight, with several draws. I was immediately challenged for a return match, but circumstances hindered me from responding for some time. In the summer of 1897, however, all the preliminaries were arranged, and I was preparing to set out for Moscow, where the match was to be fought. I was in the best of health and spirits, and confident of retaining my title; for, while I had improved since my last contest, my opponent had, perhaps, deteriorated. Before departing I played a few exhibition games at Simpson's, in which I showed clearly that I had lost none of my skill.

On the evening of the 28th of August I gave the last of these exhibitions. It was, I remember, a blindfold performance, and I won nine of my

ten games. The tenth I could also have won; but to win it would have involved exposing a little combination which I intended to play off on Leschevitsky in Moscow, and I therefore deliberately permitted my opponent to enjoy his little triumph. At twelve o'clock the last of my antagonists resigned, and I set off placidly for my humble lodgings. I walked; for chess-players, even the greatest, cannot afford small luxuries. Brains are not well paid in these days. There is more real thinking in one of my Evans' Gambits than in ten novels of —. But, then, what can you expect? To succeed, you must be only *just* superior to your fellows.

I was walking gently on, thinking out my little trap for Leschevitsky, dreaming, indeed, of anything rather than of politics and assassinations, when suddenly I noticed that two men were walking close behind me. I confess it—I have no physical courage. Look at my size, if you wonder at it. There are some chess-players who are tall and strong, but they are not the greatest. I quickened my pace, but the two men followed. My heart beat quickly—shall I own it? I ran, though violent exercise is not the kind of training in which I indulge before a great match. I find gentle walking sufficient. However, I did not get far. In ten strides the two men were up with me, and each, not ungently, seized an arm. Do you wonder that I was terrified? I looked round for help, but no one was in sight.

'Don't be afraid,' said one of my captors quietly; 'come with us like a sensible man, and no harm will happen to you. Resist,' he added more sternly, 'and we shall know what to do.'

I yielded to superior force, and accompanied them meekly enough; so meekly, indeed, that

though we passed several policemen on our march I gave no sign. A warning compression of their fingers on my arm, in fact, reminded me to remain quiet. After twenty minutes or so of rapid walking, we reached a house in a by-street. Here my companions knocked. The door was instantly opened, and after a few words in a language which I did not understand, the door-keeper ushered us upstairs into a room on the second floor. Here all my terror did not prevent my instant perception that I had fallen into the hands of Nihilists, Anarchists, or some other secret society; for round a long table were gathered some twenty men, upon whose faces was stamped the unmistakable mark of desperation and crime, while there was also not wanting that indefinable look of superiority and dignity which showed that they were not ordinary criminals. At the head of the table sat an elderly man who might even, in other circumstances, have been called venerable, so regal and commanding was his aspect, and so awe-inspiring his voice.

To this aged Rhadamanthus my two captors introduced me, in a few words which I guessed to be Russian; indeed, some of them, from my cosmopolitan way of life, I was able even to understand: they were not complimentary to me. I gathered that the miscreants fancied they had got hold of a poor poltroon, on whom it would not be hard to impose their commands. The president seemed rapidly to grasp the situation, and then turned to me. He spoke in English, in which there was but the slightest trace of a foreign accent to be detected.

'Your name is Cohen?' he said interrogatively.

'It is,' I replied.

'A Jew?'

'Yes; but my family has been in England for a century or more.'

'You are a chess-player?'

I drew myself up proudly. 'I am,' I answered. 'Most people are aware of that fact.'

'And you are the champion of the world?' he went on.

'For the last three or four years I have enjoyed that distinction.'

'And you are going to Moscow at the end of this week to defend your title?'

'I am.'

'Very good. Now, let me assure you that if you obey our instructions you are in no danger whatever.' He smiled a very sinister smile. I was more awed by that smile than by the gloomy faces that lined the table. 'But if you deviate from our instructions in the slightest degree, your life is not worth six months' purchase.' He paused again for his words to have their full effect.

As for me, I cannot explain with what terror they filled me: I was as one stunned. The president watched me with his keen eyes flaming from under his shaggy brows. As if satisfied with his inspection, he went on in a gentler tone:

'Let me repeat, this service involves no danger and no dishonour to you. I know all about your chess skill. We are convinced that you can easily afford to throw away two games in your match with Leschevitsky'—

'I cannot sell my games,' I said; for here he had touched me on a tender spot. Not even all the terror of that room, not the worst that they could do, should make me prostitute my skill for gain. Chess is the one sport, if sport it can be called, which has never been tainted with the slightest whisper of suspicion; and the honour of the noble fraternity of chess-players should be safe in my hands. I own I am a coward, but the rack itself should never make me sink so low as that.

'Stay,' said the president, smiling; 'you have not heard me out. We desire you to do *nothing* dishonourable. You have simply to throw away two games in your forthcoming match. There is nothing in that. Have you never lost a game in the past in order to store up your strength for the next one? Moreover, we are not ignorant of your powers. We are convinced that, allowing for all reasonable chances, Leschevitsky cannot score more than four or five games to your ten. Since your last match with him you have met on seven occasions, and he has never won a game from you. You are young, and he is old. Every half-year diminishes his powers and increases yours. We propose, then, simply, that *we* shall play two of your games for you. We shall lose them, for we do not play according to Steinitz; but their loss will make no difference to the ultimate result of the match.'

'This is an extraordinary proposal,' I said.

'It is; we do not act like ordinary beings. We are *not* ordinary beings. But do you consent?'

'You must give me time,' I answered. 'My chess reputation will suffer, and I cannot permit that.'

'Only temporarily. You play two games according to our directions, and the remainder as you please. The reputation you lose one day will be regained the next.'

'But *how* can you direct me? You cannot come and give me hints during the game.'

'No; you are to play from directions given *here and now*.'

'Ridiculous!' I cried. 'You do not know the moves that Leschevitsky will make, and the result will be most absurd. In fact, many of the moves may be quite impossible or illegal.'

'We will risk that,' said the president.

'But what will be thought of *me*?' I shrieked. 'The moves are published for all the world to see. This match is not played in a corner; the eyes of everybody are upon it. How can I make myself so contemptible?'

'Then,' said the president, 'if you are obstinate, there is no more to be said.' He signed to the

two men who had brought me to the meeting. 'Blindfold this gentleman,' he commanded. They obeyed, in spite of my frantic, if feeble, resistance.

'Now carry him to that chair and tie him in it.'

As soon as this was done, and so effectually that I could scarcely move a limb, the president advanced slowly towards me. In the dead silence I could hear his steps like the notes of doom.

'Now,' he said as the drops of sweat broke out on my brow, 'we are determined. We give you five minutes. Then—— Get the garrotte ready,' he said to somebody.

You who have never been in such a position may fail to realise its horror. You, on the other hand, who have no reputation that you value, who have never struggled to attain, and at last attained, a distinction in any walk of life which is to you worth more than life itself, may smile at what to you is the ridiculous scruple that kept me so long undecided. What is it to you, the mere performance of a set of dictated moves upon a board? Why one way of arranging a few bits of bone rather than another? Not so did it seem to me. It was death either way: a physical death if I refused, a moral death if I consented. Never again, I knew, would chess be as it had been; never again should I hold up my head among my peers. The choice was hard. Thoughts of all kinds coursed through my brain as rapidly as it is said they do through the brain of one drowning.

'Four minutes gone,' said the stern voice of the president. 'You have one minute in which to make your choice. Still silent?' he added after a pause; 'and'—turning to his followers—'you told me this man was a coward?'

'He showed precious little fight,' muttered one of my two captors, who was obviously one of those poor fools to whom material things alone appeal.

A coward I was and am; but the choice they had given me might have made an apparent hero of a pupil-teacher. Every man, however timid, has one thing which will make him turn. Out of the silence came the tickings of the president's watch, which he was holding in his hand to count the seconds. I mechanically counted the sounds while uninterruptedly pursuing another train of thought. Scruples, counter-scruples, chased each other through my brain; but I saw that if I yielded chess was over for me: it had lost all that sacredness which had hitherto secured my undoubting devotion. I would never give way.

'Fifty-five!' said the president. 'Fifty-six! Fifty-seven!'

It was not cowardice nor the dread of death that made me change, but simply the uncontrollable impulse to decide one way or the other. I

have felt it in chess, when my clock was running out: the impulse to make a move I knew to be bad rather than hesitate longer about a good one. Many people must have felt the same.

'I give in!' I said, just as the sixty was being pronounced.

'That is wise,' responded the president in a kindly, condescending voice. 'It is not pleasant to die young.'

'But,' I replied, all my hatred of my bargain returning on me now it was irrevocable, 'that only gives me more years of misery to go through. You are aware that I shall never be able to play chess again?'

'We have some notion of that,' said the president. 'Do not think we fail to enter into your feelings. We are quite conscious that you are making a great sacrifice.' A pause. 'Remove the bandages,' he said to his assistants; and I was restored to a mockery of liberty. 'And therefore,' he went on, 'the society has decided to compensate you for the loss of your livelihood by the sum of five thousand pounds. I did not tell you of this before; I could see by your attitude that such an offer was the very thing to make you refuse even to the death; but now that you have promised, it can do no harm.'

Even then, however, I felt and must have shown an intense repugnance to the idea of selling my gifts for money; for he proceeded, as if answering my unspoken thought, 'You are not receiving a bribe. You consented before. This is an entirely unexpected honorarium. You need feel no shame. Now we have just a few trifling formalities to go through.'

Here began a horrible ceremony, the details of which I spare the reader, involving all the most detestable ingenuities of mental torture which the human mind can invent. It came to this, that I bound myself by terrible imprecations to reveal nothing of what had happened until three years had passed. This over, the president handed me a paper containing the two sets of moves I was to make.

'There is no need to disguise from you their general meaning,' he observed. 'They are a code. For example, your first move is D 1 to D 4—no outrage to chess there—is there?—and that means something in our code. *What*, you cannot guess: only two persons in the world possess the key. Your second move is H 1 to H 3, your third B 1 to C 3, and so on. There are twelve moves in each game.'

I glanced down the first list, and as the picture of the resulting position arose before my mind I groaned aloud. 'Leschevitsky will announce mate in four,' I observed despairingly. 'My reputation is gone.'

'Nonsense!' cried the president. 'How can you know that?'

'I am one chess-player,' I answered, 'and Leschevitsky is another. I know how I should

answer these ridiculous moves, and I say there is a mate in four at the end.'

There was a murmur of incredulity. I turned round scornfully. 'Bring me a chess-board if you doubt it,' I said. 'Is there so intellectual an instrument here?'

The president, much interested, had the board brought. I was in my element: fear had departed, enthusiasm remained. 'See here,' I said, 'the first game will go thus. I play so. Leschevitsky will answer so. I follow according to the paper. He answers—the natural reply.' I rapidly moved the pieces, never glancing at the paper, while the president, who was not without a tincture of intelligence, followed attentively. 'Now,' I observed, 'we have both made twelve moves. Here comes the mate in four: Leschevitsky sacrifices his Queen, and wins whatever I do.'

'You are indeed a genius,' said the president, after assuring himself that my demonstration was correct. 'Let me assure you, Mr Cohen, that your chess reputation, whatever may happen to it in the outer world, will not lose with us. *Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Peni*; we can admire intellect. Now as to the second game—the second in which you have the move'—

'As to that,' I replied, running my eye swiftly down the column, and summoning up a picture of a board almost instantaneously, 'if Leschevitsky plays as he ought, there can be no doubt of that either. The twelfth move will be a false one, and I shall forfeit the game in consequence.'

'Can you prove that?'

'Here,' I replied, tossing the sheet on the floor, and running quickly through the moves, 'at this point, move 8, I am not sure what Leschevitsky will do; I myself should move Pawn to Queen's sixth; but he will probably be a little more cautious, and castle. I then move Knight to Rook's fifth; he answers Pawn to Knight's third, thus; and so on. Then, at move 12, I am required to move my Bishop; this exposes my Queen to a check, a false move, and I lose the game.'

'Wonderful!' said half-a-dozen voices.

'Mr Cohen,' said the president, 'you have convinced us that, though you will lose these two games, you will not lose another. An intellect like yours will succeed in *any* walk of life, especially with a little capital to start on. We need detain you no longer.'

My two captors led me to the door. 'Stay,' cried the president, 'you are leaving the paper behind.'

'I shall not require it,' I replied. 'I do not forget games that I have once played.'

'Nor oaths you have once sworn?'

'Nor oaths I have once sworn.'

'See him home,' ordered the president, 'and treat him with the respect his intellect deserves.'

I staggered out of the room. Excitement had kept me up while there; but the revulsion was too much for my nerves, and I reached home more dead than alive.

SUBMARINE BOATS.



THE idea of the submarine boat is anything but new; yet this brief outline of the history of submarine navigation may have somewhat of novelty for the ordinary lay reader.

Before entering on the question of the actual use of these boats in warfare, we may, with reference to the means of supplying them with air, recapitulate some of the methods of various inventors. As long ago as the year 1620, a Dutchman named Van Drebbel used for a boat of his contrivance a fluid which he styled the quintessence of air. Mersén, who did not propose to submerge his boat to any great depth, experimented in 1634 with a vertical brass tube reaching to the surface, which was to take in air and distribute it through the vessel by means of a ventilator. The same plan was adhered to by many succeeding inventors; but of course it was only applicable where the depth reached was small and its whereabouts ascertainable by co-operators above water. Bushnell in 1773 proposed to take with him a supply of compressed air,

stored in metal cisterns, and to be mixed with the exhausted air in the vessel by a ventilator. The idea was adopted for a large number of boats, the compression being carried to some scores of atmospheres, enabling a considerable crew to breathe for several hours. An American named Philip in 1851 improved on this method by driving the vitiated air with the aid of a pump through the water-ballast, thus clearing it of carbonic acid. Babbage in 1855 proposed to employ chemical processes for the elimination of the same—for example, its action on calcified water.

Then attempts were made to create air on board as required, as with the Federals' vessel in 1864 and the *El Jetineo* in 1866; but it took up too much time and hands which might be better employed. Galland in 1875 and Alvari Templo in 1896 employed a man in diving-garb, partly out of the boat and supplied with air by an india-rubber tube connecting his helmet with a reservoir of compressed air.

An interesting method of obtaining air from

sea-water was hit upon in 1892 by Swan. This is to make the water constantly circulate inside the vessel, passing from the region where the pressure is very great to that where it is as low as one atmosphere, and thus detaching from itself the air it contains, which is then collected to enable the crew to breathe, and also for combustion in the heater of the steam boiler. The vitiated air is eliminated by pumps. The plan is worth every attention, and seems likely to be largely adopted in submarine navigation.

The next question is the regulation of the temperature, which, if the vessel is propelled by steam or steam and electricity combined, will infallibly rise rapidly, unless measures are taken to prevent it. The best palliative seems to be to make the cold sea-water circulate in pipes nearer the sources of heat, as Nordenfelt did in his boat. He managed to keep the temperature in the boiler compartment from rising above 32 degrees Celsius (89.6 degrees Fahrenheit).

As regards lighting: at a depth of twenty feet daylight ceases to be seen altogether. The first inventors hit on the plan of rubbing all the machinery and steering-gear with phosphorescent substances, which made them distinguishable in the darkness to those who had to use them. The use of candles and lamps of various kinds was almost from the first condemned as causing an expenditure of oxygen. Air was too precious a commodity for breathing purposes to be wasted in this way. Now that the supply of air is less limited, and there are chemical or mechanical means for getting rid of that which is vitiated, oxygen is not so precious; but electricity here, as everywhere, has driven out all rivals, if only because it can be regulated at pleasure and exhausts no oxygen. Besides this, most boats are driven by electricity, so that, *ipso facto*, there is a supply ready to hand. As to external lighting—that is, that of the boat's course and the water round it—electricity is again the only means that can be seriously considered. Great intensity of light is needed to make objects visible at any considerable depth. Waddington in 1866 was the first to place in a tiny conning-tower a powerful electric projector, enabling things to be seen from thirty to fifty feet ahead. The lighting depends not only on the strength of the electric arc, but the choice of a suitable projector. So far, owing to the great speed of the vessel, the results attained in this respect have not been satisfactory.

Let us next turn to the use already made of submarine vessels in naval warfare. In 1776 'Sergeant' Lee of the American navy undertook to blow up by night from Bushnell's submarine boat the English 64-gun ship *Eagle*, then anchored off Governor's Island near New York. He approached unnoticed and got under the bottom of the enemy's ship, but did not succeed in fastening his mine to it, as the screw

encountered a thick sheet of copper, and the boat was not stable enough to enable him to bore through this. He was for making a second attempt, but the breaking of day prevented him, as the English caught sight of the small turret of his vessel and opened fire upon it. However, he left his mine floating near the enemy, and half-an-hour later it burst against the ship's side, to the great consternation of the English. In 1777 attempts were made against the ship *Cerberus* between Connecticut and New London, but failed for various reasons.

In 1864, during the Civil War, the Confederates employed with success the submarine 'David,' blowing up, amongst others, the *Housatonic*, the flagship of the squadron blockading Charleston. When this boat was preparing to put out for the first time under the command of Lieutenant Peine, and lay on the surface with her hatches open, she was swamped by the wash of a passing steamer, and went to the bottom with eight men who had volunteered for her, the commander alone being saved by the fact that he was in the open conning-tower at the moment. She was soon raised again, and Peine again took charge; but within twenty-four hours she once more sank as she lay at anchor opposite Fort Sumner, Peine and two men being saved this time. Once more she was fished up and put to rights, and a series of trials carried out with her in the Cooper River, under the guidance of her designer, Armley; but here again she sank, carrying her whole crew down with her, and to such a depth that she could not be recovered for several days. When at last she was got up and opened, the whole crew was found suffocated. This disaster did not prevent a Lieutenant Dixon and eight volunteers venturing on board her; and on the evening of the 17th February 1864 they torpedoed the enemy's flagship. The sixth mine sank the *Housatonic*; but Dixon and his men perished with her, as their boat was drawn by the rush of water into the ship's hold through the gap, and could not get clear. During the Spanish-American war both sides possessed submarine boats, but no use was made of them, at least so far as is known.

As a submarine boat is, so to speak, a blind thing that must be led by hand, she will have to be in communication with some ship above the water and seeing, as we may call it, guiding her consort by telephone or telegraph. But this can only be done so long as both vessels maintain parallel axes, for orders to turn port or starboard will be interpreted according to the original course of the submarine boat. Another possible method of approach is, that the submarine boat should have attached to it a captive balloon, telephoning the direction to be taken and the moment for the launching of the torpedo. The objections to this are, that the balloon will act as a drag and diminish the speed of the vessel,

and the more obvious one that it presents an easy mark to the enemy's lighter guns even at a height of some one thousand five hundred feet, besides warning the enemy of the vessel's approach. The idea is that, of a French engineer named Pesce. At night, of course, the submarine boat can to all intents and purposes make her own conditions.

As it is considered advisable, to make assurance doubly sure, that two torpedoes should be discharged in rapid succession, there remains the question of self-preservation, the shock being very intense. The torpedo must therefore be launched at as great a distance from the target as possible, and then the boat must go astern at once to get away from the centre of the explosion. French trials show that in the case of the forward gear this should be one hundred and fifty metres, and of the transversal, one hundred metres. Where several boats act together their commanders must agree beforehand on their several spheres of action, so that they may not injure one another or get in each other's way.

The main causes of disaster under water are two: excessive loading and the imperfect exclusion of water. To obviate the former, regulators must be provided to prevent the vessel from suddenly sinking below the ordinary level and causing it to rise immediately when this level is passed. This is by no means so difficult as it would appear; but the complete exclusion of water is much more so. The most careful construction, water-tight compartments, a double bottom, and the like are insufficient. Powerful ejectors mean increased weight, where every pound is of consequence, and also the expenditure of locomotor energy. The most favoured means of security is having a detachable ballast, which can be got rid of when the vessel needs rapidly lightening. Bushnell first devised such a ballast for his boat in the form of a solid leaden keel, hung on a steel wire passing inside the vessel through the capillary pipe, and secured there; the keel could be detached by simply cutting the wire, and this did not let the water in. If the ballast is too heavy to be held in place by wire, levers are used worked from inside the vessel, this being the method employed in some of the latest types, notably those of Waddington and Joubet. Still another method is to have some heavy anchors of cast iron or lead hung on chains overboard, the chains being wound on drums, and the removal of the stopper being sufficient to release them. An automatic method of releasing the ballast, the pressure of the water below a certain depth setting it in motion, was used in Balsaniello's Italian boat, the *Palla Nautica*, in 1889, and by Count Piati del Pozzo. Other inventors, such as Bourgeois and Brown in 1860, made the upper part of the boat detachable and able to be used as a life-raft by the crew.

As regards the protection of such boats, apart

from their own speed or invisibility, many designers have considered it imperative to employ armour in the upper parts, though this of course raises the centre of gravity and demands greater attention accordingly to its stability. The American Philip in 1850 resorted to an armoured shield two inches in thickness, and Cavett in 1899 substituted steel for iron. The Holland Company in 1895 increased the thickness of the plating to five inches. This is the utmost that can be used; but, thanks to the water and the curve of the plating, these five inches are, roughly, equal to twice the amount of vertical protection on a ship's side. The Russian engineer Djevetski and others are elaborating a type known as semi-submarines—that is, boats normally above water though exceedingly low in it, the part visible being armoured and having the upper smoke and ventilating pipes and hatches. If ordinary armour is not used, it is replaced by a set of water-tight steel lattices, as in a double bottom, filled in with cellulose, bricks, or other water-excluding material.

To turn now to the means of offence used. Bushnell at first had a small mine resting on the upper surface and kept in place by levers. This was to be attached to the wooden sheathing of the vessel attacked—a very difficult process, which he afterwards replaced by a floating box of powder, to be towed under the bottom of the enemy. Fulton used a similar one for his *Nautilus* (1797). Philip, the American, used an underwater gun, discharged by compressed air, and also a vertical cone with an upper and lower lid, which enabled him to load and fire with mines several times without letting in water. Lastly, he fixed a horizontal tube, ejecting a powerful rocket with a spherical mine attached to it. The *Plongeur* of Bourgeois and Brown had a mine, exploded by electricity, attached to a pole; but as the pole was only fifteen feet long, the assailant was as likely to be blown up as the enemy. Rebber made this pole telescopic, and increased the length. Monturiol's *El Jelinco* was fitted with a powerful steam auger, and also a gun that could be fired vertically. Djevetski in 1877 armed his boat with a mine consisting of two boxes bound together, with india-rubber air-tubes to fix them by suction to the enemy's ship under water; the mine being steered from the boat by a brass lever working through external resin-tubes attached to the body of the vessel.

It was not till 1879 that Martenson proposed to fit inside the boat and parallel with its axis a discharging apparatus for self-propelled mines; and he was followed in 1885 by Nordenfelt and others. Some inventors, however, proposed to have Whitehead torpedoes, not in discharging-tubes, but attached to the vessel as outriggers, ready to be launched. Tuke kept his in position by electro-magnets, and Waddington by a special

kind of lever which also unfastened the linchpin of its machinery. The advantage of this method over the ejecting-tubes is that it does not alter the displacement of the vessel, which is maintained at the time of discharge. Goubet and Djevetski have also put their torpedoes outside the boat, with a separate apparatus for launching them. We may also notice the knife for cutting the wires of an enemy's torpedo, designed by Goubet in 1886, and placed at the bow of his submarine boat on a pole telescoping out to ten feet; also a steam ram for attacking an enemy below water, proposed by Cavett in 1889.

Last, and strangest of all, is the *Argonaut*, a submarine tricycle running on three ordinary wheels. It might be named 'the treasure-seeker,' for its primary use is to explore the bottom of the sea for sunken treasure of all kinds, though it is, of course, equally serviceable for the defence of harbours or examining sunken ships intended to be raised. The idea, above all, is valuable, as it may be elaborated to give far greater results. As at present constituted, it can proceed several miles along the sea-bottom—in fact, as long as the store of gasoline which propels it lasts. From the surface two vertical pipes run down to it, through which is transmitted fresh air for breathing, and in the fore-part is a door through which divers can issue, the entrance of the water being prevented by the pressure of air from within.

Five submarine boats were built for the British Government at Barrow this year by Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, which were reported as almost equal in speed to the French boats, while they have other qualities not possessed by these, such as the principle of behaving much in the same way as the porpoise. They are capable of coming up and diving instantly. They were built in a private shed, and the utmost care was taken that no one should be allowed to see them, as there were modifications and improvements which were kept secret save from the Admiralty experts.

A SONG OF FIJI.

FREIGHTED with lethargy, the air—
The heavy air, with vapours gray—
Lags o'er the hills, where, frail and fair,
The wild bindweed, in limp despair,
Awaits the god of day.

Meridian drought and midnight dew—
Mad winds of wayward parents born—
Or tepid showers, their course renew,
As Phœbus drives his chariots through,
Flaming, to Capricorn.

The gnats, that in mild sunbeams dance,
Vanish before the noonday glare;
And all things living shun the glance
That melts e'en Cupid's fiery lance
And bids that imp forbear.

Sensational, in dogstar heat,
The sly mosquito now appears;
At sunset, when the shadows meet,
The gnats' orchestra, faintly sweet,
Greets languid human ears.

The chirps, the bee-quicks, and the twits
Of feathered mites that flit about,
The maina's quavers, chirrs, and quitts,
The monotone the surf emits:
Such are the songs without.

Yet, is there naught of comfort seen?
Oh, whining mortal! look around;
From white sand turn to evergreen,
Lo! groves and bowers which might have been
The gods' enchanted ground.

What though no mavis charms the hour,
Or lark in rapture lauds the sun?
The sea has wealth of coral bower,
The land is rich in fruit and flower,
Though songster there is none.

'Neath palms, where light with shadow plays—
While many a sunlit summit looms
With verdure crowned—where'er ye gaze,
The dazzling glory of all days,
The rich hibiscus, blooms.

Widespreading banyans, grateful shade;
Umbrageous bamboos, serried throng;
Acacias huge, for shelter made,
Bananas in deep ranks arrayed,
The *ivi*,* rough and strong.

The alamanda's yellow light;
Tri-petal'd commelina, blue;
The oleander, pink and white;
The lilies, all in splendour dight,
Wee 'marvels of Peru.'

Flamboyant, glorious to behold,
Red beacon, blazing on a hill!
While green, red, purple, blue, and gold,
In each or all, on hill and wold,
New wonders open still.

Light gales career at eventide,
When roses dance and lilies smile;
And all the floral host beside
In gladdening draughts regain their pride,
And lift their heads awhile.

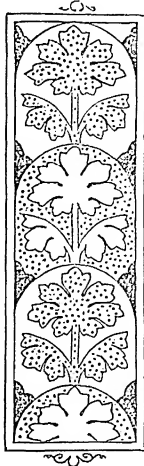
Ascend the heights, be lost in green,
Look westward as the sun goes down
O'er gilded waves that roll between;
Behold, entranced, the wondrous scene—
Celestial robes and crown.

With heaven's art-gallery above,
Holding the sentient soul spell-bound,
Pure, from the azure Courts of Love—
In wings that ruffle not, nor move—
Irene folds you round.

J. W. DAVIDSON.

SUVA, FIJI.

* The *ivi* (pronounced *eevec*) is the *Inocarpus edulis*, or Tahitian chestnut. Our readers will pardon us for having omitted some verses in which *ndavav*, *ndamamunus*, *utos*, *tavavavus*, *mbokois*, and many other intractably named plants were celebrated and described in ingenious rhymes.—ED.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A WARFARE IN THE NORTH SEA.



LIFE on the Bell Rock is not always such a very humdrum existence as people would suppose, though at times it certainly gets monotonous and wearisome. I often hear remarks such as these: 'How can you live in such seclusion, where there is nothing to be seen? As well qualify for free lodging in one of the king's hotels. It really must be a miserable existence. As for me, I must see life.' Ah, well! this is where the speaker should have been during the first week of August; and sometimes in an hour he would have seen as much 'life' as during the whole week in the city, and of noise and bustle and confusion even more than enough. Different 'life' it is, certainly, but with a great deal of similarity, in so far as the higher animals, mankind, like the lower, too often prey on each other; and both depend on each other for sustenance.

But let me explain. All July numbers of the common tern were attracted to the Rock by the shoals of fry or sile—the common names for the young of any fish—passing over the shallow reef. In June most of the fry passing were young sand-eels; in July they consisted mostly of young white-fish, either whiting or haddock, about two and a half inches long; but during the first week in August vast shoals of silver fry, apparently young herring, passed, and the terns increased in great numbers, both old and young. The sea during that week had been very calm—one day as smooth as glass; and as we stood on the balcony of the light-house any fish passing over the reef were seen, and the medusa or jelly-fish, large and small, and of all colours, drifting helplessly by in the strong tide, which flows from north-east to south-west at the rate of three to four miles an hour.

Large shoals of young saithe, sillocks, pickens, dargies, gilpins, pillocks, cuddins, or poddlies—as I have heard them called in different localities—continually infested the reef during June and July; they were fast increasing in size, sure signs of good feeding, but were always ready

for any bait going, even taking the fly meant for fish a dozen times their size.

The silver fry coming with the tide into shallow water are at once attacked by these small saithe, large saithe, cod, and lythe, and kept to the surface. Then follows a great commotion. The screaming and diving of birds, flip-flop of the small saithe, and splash of large saithe and lythe, each attempting to get a share, forms truly an animated scene, which continues until in greatly reduced numbers the fry get over the reef and escape into deeper water. In their course a number of the fry get detached from the main shoal by the inroads of the enemy, and are completely annihilated. Pursued and pursuers become an easy prey to the birds hovering about, which soon join in the mêlée, the terns incessantly darting down and picking up the silver fry, while the kittiwakes and herring and black-backed gulls 'go for' the saithe young and old, or indeed anything that comes in the way. One day several gannets, guillemots, and three Manx shearwaters were seen sharing in the spoil on the outskirts of the reef. It was also amusing to see several small red cod swimming about with silver fry in their mouths, and to all appearance shaking them as a dog would a rat, or as if unable to swallow more.

During the flow of the tide shoal succeeds shoal, and a repetition of the scene is enacted; but in the interim the terns do not rest nor ever seem to be satiated, their attraction between shoals being the larger jelly-fish ever floating by, under which, and among the long tentacles, either for shelter or food, there generally lurk fry of some sort. They, hawk-like, hover over the jelly-fish, darting down, if necessary under water, after the fry when they become exposed through their shelter being overturned crossing the shallow ripple of the reef. The gulls alight on the water and float alongside the jelly-fish, waiting an opportunity to get the spoil that may be underneath.

The young terns are yet unable to keep continually on the wing as the old birds seem to do,

but occasionally rest on the water, where they also yet prefer to be fed, though later on they will be fed on the wing. When food is abundant, as has been the case recently, they manage to forage well for themselves; but the parent terns are exceedingly attentive to the welfare of their young, and feed them for a long time. As soon as the rocks appear above water, the young, and at times the old, birds congregate there to rest. On a parent bird arriving with food it flies slowly over the flock searching for its own chick, uttering meanwhile its shrill, querulous cry. Every young bird approached, at sight of the wriggling spoil, is ready with open beak to receive it; but it doubtless falls to the rightful owner, though how each bird knows its own young, unless by the sense of smell, is indeed wonderful. Towards the end of the week the passing of the fry had to a great extent ceased, and many of the terns left, having probably gone south in pursuit of their prey. Keepers who have been here five years say that they never saw so many terns visit the Rock before. By the end of September the tern generally leaves our coast until April or May.

On some parts of the coast the shoals of fry are annually expected and eagerly looked for, as they attract to the rocks and creeks large fish which would not otherwise come. The noise of

the sea-birds soon gives warning of their presence. On one occasion I saw them kept into a long and deep creek or gully for several days. Every attempt they made to go seaward was checked by large saithe and lythe, and they were again driven up to the shallow beach, where I have laved them out of the water with my hand, and numbers were left in the pools when the tide ebbed. It was very exciting to see the rush of fry and the leaping and splashing of large fish in pursuit just at one's feet as they passed. In the shallow water, surrounded by fry, half-a-dozen large congers lay gorged.

The keepers have met with fair success in their attempts to share in the spoil, having always had good fresh saithe for breakfast. The white feather was found to be the best lure, and the fish were in first-class condition. Caught out in the open seas and strong tideways, and after such dainty feeding, these fish are quite unlike their kin found in rivers and harbours along the coast. Our saithe, when cooked fresh, are white-fleshed, firm, and nice; a dainty dish fit for the table of rich and poor.

It is to be hoped, despite the many enemies they have to encounter, that the apparently unusual amount of fry on our coast will give fruitful fishings and good returns when the fish come to maturity.

AT THE SIGN OF THE 'SILVER BELL'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.



HE next morning I was up betimes, and went and bought a number of presents for Catharine and all her family. When I got back to the hotel, Ketzler was still in bed. His wild, scared look threw me into fits of laughter; but, in spite of a splitting headache that he said he had got, I made him get up and have his breakfast. Whether it was the idea of seeing his wife again, or the hopes of having another carouse, I know not; but he begged and prayed to be allowed to stay in Strasburg till I returned from Frankfort; but I would not hear of it, and at last I got him into the carriage I had ordered. When he found inside the vehicle a beautiful English gun, several cases of schiedam, which I had bought for him, to say nothing of silk dresses for his wife and Catharine, his spirits rose somewhat. His brother, who was not in the least affected by what he had taken the night before, came to see him off, and promised to come and see him when my wedding took place. The brewer asked me to supper that night, and after the meal was over I brought out the jewels. I was in hopes he might be able to give

me some idea of their value; but he knew even less than I did.

"No," he said, "these gewgaws are not in my line. I don't know how to advise you."

"Well," I answered, "I know an honest Jew"—

'A deep, sardonic laugh came from his boots.

"Yes," I continued; "his name is Abrahams, in the Judenstrasse, Frankfort. I have done business with him before. He gave me once a thousand francs for a ring."

"And got four thousand."

"I don't care what he got. It cost me nothing."

"Well, let me tell you this," said the brewer. "Don't you ask a price; make him name one. Watch the fellow's face, too, and be guided a good deal by that. Try two or three other Jews; and above all things, do not dream of taking less than three times what they first offer. There is no doubt these stones are very valuable. But, tell me," he continued, "when you have got the money, what are you going to do with it?"

"Why, buy a beautiful little farm for Catharine up in the mountains."

"That sounds all very well, my boy; but you

have led such an active life that you would soon tire of that. You are far too clever and energetic for that sort of existence. I am getting old. Put the money into my brewery. I like Catharine; she has the sense of her mother and the good heart of Karl. You could buy her a farm, I know, outside the town, or you could live with me."

"I was taken by surprise at the proposal; but I certainly felt flattered by it, and promised, when I returned from Frankfort, to let the worthy man know my decision."

"Following the brewer's advice, when I got to Frankfort I went to see a man named Emmanuel. I did not much like the look of him; but I was glad I called. The fellow could not conceal the gleam of delight that came into his cunning, shifty eyes as I spread out the stones. He tried, as I expected, to make me name a price, which, of course, I would not do. He commenced by offering, in thalers, the equivalent of thirty-five thousand francs. This was really more than I expected, as I knew nothing about the gems. But I determined to take high ground."

"Thirty-five thousand francs!" I said scornfully. "Why, that tiara alone is worth more than that." This was a random shot on my part, but it proved a good one.

"But," he answered, letting the cat out of the bag, "that stone in the centre is historical; it will have to be taken out and sent to Amsterdam to be recut. I dare not sell that as it is."

"And yet you have the audacity to offer me thirty-five thousand francs for the whole lot!" And without more ado I put the sparkling gems back into my bag, though he offered, almost with tears in his eyes, one hundred and ten thousand francs for them, and swore he would lose by it.

"Oh, that would be too dreadful," I said dryly. "I should never forgive myself if you did that;" and wishing him better luck with the next fly he got in his web, I left him cursing and swearing, to go on to my old friend.

"Ah, my friend," said Abrahams as I entered his shop, "so you have come to see me again for another little bit of business?"

"It may be a little bit of business for you," I answered; "but I have been offered over six figures for what I have brought you to-day."

"*Mein Gott!*—Rachel," he shouted to a very pretty granddaughter, "you come here, and we will go into the back-room."

"His eyes fell at once on the centre diamond in the tiara, and they almost glittered as brightly as those of his co-religionist I had previously seen, nor could he conceal his agitation. His fingers trembled as he handled the stones and the snuff-boxes."

"Now, my friend," he said, "you know my way of doing business. I don't know what you have been offered. If I give you more, so much the better for you; if less, try some one else."

"That is fair and above board," I replied. "What will you give?"

"With pencil and paper he remained some time making calculations."

"I will give you"—and how my heart beat as he spoke!—"I will give you, I say, one hundred and eighty-five thousand francs."

"I will take it," I said, hardly able to keep down my delight; and thereupon he gave a draft on a banker at Strasburg that the brewer had recommended to me.

"When I got back to Strasburg and told Frederick Ketzler what had taken place he thought at first that I was joking; but when I showed him the signature of Abrahams on the draft, and it was beyond all doubt, his pleasure was almost as great as my own. I rose even higher in his esteem. I had thought about his scheme of joining him in his business, and when he pressed me again I promised to do so. The following morning I left after getting my friend to promise to come to my wedding."

"Trust me for that," he said, with a laugh. "I would do it out of gratitude for that evening at the 'Rothes Haus.' We will have some more suppers of that sort when you live here, and next time, my boy, you shall not shirk the bottle."

"It was late when I got to the village; even the 'Fleur de Lys' was closed, and I passed up the silent street without seeing a soul. The lights, however, were still shining in my brother's cottage. Apart from his smithy, Joseph had a small farm; but, having a very large family, and the two eldest being girls, it was as much as he could do to find the money to feed them. Still, he was happy and contented with his lot. I resolved that he and my nephews and nieces should be of the first to share my good fortune."

"Now, Joseph was a very austere and religious man. I was just about to knock when I heard him, according to his custom, reading the Bible before he went to bed. Looking through the window, I saw him seated before the fire, with the youngest child on his knee and the others grouped round him. He had nearly finished the Fifth Psalm: "But let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice," &c., and not till the worthy fellow had ended did I disturb him."

"What, Jacques!" he exclaimed, "back already?—Here, Mary and Ruth, get him something to eat."

"No, I cannot stay," I replied; "I am going on to the mill.—Why, Mary, *ma chérie*," I said to my eldest niece, "what's the matter with you?—Joseph, she does not look as bonny as she ought to do, considering she is engaged to be married."

"No, poor girl!" said her father. "You see, young Zebedé Schiel is a decent enough fellow, and, though he says he would marry her without a *dot*, he has a wretched farm. He can't make enough to keep himself; therefore I say it is folly for her to marry him, at any rate, yet awhile. Though she frets, her own sense tells

her that what I say is right.—Doesn't it, my dear?"

"Yes, father," she answered softly, with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Come here, Mary," I said. "Now, sit on my knee and whisper in my ear.—Yes, none of you are to hear," I said as the eyes of Ruth and the young ones opened wide.—"You tell me, my dear, when you would like to be married, and you shall have the little farm at Worstein that I and Catharine were going to have."

"Oh uncle," she said, throwing her arms round me so that her flaxen hair fell on my shoulders, "what do you mean? Are you serious? You are always so fond of teasing me."

"No, I am serious," I said. "The price of that farm is four thousand francs. Here, my lass," I continued, opening my pocket-book as I kissed her—"here are four notes each for one thousand francs, and here's another thousand for your trousseau.—And you, Ruth," I said, turning to her sister, "shall have the same; so if you have not got your choice of all the young fellows in these parts within a month my name is not Jacques Valbach.—Now I must be off to see Catharine."

"For a moment Mary held the precious notes in her hands, quite dazed by her good fortune, ere she kissed me again and again. Wishing them good-night, I turned off towards the mill, leaving my brother and his family on their knees, as they considered their prayers had been answered. As I approached the house Neron, the sheep-dog, commenced to bark furiously, and just as I arrived the miller opened the window, with a gun in his hand.

"What are you doing with that gun?" I shouted.

"What! is it you?" he exclaimed as I hailed him. "The cold has brought the wolves down, and I feared they were about." In another moment the door was opened and the worthy fellow was embracing me like a long-lost son.

"What luck did you have?" he asked.

"Splendid," I replied. "I'll tell you about that afterwards. Where's Catharine?" But as I spoke I heard a footstep on the stairs, and in another moment her arms were round my neck. Her feet were bare; her silky hair fell in clusters on her shoulders; her garments had been huddled on anyhow; but she looked none the worse for all that.

"Soon her mother and Jacob appeared, and then, when the latter had made up the fire and the miller had brought out some of the fine schiedam I had given him—he and his son were only too glad of an excuse to open another bottle—and we were all seated round the fire, with Catharine on my knees, I told them all I thought necessary of my journey to Frankfort.

"Well! but I want to know exactly how much you got," said my future mother-in-law. "Five thousand francs?" she continued, evidently

thinking, in her rustic ignorance, she was beyond the mark.

"More than that," I replied.

"Ten thousand?" said the miller. The two were so intent on finding out how much I had got that they did not notice their son stealthily helping himself to schiedam from the bottle on the floor. I was in such rattling spirits that this so tickled me that I burst into fits of laughter. The miller, who thought there was some joke going on, thought he ought to laugh too, and Catharine joined in out of pure happiness. This merriment made her mother angry.

"You have taught my husband some terrible habits," she said. "He is not the same man since he came back."

"I am sorry for that," I said. "But how did you like the silk dress I sent you?"

"This softened her a little; but she soon returned to the point again, as to how much I received for the diamonds.

"Catharine, my lass, how much do you say?"

"I don't know, Jacques," she answered, looking up with a smile; "and what's more, I don't care. I have got you, and that's enough for me."

"That's a deuced pretty answer," I said. "I must give you a kiss for that." And I did—in fact, several—first, because I liked doing so; and, secondly, because it amused me to keep her mother in suspense.

"Leave the girl alone," she said tartly, "and don't tell us a pack of lies at this time of night."

"Well," I said, "I have left a large sum at the bank, I have given Mary five thousand francs, and I have got thirty thousand in my pocket. I am not going to tell you how much I have got," I continued; "that is my affair. But, at any rate, I have got more than one hundred thousand francs altogether. See here," and I placed thirty thousand in notes on the table. Taking advantage of the excitement the sight of the money produced, Jacob helped himself to another glass of schiedam. But this time his mother's eye fell upon him, and in terror he fled from the room; and while this was taking place I took the opportunity to put a splendid gold watch and chain in Catharine's hand.

"Oh! this is too fine for me, Jacques," she said.

"Yes," said her mother; "she will get murdered if she wears things of that sort in these parts."

"But she won't be in these parts." And then I told them about the farm outside Strasburg, and how I was going to turn brewer. Catharine was delighted, and so was her father, who looked forward to coming to see us, and saw the prospect of some suppers at the "Roths Haus," for it has been providentially arranged that the flavour of the wine remains while the headaches are forgotten. Her mother, on the other hand, was vexed, as she wished to be near her daughter

for one thing, and she had wished her brother-in-law to take her son into the business for another.

'Catharine and I, my niece and her lover, were married at the beginning of the new year. The good old pastor married us, and never before had he received such a fee as I gave him; and he honoured us by coming with his family to the breakfast, which took place in a large barn. Uncle Frederick came too, and his jokes and laughter rather shocked my serious brother. It was the custom in those days, I must tell you, at country weddings, for the guests in turn, as they sat at table, to sing a song unaccompanied. This took a fairly long time, for there were a great number there. The wine went round rather fast, and some whose turn it was to sing had slipped underneath the groaning board; but they were not let off for all that. They were either pulled out or they sang where they were. Then Catharine and Mary each went round with a loving-cup, which they offered to all, who, standing, drank their health and claimed the usual kiss. When that was finished the tables were cleared, a fiddler took his place on an upturned cask, and the dancing commenced. Brother Joseph would have nothing to do with this dancing, as he thought it was wicked; but uncle Frederick, taking my mother-in-law (who looked very grand in her new plum-coloured silk) round the waist, set the ball rolling with a vengeance, and the young people—whose sabots prevented them putting much grace into their movements—were not slow in following their example.

'As I had given out that Ruth was to have the same *dot* as her sister, she had three offers of marriage that very day; but her father had a voice in that matter, and it was not one of those three that she married soon after.

'The following morning, according to the custom of our district, all the neighbours came to pay their respects to the brides. More came to see Catharine than Mary, for somehow or other it had got about that the miller had opened a fresh case of schiedam. Then we all started for a wolf-hunt. Unfortunately (perhaps the schiedam

had something to do with it) two neighbours were hit at the very commencement of the chase, which was more than I can say of any wolf, and this rather spoilt the proceedings. On the third and last day of the festivities the brides went round the village to receive the congratulations of our neighbours, and then it was that they received their various presents, while the bells of the little church clanged out merrily and the men fired off guns.

'Never before, and never since, has there been such a wedding. It became a landmark in the history of the village. Men said, "I sold my farm two years after Jacques Valbach was married," and they reckoned their good or bad vintages and harvests from that date; and well they might, for apart from the members of the old pastor's and my brother's family, I don't think for the three days there was a sober man in the whole country-side. Yet I do not wish you to think for one moment that the worthy peasants of our district are more given to drinking than those of other parts. On the contrary, it is only by way of a treat, on high days and holidays, that they ever give way to intoxication; and even then, not to any extent, except it is at the expense of some one else, for the Alsations are naturally a frugal folk.

'After we were married and comfortably settled down just outside Strasburg, my worthy father-in-law found out that business brought him very often into town. We were always glad to see his bright, jovial face; but I sometimes used to wonder how he got home. Catharine had a large family; and whenever "the stork* paid us a visit," as we say in Strasburg, her mother came down and fussed about for a time; otherwise we saw little of her. Dear old uncle Frederick has long since been gathered to his fathers. Even in his time I had increased the business of the brewery; but if he could only see it now, with its large warehouses and tall chimneys, I think it would indeed make him rub his eyes.

'It gives me pleasure to contemplate all this; but I derive far more from beholding my beloved Catharine and my children around me.'

INDIAN CONJURING EXPLAINED.

By PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.



WITHIN the memory of the present generation it was almost an article of faith that the conjurers of Hindustan surpassed all others. Travellers had given the most marvellous accounts of their feats, of which, as described,

no explanation seemed possible; but sufficient allowance was not made for defective observation. Professor Jastrow, in *Fact and Fable in Psychology*, says, speaking of the apparently supernatural:

'The cases cannot be explained as they are recorded, because, as recorded, they do not furnish the essential points on which the explanation hinges.' This exactly applies to the case in point. Even an expert, after witnessing the performance of a conjuring trick for the first time, often finds himself at a loss to give an exact account of

* The *cigogne*, which builds its nest on the chimneys at Strasburg in the spring, is supposed to bring good luck.

what has been said and done—to decide, for example, which of two movements preceded the other, though the question may have an important bearing on the solution of the mystery. In the case of an outsider, it is hopeless to expect anything even approaching an exact account. The most acute observer, speaking with every desire to be accurate, can at best only describe what he thinks he saw, which, under the glamour created by a skilful conjurer, will differ widely from what he actually did see. A man will tell you, for instance, in all good faith, that he saw his own watch smashed into fragments, crammed into a pistol, and fired at a target, to which it adhered, restored to its original condition. If he had really seen all this, the feat would be a miracle; but his statement is faulty in one little particular. He failed to observe that at a certain stage of the trick a dummy watch was deftly substituted for his own, and it is just this one fact which destroys all the marvellous element of his story. If we add to malobservation in the first instance the elements of uncertainty arising from failure of memory and the instinctive tendency in human nature to magnify personal experiences, we need not be surprised if a whole bushel of salt is needed for the acceptance of such descriptions.

Fortunately, in the interests of truth and common-sense, the East has of late years been largely visited by Western conjurers, who, as might have been expected, have closely scrutinised the performances of their Eastern competitors. The natural result has been that the alleged miracles are found to be perfectly easy of explanation, deriving, in fact, their prestige mainly from the loose accounts which casual observers have given of them.

At this point it may be interesting to state how an expert sets to work to discover the secret of a new trick. Naturally, he observes as minutely as possible, with the advantage that he knows just what to look for, while an outsider does not. If, as often happens, the novelty is only new in point of form, being an adaptation of principles and expedients already familiar to him, it will give him no trouble. If, on the other hand, it is on altogether fresh lines, a first visit may tell him very little; but a second will largely increase his knowledge. He will discover that certain professedly accidental features of the first performance—for example, the dropping of a given article or a pretended mistake or slip of memory—are repeated. It is a safe inference that the pretended accidents are in reality essential features, and he sets to work, bringing his technical knowledge to bear, to discover the real reason of their introduction. Further observation will either confirm or correct his conclusion, after which it becomes merely a question of time and thought to fit the remaining bits of the puzzle into their proper places.

Reverting to the Hindu conjurer—who, by the

way, is not a Hindu in religion, but a low-class Mohammedan—one point which specially impresses the uninitiated is that the performer apparently owes so little to clothing. In his native clime his costume is often limited to a turban and a loin-cloth. Under such circumstances he can clearly have nothing 'up his sleeve,' and pockets are conspicuous by their absence; but the turned-in lower edge of the loin-cloth forms a very convenient receptacle for small articles, the turban, or the long hair twisted into a knot, forming another; the hollow of the armpit, enlarged by habitual use, is a third. Thus, a small animal of the guinea-pig or mouse kind is taken in the hands, and, under cover of a quick half-turn, transformed into two, the duplicate being procured from under the arm. Again, an expert performer will throw up a small ball, or a scorpion with the fangs extracted, and, after catching it once or twice, 'vanish' it by throwing it into the opposite armpit. At palming, the Indian conjurer is an adept, the suppleness of his hand, and particularly of the mechanism of the wrist, giving him an advantage in this respect over his Western rivals.

Among minor tricks, one which greatly puzzles Europeans is that of the diving duck. A little tin or earthen pan, or sometimes a half coco-nut shell, supported on three stones, is filled with water, on which is sprinkled a red powder, rendering it practically opaque. A little duck of wood or porcelain is placed upon the surface, where it at first floats, but at the command of the performer suddenly dives, remaining submerged until again ordered to rise. This very ingenious trick depends upon the fact that in the bottom of the vessel there is a minute hole, through which passes a hair. One end of this is attached to the duck; the other remains at the disposal of the performer, and is attached, by means of a pellet of wax, to his tom-tom or to one of the hands with which he beats it. When he wishes the duck to dive he pulls the hair; when he desires it to rise he relaxes the pull. There is naturally some amount of leakage through the pin-hole; and to cover this the performer takes care, when filling the pan, to accidentally (?) spill a little water. The ground being thus already wetted, the fact that it gets a little more so is not noticed.

A variation of this trick is to place a little china rabbit at the bottom of the pan (the water being previously rendered turbid, as above described), and to command it to come out. After the lapse of a few seconds it jumps out accordingly, landing at some point previously indicated by the performer within a small circle drawn round the pan. As a matter of fact the performer, when immersing the rabbit in the water, introduces at the same time a spring of cane or metal, the ends of which have been brought together and secured by some adhesive

substance soluble in water. The rabbit is placed on the closed ends of this spring, and when the gum dissolves the spring is released and the rabbit is shot out of the water. By turning the spring accordingly, its flight may be made to take any desired direction.

The 'lotah' trick is equally simple, though somewhat difficult to explain without the assistance of a diagram. The vessel known as a 'lotah' is a big-bellied metal jar, in shape not unlike the pots in which preserved ginger is sent to this country. The conjurer fills this with water, which he forthwith pours out again, turning the 'lotah' upside down, to prove that it is empty. Placing it again in its normal position, he blows into a small hole in its side, and after a few moments it is again seen full to the brim. The water is again poured out and the operation repeated, with the same result, the supply appearing to be inexhaustible. The secret lies in the fact that the jar has an inner and an outer wall, communicating by means of a small hole near the bottom. The inner wall is nearly perpendicular, so that there is a considerable space between this and the convex outer wall. In the latter, near the neck, is a pin-hole. If water be poured into the lotah it will rise gradually in the inner and outer chambers till both are full. This is the condition in which the jar is first shown. Covering the air-hole with his thumb, the performer throws out the water—that is, the water in the inner chamber. That in the outer chamber remains undisturbed. The 'lotah' is now again filled, and the water again poured out, and the jar inverted, being to all appearance empty. When the performer blows through the air-hole, a portion of the water in the outer compartment is forced back by atmospheric pressure into the inner compartment, which it quickly fills. This may be repeated three or four times, or the performer may, if he so prefers, not empty out the water, but make it flow spontaneously over the brim.

The famous basket-trick depends mainly upon the construction of the basket. This in plan is oval, its longest diameter being about four feet and its shortest about two feet six inches. In elevation it is dome-shaped, with a flat top represented by the lid, which measures about two feet six inches wide by one foot six inches; but the exact shape and dimensions of the basket vary in different localities. A boy, whose apparent bulk is increased by his wearing a turban and a loosely fitting robe, is placed in a net, which is tied over his head. He is then lifted into the opening of the basket, and with apparent difficulty gradually settles down in the centre. The lid is put on, and the whole covered with a heavy woollen cloth. Sundry incantations follow, and much beating of tom-toms. Presently the cloth on the top of the lid is seen to move. The performer, fumbling beneath it, finds the net, in

which are enclosed the turban and loose garment. He removes the cloth and looks into the basket, which he finds apparently empty. Again covering the basket with the cloth, he steps upon it and into the central space, trampling heavily about, and finally squatting down in it. The boy is evidently no longer in the basket; and, to make this still more certain, the performer, removing the cloth and replacing the lid, with a sword thrusts through and into the basket in various directions. The robe and turban are now again thrown into the basket, the lid replaced, and the whole covered with the cloth. After a few more incantations and a little more beating of tom-toms, the lid is seen to rise under the cloth. This being removed, the boy steps out, clothed as before, and not a penny the worse for his peculiar experience.

Now for the explanation. The net is so contrived that the undoing of a single knot allows the withdrawal of a string, which, being removed, opens one side of the net, and enables the occupant to get out of it without the least difficulty. To do this is his first proceeding, after which he replaces the cord, reties the knot, and makes all snug again, leaving his garments inside the net, which he then pushes out as described. His next step is to curl his body round the basket, keeping as close to the sides as possible. By adopting this position he leaves ample room for the principal performer's trampling operations in the centre; and the sword-thrusts, though apparently haphazard, are really made in certain prearranged directions, so that the boy can dodge them without difficulty.

Sometimes the *mise en scène* is slightly altered, and a sword is used which is so contrived that on pressing the hilt a red fluid shall run down the blade and drip from the point, the boy (in this case supposed to be still in the basket) uttering blood-curdling screams, which grow fainter and fainter with each successive thrust. But the shrieks of agony are only part of the trick. When the turban and robe are again thrown into the basket he has only to put them on and push up the lid, and the trick is done.

Where the nature of the place of exhibition permits it, the boy does sometimes really get out of the basket, and reappears in some unexpected quarter. In this case the cloth is dispensed with, and in place of it the principal performer drives into the ground around the basket four bamboo poles, on which is hung a heavy curtain to serve as screen. Having attached the curtain to one of the poles behind, he next brings it to the corresponding front pole. After securing it to this, he carries it to the other front pole, and thence to the fourth pole, thus enclosing three sides of a square. During the brief space of time thus occupied the boy slips out of the basket, and under cover of the other members of the troupe (of which there are usually several, standing in a

group behind) gets round a corner, or elsewhere out of sight, and in due course surprises the spectators by his reappearance. Sometimes he vanishes altogether, swarming up inside the loose robe worn by one of the performers in the background, and hanging on by a strap attached to his shoulder.

In another version, the boy first seen remains in the basket, and another boy, his exact double in appearance, represents him in his resuscitated condition, arriving, if possible, from some point in the rear of the spectators.

The great mango-trick is equally simple, when you know 'how it's done.' The performer is provided with two cuttings from a mango-tree, the one only four or five inches long, and bearing three or four small leaves, the other considerably larger, say eighteen inches in length, and having a proportionately increased amount of foliage. Sometimes a still longer branch is used, in which case it is doubled in half, and the outer end tied to the stem an inch or two above the opposite end. As soon as the knot is untied it springs back to its normal position. This branch has a small green mango attached to it, either naturally or by artificial means. When the mango is not in season, rather than drop the trick out of the programme, another small green fruit, closely resembling it, is substituted. Hence the often-repeated statement of travellers, in all good faith, that they have seen the mango produced by magic when it was impossible to procure it in the natural way. The larger branch is wrapped in a piece of wet rag, which keeps it fresh, and also keeps the leaves folded close against the stem. The smaller piece is poked up inside the performer's Rahm Samee, a shabby little doll supposed to possess supernatural powers, and playing in an Indian conjurer's performance very much the part taken by the 'wand' of his Western brother. The performer has also two mango-stones, alike in size and general appearance, save that the one is a new stone—that is, just as it leaves the fruit—and the other an older stone, which has reached the stage when it opens, oyster fashion, to release the seed. This latter is removed, and the cut ends of the two sprigs of mango are trimmed wedgewise, so as to just fit the opening of the stone. To the lower end of the smaller piece of mango a few of the root-fibres of the plant—or for lack of these a few ends of cotton thread—are tied.

When about to show the trick, the performer first exhibits the unprepared stone. Filling a tin pan with earth, he adds water till it becomes a thick mud. In the centre of this he plants the stone. He then takes four bamboo canes, tied together at one end with string, and places them pyramid-wise over the tin pan. Over these sticks he throws a thick cloth, so as to form a miniature tent, closed on three sides, but open on that facing the troupe. In a pocket (sometimes

merely in a fold) in the hinder part of his cloth is the larger branch of mango wrapped up as already described.

Of course the most magical of seeds must have a little time to germinate, so at this stage some other member of the troupe—for there are usually five or six, each having his own speciality—comes forward and performs *his* trick. The first performer has meanwhile extracted the smaller sprig from the interior of Rahm Samee, and inserted its pointed end into the second stone. It is an easy matter to palm so small an object. Peeping into the little tent now and then to see how matters are progressing, he thrusts this stone into the wet earth in the pan. After a proper interval and a sufficient amount of tom-tomming he lifts the tent-cloth in front, and shows the little sprig 'all a-blowing and a-growing.' As a guarantee of good faith he pulls it up and exhibits the muddy fibres round the stone, which are accepted by the innocent spectators as proof positive of 'no deception.' Then the sprig is replaced. Again the front of the little tent is dropped, and some other minor trick is exhibited. Meanwhile the mango-man keeps an eye, from behind, on the progress of his horticulture. As he is obviously empty-handed, no one can object to his pottering about the tent a little, and at a convenient opportunity he gets the larger branch of mango from its hiding-place, and after taking off the wet rag, substitutes it for the smaller sprig. A squeeze of the rag covers the youthful plant with pearly drops of rain or dew (as the spectator pleases), proving by conjurers' logic that the plant is fresh from the hands of Nature, and cannot have been tampered with by those of man.

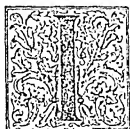
Of the mythical feat of throwing a rope in the air, up which a man, boy, or animal climbs and disappears, all that need be said is that no such thing ever happened. The story is generally told on the authority of the Emperor Jehangir. One would not wish to say rude things about an emperor; but if Jehangir ever did make himself responsible for such a 'yarn,' we can only conclude that he was a sort of imperial Mark Twain, and now and then sacrificed strict veracity to literary effect. Certainly no one of the present generation has ever witnessed such a feat, or anything even remotely approaching it. The probable groundwork of the story is that the Indian jugglers do perform a curious balancing feat with a rope a few feet long. One end is thrown up in the air, and the rope is then balanced in a vertical position for a few seconds on the hand. The secret, apart from the dexterity born of lifelong practice, lies in the fact that the rope is, in conjurers' parlance, 'faked,' having a thin wire running through its centre, and giving it the necessary rigidity for the momentary balancing. The rest is but the embroidery added by successive narrators, reporting the feat from hearsay. It is

easy to trace the process. The first step is to magnify seconds into minutes and feet into yards, till the upper end of the rope goes clean out of sight. The next is to allege that a monkey climbed it. In a later version the monkey becomes a man; and finally, after the man has passed out

of sight, he comes tumbling down again in a dismembered condition. A story of the marvellous is like a snowball. Once started, you have only to keep it rolling, and it grows of itself, till the original handful of truth is lost in a great globe of falsehood.

A KING'S GAMBIT.

CHAPTER II.



NEED not linger over the events of the next few weeks. I set out for Moscow soon afterwards, accompanied by two of my friends, who seemed perplexed by my alternate fits of loquacity and taciturnity.

At the frontier of Russia it was evident that there was considerable excitement. We were plainly the objects of suspicion. My two friends, much to their amusement, were subjected to a rigid cross-examination, and our passports were inspected with the closest scrutiny. Every paper was turned over, and all our baggage, but nothing was found. After a detention of some hours we were allowed to pass. Me, curiously enough, they did not seem specially to suspect; but, I remembered, they must know that the match was a genuine affair.

On arriving at Moscow I took two or three days to recover from the fatigue of the journey, and then the match began. Obedient to instructions, I played the first game—having the choice of moves—precisely according to the paper. As the game proceeded Leschevitsky's face was a perfect study. At my second move he started, and at my fourth he positively leapt from his seat in amazement. Suspecting a trap, he sat down again and stared at the board as if his eyes would pierce right through it. He took half-an-hour over a needless analysis of the position, and then made precisely the reply I had anticipated. For very shame I had to make some pretence at reflection; accordingly I spent ten minutes staring at the pieces, and then moved my Knight into the very thick of the enemy's forces. Again Leschevitsky started, obviously thinking either that I was mad or that I meant to insult him by childishly throwing away a game I had already imperilled. He took the piece, and in less than an hour finished off the game by the sacrifice of his Queen, precisely as I had expected. I reversed my King in sign of surrender. He murmured some polite nothings to the effect that I must be 'out of form, as you English call it,' but was evidently hardly able to conceal his astonishment. As for my two backers, they were more outspoken.

'What the deuce did you mean by playing the fool like that?' said one.

'A little new combination,' I muttered feebly.

'Combination be —,' said the other. 'Why, your pieces were all over the board, and your King nowhere. Leschevitsky could have beaten you with his pawns alone.'

'Better luck next time,' I said.

'Better *play*,' answered my first friend, 'or we shall think you've sold the match. There'll be some pretty notes in the *Field* next week. Nice fools we shall look, coming all the way to Moscow to see play that is more skittles than chess.'

I pleaded a headache, and somehow got rid of them.

Next day was not in my bargain with the president, and I was myself again. My opponent, perhaps a little over-confident after my former display, was a trifle careless in the opening. After a dozen moves I gained a pawn, and, pressing my advantage remorselessly, accumulated superiorities in the manner of Steinitz, and compelled him to resign after thirty-five moves.

'That was more like it,' said my mentor on the way to the hotel. 'You never played better; at this rate you are safe enough, in spite of yesterday.'

The next day was a holiday, having been set aside for unfinished games. I had full leisure to reflect upon the absurd figure I was going to cut on the morrow, and on the severe lecture I should receive from my two friends. However, there was no help for it: I had pledged my word, and I knew that if I failed to keep it I should never leave Moscow alive. Accordingly, when the time came, regardless of the audible disgust of my friends, I played as I had promised; but Leschevitsky, rendered cautious by his disaster, did not answer as I had expected. He made several defensive moves where attack was required. I emerged from the opening but two pawns to the bad, and though I lost the game, prolonged it to fifty moves. My supporters, while amazed at my opening, thought that my middle and end play had almost made up for it. 'Only, for goodness' sake, don't play the fool any more,' they urged.

'I won't,' I promised seriously; and I meant it.

The next few days almost entirely rehabilitated me. Leschevitsky gave me an opportunity of playing off my new attack in the Ruy Lopez—

thanks to my self-control in my blindfold game at Simpson's—and I scored a brilliant game in twenty moves. At the end of three weeks I stood at nine games and my rival at four. Both of us felt the strain of so protracted a contest; but I was justly confident that it could not last more than a day or two longer. As a matter of fact, a single game decided it.

Hardly had three moves been made, when I noticed that Leschevitsky's manoeuvres were as erratic as mine had been a few days previously. Could *he* be losing his wits? I knew that he had sometimes shown symptoms of the insanity so closely allied to great talent. At the sixth move a muttered, 'Well, I'm —' from my supporters showed me that others also were astonished. Leschevitsky's Rook was *en prise*. I glanced at his face, and the secret was revealed. There was on it a look telling plainly that he, like me, had fallen into the Nihilist toils—a look of utter distress, self-contempt, but submission to overpowering necessity. I never liked Leschevitsky, but sympathy for his sad fate overcame me. I darted to him a glance of understanding and fellow-feeling; I knew too well, from my own experience, what he must be going through at that moment to wish to add to the natural bitterness of defeat. I took the Rook, and Leschevitsky listlessly replied with a helpless and meaningless excursion of his Queen. Four or five moves later he moved his Knight so as to expose his King to check. 'A false move,' I said.

'Ah, so it is,' he responded, as if relieved to find the game over. 'I resign, and beg to congratulate you. We are but pawns on the chess-board of destiny,' he added.

'Just so,' I answered. 'We are not always masters of ourselves.'

When the congratulations were over, I went back to my hotel in company with my two friends. They were full of astonishment at the turn of affairs.

'Leschevitsky must have been mad,' said one.

'Never saw such play out of the nursery,' said the other.

'Except Cohen's play in the first and third games,' answered his friend.

'Yes; and that's the extraordinary thing about it. He might have caught *your* disease, Cohen.'

'No,' I answered; 'he was tired of the match, and thought he had no chance of winning six games running; so he threw it away.'

'He didn't throw his old matches away, whatever his chances,' said my friend. 'Look at his match with Zickerport: five games to one against him, and he went on and never lost another.'

'Ah! but he is old now,' I replied.

'It seemed to me more like pettishness than age,' observed my friend.

'No,' said the other, who was more keensighted; 'it was more like hypnotism or posses-

sion. He seemed *compelled* to play that way against his will. Several times he all but touched the proper piece, and then, as if constrained, changed his mind and moved another. Anyhow, there's something uncanny about it.'

'Well, Cohen's still champion; that's one good thing.'

I did not say what passed through my mind: '*But won't be long.*'

A complimentary dinner to us two masters was given that evening. Leschevitsky, much to his honour, showed no mortification at his defeat. He had, he said in his speech, been beaten by a better player, the Morphy of his generation. He himself, he added, was satisfied with what he had done. He should henceforth neither challenge me for the title of champion nor, indeed, play chess again.

This declaration, which astounded the rest of the audience, was no surprise to me. Judging by my own feelings, I thoroughly understood Leschevitsky's motives. After such a game as he had played that day, chess had lost all charm for him. For thirty years he had been champion; for thirty years, in good health or in bad, in success or in defeat, he had alike *done his best*—till that morning. There must be many of my readers—oarsmen, cricketers, swimmers—who will appreciate to some extent his state of mind; but those who did not understand the circumstances, who only knew that chess was Leschevitsky's be-all and end-all, either mutely wondered or laughingly observed that time would show.

Then, when I rose, and after compliments to my rival and thanks to my friends, announced that I also should henceforth renounce the pursuit of chess, the amazement was far more profound and obvious. 'No, no!' resounded from a score of throats. Several speakers, rising after I had sat down, urged me to reconsider my decision. However, I was firm; it was only after much solicitation that I consented to defer the public announcement till my arrival in England. I well knew that nothing could alter me: I had been through too great a change in the last few weeks to allow of another.

As you may imagine, it had not been without a most determined effort that I had constrained myself to give proper attention to the match. The effort had been made, and successfully made; but it left me limp and exhausted. I was well on my way home before my mind recovered enough of its tone to be able even to conjecture what precisely was the service I had so unwillingly done to the Nihilist cause; but when, on my arrival in London, strength of body and mind did return, the problem dominated me to the exclusion of all others. Even Doppler's sarcastic remarks in the *Field* on my first and third games aroused but a languid interest. I flung the paper aside, and my brain returned of its own accord to its ceaseless surmises and

combinations. Never had a complicated position on the chess-board so held my mind as did this question. That my first and third games, when written out in the Continental notation, contained a message from the English Nihilists to their Russian brethren I was practically certain from the president's own avowal, and I needed no avowal to assure me that Leschevitsky's last game contained the answer of the Russian society. Like me, he had been seized and compelled against his will to communicate the message in a cipher which he did not understand, but whose general drift he too certainly guessed. What a safe and simple device these men had conceived! Without crossing the frontier, without even leaving the charmed circle of London, they could, by means of their code, send instructions of the most deadly import to their confederates within the danger-haunted walls of Moscow. I admired their skill, as they had admired my chess ability, unaffectedly and deeply. Published in the pages of the *Field* and other English papers, the secret missive would be easily accessible to the London organisation; published in the Russian chess columns, it would pass unsuspected the most Argus-eyed censor, and be read by the Moscow officials. *What*, then, was the message? I thought of a hundred solutions, turned over the games in a hundred ways, combined the symbols with the ingenuity of a commentator on Revelation endeavouring to solve the riddle of the Beast; but in vain. I remembered Edgar Allan Poe's dictum that no cryptogram can be invented by human ingenuity which human ingenuity cannot solve; and I was sure that no human ingenuity exceeds that of a chess-player. Relying on this conviction, I, spent days and filled reams of paper in the vain attempt to beat sense out of D 1 to D 4. Finally, completely baffled, I decided that probably D 1 referred to a certain page of a particular book, and that until I knew *which* book the riddle was insoluble. Such cryptograms, indeed, if cryptograms they can be called, do not fall under Poe's rule. Suppose, for example, that D 1 meant the first word on the D sheet of a particular folio, and C 3 the third word on the C sheet of the same folio; then, how could the problem be solved without the key?

Suddenly, in a flash, a thought struck me, and overwhelmed me with horror. I remembered that when I was last in England *the Czar was there*. Surely, then, the message so ingeniously conveyed to Russia was meant to give information as to his movements! The English Nihilists, with their infernal ingenuity and perseverance, had contrived to find out the Czar's *real* plans—different as they were from his ostensible ones—and had hit upon this method of telling their friends. No sooner had this idea struck me than I rushed to a library, and with furious eagerness took down a file of the *Times*. The Czar had already left England, and was on his way to Russia *via*

Berlin. Such was the information vouchsafed to the world; but I had already reason to believe it was a blind. His real course might be through Denmark and Sweden; whatever it was the Nihilists knew it.

The general idea once gained, other and detailed suggestions crowded in. Might not D 4 mean that the Czar was going to stay four days in Denmark? B 1 to C 3 might denote one day in Berlin and three in Cronberg; H might signify Helsingfors; D, in the second game, Dorpat; C perhaps Cronstadt. Several of these conjectures I jotted down on a sheet of paper, and, confident that I was on the right track, went to sleep. My dreams were haunted with confused visions of Leschevitsky as the Czar being blown up, along with five hundred chessmen, in the streets of Moscow, while a Black Knight endeavoured to enforce order by calling out, 'Pawn to King's Fourth.'

Next morning, when I went—early, as usual—into my sitting-room, I saw two envelopes pinned in a peculiar way to my desk. One, I found, contained fifty hundred-pound Bank of England notes. The president had kept his word, and I had been set above want. The other envelope contained a letter, which I here transcribe:

'Here you will find the five thousand pounds we promised you. The society keeps its word. We sincerely hope that no foolish scruple will induce you to refuse to accept it. For what has happened you have no responsibility; the society has but used you as a pawn in its game of kings. Farewell!'

Below, in pencil, was a postscript, which interested me even more than the letter:

'I have read your little conjectures, and must congratulate you on your ingenuity, which is greater than even your chess-play had led me to suspect—too great, indeed, *for you ever to be employed again*. Rest, then, in peace. Not that you are altogether right. The Czar *has* passed through Denmark, and he *did* spend some time in Helsingfors, but he never went to Cronberg; and though he has been to Dorpat, he has, in spite of your ingenious itinerary, *not yet left it*.' A 'Q' and peculiar flourish ended the note.

I read this curious and sinister epistle several times. I was not surprised that it should have reached me, for I knew the daring and determination with which I had to do. As I sat twirling it in my fingers, my landlady brought in the breakfast and my morning paper. I opened it carelessly, for my mind was still toying with the cryptogram. I was annoyed that so many of my guesses should have been wrong, and wished to try a few more. I glanced without interest down the columns of parliamentary news, and turned listlessly to the central page. Now I was instantly all attention, for my eye fell on a headline, 'Rumoured Attempt on the Life of the Czar.'

'Information has reached us, which we give

with all reserve,' went on the telegram, 'that His Imperial Majesty has again had a narrow escape from assassination. His future movements after leaving our shores had been so carefully concealed from all but a few of his most trusted counsellors that it was marvellous how his real route was discovered. Passing, contrary to announcement, through Denmark, he stayed in Berlin but one night, and after some circuitous wanderings arrived at Helsingfors, the recent troubles in Finland requiring his personal attention. Thence he went by yacht to Cronstadt, where he inspected the fortress; and next, in absolute privacy, paid a visit to Dorpat. There is reason for believing that his course had been watched by Nihilists from the first; but it was at Dorpat that the murderous attempt is rumoured to have taken place. The house where he was

staying was blown up, several of his attendants were killed, and he himself was slightly injured, escaping with his life only by a miracle. The police are actively engaged in tracing out the miscreants.

'*Later.*—The rumour of the attempted assassination of the Czar is practically admitted to be true. The body of one of the supposed murderers has been found under the ruins of the house. In his pocket, still uninjured, was found a complete list of all the places at which the Czar stayed during his journey from England.'

'Well,' I said to myself, 'the president was right. Chess is indeed a game of kings.'

Two or three days after, I noticed in a corner of the paper the news that 'Leschevitsky, the famous chess-player, had shown symptoms of acute insanity, and had been placed under restraint.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



HE Presidential Address to the British Association is rightly regarded as an important pronouncement, for it indicates the course of scientific thought and attainment during the previous twelve months.

Professor Rücker, at the recent meeting of the Association at Glasgow, did not disappoint expectation, and naturally took the opportunity of presenting a retrospect of the lately closed century—a century during which certain 'working hypotheses,' which we may regard as the foundations of modern theoretical science, were determined upon. Among these, the atomic theory, first propounded by Dalton of Manchester, stands out as marking the opening of a new era, and one which has witnessed marvellous developments. Professor Rücker claimed that it imparted a unity to all physical sciences which had not been attained in any other way. This presidential speech was a very suitable preface to the opening addresses delivered by those who controlled the various sections of the meeting.

AN ENGINEERING CONGRESS.

Glasgow will have reason to look back upon the year 1901 with feelings of satisfaction, for the big city has had, during the first year of the new century, a surfeit of good things. There is its great Exhibition to begin with, its share in Mr Carnegie's noble gift of two millions to the Scottish universities, the opening of the James Watt Laboratory, and the meeting of the British Association, already referred to, which was preceded by the meeting of the Engineering Congress. Many interesting papers were read by eminent men at the different sections of this Congress, which was the

first of the kind held in Great Britain, and most persons will find something to interest them in its proceedings. Railways, canals, naval architecture and marine engineering, motor-cars, steam-turbines for driving dynamos, irrigation, and various other subjects were dealt with. Perhaps some of the most popular papers came before the gas section of the Congress, for the gas industry just now seems to be in a transition state. Mr George Livesey, the chairman, looks forward to a time in the near future when a cheap non-illuminating gas only will be supplied, giving light by means of incandescent mantles at twopence-halfpenny each. Professor Lewes had much to say concerning the cheapening of coal-gas by the addition of water-gas, while a foreign contributor described a practicable method of automatically lighting and extinguishing street lamps.

A MOTOR-PLOUGH.

Great things are anticipated of a new method of land culture by means of a motor-plough, the invention of Mr Gatling, whose inventive genius is better known to the world in connection with the gun which bears his name. It is stated that by means of this novel agricultural implement it will be possible for one man to plough as many as thirty acres daily, which, if true, means that the working of arable land will be completely revolutionised. A company with a million dollars capital is being formed to work the patent.

RED RAIN.

A peculiar phenomenon was observable throughout southern Europe, and more especially in Sicily, on the 10th of March last, in the occurrence of what seemed to be a rain of blood. The fields, trees, and roofs were 'painted red' in

a very literal sense, and doubtless in many outlying parts the occurrence was regarded as a portent of terrible significance. The rain, however, was subjected to chemical analysis—a process which has little sympathy with supernatural things—and its exact composition ascertained, confirming the accepted theory of its origin. It consisted of 60 per cent. of red sand, and the rest was composed of clay, a little organic matter, and about 5 per cent. of water. Under the microscope vegetable fibres, fragments of diatoms, and other débris could be seen. It was evident that the red matter was not of volcanic origin. The various chemists who examined it agreed that it had come from the desert of Sahara, and so the mystery of the 'rain of blood' was explained. The matter is of great interest when we remember that similar occurrences are described by Livy and other old writers, at a time when microscopes were not and the oracles consulted were ignorant of analytical chemistry.

SALMON-FISHING AND TEMPERATURE.

It is not often that the angler is tempted to wade through the statistics and other heavy matter contained in a typical Blue Book; but he can find much profit in perusing one of recent date which contains reports of investigations carried out by the Scottish Fishery Board, and more especially a paper by Mr Calderwood, which deals with the temperature of the water, and its influence in causing salmon to run up rivers early. It is well known that on certain rivers the salmon are always on the run, whilst on others they can only be looked for in the summer and autumn. Owners of early rivers can get a much-enhanced price for their fish, and hence it is desirable to ascertain the factors which induce the salmon to adopt early habits. One popular idea is that the fish leave a cold sea to get into a warm river; but Mr Calderwood's investigations go to prove that the reverse is the case. He also shows that on certain rivers the best sport is obtained when the temperature of the water is between 40 degrees and 50 degrees Fahrenheit. It will thus be possible, by the use of a thermometer, for an angler to ascertain for himself whether or not the fish are likely to be on the feed.

COMMERCIAL OXYGEN.

For many years oxygen has been supplied commercially at a cheaper rate than it can be made by laboratory methods, and it has been much used in metallurgical operations, in medicine, in chemistry, and in the arts generally. The advanced burglar has even been known to use it in conjunction with the blowpipe for burning through the walls of a steel-clad safe. Experiments are now in progress in Manchester for testing a new process for extracting oxygen from the atmosphere, of which it forms one-fifth

part. This process is the invention of M. Raoul Pictet, Genevese physicist and one of the pioneers of gas liquefaction; and it is said that by its means oxygen can be obtained at a purely nominal cost. We gather from what has been published concerning this new method of oxygen extraction from the atmosphere that the air is first of all liquefied; and as this is in itself not an inexpensive process, it is difficult to see where the economy comes in. We shall, however, look forward to the result of the investigations now in progress under the auspices of a syndicate at Manchester.

THE WOODEN NEWSPAPER.

Very few of the millions of newspaper readers have any idea that the sheet which they study with such avidity for the latest news is made of wood. However, this is actually the case, and it is a fact that unless there were vast forests for the papermaker to draw upon for his raw material the present cheap press would be impossible, for wood pulp, and not rags, is the foundation of the cheaper kinds of paper. The great extent of the wood pulp industry is indicated in an article in *Cassier's Magazine* entitled 'The Largest Paper-Mill in the World.' This mill is situated on the edge of the great wilderness of northern Maine, about seventy miles from Bangor, U.S.A. When this vast mill, which belongs to the Great Northern Paper Company, is at full work, it will turn three hundred and thirty-eight cords of spruce into three hundred tons of paper daily, with an expenditure of energy represented by thirty thousand two hundred horse-power. The buildings cover an area of nearly six acres, and have cost half-a-million of money. It might reasonably be supposed that at this rate of manufacture even the largest forest would quickly be exhausted; but the company owns more than two hundred and fifty thousand acres of trees, and by applying scientific methods of timber-culture it is hoped that there will be an unfailing supply of wood for future operations.

AN EGG-TESTING MACHINE.

The way in which the quality of our breakfast egg has hitherto been tested has been to hold it to the light of a candle, and many householders have good reason to suppose that this test is often carried out in a most perfunctory manner. The work of testing is now to be performed by a machine recently exhibited in London. Eggs are fed into this machine and rapidly moved through it by the revolution of a handle, the operator being able to examine a number at a time by transmitted daylight, and to eliminate those which are not clear or which exhibit an air-space too large to be consistent with freshness. In this manner, it is said, no fewer than seventy-two thousand eggs

have been tested in the course of four and a half hours. After testing, the eggs are carried by a revolving band to an automatic packing-tray. The machine is made by the Lyons Standard Egg-Testing and Grading Machine Company of Manchester.

BRITISH EXHIBITORS AT PARIS.

The voluminous report of the British Royal Commission on the world's show at Paris, containing as it does a collection of expert opinions on a variety of subjects, is a work of great value. We learn from it, with regret, that British manufactures were not seen at their best at Paris, leading firms, with some notable exceptions, not being represented. Consequently the displays are described as creditable rather than first class. These large exhibitions are becoming too common to attract traders as they once did, and many of the best firms decline to show on the ground that they have no need to increase their business by such advertisement. We must remember, too, that exhibitors from our shores have individually to bear the whole expense incurred in connection with their exhibits, but it is customary for foreign governments to subsidise their own traders in order to help them to make an impressive display. The Commissioners point out that foreigners will readily combine to give their sections a harmonious appearance, by settling upon a general scheme of decoration; but it was difficult to make the British exhibitor do anything of the kind. The result was 'an undignified collection of show-cases of different sizes and design' which must have had a prejudicial effect upon visitors and possible customers.

VINE-CULTURE.

One of the most interesting sectional reports connected with the Paris Exhibition is that on vine-culture, written by Sir James Blyth at the request of the London Chamber of Commerce as a guide to wine production in the British colonies. France is far ahead of all countries as a wine producer, the output for 1900 being fourteen hundred and eighty-two million gallons, Italy and Spain coming next with little more than a third of that quantity, and Portugal following with less than a tenth. The British possessions come last of all on the list, Australia and the Cape only yielding nine million gallons between them. The report deals with all the details of vine-culture, and tells how the French vineyards are worked to-day on almost the same methods as have prevailed for centuries; but the introduction of artificial motive-power may probably change the entire system. Owing to the invasion of the phylloxera, which it has taken twenty years to master, the business of wine-growing is very different from what it was, when a certain amount of sowing and ploughing produced a definite

result, Nature being left very much to herself. Now the work is almost continuous throughout the year, some process for the defence of the roots, stems, or leaves being constantly demanded. One of the best methods of reconstituting a vineyard after the ravages of the phylloxera is worthy of mention: 'It was found that in the American wild-vine, the root—which is the only part vulnerable to the phylloxera—was immune from its attack. Millions of these American stocks have been imported, or struck and grown in France, and upon these have been budded scions of the French vines, with the result that, apart from other remedial measures, the pest can thereby be defied.' It is a comfort to learn from this report that many of the assertions regarding the adulteration of wines by the introduction of other fruits or vegetables are baseless, the truth being that in the wine-growing countries grapes are far cheaper than any other fruit or substitute whatever, either wild or cultivated.

A GIGANTIC CATALOGUE.

Visitors to the British Museum generally avail themselves of the permission to peep for a few moments into the reading-room, a dome-shaped apartment which, with its adjuncts, contains one of the largest and most remarkable collections of books in the world. Such visitors, however, can form little idea of the vast number of volumes stored here, nor of the immense labour expended in arranging and cataloguing them. Mr Fortescue, keeper of the printed books, recently gave some interesting particulars concerning the printed catalogue, which has just been completed. Up to twenty years back the catalogue was in manuscript, and it was growing to such huge proportions that it threatened to require a library to itself. Then it was decided to print the work, and the new catalogue was completed just before the close of the nineteenth century. Copies of this catalogue are issued to the public in no fewer than four hundred parts; but the special catalogue for the use of readers at the Museum is contained in nine hundred interleaved volumes. There are in these volumes four and a half million entries, and each year these are added to by about fifty thousand more. Thus, although the catalogue is complete, it is never finished. Subject indexes of more modest proportions are issued at intervals of five years; and to show the value of these to students Mr Fortescue put forward two examples: the next index will contain references to one hundred and forty books and pamphlets in almost every European language on the Dreyfus case, and to nearly five hundred books on the war in South Africa.

PHTHISIS AND TAXATION.

M. Montfet, a Parisian physician, has recently pointed out that the victims of consumption in

France are, in proportion to the population, three times as numerous as they are in Britain, although the French climate is far superior to the British. Curiously enough, he ascribes the difference to protective duties on food, which lead to the French workman being inferior in physique to his British brother. At the entrance-gate to every important town in France incoming food pays an *octroi* duty, with the result that the workman pays from one-third more to three or four times what he would pay for the same things in London. The workman is thus taxed for the benefit of the farmers and landlords, and in order to provide municipalities with revenue, although it is agreed by students of political economy that taxation of one class to enrich another is economic folly. In a table showing the prices of food in Paris as compared with London, M. Montfet shows that all kinds of meat are about one-third more costly in France; while butter, coffee, cocoa, tea, and sugar are about three times as much. In addition to taxes on these necessities, there are vexatious imposts upon almost everything else, including matches, pepper and salt, and other household requisites. M. Montfet exclaims against the building of sanatoria for consumptive patients while consumption is encouraged by these imposts on food.

PERILS OF THE COAL-MINE.

The report of the Home Office on mines and quarries for the year 1900 shows that there has been a remarkable increase in the number of subterranean workers, this increase amounting to no fewer than fifty thousand hands, all coal-workers. The number of accidents in mines was nine hundred and ninety-nine, causing the loss of one thousand and fifty lives. Although the coal-miners' risks are popularly supposed to be of a constant and terrible kind, the death-rate per thousand is in reality very low—only 1.493. In other words, only four lives were sacrificed for every million tons of coal raised to the surface. This is a great improvement on the statistics of half-a-century ago, when, for the same quantity, nineteen lives were lost. Contrary to popular belief, explosion and choke-damp are not responsible for most of the deaths, falls of roof accounting during the year for five hundred and nine fatalities, while explosions claimed only forty-five victims. Coal-cutting machinery appears to be coming more and more into use. There were three hundred and eleven machines employed in British mines last year, and they were instrumental in winning nearly three and a half million tons of fuel.

ELECTRICITY IN THE COAL-MINE.

A novel coal-cutting machine has recently been fitted up in the Gateside pit at Sanquhar, the novelty consisting chiefly in the circumstance that it is worked from a stationary dynamo at

the pit-head. From this dynamo insulated wires are carried through the pit, sometimes direct, and sometimes coiled on movable drums for the convenience of rapid change of position. These wires are connected underground with the machine proper, containing another motor which sets in motion a series of knives upon an endless chain. These travelling knives cut into the face of the coal to a depth of six feet, the cutting being forty-four inches in width, and occupying only four minutes in operation. The knives are then withdrawn, the machine is shifted laterally, and another cut is made; and so on until the full breadth of the working has been thus prepared for bringing down the mass of mineral by blasting.

DANGERS FROM TROLLEY WIRES AND THEIR PREVENTION.

At the recent Engineering Congress held at Glasgow University, Professor Andrew Jamieson submitted a paper on this interesting and important subject, in which he referred to the numerous, and in some cases fatal, accidents from contact with and the breaking of trolley wires since the introduction of electric tramways. He illustrated by drawings and by specimens taken from the Glasgow and Liverpool tramway systems the various methods which had been adopted and proposed for preventing overhead conductors, such as telephone, telegraph, and electric-light wires, coming into contact with the live trolley wires. He exhibited specimens of aerial and underground telephone and telegraph wires and cables, carefully explained the Board of Trade and Post-Office Regulations, as well as freeing, earthing, and other safety devices. Professor Jamieson mentioned that in Glasgow there were now three authorities dealing with telephone wires—namely, (1) The Government Postal Engineering Department, whose aim is to place all their principal city wires underground, which at present cross over tramway routes. (2) The National Telephone Company, who had hitherto been prevented from opening the streets, and had until recently used bare, thin bronze aerial wires, but were now supplanting these (along the main routes which cross tramway-lines) by overhead multiple-wire cables, each containing about one hundred fine insulated wires. Two of these wires are employed for each telephone circuit, upon the 'closed circuit' principle, in order to prevent inductive and earth interferences, and these are much safer than the ordinary bare wires, but not so safe as underground conductors. (3) The Glasgow Corporation, who, having full authority over their streets, have taken the precaution to lay all their main telephone cables underground, in cast-iron pipes. Finally, Professor Jamieson said that if the trolley wire system is to be retained for tramway traction, the only sure and safe plan is to place all telephone, telegraph, and other electrical conductors underground. If this

were done there would be no necessity for guard-wires, and the dangers would be minimised to the sagging or breaking of the trolley wires. These dangers could be considerably diminished by more careful attention to erection, to employing automatic or manual safety devices for immediately freeing or earthing any section of any line wherein such a mishap might occur, as well as by providing insulating covers to the upper decks of tramway-cars.

A NEW EDITION OF CHAMBERS'S 'CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.'

Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*—the first work of its kind in Britain—has had a most successful career since its issue in two volumes in 1843-44, and testimonies regarding its usefulness have come from every class of the community. However, the time has arrived for an entirely new edition, in order to present new facts and new writers, with the steadily increasing supply of new material for selection. Accordingly the first volume of an entirely new edition will be ready in November, under the editorship of David Patrick, LL.D., editor-in-chief of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*; and the second and third volumes will follow in due course. Although based on the former edition, this edition is practically a new work, as it has been greatly extended, and in large measure reconstructed and rewritten. The Editor has called to his assistance some of the best-known literary men of the day, who have each contributed towards the department in which he can write with authority. For instance, the Rev. Stopford Brooke is responsible for Anglo-Saxon Literature, Mr Sidney Lee writes on Shakespeare, Mr Andrew Lang on Ballads, Mr Edmund Gosse on Spenser and other Elizabethan authors, Mr A. W. Pollard on the Early English Writers, Professor Saintsbury on Dryden, Mr A. H. Bullen on Restoration Literature, and Professor P. Hume Brown on Buchanan and Knox. The illustrations ought to prove an acceptable feature; there are three hundred portraits, reproduced from the most authentic paintings and engravings. It is instructive to watch the usefulness and permanence of a good idea when properly carried out. It is about sixty years since Robert Chambers, impressed with the success of his small book on English literature, set about the preparation of a work offering in a 'concentrated form' the most original productions of English literature from the Anglo-Saxon period till the present time, set in a biographical and critical history of the literature itself. He was justified in the belief that this would be a great boon to all who wished the equivalent of a great English library fused down into one volume. In the preparation of the work Robert Chambers was assisted by the late Dr Robert Carruthers of Inverness, who lived to revise the editions of 1858 and 1874; and the

last edition was again revised and new matter incorporated some twelve years later.

THE DISCARDED JESTER.

Once more to sit beside the king
In jingling cap and piebald vest,
And hear the audience-chamber ring
With laughter at my latest jest!

Once more to stand behind his chair,
And, while the lords and ladies dine,
To take from his own hand my share
Of dainty meat or fragrant wine!

Once more to hear my merry quip
Run rippling round the joyous court!
Yea, e'en once more to feel the whip
For the sharp wound bestowed in sport!

Men tell me now the ancient fire
Has left my words, my wits wax dull;
They say I am not worth my hire;
That I may be no longer fool.

Another sits where erst I sat,
And I—once wont to dine with kings—
Strive with the beggars at the gate
For broken meat the scullion brings.

And yet methinks his jests are tame,
Forced in their method, framed by rule;
They surely lack the vital flame
Of mine—the poor discarded fool.

E. P. LARKEN.

Ready December 2, 1901.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

CHRISTMAS PART, price 1s.

Containing, besides the usual Articles of Instruction and Entertainment,

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And a Special Article by

W. W. FENN,

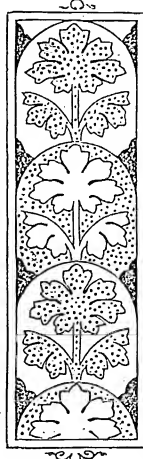
'Memories of Sir John Millais.'

With Mr Fenn's Article will be included Two small Drawings by Sir John E. Millais, reproduced in colours.

The December Part completes the Volume of *Chambers's Journal* for 1901.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE EYES OF A MAIDEN.

By CHALONER LYON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



HE road turned sharply to the right, and the towers of a great house showed white among the trees. My companion pointed to them with his riding-whip. 'There,' he said, 'is the Château de Vitrac!'

I had left Versailles a week before, charged by Monsieur de Chamillart, the War Minister, with a mission whose fulfilment was now close at hand. I was to make my way with all possible speed to Alais, a little town perched up in the Cevennes, at the other end of France, and there arrest a certain Monsieur des Fangeaux, who, being a proscribed Huguenot in the service of England, had dared to revisit his native land, and who lay under strong suspicion of being a British spy. It seemed strange that no less a person than a lieutenant of the King's Musketeers could be sent on such an errand; but, since such was the king's pleasure, that must be reason enough for me, Armand de Berre.

So I had ridden southward, through the vineyards of the Orleanais, by the peaceful farms and homesteads of Berry, and over the level plain of the Bourbonnais, with its lakes hidden in silent woods. Then on through Auvergne, where the Puy-de-Dôme towers above narrow-streeted Clermont, and over the fruitful Limagne, with its wealth of walnut-trees. As I mounted the northern slopes of the Cevennes, the air grew colder and the wind more piercing, and my day's journey became shorter. Moreover, the temper of the inhabitants had changed for the worse. Instead of the respectful greeting which the sight of my uniform had hitherto gained me, I now met with a sullen scowl or a muttered curse. Twice I was purposely misdirected, and I soon found that it was only at the priest's cottage that I could hope to see a friendly face; for these peasants were given over to the pestilent Huguenot heresy, which our king, influenced by

Madame de Maintenon, had determined to stamp out in blood. Already could be heard the first mutterings of the storm which was soon to break in the miserable Camisard war.

Reaching Alais the day before, I had passed the night at the new fort as the guest of Major Cantel, the commander of the garrison. From him I learnt that the man of whom I was in search was at a neighbouring château, where his sister-in-law, an English girl, was also residing. The brave old major, newly risen from a bed of sickness, laughed at me when I suggested an escort.

'I will ride over with you,' he said, 'in spite of the doctors, if I can sit my horse. The Baron de Vitrac is loyal to the core, and I warrant there will be no trouble.'

So in the morning he ordered out his charger, old like his master, and had ridden with me to the château. An old man-servant opened the great gates, and we rode up a gravelled pathway between high banks covered with trees and bushes, to the door, where the Baron de Vitrac awaited us. Major Cantel and he were old friends, and he extended a courteous greeting to me; but he looked grave when he heard my errand.

'You must do your duty, Monsieur de Berre,' he said; 'yet it irks me, I confess, that a guest should be arrested in my house. You will find Monsieur des Fangeaux in the pleasure.'

Leaving Major Cantel with our host, I made my way thither. There were roses everywhere: in the trimly-kept beds, against the lichen stone walls, and climbing in rich luxuriance over rustic arches and arbours. The air was heavy with their perfume and drowsy with the drone of innumerable bees. At a turn in the path I saw the man I sought.

Monsieur des Fangeaux was of middle height, with square shoulders and the appearance of great strength. His face wore a scowl which

I afterwards found was habitual to him. As to his age, I reckoned it about thirty-five. He was talking to a girl, whose back was turned to me.

'If not to-day, then most surely to-morrow,' I heard him say, 'and then I shall be safe.'

'But the old Baron?' asked his companion. 'You will not let them harm him, Jacques!'

'Of course not!' he answered almost brusquely, 'though, indeed, if he supped as he has brewed, it would be'—and then, as if suddenly aware of my presence, he turned, and we looked at each other for a moment.

'You are, I believe, Monsieur des Fangeaux,' I said. 'I have come from Paris charged with important business concerning you.'

As I spoke the girl turned round. I have never forgotten how she looked, standing among the roses of that southern garden—herself the fairest flower of all; for when that memory fails life will be over for me. A white face—a very white face, the pearl-like purity of its pallor only relieved by the rose-pink lips and the ebon pencilling of the daintily arched eyebrows. The nose, slightly aquiline and beautifully formed, the resolute chin and firmly compressed mouth, all spoke eloquently of character; and the whole face seemed alive with distinction of race. Now her deep-brown eyes were full of mute expectation as she gazed at me, and I fancied that something of defiant scorn curled her lip.

Des Fangeaux came forward.

'Surely a mistake, monsieur,' he said sarcastically. 'So humble a person as myself could not be worth so much trouble.'

Then, addressing the girl in English, he bade her remain where she was, and walked on by my side.

I told him I carried the king's warrant for his arrest; that he must go with me to Paris; that resistance was useless. As I spoke he seemed to collapse with fear, thrusting out his hand as if he would cling to my arm.

'The galleys!' he moaned. 'My God! They will send me to the galleys!'

That was likely enough; but I have scant sympathy for a man who is willing to play for high stakes, and then whines when the luck turns against him. So I demanded his sword, and walked back to the château, leaving him to follow with the lady.

I heard their footsteps behind me, and looking back as I came to the door, I saw them walking together, he talking eagerly, she listening and mute, with her eyes on the ground.

She held her head high as I stood aside to allow them to enter, she looking straight before her with her chin in the air, and her skirts held closely to her with elaborate care lest they should touch me. There was food and wine laid out on a table in the great hall, which the Baron de Vitrac courteously pressed us to partake of. I was passing to the seat offered me when I saw the English girl standing up.

'I would not willingly offend you, my kind host,' she said in ringing tones; 'but in the land I come from it is not thought fitting that bailiffs and jailers should sit down with gentle people. If that—that gentleman is going to eat with you, your table is no place for Margaret Tichborne!'

She looked so beautiful, standing there with her air of radiant anger, which brought two little indents in the whiteness between her eyebrows, that I could feel no bitterness against her. Moreover, her voice, in spite of its note of scorn, was so rich and womanly that I suddenly felt I would give much to hear it speaking to me in kindness.

But I spoke coldly enough:

'You can assure your guest, Monsieur le Baron, that the Musketeers of the King are neither bailiffs nor jailers; nor is it the wont of their lieutenant to thrust his presence on a lady whom the necessities of duty oblige him to offend.'

Then bowing, I crossed the hall and passed out on to the terrace. There I paced up and down, musing over the scene which had just passed. A servant brought me food and wine, and I had finished a hasty meal when the same servant came hurriedly to say that the Baron de Vitrac desired my presence in the hall. There I found everything in confusion; all had risen and were gathered round Major Cantel, who was lying on the floor. He was almost speechless, his face was deathly pale, and a clammy perspiration stood in beads on his brow. Beside him, supporting his head on her bosom, knelt Mistress Margaret; but how changed from the scornful beauty who had flashed defiance at me but an hour before! She was tending the old man with the gentlest care, wiping the perspiration from his brow with her handkerchief, holding wine to his lips, and speaking to him in low, sweet tones which made something in me quiver and vibrate strangely.

Slowly he came to himself; but it was plain that some hours must pass before he could be moved. Our host showed me a chamber which gave on to a gallery at the head of the great staircase; and a mattress having been brought, he was gently carried up and laid on the bed. Mistress Margaret remained in the hall until we came down, and then went up to the sick man's chamber, telling the Baron—she ignored me—that she would sit there in case he required attention.

I felt perplexed. I did not wish to leave Major Cantel, yet I was bound to carry my prisoner into Alais on the way to Paris without delay. I was laying my difficulty before the Baron de Vitrac, and begging him to send a mounted messenger to the fort at Alais, when—we were pacing the terrace in front of the château—he suddenly exclaimed:

'Here comes the help you want, Monsieur de Berre! See!'

Up the dusty road which led to the gate of the château came a party of some twenty soldiers, headed by an officer. We walked down to the gate, which was closed behind us, to await their coming. They were escorting two prisoners, whose arms were bound behind them with cartropes, and who, from the dried blood on their faces and clothes, seemed to have been wounded. Wild and savage as was the mien of these fellows, there was little to choose between them and their captors. The latter, indeed, wore the gray-blue uniform of infantry of the line, and were armed; but the practised eye of a soldier saw at once that they knew not how to wear their uniforms nor how to carry their arms. Then I remembered that Major Cantel had described his own men to me as 'undrilled bumpkins;' and, after all, they were stout, tall fellows, and would, I thought, make good food for powder when the drill-sergeant's cane and their broad shoulders were better acquainted.

Though I was thus prepared in some measure for the appearance of the rank and file, I certainly expected to find a soldier in command; but this fellow had the slouching gait and unmilitary appearance of his men. His uniform coat was unbuttoned—the day was hot—but so was his *soubre-veste*; and the alarming gap it showed seemed to hint strongly that the garment was never made for its present wearer. Beneath his three-cornered hat—which he wore the wrong side in front—escaped a lock of dull-red hair.

It seemed to me that he was at least as much surprised at my appearance as I was at his. He came to a standstill, hesitated, then, turning half-round, shouted:

'Stop! Halt, I mean;' and when his men had obeyed this strangely delivered order, he came forward with a sinister glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows, and clumsily saluted the Baron de Vitrac.

'God save King Louis!' he began. 'I am the Captain Lamothe, at your service, from the dépôt at Uzès. I have had a hard fight with some of these Camisard rebels, and have, as you see, got two of them in safe keeping; but my men have had a long march, and are weary and faint. Will you give us some refreshment and permission to rest awhile?'

'Surely,' was the answer. 'His Majesty's troops will always be welcome to what my poor house can offer; and your coming is the more welcome, Captain Lamothe, since this gentleman'—turning to me—'is in need of your assistance to convey a prisoner and a sick friend into Alais.'

'Have you, then, no escort, monsieur?' he asked me. 'And what is the name of your prisoner?'

'He is a certain Monsieur des Fangeaux,' I told him; 'and Major Cantel, who commands at Alais, and who is sick here, considered an escort unnecessary. Doubtless you know him?'

A smile came on the face of the Captain Lamothe.

'It is likely enough we shall be better acquainted before long,' he answered, 'and I am glad to have arrived in time to relieve you from further anxiety for the safety of your prisoner.'

At a signal from De Vitrac the gates were opened, and he and I, accompanied by Captain Lamothe, entered. I noticed that the latter kept looking over his shoulder as if to see that all his men were coming in. Then he began to talk to the Baron; and, feeling small taste for his company, I quickened my pace towards the château. I had almost reached the door when the sound of voices raised in anger made me turn.

'Release your prisoners!' I heard the Baron say. 'What folly is this? Have them rebound instantly, monsieur, if you are to stop in my house.'

Lamothe laughed in his face.

'Perhaps they are better men than you think, you idolatrous old dog!' he said sneeringly.

De Vitrac made a step forward and raised his cane; but the blow never fell, for at the same instant a uniformed ruffian struck him down with his clubbed musket, using such force that the weapon snapped in two. I saw the old man's hat come off, and the blood spurt out among his silver hair as he fell face forward on the ground. That he was dead I could not doubt—such a blow would have killed a bull; and the defenceless position of Major Cantel flashed through my mind. Already some of the villains were running towards me, and I turned and darted for the door. The nearest reached it at almost the same moment as I did, and his steps were close behind me as I gained the room where the sick man lay. As I entered I sprang aside; and when, the next instant, his rush carried him in headlong, I flung myself on him and he went down. Des Fangeaux was talking to the English girl at the window; he made a step forward, and then stood still. My blade was out, and I was about to run the miscreant through, when I chanced to see the face of Mistress Margaret; and her look of fascinated horror, of mute entreaty, like some beautiful figure frozen by fear, made me pause. So, keeping my point close to his breast, I backed to the door and closed and bolted it. Then I bound him, hand and foot, and gagged him securely.

A feeble voice came from the bed. 'De Berre,' it said, 'tell me what is all this?'

I went up and took the old man's hand; and, speaking in a low voice, inaudible to the girl at the window, I told him what had happened. When I spoke of the red-haired captain he started.

'It must be Octave Malot and his Enfants de Dieu, the most bloodthirsty rebels in France,' he said feebly. 'He has laid an ambush and slain the soldiers, and dressed his gang in their clothes to gain admittance here. He'—His voice failed him, and he sank back, panting for breath.

Mistress Margaret went to his side and gave him a few drops of some cordial, making an almost imperceptible sign to me to leave him. I crossed over to where Des Fangeaux stood at the window.

'Monsieur,' I said, 'I must consider you an ally of these miscreants who have murdered in cold blood an old man who was your host—whose bread you have eaten!'

He glanced nervously to where the girl stood by the bed.

'Before God, monsieur,' he said in low, earnest tones, 'I swear to you I had no part in that deed! I would have saved him if I could.'

'Some men in my place,' I went on, 'would bind you hand and foot, as I have bound that scoundrel yonder, and pass a sword through your body when the door can no longer be held; but if you will give me your parole as a gentleman to make no attempt at escape I will accept it.'

I watched him narrowly as I spoke, trying to read his heart; but he kept his eyes on the ground, and the scowl on his face never lightened.

'I must think,' he muttered, and made as if he would approach the door; but I took a side-ward step to meet him, with my hand on my sword.

'You must decide, monsieur,' I said sternly.

'So!' he answered in a louder tone. 'I give you my word of honour not to escape. I will sit here away from door and window;' and passing round the bed, he sat down in a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Mistress Margaret was still beside the bed, smoothing the coverlet, which the sick man had displaced.

'How is he?' I asked.

The glorious eyes met mine fearlessly. 'He is very, very ill,' she said. 'Perchance if he had rest and quiet he might recover; but another shock will kill him;' and once more she looked at me, this time with a new question in her face. 'Why,' she went on—'why do you let him die?'

'Nay!' I answered, 'I would gladly save him, if'—

'But you can save him,' she interrupted, speaking rapidly and persuasively. 'Make terms with these men, give them my brother-in-law, and take their promise to spare our lives.'

'Impossible!' I said briefly. 'They would promise anything and perform nothing.'

'They are your countrymen, monsieur!' quoth she.

'And,' I went on, 'both Major Cantel and I are soldiers; and if the king's business needs our lives—well!' and I shrugged my shoulders.

'Oh!' she broke out, 'I have no patience with such folly. Here are three men'—

'Hush!' I said; 'the time for talking is past. Here they come.'

It was as I said. The noise of heavy feet and rough voices, of closing doors and dragging furniture, had ceased for some minutes. Now came the sound of ascending footsteps, and a sword-hilt clattered against the door.

'Monsieur des Fangeaux!' cried a voice. Des Fangeaux looked up; but I motioned him to be silent.

'Listen!' I began.

'Listen to me,' said a soft voice. 'Why must there be bloodshed, messieurs? Do you promise these gentlemen their lives, and on their part they will give you their prisoner.'

There was a stealthy rustle of hurried footsteps behind us. Quickly I turned, but only in time to see Des Fangeaux escaping by the window. How I cursed the folly which had left my pistols in my holsters!

'You need play the comedy no longer, mademoiselle!' I said bitterly.

She drew back, her eyes blazing. Then, as she saw what had happened, she shrank from me in an agony of shame.

'Oh! oh!' she cried, 'surely you do not think that!'

'Why should you care what a bailiff or jailer thinks?' I answered, for my anger was very great. 'I would counsel you to seek safety by the same way. The drop is but a few feet, and you are light and active. I can only hold the door for a few seconds when the attack comes; and—however glad you may be to know me dead—you will not care to see me butchered.'

The white face was very still and proud, and there came an inscrutable look in the deep eyes; the meaning of which, strive as I might, I could not fathom. Then, turning her back on me, she went to her old place beside the bed. My eyes followed her, and I saw a rapid change come over her face as she looked. Then, very reverently, she drew the sheet over the still face, and turned to me.

'God has taken your friend to His mercy,' she said. 'You should thank Him for it.'

There was a sound of voices and laughter outside the door, and I knew that Des Fangeaux had got round and joined our assailants. Then they summoned me.



OLD 'JOURNAL' DAYS.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.



MY memories of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* go back as far as the time when I first began to read with interest; and I can take down from my own shelves now all the volumes, beginning with the first of the folios, and find a kind of selfish pleasure therein—egotistical, of course, for the *Journal* was one of the first to publish my stories when I began to write. But my personal memories of the house only go back to 1868, when Mr David Noble Chambers, the younger brother of William and Robert, was manager of the London establishment, and I had been contributing at intervals, more or less—sufficiently, I suppose, to make me welcome. In those days I was acting as editor of another magazine, published near at hand, when occasionally on a Friday a pithy little note would arrive from Mr James Payn, then editor of *Chambers's Journal*. I give it—'if my memory serves me rightly,' as Miss Blimber said—*verbatim*:

'Mr David Chambers says, will you come in to lunch at one? Cod's head and shoulders.

'J. PAYN.'

The item in the *menu* named was, of course, the special feature; but let it be said that the host was hospitable, and loved to gather artists and literary men about his board, not so much to partake of the viands and the wine of his native North, with the friendly, wreathing cigar, but to hear them talk, and lead the round of chatty anecdote and story that came thick and fast. Naturally the guests were, several of them, contributors to the *Journal*, and artists, one of whom, I believe, was Forrester, better known as 'Alfred Crowquill,' of the ready pencil, whose illustrations were, in his day, perhaps among the most popular of the time. It was not my good fortune to meet him in Paternoster Row; but I could and can boast of a familiarity with his work. Oddly enough—the anecdote will not be out of place here—a letter appeared a few months since in the *Athenæum*, from a well-known bibliographer, anent the printed book of a pantomime by a well-known dramatic author—Fitzball. This book was illustrated with quaint woodcuts of the various characters; but only three or four of the illustrated copies were known to exist. These remarkably clever sketches were unsigned; and it was suggested in the *Athenæum* that they were in all probability from the pencil of Thackeray—a set made in his earlier days, several reasons being given and comparisons made with his early sketches of dramatic tendency in the very rare works now looked upon as prizes by collectors. Now, it so happened that my opinion was sought, and it also happened that I was the possessor

of a very clean copy of the aforesaid book—a fact which, of course, increased my interest in the matter, for I should have been extremely glad to find myself the possessor of a rare set of drawings by our great writer. However, rightly or wrongly—all the same by careful comparison—I could only come to the conclusion that they were not Thackeray's work, but almost to a certainty that of an artist well versed in drawing theatrical characters—in fact, 'Alfred Crowquill.'

I did, however, meet at these gatherings Forbes Robertson, the well-known critic, and father of the brothers whose names are so familiar to theatre-goers in connection with Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum, and later on in the managerial ranks. As I knew him in his earlier days, Forbes Robertson was a nervously energetic man, a Scot with a loud, harsh voice, grating, but worth hearing in his discussions respecting *Art*, which he pronounced as if it contained half-a-dozen *r*'s—as if, in fact, it were all modern, and such an offence to him that he must utter the word with an angry snarl. He was a power at the table, with his Scottish anecdotes, full of wit and mirth; a host in himself, and a good stimulus to the rest.

It was there that my metropolitan ignorance was chased away by our host respecting a certain game of which in those days we in the South knew nothing whatever, save that we had read of it in books, notably in *Chambers's Journal*, as being played in the North. David Chambers was not only a player; but, though the neighbourhood of London offered few opportunities for indulgence in the game, he had brought his tools with him. One day, for my delectation, he brought out the long leather case which, he informed me, was carried by a boy called a caddy, and proudly drew out and illustrated the use of each implement contained within. Golf, in my Cockney ignorance, was cuneiform to me; but I came to know the differences between cleek and spoon, driver, sand-iron, and niblick; how 'putting' was done, and what were the uses of a 'tee.' I remember feeling amused by the solemnity of utterance and the gravity with which the importance and value of each implement was explained; and I came away seeing in my mind's eye the extent of the 'links,' a word I had always connected with a chain. Over thirty years have passed since then, and I may truthfully say that my mental explanation of the word 'links' was correct, for link by link one vast chain has been formed which embraces all the South. However, we know better now.

Let me give another example of my Southern barbarism and ignorance. It was upon a memor-

able day that one of the familiar notes was brought to my room from the 'Row' bidding me to the feast. It was another national occasion, for in the announcement respecting the *menu* of the lunch was the mystic word 'Haggis,' with an additional notification that Mrs Robert Chambers, senior, had sent up expressly for the lunch the national dish that bears the above name.

Upon this occasion—— But first let me apologetically beg of the Northern reader to recall the fact that I have alluded to my Southern barbaric ignorance, and ask him not to visit that ignorance upon me with angry scorn. I knew no better. I was not born to the knowledge of Scottish manners and customs, and doubtless possessed as much narrow-minded prejudice as most of my kind. Let me repeat, then, that upon this occasion fish preceded the delicacy of which the party were to partake; and upon the removal of the dish we sat in expectancy, my attention being divided between the solemnly smiling importance of Mr David Chambers's countenance and an extra long and large silver gravy-spoon lying to his right. Then enter the pile of exceedingly hot plates, to be followed promptly by a large dish evidently so superheated that the napkin barely saved the bearer's hands from suffering. A few minutes' pause, while we all gazed expectant upon the great bright dish-cover; a sensation gathering in me—whatever other English friends felt—that I ought, like poor little Tiny Tim, to hammer the table with my knife and fork, and cry 'Hooray!' But, of course, I was too well behaved, and waited till Mr Chambers rose and took up the spoon. Then the cover was whisked off, and I sat—gazing.

Before I describe what I saw, may I ask the 'gentle reader'—— No; if of Northern descent, I fear his scorn for the writer will kill the adjective 'gentle.' Let me ask him to read my self-abasing words above-written again; and at the same time let me remind him that there are countless thousands of the readers of this *Journal* who do not know what a Haggis is, that the love of that national dish is what W. S. Gilbert says of the beauty of his Japanese heroine, 'an acquired taste,' and that I had never had the opportunity to acquire it.

Let me continue. I sat gazing wonderingly at something resting in what seemed to be so much hot water, which enveloped it in steam. It was piping hot—I might say Scotch piping hot, for though the pipes were wanting, there was the bag. It was very wet, of a peculiar livid tint, tight, and—to be frank—about the most unappetising-looking thing I ever saw in my life.

All this was seen at a glance while our host looked down at the Haggis, and then suddenly put down the spoon. I fancy I glanced at the door in expectancy that it was to open again to admit a piper who would start drone and chanter,

and ceremoniously march, playing, round the table while the guests were served. But no; all was silence, for Mr David Chambers had only exchanged the spoon for a knife, with which he seemed to slay the object in the dish. One thrust, and there was a transformation scene. The hot water had disappeared, and a rich, steaming, dark compound was ready for the spoon which transferred it to the plates.

I can recall the scene vividly, and the stern resolution with which the dainty was eaten, and I scornfully repudiate any attempt to ridicule the dish Haggis; but at the same time, perhaps from narrow-minded English prejudice, I will say that if I were going to entertain a royal stranger I would, rather than the Scottish dainty, put before him the national English roast-beef. However, the guests of the Haggis-lunch were unanimously of the opinion that the whisky was sublime.

The life and soul of those pleasant lunches was James Payn, a writer and conversationalist whom the public never half appreciated. Clever, smart, witty, full of humour, it has always seemed to me that, popular though he was to some extent, he would have been far more so if he had lived a quarter of a century later. Perhaps, though, there was great truth in the words of one of his daughters, that ladies did not care much for his books. Ladies are wiser and more masculine now.

I remember on one occasion the conversation had turned upon the difficulties of some literary man, and the cause—his extravagant manner of living. Now, Payn resided in a handsome mansion at Maida Vale, and Mr David Chambers turned banteringly to me and said pointedly at Payn, 'I say, Fenn, have you ever seen what sort of a house this man lives in?' I dare say it was in bad taste; but I had my reward. To keep up the bantering spirit—the light chaff of the moment—I said solemnly, having lunched with the object of the gibe a few days before, 'Yes; I went there the other day, and hesitated. I thought I ought to ring the area bell.'—'You scoundrel!' was the retort.

Essentially a student and writer, Payn was singularly sedentary in his habits, while in his later years severe affliction kept him from everything in the way of muscular exercise; but even in his healthiest times he was a man whose idea of a pleasant dwelling-place was London; and he assured me that to be in the country would only set him longing to get back to his club.

There is a good story extant respecting those early days which may be new to some of the readers of this. It is to the effect that Payn, Mathew Arnold, and Calverley, the witty author of *Fly-Leaves*, were climbing Skiddaw together during some holiday excursion, Arnold and Calverley revelling in the elastic air of the higher regions, while Payn lagged on slowly

behind, to overtake his waiting friends, mopping his brow and evidently exhausted by the labours of the ascent. The two friends stood gazing at their suffering companion for some moments, and then Calverley burst out with the quotation from Macbeth: 'The labour we delight in physics pain.'

Payn once offered five pounds to either of his friends who could guess the secret forming the pivot upon which turned a story of his then running through the columns of *Chambers's Journal*. The story was 'A Perfect Treasure,' one which excited the interest of the Duke of Albany, and resulted in an invitation to visit the Prince. I guessed the secret; but I never claimed the reward, for I could give myself no credit for my success. Accident had betrayed the matter to me through my reading of a little-known tale by Captain Marryat based upon almost precisely the same idea, though the treatment of the two tales diverged to the very end.

It was not at Paternoster Row but at Payn's house that I first met Robert Chambers *secundus*. Not long before, I had been contributing a bluff, adventurous sea-story or two to the *Journal*, and my reception suggested the way in which a writer is judged by the style of his writings. For instance, perhaps no man wrote more about outdoor life and sport, and made his heroes men of the most manly and athletic type, than Frank Smedley, while all the while he was so terribly crippled that he had to be lifted to the table when he was about to write, breezily, of men as he would have liked to be a man himself. Robert Chambers the younger must have measured me by my stories, for upon seeing me, and shaking hands as he stood face to face with the mild, slight, spare young writer, 'You Mr Fenn!' he said. 'Why, I expected to meet some big, bluff sailor!'

Letters and complimentary books formed the extent of my dealings with William Chambers the elder, whom I never met at Paternoster Row. I

was more fortunate, though, with his brother—the Robert Chambers of the great firm, and grandfather of my present Editor. This was in the narrow old literary street, at the famous house. It was after one of the weekly lunches, and he came later, word being sent in that he would like to see me before I left.

A few minutes after, I was talking with one whom I seemed to have known from boyhood, and, young then, was listening with a feeling of pride to words for whose sincerity the looks and tones of the grave, placid speaker were ample vouchers. He had thanked me warmly for the qualities of 'Begumbagh,' an Indian Mutiny story which I had written for the *Journal*; and in parting said, with a warm pressure of the hand, 'You are just at the beginning of your career; I am very nearly at the end of mine. I wish you every success.' The remark is word for word, for I need hardly say that such an utterance to a young writer would make an impression not likely to be erased.

I ought to consider myself fortunate in my connection with the world-famed house, for fate brought me into contact with the lady once known as Miss Janet Chambers, whose hospitality I enjoyed at her country home near Welwyn, at the invitation of her husband, Mr W. H. Wills, the friend and partner of Dickens, dating from *Daily News* days, through the career of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Somehow writing makes a man many friends—or the reverse, according to how he dips his pen.

Upon looking over the above article, I cannot help being struck by the egotism running through the lines; but for excuse I can only say, How was it to be avoided when the memories of the old publishing firm were to be my own? The theme was beset with snares—pitfalls into which conceit might fall. I can say honestly, though, in printers' technical phraseology, that I have tried hard to 'keep down' the capital I.

A LEINSTER HIGHWAYMAN.

By EUSTACE DE SALIS.



THE laws of Ireland as administered a hundred years ago were of the most cruel and sanguinary character. Indeed, this remark may with reason be applied to the United Kingdom in general. Offences which in these days of enlightenment and mercy are considered deserving only of imprisonment were then visited with such vindictive ferocity that men who had committed some trifling offence for which a very cruel punishment was awarded fled to avoid the consequences, and, becoming opposers of peace and order in some other part of the country, embarked on a career of crime that invariably terminated either on the scaffold or in a penal settlement.

It was during this state of things that Michael Collier, the 'last of the Irish highwaymen,' entered on that career of daring which rendered his name so famous in certain circles. The impunity with which he carried on his system of highway robbery must strike all as singular. But when the manners of the period, the generosity of the man—with other people's money, be it noted!—and his unrivalled knowledge of the country are taken into account, his numerous escapes from justice will be easily comprehended.

Collier is stated to have been a man of considerable natural talents. To perseverance, enterprise, and courage he united an indomitable will—qualities that, if applied to the attainment

of legitimate objects, could not have failed to benefit society and secure for their possessor the respect and esteem of the community at large. The want of the restraining influence of education, however, as well as the opportunities afforded to daring individuals of realising large sums of money by 'the road,' caused him to forsake the path of honesty, and rendered his name a household word in the provinces of Ulster and Leinster.

The subject of this sketch—who alone of all his species escaped the gallows—was born at the Hill of Bellewstown in 1780. The eldest son of a small tenant-farmer, Michael was sent out to earn his bread at the early age of thirteen. But he did not continue long in his first situation, and he was next heard of as a carman between Dublin and Drogheda. Whilst thus employed he contracted the habit of pilfering from the goods committed to his care; and it is most probable that it was at this period he learned the lie of the country—knowledge which later was to stand him in such good stead. His rise from petty thieving to full-blown highway robbery he owed to a woman with whom he had 'taken up,' and of whom, according to all accounts, he was inordinately fond. Her male relatives having been arrested for stealing a horse, she was sent to Michael to obtain his assistance. Apparently he could not refuse her urgent entreaties, and without realising what must inevitably follow, he agreed to assist her. Meeting the police escort on its way to Trim jail, our highwayman treated the constables to drink, and when they had succumbed to the influence of the liquor, relieved them of their charges. After this escapade there was only one course open to him: he had to take to the hills; and whilst in seclusion he learnt that even the daughter of a horse-thief was not to be depended on—from his point of view, of course.

Whilst travelling between Kells and Nobber, on the lookout for something to replenish his purse, Collier received his first lesson in the matter of minding his own business and not interfering between others. Attracted by the noise of a scuffle, he came upon a poor woman kneeling before a brother professional who had just despoiled her of her last farthing. Michael's chivalrous instincts were immediately fired at the sight of female distress. By dint of threats of lodging his *confrère* in jail, he compelled restitution; but later he was arrested for complicity and confined in Trim jail. His lucky star must have been in the ascendant at the time; for, although tried by the celebrated Lord Norbury, his counsel, Leonard M'Nally, secured his acquittal, and he was set at liberty after being warned to mind with whom he consorted.

From this time Collier's career may be said to have commenced in earnest. Hitherto he had been content to snatch purses and engage in any light jobs that came his way professionally. But his taste of justice determined him to fly at higher

game—most probably on the assumption that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. Collecting a gang of followers, he scoured the country in search of work, his first appearance on the highway-robbery stage being his successful waylaying of the Dublin mail-coach at the Naul. He might well be elated at his good fortune, for, with little or no risk, he contrived to despoil every passenger save one. The latter, a Dublin attorney of the name of Bell, was on his way to the Monaghan assizes with some eight hundred pounds in cash on his person. Remembering the reputation enjoyed by a portion of the country through which he would have to travel, this passenger placed seven hundred and fifty pounds in the bottom of his brief-bag and the balance of the fifty in his purse. The coach was suddenly stopped as it neared the Naul by a formidable barricade of carts, cars, and building materials. The command to stand and deliver effectually frustrated the half-hearted defence contemplated by some of the male passengers, and all thoughts of resistance were abandoned when it was learnt that Michael Collier headed the band in person. Mr Bell, when his turn came to pay the highwayman's toll, calmly handed over his watch and the purse containing the fifty pounds, and on being interrogated as to what his bag contained, replied that they were briefs connected with the trials of some prisoners whom he was *defending* against a charge of highway robbery at Monaghan! It would be most unprofessional to come between solicitor and client, Collier agreed; so the attorney escaped being searched, and by his clever ruse contrived to retain his money.

Having succeeded in setting on the wrong track the constables sent to pursue him, Collier, realising that houses of entertainment were to be avoided if he desired to preserve his liberty, now made for the residence of a Mr Hurst, county cess collector for Louth, and, dressed as a beggar, demanded the rights of hospitality according to the custom of the times. He was instantly recognised as the daring and dangerous outlaw for whose apprehension a large reward was even then offered. But the host, deeming it safest to treat him with kindness, provided him with the necessary refreshment, adding thereto half-a-crown, which, although possessed of hundreds of pounds, Michael Collier cheerfully accepted in order to keep up his assumed character. That thirty pence proved a remarkably good investment for Mr Hurst; for some weeks later, as he was returning from Dunleer with a large sum of public money, he was stopped by our highwayman and two of his gang on Glyde farm-road and robbed of every shilling of the cash. Luckily, before quitting his prey, Collier recognised him as the gentleman who not long before had succoured him, and instantly restored every penny of the money, to the latter's very natural surprise and joy.

It was whilst engaged on his next great venture that Collier came into conflict with a member of his band and shed human blood for the first and only time. Having sacked Clariston, County Meath, the residence of the well-known Matthew Ennis, Collier discovered that one of his associates had offered gross indignity to a servant-maid. This was against his orders, and he severely censured the ruffian, adding that he was 'a disgrace to their cause,' and that it was 'shameful having to associate with such a scoundrel.' Woods, as the man was named, replied with great heat, and muttered something about 'revenge' and 'the authorities.' This was enough for the chief. Enraged at the implied threat no less than at the disrespectful tone used towards himself, he drew his pistol and shot his rebellious subordinate dead on the spot, thus ridding, as it afterwards turned out, his following of one who was little better than an informer, and therefore a menace to the fraternity.

After the robbery of Claristown and the shooting of Woods, large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the gang; and so hot became the hue-and-cry that Collier, following the example set him by so many of the upper classes of his countrymen, determined to play the 'absentee' for a while. With this view he assumed a jockey's dress, and proceeding to Ballinasloe fair, purchased several horses for shipment. He brought them over to England, and speedily spent the proceeds in riotous living. Finding the highways in the land of his adoption too much crowded by gentlemen of his own persuasion to admit of his making any 'decent' livelihood there, he eventually found his way back to his native country, and promptly set to work to rob every rich farmer and cattle-grazier he came across in County Meath. But this source of income could not continue for ever. His return to his 'native sod' had thoroughly alarmed the country-side, and poor Michael soon found himself in sore straits for the wherewithal necessary to keep even a highwayman's body and soul together.

It was whilst lying in ambush in the neighbourhood of Navan that he bethought himself of circulating the report of his arrest and incarceration in jail. Having given the lying rumour time to penetrate to all quarters, he prepared to recommence business, and took up his position behind a quickset hedge, broken at intervals by gaps, on a road that he knew farmers and others returning from an important neighbouring fair would have to travel. He had not long to wait. Two wealthy cattle-graziers, contented with their day's work, rode by, confiding to each other the amount of their respective sales. Collier travelled abreast of the speakers inside the hedge in order to learn, if possible, their destination and the sum of money they actually carried. On coming to a somewhat lonely spot on the road one of the horsemen

remarked how rejoiced he was to hear Collier had been captured, for now an honest man had some chance of travelling in safety. The words were hardly out of the speaker's mouth when the subject of the discussion, springing suddenly from his place of concealment, confronted the unsuspecting pair and ordered them to hand over the proceeds of their sales. The terrified agriculturists had no option but to obey an order enforced by a threatening-looking horse-pistol; and Collier, loaded with his booty, hastened off to Drogheda, whilst his victims rode for Navan to give information to the police. The constabulary were soon on the highwayman's track—to give them their due, they always contrived to hit off Michael's various hiding-places, but appeared unable to lay hands on his person—and he had to decamp from home by the back-door, and in the darkness of the night strike out for Bellewstown. Even here he was not allowed to remain long undisturbed. Forced to fly, he shook off the dust of the county of Meath from his feet, and entering the metropolitan shire from the north, secreted himself at a place then known as Tervey House.

Here, although discovered, fortune again favoured him. Michael, being apprised of the approach of some soldiers under Viscount Gormanston, effected his escape out of one door as his would-be captors entered at the other. But on gaining the country he discovered that guards were placed on every side to prevent his ultimately gaining some safe retreat. The highwayman's presence of mind did not forsake him even in this desperate situation. Assuming his favourite disguise, a beggar's dress with a wallet slung over one shoulder, and enacting the rôle of an aged, lame, poverty-stricken, and feeble mendicant, he accosted two soldiers who happened to be guarding the avenues leading to the Nanny Waters, and innocently inquired the cause of their presence in those parts. Learning he himself was the object of their search, Michael gravely informed them that Collier was undoubtedly 'a great thief, but that, thanks be to God, he had been caught at last in yonder public-house.' Never dreaming of connecting this decrepit, ragged individual with the notorious outlaw, the soldiers innocently permitted him to pass; and once more gaining the neighbourhood of Navan, the robber secluded himself until the hue-and-cry should have abated a little.

One morning, overcome by hunger, but yet fearing to enter any of the neighbouring towns, Collier met a little girl carrying her father's breakfast. As necessity knows no law, he proceeded immediately to satisfy his hunger, and followed the little girl home to explain to the mother who he was, and how he came to appropriate the food. Here he learnt that the father had long been laid up with typhus, and being unable to do any work, and the landlord

pressing for the rent, their only cow had to be parted with for a ten-pound note. Inquiring further, he ascertained that the landlord was even at that moment distraining for rent in an adjoining town-land. With a word of comfort, he left the cabin, sought out the owner of the soil, and promptly robbed him. Once more he returned to the miserable hovel; counting down thirteen pounds—the amount that had just been paid as rent—he added ten more to purchase another cow, and then took his leave, promising to assist them whenever they should call on him to do so. It was by such acts that Michael gained the affections of the ignorant peasantry and secured their support. At the outset of his career he had formed the resolve of robbing the rich to aid the poor, and all accounts tend to prove that he kept his resolution.

Probably his most daring act—one that for sheer impudence of design and effrontery in carrying into execution it would be hard to parallel in the annals of highway robbery—was, single-handed, to rob the metropolitan mail-coach between Balbriggan and Gormanston. The place is still pointed out, midway between the front and back avenue gates of Lowtherstone House, marked by a bush known as 'Collier's Bush.' Deprived for the time being of the assistance of his band, Collier barricaded the road, and then set up a number of stakes in the ditch on one side, on each of which he placed a battered *caubeen*. No sooner did the coachman become aware of the obstacle that barred his farther progress than he uttered a warning cry, and, in the gloom, the guard fired at the hats temptingly displayed. The highwayman, lying low, returned the compliment, but in such a manner that none of the occupants of the mail were injured. Again the guard discharged his piece, and again Collier, who had several guns lying at hand ready loaded, calmly fired them one after the other. Discovering he had silenced the guard, he came forward and called on the passengers to surrender unconditionally unless they desired to be riddled by his gang. This intimation had the desired effect. Shooting one of the horses, he next cut the traces, and, with the utmost deliberation possible, first rifled the mail-bags and then the passengers.

Abandoning 'the road' for a time, he was persuaded to engage in a family expedition with his father-in-law and sundry other relatives; and the extensive cattle-raid into which he now threw himself heart and soul terminated in his capture, trial, and sentence of death. But the man's native pluck did not desert him even at this critical moment. Although loaded with fetters and chained by his waist to a staple in the wall of his cell, he contrived to obtain possession of a file. Selecting a favourable moment, he freed himself from the restraining irons, and then, lowering himself out of the

window—although fired at and a mark for the bullets of the various sentinels placed about the walls of Trim jail—dropped down into and swam across the river Boyne, which flowed beneath the site of his place of captivity.

The counties of Meath and Louth now becoming too hot to hold him, he moved farther north, and was next heard of in Belfast, where he robbed a bank in broad daylight under the very eyes of the officials. With the plunder thus secured, he crossed over to Scotland, and for some months lived the life of a prince. Anxious to return home, and not having the means at hand to do so, Collier—never at a loss for an expedient to raise the wind—enlisted in a Scotch regiment, immediately deserted, and with the bounty thus obtained quietly re-entered Ireland, taking up his abode in the hill-country around Newry.

Few of his craft ever had so many narrow escapes from capture as had Michael Collier. Working his way south to Drogheda, he was discovered in a house and forced to bolt by the rear as the constabulary entered by the front. He was sighted, however, passing through Loughboy in the direction of the Obelisk—a memorial of the battle of the Boyne—and it appeared certain that he was once again to see the inside of a prison. A cabin, the owner of which was at work in his garden, stood in the highwayman's line of flight. Accosting this countryman, he explained that not only was he breathless, but that he was dead-beat; and that, unless he could contrive to put his pursuers astray, he was practically a dead man. Divesting himself of his *cothamore*, the labourer handed it to the highwayman, advising him to quietly retrace his steps. Discarding the blue coat he was generally seen in, Michael acted on the hint, and with easy assurance took the road the constabulary must follow. Not only was he permitted to pass, but, being questioned as to the extent of his knowledge, he succeeded in directing the constabulary into exactly the opposite quarter to that which he himself purposed entering.

However, as the following incident will show, it was not only the ignorant lower classes who aided the outlaw at critical moments. Making for Drogheda one evening, he met a gentleman who was an extensive landowner and a magistrate returning with a large sum of money in his possession. 'Well, Mick,' the latter queried anxiously, fearing he was about to share the fate of all those who fell in with the highwayman, 'is it the money you're after?' 'Not yours, at any rate, sir,' was the reply. 'If I wanted to help myself to what you've got about you I'd have said so at once.' 'What is it, then?' the magistrate asked, much amused at the outlaw's perfect unconcern and apparent sincerity of conviction that robbery with violence from the person was a most legitimate and a most

respectable calling. 'I'm here to protect you from hurt,' Collier replied, and then, refusing to be further drawn, accompanied the landowner homewards. Arrived within a short distance of his companion's gates, Michael rode rapidly forward, and thrusting the muzzle of his short blunderbuss through the hedge, ordered certain unseen individuals to decamp and 'be quit of' attempting to molest 'his honour' in any way, unless they wished to have their brains blown out. Urged forward by these roars of menace, three men arose and scampered away in terror; then Collier turned and, with a smile, gave it as his opinion that now the other might proceed with safety.

The time came when this action met with its reward. Having heard he was in hiding on the hill of Bellewstown, the authorities ordered out a large force for his capture, and proceeded to draw a cordon around the spot. Although hard pressed on all sides, Michael broke through the ring of armed men—any one being at liberty to shoot him at sight—and found he was making in the direction of the house of the individual he had accompanied and safeguarded home from Drogheda. He gained the *haggard*, and informed his involuntary host of his whereabouts, meanwhile hiding himself in a commodious hay-loft. Surprised at the intimation, the friendly magistrate was about to inquire the cause of this sudden visit when the constabulary rode up to the front-door and requested to be told in what direction Collier had gone. Unwilling to tell an untruth, and still more averse to rendering up to an ignominious death the good-natured rogue who some few months previously had done him such a signal service, the magistrate found himself on the horns of a dilemma, from which it seemed he was not to be permitted to extricate himself with honour. The grounds were about to be searched, when one of the servants—no doubt in the secret as to how matters stood between his master and the highwayman—affirmed he had seen 'Mickie makin' off like the wind' in the direction of Gormanston. Away rode the police; and before they could well have gained the high-road Collier had borrowed a hunter and turned towards Dublin, travelling as fast as the animal could gallop.

After this adventure he lay concealed for some time in a widow's house at Nobber. Whilst he was her guest the landlord made a seizure for rent. Collier, taking compassion on the poor creature's destitute condition, advanced the necessary sum. The landlord, who happened to be in the vicinity distraining on other households, was apprised of the fact that the rent in full awaited him. Having been paid, and granted a receipt in return, he rode away; but he did not go forth alone. Through a hole in the wall the highwayman had been an interested spectator of the transaction, and had made up his mind to give the hard-hearted

proprietor a lesson; so, taking a short cut across country, he stopped him and imperiously demanded his money. The landlord, protesting before his Maker that he was the poorest man of his class in Ireland, that the times were uncommonly hard, and that he was cursed with a large family, handed out a few shillings, swearing he did not possess another farthing, nor know where to get one; but Collier, remembering the scene with the widow, laughed derisively, and met the supplications and appeals for mercy by cocking his pistol and flourishing the muzzle in dangerous proximity to the equestrian. He then ordered him to dismount, and stripped him of every shilling. To make matters worse, he added insult to injury by impounding the horse and compelling the avaricious victim to find his way home on foot. In after-years Michael gloried more in this act than in any other, as the man he had despoiled was known not only as harsh and cruel to his tenantry, but, although possessed of immense wealth, was reputed to be of an extremely miserly disposition—a sin that no self-respecting Irishman of the period could possibly condone!

Now came in quick succession the stoppage and robbery of two important mail-coaches, the Londonderry on its way north—during which attack Collier lost two of his followers, one shot dead by the guard and the other dangerously wounded—and the Belfast up-stage. These daring acts at last roused the apathy of the authorities in the capital, who, in addition to increasing the reward for the highwayman's apprehension, ordered out a regiment of foot to scour the counties he was known to frequent. It was not long before he was tracked to a hiding-place. Having to make off, Michael was far too old a stager to fall into the mistake of travelling by road. Instead, he cut across country, clearing hedges, double-ditches, and drains by help of a long ash pole that accompanied him on most of his flights on foot.

After a hard run of over an hour and a half he entered a field near Oldbridge, in which several labourers were digging potatoes. Being considerably fatigued and completely blown, and seeing an empty sack, he, with that presence of mind which saved him on this as on many occasions, instantly crept into it, and gave orders that he should be laid lengthwise in one of the furrows. What must his sensations have been? He could hear the tramp, tramp of the approaching soldiers, but he durst not stir hand or foot. His fate was in the hands of some dozen ignorant labourers. A large reward was offered for his apprehension—a reward that would have made them all rich for life. A nod or a slight motion or the hand towards the spot where he lay concealed and his capture would have been inevitable. But his countrymen stood to him. On being interrogated by the officer in command, they falsely directed the constabulary and red-coats,

and the highwayman was left free to depart. In quitting the locality, however, he fell in with another search-party, and had to bolt for dear life towards the sea. Driven down to the very verge of the river near the village of Mornington, he boldly plunged in and swam across; and it being midwinter, the water icy-cold, and a violent gale blowing, he nearly lost his life. Before another sun rose he had passed through Dunleer *en route* for Belfast, and after a short stay in the northern capital, retraced his steps home *via* Bandbridge and Newry, plundering and leaving mementoes of his travels at every step.

Coming across a sub-sheriff loaded with seizure moneys, Collier relieved him, took the trouble to ascertain the particulars, returned the cash to the various tenantry who had been 'sold up,' and then fled for Finglas. Unfortunately for himself, he sprained his ankle badly at the outset, and was within a hair's-breadth of being made a prisoner; but espying a ploughman at work in a field, he went and acquainted him with his sorry plight. The other was fresh, and would give the pursuers a 'rale treat,' whilst Collier could take the man's place at the plough! This was agreed upon; and Michael took the reins and commenced methodically to turn up the land, whilst the seeming outlaw—a fine athletic young man in prime condition—made off, closely followed by the constabulary. Stimulated by the prospects of securing the large reward offered for Collier's arrest, they started on a most exciting race, until the countryman, to whom every turn of the land was familiar, gave his followers the slip, and returned to where he had left the outlaw at work, but found he had taken himself off and was now beyond the reach of pursuit.

One of the principal causes of Collier's being so frequently almost run to earth arose from his extreme fondness for liquor. Getting very far gone in his cups in a public-house at Navan, he indiscreetly made himself known to all around. As the night progressed he became more and more uproarious, until at length, in self-defence, the landlord had to evict him. The police were on his track in no time; and, three-parts drunk and more than half-asleep, he stumbled out to seek a safe place in which to conceal himself. He had not staggered far—walking was apparently out of the question—when he met a couple of the patrol anxiously searching for him. He could not retire unobserved; so, advancing—impelled thereto no doubt by the quantity of spirit he had absorbed—he kicked one over and knocked the other down with his fists. Coming a little to himself after he had run a considerable distance, and deeming himself now safe from pursuit, he unwisely ventured on to the roadway, to instantly fall in with another lot of constabulary who were on the *qui vive*. Followed with a tremendous hue-and-cry at his very heels, he turned for Slane. On reaching

the village, however, he found his enemies fast gaining on him, and as a last resort plunged into the river, standing for over two hours up to his chin in the Boyne, and from his post in mid-stream watching the torches and lanterns as they flashed hither and thither on either bank, to the accompaniment of hearty imprecations and assurances that 'Mickie must be in laygue wid the devil himself.'

Collier's career on the highway was now fast drawing to a close. Having committed some very impudent petty robberies in the Royal County, he took up his abode at the 'Cock of Gormanston' public-house. Here he was surprised by his inveterate enemy, one Armstrong, and a party of Drogheda constabulary, and after a fierce struggle, in which he nearly lost his life, was secured, heavily ironed, and in due course forwarded to Trim jail. Found guilty at the ensuing assizes, he was sentenced to seven years' transportation, which sentence was, on his own application, commuted to one forcing him to enlist in one of the African or West Indian corps, with the added proviso that he was never to return to his native country.

How he came to be thus favoured can never be known now, and it must ever remain a mystery why his punishment should, in the first instance, have been transportation and not death. But when it is borne in mind that he followed his calling during the dark days that preceded and the darker ones that followed the Act of Union, and that he must, from his associations and mode of living, have been acquainted with the inner history of the sanguinary events taking place around him, we may reasonably presume that he gave private information of such value to the authorities—so at least it was openly averred in one quarter at the time—that it caused them to deal graciously with him.

The peace of 1815, which led to a sweeping reduction in our military establishment, secured for Collier his discharge from the West Indian corps he had selected for his soldiering. After knocking about America for some years—during which he for a short time managed a plantation in South Carolina—the ex-highwayman, no opposition being offered by the authorities, returned to Ireland and opened a public-house within a few miles of Ashbourne—the centre of the district which at one period he had so successfully 'worked.' Here he gave way to intemperate habits, with the result that the closing years of his life were passed in misery and destitution. Cholera at this epoch was devastating the country; the potato crop had failed, and starvation was visible on every hand. With an enfeebled constitution, unable to stand any sudden strain, Collier succumbed to the dreadful malady in Drogheda in his sixty-ninth year.

Earlier in this article it was remarked that Michael Collier alone of all his species escaped the gallows, and in this connection it might be

of interest to note the fate that befell his companions in crime. Of the twenty-four desperadoes who at one time or another engaged with the famous highwayman, fourteen were hanged, two were shot by their fellows for presumed treachery, one was executed by the chief himself for gross violation of orders, three were sent to their last

account by guards or passengers whilst engaged in following their calling, and four were sentenced to transportation! What a deplorable state of society it must have been that had to bear such a dangerous nuisance, where neither life nor property was safe from the lawless violence of those who lived on their fellow-creatures!

THE KING OF TROPICAL FRUITS.

By ROWLAND W. CATER, Author of *Vanilla-Gathering, Tobacco-Fields of Central America, &c.*



HE mere mention of Florida, California, or Spain would suggest to the mind of most of us all sorts of delicious fruits, the very thought of which tends to 'make the mouth water;' and we usually consider that these are the great fruit-producing regions which cannot be beat. Probably that opinion is correct, for it would, indeed, be difficult to surpass these places in quantity; but in variety—well, that is another matter, and one in which tropical America would have a say.

Throughout Central America the most exquisite fruits are produced in great abundance and in almost incredible variety. It would take up far too much space to enumerate the different productions; besides, if I were to mention the appalling local names attached to some of them, the reader might make a terrible mess of the pronunciation, and be none the wiser after all. Suffice it to say that in the cooler and more temperate regions apples, pears, peaches, and plums—in fact, nearly all our home fruits—can be cultivated; while in the hotter portions of the country are found the famous tropical fruits, both wild and cultivated, such as bananas, lemons, guavas, and hundreds of others, many of them entirely unknown to dwellers on this side of 'the herring-pond.' Oranges and grapes will thrive almost anywhere in Central America, and offer a vast field for cultivation; and so will the strange yet wholesome alligator-pears, together with pomegranates and various species of limes and citrons. Then there is the mango, that luscious fruit which so many persons fail to acquire a taste for. It is like a large and very juicy plum, with a huge stone inside, and what has been described as 'a dash of turpentine' in its flavour; but, although not relished by all, when really ripe it is usually pronounced one of the most delicious fruits of the tropics.

The tropical fruit most generally relished, and—with the exception of the orange—probably worth most from a commercial point of view, is the pine-apple. This fruit has been known to the world almost from time immemorial, and at the time of the conquest of Mexico the Spaniards found it in large quantities in the various Aztec market-towns through which they passed; but it was not introduced into England

until about a century afterwards, and apparently it is to the Dutch that we owe our knowledge of it.

To-day, known to botanists as *Ananassa sativa*, a member of the Bromeliaceæ family, the plant is to be found under extensive cultivation in almost all parts of the tropical world. It is a herbaceous plant, inclined to be woody, and may be described as a mere bunch of broad, spiny-edged leaves, about thirty in number and two or three feet in length. From the centre of the plant springs a short, leafy flower-stem or pole, which at its upper extremity 'bears the apple or fruit.' The fruit is known as *piña* by the natives of Central America, and is a peculiar formation which in botany is termed a *sorosis*—a fleshy fruit composed of both flowers, seeds, and seed-vessels in a conglobate mass which does not open out when mature. The rind, which is thick, jagged, and uneven, is perforated at frequent intervals by little cells or 'potato eyes'—the seed-vessels. The seed, however, which is in the form of a number of dark-brown and very minute particles, is rarely found, and is, therefore, seldom used as a means of propagation.

Plants are usually raised from *retonos* or *hijos*—(shoots or suckers). The former, generally seven or eight in number, appear round the fruit at its base as it gradually matures, and the latter spring from the parent root-stock. The crown or tuft of small leaves which rises out of the fruit at its summit is of little or no use for plantation purposes.

No particular kind of soil is necessary for the cultivation of this plant. It thrives equally well in a loamy, clayey, or sandy soil; but it has, perhaps, a slight preference for a mixture of sand and rich earth. When the site—which must be in a moist climate—has been chosen, the entire vegetation has to be removed, the larger trees being felled in the usual manner—that is, by means of axes or saws—and the smaller ones, with the underbrush, by means of the never-failing *machete*. The former, cut into portable lengths and with their branches cut off, are hauled by oxen to some convenient spot, where they are left until required for building or fencing purposes or for firewood; the latter are burnt as soon as dry in order to get them out of the way. It goes

without saying that when clearing the land a good lookout must be kept for valuable timber such as cedar, mahogany, or rosewood, and also for medicinal plants, many of which abound there. If the area of the plantation is somewhat limited, then the roots of the larger trees which have been felled must be dug out or blasted; but as this is a very expensive operation, it is better to leave them in the ground and compensate for this loss of space by taking a larger plot, especially as land is almost a drug upon the market.

When cleared, the land must be ploughed; but if the roots are left in, the plough cannot be profitably used, and hoes are resorted to. The soil having been well loosened, trenches about six inches deep are made at a distance of five feet apart, and running the entire length of the fields; and in these—usually at the commencement of the rainy season—the suckers or shoots, as the case may be, are planted. Three feet should separate plant from plant along the trenches; and, instead of inserting the suckers in holes, the mere extremity of their roots is buried in a hole sufficient only to keep the suckers firm in an upright position, and the remainder of the roots is covered by banking up loose earth around it.

The after-cultivation of the plants, although simple in the extreme, is very important and must be carefully carried out, for to a very large extent the quality of the fruit which they will subsequently bear depends upon it. The cultivation consists merely in thoroughly and frequently weeding the plantation and manuring the roots of the plants with leaf-mould on the approach of dry weather; any negligence in this resulting not only in undersized fruit, but also in a poor crop, and the fruit would have a tendency to become coarse, fibrous, and of little sweetness. It is not the size of the fruit that the planter must study to improve so much as its quality; he must remember that the sweetest and best-flavoured apples are not always the largest. The plant is one of those grateful ones that needs no irrigation; it may almost be termed self-watering, for its structure enables it, between the hours of sunset and sunrise, to imbibe a large quantity of the moisture of the air, which is held in and between its leaves and serves to nourish the plant during the hot hours of the day.

Twelve months or thereby after planting, each plant will bear a single pine-apple, and will continue producing one apple each subsequent year. The plant must be carefully watched, however, and as soon as it shows any signs of decay—usually about five years after planting—it must be uprooted and replaced by a healthy *hijo* (offspring).

When ripe the fruit assumes an orange hue, and is then cut off with a *machete* or any other

sharp implement, and behind the cutter goes another labourer to remove the shoots and suckers. These are planted either in specially prepared nursery-beds or in rows between the parent-plants, there to await occasion for their use in the replacement of sterile and decayed plants or in the enlargement of the plantation. Of course, if the planter intends to export his crop, the fruit must be cut in a green state, just before it assumes its orange hue. In this condition, and if carefully packed and not bruised, it will last quite three weeks after cutting.

An acre planted with *A. sativa* at the distance stated would produce in one year something like two thousand nine hundred pine-apples; and these, at a maximum cost of one penny each, from the time of planting to that of packing, would make the amount of working capital twelve pounds one shilling and eightpence. The fruit in the American market will fetch about fivepence each or sixty pounds eight shillings and fourpence per acre. Thus the planter reaps a gross profit of fourpence on each, or forty-eight pounds six shillings and eightpence per acre. The apples average from two to eight pounds in weight; and although they must be very carefully packed and in strong crates, the freight to market is not a very serious item. Nevertheless, if we knock off one-half of the profit, as calculated above, as a set-off against packing, freight, commissions, sale, and all other charges—which is surely a sufficiently liberal allowance—we have a clear annual profit of twenty-four pounds three shillings and fourpence from one acre. A well-known authority on the industries of Mexico, in a recent Foreign Office Report, says that 'an acre yields a clear profit of from twenty to thirty-three pounds (one hundred and eighty to three hundred dollars Mexican currency), whilst by exporting the fruit to the United States, where it is sold for from four shillings and tenpence-halfpenny to seven shillings (two and a quarter dollars to three and a quarter dollars Mexican currency) per dozen, the planter would receive from thirty-eight to fifty pounds (three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty dollars).'

Thus we see that the cultivation of the pine-apple is simple in the extreme, of sufficiently small cost, and exceedingly remunerative; and, with such immense tracts of cheap and suitable land available in Central America, it is an industry calculated to tempt any man with a small capital and a taste for agriculture. One thing must not be lost sight of, however, and that is, that in order to export one's crops the plantation must of necessity be near the coast, or the planter's profits will be considerably eaten into by the cost of overland carriage, which is, indeed, a serious matter in countries so wild as these.

Some planters indulge in the extraction of fibre

from the leaves—a very good class of fibre it is, too—and the result is quite remunerative; but the practice, like that of making oil and rum from the same plant, has never become general.

In the sandy district near the coast, in the well-drained uplands, and even on the marshy river-uplands of Costa Rica, Honduras, and Guatemala, I have seen the pine-apple growing in wild profusion; and often when travelling, and feeling both tired, hungry, and thirsty, the enjoyment and refreshment afforded me by one of these fruits casually come across was such as to defy description. The most luscious ones I have ever tasted, however, were of the sugar-loaf variety, grown on the slopes of Mombacho—one of Nicaragua's extinct volcanoes, on the western shore of Lake Nicaragua—which rises to some six thousand and odd feet above the level of the sea.

On one occasion I had been staying with a friend for a few days at his coffee-plantation about half-way up the volcano. He had taken suckers from one or two wild pine-apple plants found around his property, and by carefully cultivating them he had produced fruit which it would be hard to beat anywhere. Each day I had risen early in the morning and had my fill; and when the time for my departure arrived pine-apples constituted by far the bulkiest and heaviest portion of my baggage.

The journey from the plantation to Granada—the old town where I was stopping at the time—was of four or five hours' duration, and had to be made on muleback. We started—my host and I—at about seven in the morning, over a very broken and rocky road, and reached the outskirts of the town about half-an-hour before midday. Dismounting and sending our mules back by a *mozo* (servant), we separated, each making for his respective abode.

My rooms were in the *plaza* (the public square), not fifty yards distant from the *cuartel* (military barracks), for throughout these regions the natives observe the very absurd custom of building their barracks and arsenals in the centre of their towns. The country had just passed through one of those periodical political disturbances which, as usual, terminated with a so-called revolution. Thus the Government had the barracks well stocked with powder and munitions of war.

The faction had proved unsuccessful, and from some of the prisoners taken the Government elicited the information that a large quantity of Chassepôt rifles, with something like two million rounds of ammunition, were buried under a certain house on the outskirts of the town, ready to be disinterred at a moment's notice, and brought into use by the revolutionists whose plot the Government had so opportunely nipped in the bud. Of course, the rifles and ammunition were duly unearthed by the authorities and conveyed to the barracks; and the *commandante*

was ordered to test the powder in all the cartridges just found: if good it was to be duly stored, and if worthless it was to be destroyed or otherwise disposed of. Accordingly he set a number of drink-sodden, barefooted, and thick-headed recruits to work, instructing them to tear open each cartridge, pour a few grains of the powder it contained on their thick-skinned palms, and apply a lighted cigar to it. If the few grains in their hands ignited properly, the remainder was to be extracted and heaped up on the pile of good powder; and if it failed to ignite, the whole was added to the worthless heap.

Were I a medico I should not like to be asked for a certificate as to the mental state of the man in authority with whom this idea originated, for I should most certainly pronounce him to be *afuera de se*. How ridiculous it was, in the first place, to waste the cartridges for the sake of a few grains of powder apiece! It would have been far better to use them in the Chassepôts, even if these rifles were a little out of date, and discard them afterwards. Again, to allow lighted cigars in the vicinity of explosives was in itself a madman's blunder.

However, such was the order given. While engaged in its execution, one of the recruits put up his hand to remove his *puro* (cigar) to make the required test; but, having smoked the cigar so short that it endangered his wiry moustache, his fingers were severely burned, and he blindly threw the lighted stump from him. Of course, he had flung it right at the pile of good powder, which had now reached quite formidable proportions, and it immediately ignited and kindled the remainder of the explosives stored in the building, consisting of a tremendous quantity of black gunpowder—I do not remember exactly how much—and some dynamite. The result was an explosion almost too horrible and too fearful to describe, and it took place just as we entered the town. With a report greater than the loudest possible peal of thunder, up went a column of dense black smoke, and with it numberless dark forms and objects rose hundreds of feet into the air. In a moment the town became a scene of utter devastation: scarcely a building within a radius of one hundred yards of the barracks was left standing, while none within ten times that distance escaped injury. The streets became almost impassable on account of the débris; and the careless recruit who was the author of the accident, together with over forty-five companions in arms, was hurled into eternity. For nearly an hour the greater part of the town was in complete darkness from the thick dust caused by the powdering of the falling *adobes* (sun-dried bricks of mud, in general use there for building).

The deaths reached the total of over a hundred, with almost as many wounded; for, besides the soldiers, many of the inhabitants living

in the vicinity or who happened to be near the barracks at the time were blown to pieces, buried beneath fallen walls, or struck down by the falling débris. Human heads, trunks, limbs, and remains of every description were scattered about; and such houses as were left standing might have been compared to pin-cushions, for sticking into the soft, porous tiles on their roofs were to be seen innumerable rifle-barrels, which, separated from their stocks by the explosion, had been hurled hundreds of feet into the air and alighted on these houses.

Of course the usual panic ensued, and the cries of wives suddenly made widows, bereaved parents, and newly-made orphans were appalling; while, to add to the confusion, several lunatics ran around yelling out that another explosion was expected, as the fire which followed the first explosion was gradually reaching another quantity of powder.

Never in my life shall I forget the scene, and I hope never to witness another catastrophe of its kind. This is but a cursory report of the occurrence; but it is the best I can do, and I truthfully believe that no written account can adequately describe the innumerable horrors of that ghastly accident.

Of a sudden two noted military men burst into the thick crowd of panic-stricken inhabitants, and commenced exerting themselves to soothe the public nerve. They were soon joined by others, and finally they succeeded in organising bands of rescuers and establishing temporary shelters for the wounded and homeless. Private houses were turned into hospitals, and the churches became refuges for the frightened women and children. The sight of the rescuers carrying the victims—dying and dead, smeared with blood mingled with thick dust, many of them absolutely unrecognisable as human remains—was too awful to describe; and the cries of '*Ay! Dios mio, where is my son, my poor father, my sister?*' which were heard on all sides were indeed heart-rending. Outside every house or standing amongst the ruins could be seen groups of women examining every corpse as it was disinterred, each woman fearing the while that it was the body of the relative she was in search of; and inside were the rescuers, doctors, and nurses heroically working amongst the dead and suffering to the doleful accompaniment of muttered prayers from the distracted onlookers.

My rooms, when I reached them—as already stated, I was fortunately at the other end of the town when the explosion occurred—were in a terrible state of ruin. Three of the walls had fallen with the roof; and my clothes, furniture, papers, and documents—everything I had in the house—were reposing beneath many feet of débris. Here I picked up a brass trombone, flat as a sheet of paper, which had been blown many times in the barracks, but this time out of the barracks

into the air, and had fallen on my domicile; and there I found a couple of bayonets, twisted and almost unrecognisable as such. I also found numerous other relics, including, strange to say, a cardboard box filled with revolver-cartridges—unexploded.

Climbing over the pile of rubbish, I peeped into what had been the interior of the house, and there espied the owner's son, a young fellow of about twenty, named Espinoza. On seeing me he frantically yelled, 'Do come here! Oh, do come and help me to find my poor sister! I know she is buried here somewhere, for she was busy when the explosion took place, and hadn't time to run out!' We looked about, but could see nothing of the poor fellow's sister; and then we took to shouting. The poor lad was almost frantic with grief. 'Where are you? Angela! Angela!' he screamed, and then we would both stand still and quiet, listening for a response. Presently, in answer to one of the youth's heart-rending appeals, there came a scarcely audible reply: '*Aquí*' ('Here'). 'Where?' we both queried excitedly, for we could not tell whence the sound of the weak voice came. 'Here! Here, underneath you! You are standing on the top of me,' was the reply. Like lightning we jumped from the pile of débris; and after pulling off a board or two, and removing quantities of broken canes, tiles, and other fragments, we suddenly disclosed the girl's head. She was almost completely smothered in dust, and so bruised that even her own brother for a moment failed to recognise her. With the greatest difficulty we managed to remove a huge rafter which had felled her and was pinning her down; and after she was carefully extracted we took her to a temporary home. She still lives; and I think that from time to time, after recovering from the periodical fits to which she is subject as a consequence of that day's experience, she is able to tell one of the most startling tales of narrow escape ever related in connection with this catastrophe.

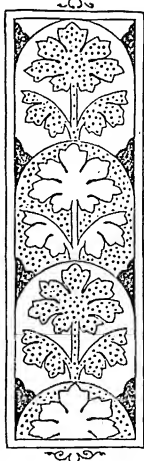
FALLING LEAVES.

TAWNY, ruby-tinted, golden,
From the young tree and the olden,
Leaves drop down in shining showers
On the graves of summer flowers.

Somewhere in the empyrean
Time, methinks, half-smiling stands,
Shaking from his glass uplifted
With his gaunt and trembling hands,
Leaves, we say, of oak and beech tree,
O'er the misty autumn lands,
Through the forest, by the wayside:

They are but his golden sands!
Fain he'd tell us to remember
June is followed by November.

LOUISA ADDEY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE COST OF LIVING.

THERE are many who believe that this earthly pilgrimage of ours is getting harder; that the way is becoming steeper, the burden heavier, the strain and the struggle more severe. It is rather difficult to say what amount of truth there is in this belief. There can be no doubt that in some respects and for some people life does tend to become more exacting and burdensome, and even those who are considered to constitute the comfortable middle class are sometimes conscious of this. Paterfamilias is very apt at times to groan in spirit when he reflects upon the requirements of his family as compared with the family needs of his simpler boyhood's days. He can remember very well when few in his circle of life ever thought of autumn holidays or foreign travel, when bazaars and 'at homes' and garden-parties were unknown, when balls and concerts and entertainments were few and far between, and an evening at the theatre was regarded as rather a sinful indulgence. He remembers when dress was simpler and fashion less capricious, and miscellaneous wants were fewer; when homes were plainer; and when the house that could boast a piano had a perky consciousness of belonging quite to the upper middle class if not to the lower aristocracy. Nowadays, if his young people do not get their two, three, or four weeks at the seaside in the autumn they consider themselves among the unfortunates of their class, and some of them are beginning to feel it a grievance if they do not get their spring holiday as well. Every middle-class household has its piano as a matter of course—and it must not be an old-fashioned one either—and in many cases a whole orchestra of instruments besides: violins and cellos, mandolines and zithers and hautbois, and what not. There must be quite a library of modern music; and in order that the young people's musical education may be kept up to date, they must be permitted to attend the best of concerts and the latest of operas. The time was when young persons who wanted

exercise were content to walk or run for it; now the young member of a family who has not a bicycle stabled somewhere about the premises is disconsolately behind the times. The daughters of a modern middle-class household must have all the paraphernalia for lawn-tennis or golf, like their brothers, who do not nowadays feel fully equipped for all the purposes of life without a photographic camera of the newest type. Girls get fashion-plates in their weekly magazines, and one pretty effect of millinery succeeds another almost with the rapidity of change in a pyrotechnic set-piece. Though all the needlework and dress-making may be put out, no house is now quite complete without a sewing-machine; and, though typewritten correspondence is not yet general in private life, an expensive typewriter is very rapidly coming to be regarded as essential to every well-ordered household.

Of course there is much in all this to make life fuller and richer and more interesting. Even the vagaries of fashion are not without their uses in human culture and development; but there is no denying that it often tends to make the hill a little steeper and the way a little more burdensome for paterfamilias, who finds that the income upon which his father managed to get along quite comfortably somehow seems wholly inadequate to the modern requirements of people supposed to belong to the same class, and to hold just about the same position in society.

On the other hand, however, it is generally assumed that 'living' is cheaper. Luxuries and superfluities may have multiplied and fashion become more exacting; but at all events the necessities of life—food and clothing, house-rent and travelling, light and fire, books and papers, and even some amusements—have all gone down in cost, and life, therefore—so far as these things are concerned—must be becoming easier and easier. So at least it is generally supposed.

It looks as though it should be a very simple matter to determine whether this really is so or not; and with regard to some of the items of house-

hold and personal expenditure it certainly is not difficult. There is the quartern loaf, for instance. Without going back to protectionist times, it is easy to see that the general tendency has been downwards. It fluctuates, of course, from time to time, and it is not uniform throughout the kingdom; but upon the whole bread has become cheaper of late years. Some little time after the abolition of the Corn Laws the price of bread dropped to sixpence halfpenny; but it afterwards went up to eightpence, ninepence, tenpence, and elevenpence. From that point in 1854 it began to tend downwards, though there have been dear periods now and again; but the maximum to which these dear periods have run up the price of the quartern loaf has steadily fallen. In 1854 it was elevenpence; in 1867 it was tenpence halfpenny; in 1872 it was tenpence. These dear periods have not raised the price quite so high, and the cheap intervening periods have brought it down lower than formerly. Foreign competition in the corn market, a good many small economies in the carrying on of the trade, and severe competition in the bread business have been the causes that have brought this about. We should, however, probably make a mistake in assuming that this downward tendency will continue or will not be reversed. All matters pertaining to our bread-supply are becoming more and more amenable to rings and combinations. The price of flour is regulated in London by a committee of millers, and the master-bakers sit in committee weekly to determine the price of bread, while the journeymen bakers have their union to keep up the rate of wages. It is only paterfamilias who has not yet learned to combine to keep down his bread bills; and by-and-by they may not at all improbably tend steadily upwards.

Meat has made no pretence of going down in price of late years. It has ruled high for a long time, notwithstanding enormous importations from abroad; and, paradoxical as it may appear, the fact is in itself to some extent a symptom of easier times. Though the quantity of meat in our markets has increased enormously, prices have not gone down because there have been so many more people who could afford to eat it. That is at least one very important reason, though here also rings and combinations have probably had more to do with the matter than many of us are aware of. Curiously enough, the superseding of tallow candles by gas and mineral oil seems to have operated in the same direction. It ought to have tended the other way. Candles, of course, were made from the surplus fat of meat; and the gradual dying out of this market for a large part of the carcass tended to produce a glut of fat meat, which should have brought down prices a little. Unfortunately, however, there seems to have been a very decided change coming over the popular taste at the same time. The poorer classes were not only learning to eat meat, but

they were growing more and more fastidious in the selection of it. It is said that for many years past there has been a growing distaste for fat. Even the agricultural labourer, who would at one time contentedly have made his dinner off a lump of the fattest of fat meat and a hunch of bread, will not do so now. He will insist on only a small quantity of fat and a fair share of lean, and at least the better-paid working-men will have only the best cuts. Butchers and meat-salesmen are often at their wits' end to know what to do with the inferior and unpopular portions of a carcass and the fat that their customers will not take. They are, they say, obliged, therefore, to charge a high price for all prime joints, though meat may be had cheap enough if people will only take 'brisket,' and legs and shins, and 'clods and stickings'—whatever they may be—excellent meat but unpopular. It seems to have been owing to the glut of fat in the market brought about by the dying out of the candle manufacture and by this change of the popular taste that margarine and butterine and other substitutes for butter have been introduced.

Bread has become cheaper; meat, generally speaking, has not. To what extent groceries have, upon the whole, become so it is not very easy to determine, if we take quality into account as well as price. From 25 per cent. upwards is the reduction estimated by one London house. Some articles have gone down considerably, of course. Sugar is the most conspicuous instance; but then everybody knows that that is due to special causes. The wholesale price of loaf-sugar five-and-twenty years ago was fourpence halfpenny to fivepence a pound. To-day the same sugar sells at three-halfpence; moist sugar which sold wholesale for threepence halfpenny to fourpence a pound sells now at three-halfpence or two-pence; and all over the kingdom there has been a corresponding reduction to the retail purchaser, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer has re-imposed a tax upon it that has raised it again slightly.

As to tea, it is not easy to speak with much confidence. Of course it is lower in price, and it seems safe to assume that to some extent it has been growing actually cheaper of late years. There has been a development of Indian and Ceylon plantations that has increased our supply. The importation by huge steamers instead of by old-fashioned sailing-vessels has effected some economy in transit, and the great increase of competition in the retail trade has also tended to the cheapening of teas, as well as successive reductions in duty; but a large wholesale London house recently stated—perhaps a little too sweepingly—that actual prices to the retailer had not varied much during the past five-and-twenty years. It would appear, therefore, that what reduction there has been in retail prices, apart from duty, is to be attributed to reduced retail profits and

the mysteries of 'tea-blending.' The secret of profit-making in the tea-trade seems to consist in making such combinations with the cheapest materials as will please the largest number of customers. There is plenty of tea to be bought now at a shilling a pound retail, and it is supposed to be the same tea which a few years ago fetched eighteenpence or one-and-ninepence. What is the intrinsic value of it is not easily determined. Coffee is another small item of domestic supply. It is cheaper than it was five-and-twenty years ago, but has lately been going up a little. Currants have gone up and plums have gone down; so one might go through a list of articles of grocery, balancing one against another, with the net result showing on the whole a substantial if not very sensational reduction in household expenditure under this head.

House-rent is a more important matter; but here it is very difficult to say which way things have been going of late years—whether houses have been growing cheaper or dearer. The serious fact for paterfamilias is, of course, that whichever way they have gone he has found himself from time to time under considerable pressure to get into a better domicile. The old-fashioned houses that served the generation before him had not wide halls or bathrooms, tiled hearths or electric bells, or conservatories behind. All these things, and a good many more, are in imperative demand nowadays; and even if rents go down it does not avail a man much if his family will insist on going up. Whether, generally speaking, rents do go down it is not easy to say. In no two localities are circumstances exactly the same, and in some localities they vary for different classes. In our large towns and in some rural localities, where the labouring poor can find shelter only at very high rents, if at all, the classes above them have had no such difficulty, and in many cases have found rents tending downwards. As a rule, those who, by their employment, are tied to a particular spot find it difficult to get houses at reasonable rents; but for those who can travel a little way, and are thus able to choose their locality, the enterprising builder usually takes care to meet all demands. Nevertheless, taking the whole kingdom, it is probable that the general tendency of house-rents has been upwards for some years. Roughly speaking, rents of course correspond to the cost of building; and owing to the steady advance of wages and the price of materials, the cost of house-building, for the most part, must have been on the increase for a long time past. In the course of the great building work undertaken by the London County Council in Shoreditch, this advance in the price of labour and materials during the seven years of the progress of the work occasioned considerable embarrassment and necessitated modification of the original plans.

As to clothing, there can be no doubt it

costs much less now to get a smart rig-out than it did a generation ago. There are some branches of the second-hand clothes business that have been almost extinguished by the competition of new goods. So long as a man could not get a pair of new trousers under fifteen shillings, many of the poor found it worth while, if not absolutely necessary, to buy second hand—some folks still do so; but new trousers, fashionably cut, can now be had for a third of fifteen shillings and even less, and the second-hand trade has all but dwindled away in many localities. Nearly thirty years ago a large Scotch house opened a business in London, and their cheapest ready-made trousers were thirteen shillings and sixpence. As a startling novelty some six or seven years later they made a great display of trousers at ten shillings and sixpence, expecting to do an enormous trade. It was a total failure. Apparently the purchaser of new goods thought them far too cheap—they must be rubbish; while for those who habitually bought second-hand garments the new goods were still too dear. Ten-and-six is now apparently the universally popular price for trousers throughout the lower middle-class establishments in London, while the cheapest new garments go down as low as from three-and-six to four shillings. Of course they are very trumpery, though the reduction has been effected not entirely by lowering the quality of the material. Some part of the reduction is the result of economy in making; cutting-out, sewing, and pressing are now all done by machinery. People of the better classes, of course, have the benefit of this machine-work, and so far the cost of clothing has for them also tended downwards, but for the best materials there has not been much reduction; and at the time of writing woollen goods of all kinds are going up rapidly. For those, however, to whom cheapness is the main consideration there has been a great reduction during the past generation. For about fifteen shillings a man can nowadays get a brand-new suit of clothes, and for another half-crown or three shillings he can purchase a new pair of boots. Whether in the long-run he is better or worse off—whether life is easier or harder—is a difficult question to answer.

Boots and shoes have been subject to a very considerable fall in prices of late years. Partly this is owing to the use of machinery, partly to the employment of lads where men used to do the work, partly to the use of what was formerly waste material, and partly to sheer dodgery and trickery. Men's lace-boots are now to be bought for two shillings and elevenpence; they are made of leather, too, and to look at them you might think it genuine enough. The truth is, however, the uppers are made of what are known as 'centre splits,' and the soles are an

artificial compound of leather waste. The 'centre splits' are very ingenious forms of shoddy. Good honest skins are cunningly split into three thicknesses. The centre sheet is soft and spongy, and has no natural grain upon it; but this defect in its appearance is supplied by a process of

printing which produces a surface 'grain' and makes it, to the inexperienced eye, just like ordinary leather. It is then made up into boots that give every promise of good service: a promise to the eye—to parody Macbeth—pretty certainly destined to be broken to the hope.

THE EYES OF A MAIDEN.

PART II.

HEARKEN! soldier of the king,' said the voice which had spoken before; 'I, Octave Malot, captain of the Enfants de Dieu, offer life and liberty to you and your companion if you open the door and surrender.'

I made no answer.

'If you refuse,' he continued, 'we will break down the door, and deal with you as it is our wont to treat idolaters. 'Tis a pleasant fate,' the jeering voice went on. 'Your hands are tied; your feet are tied; your mouth is filled with gun-powder and tied up too, lest you should catch cold! Ho! ho! Then there is a slow match which burns on and on, leaving a red mark on the skin, until it comes to the powder; and then—*pouf!*' His laugh was re-echoed by the others.

I had resolved to waste no speech on the ruffian, and remained silent. Then Des Fangeaux spoke.

'At least, monsieur, I trust you will allow the lady to come forth. I pledge you my word that you shall be allowed ample time to bar the door again.'

I looked at Mistress Margaret inquiringly; but she shook her head, laying at the same time a finger on her lips.

'I prefer to keep my hostage,' I answered. 'The last hour has taught me how much reliance can be placed on the honour of Monsieur des Fangeaux!'

There was a muttered colloquy outside the door. Des Fangeaux urged an instant attack; the others were for delay. Finally the latter prevailed; and after posting a man to guard the door and sending another to watch the window from the outside, they trooped off.

The girl was on her knees beside the bed. When she arose I asked:

'Will you tell me why you did not wish to join your brother-in-law, mademoiselle?'

'I am not to be questioned,' she said, with a sad little smile. 'You said I am your hostage—let that suffice. Now, what are we to do?'

A wave of strange new emotion, part joy, part wonder, swept over me.

'We?' I asked.

She came closer to me, laying a little hand on my arm, the dark-brown eyes gazing searchingly into mine.

'Oh! I must trust you,' she said, 'unhappy that I am. But Jacques—that is, my brother-in-law, Monsieur des Fangeaux—has been meeting this Camisard captain for days past. To divert suspicion he has taken me with him—and—the villain has dared to admire me!—me!—and I am afraid! Oh, how wicked men are!'

'If it be wicked to admire you,' I said, 'then I'—

'You!' she broke in. 'You must hate me. Tell me the truth; you do hate me?'

'Mademoiselle,' I told her, 'I am only a poor gentleman with no fortune but my sword; but if I held to-day the broad lands which belonged to my fathers, I would give them gladly to win one kind word from you.'

Once more the inscrutable look, half-smile, half-frown, lightened upon her face.

'Ah, monsieur!' she said, 'you do not know me. I am a strange girl; and if you do not hate me now, you quickly will.'

I shook my head in dissent, and walked to the far corner of the room, where, myself shrouded in gloom, I could observe the sentry. He was a stout, thick-set peasant—a miller by trade, I thought, judging from the whiteness of his hair. I hoped so, for I had heard that millers were often hard of hearing, rendered so by the noise of their millstones. Luckily, he was seated on the ground, with his back to the window, engaged in eating some provisions which had been brought to him. His musket lay by his side, and his whole appearance suggested careless comfort.

I held up my hand, and Mistress Margaret came to me noiselessly.

I pointed to the man. 'It is our only chance,' I whispered. 'Where do the stables lie?'

A sign and a whispered word showed me the direction. Taking off my sword-belt and riding-boots, I went to the window; then clambering on the window-sill, with my sword between my teeth, I dropped cat-like on the grass beneath. Breathlessly I looked at the sentinel; but he did not stir. I turned for a brief glance at the pale face at the casement, then with stealthy steps I crept on towards the unconscious man, more than once stopping to nerve myself for a sudden spring, when some chance movement made me fear he was about to look round. At last I stood over him; and, quick as thought, I drove the steel

hilt of my sword against the red flesh behind and under his right ear, and then sprang back a pace with raised point. It was needless; his head fell forward between his knees, and he swayed over on to his side.

To rush back to the casement to receive sword-belt and riding-boots from Mistress Margaret, and then to help her to descend, was the work of a minute. I had to catch her in my arms, to hold her for one brief moment, to feel her breath on my face; while a rebellious lock of hair which had escaped from its fellows brushed against my cheek. A tumult of passion swept through my veins. I felt I must catch her to my heart and smother her sweet face with hot kisses; but she was defenceless, she trusted me, and, moreover, there was about her a virginal aloofness which awed me.

I offered her my hand, which she took without hesitation, but not until she had smoothed her hair and reordered the kerchief over her bosom. I glanced at the fallen sentinel; but the purple hue of his face and a thin thread of blood oozing from his ear showed that there was nothing to be feared from him.

Taking his musket and bandolier, we went to the stables, which we found deserted but not locked up. There I had no difficulty in finding my charger; and Mistress Margaret pointed out the horse she had been accustomed to ride, which I speedily saddled for her.

Very quietly I led the two horses from the courtyard; then, turning sharply to the right, I made a long round to avoid the château windows. I knew that the plantation we were approaching would screen us from observation until we reached the gates; and, although the banks there were steep and high, I had noticed a place as I came in where I thought a horse could be got down. But I must first find out if the gates were open and unguarded. So, leading the horses into the undergrowth, I tied them to a tree, and soon found a leafy hiding-place where Mistress Margaret could be concealed. Leaving the loaded musket with her, I set off; and when I had reached the edge of the wood, I crept down the bank and parted the overhanging boughs. The gates were open and deserted, while a distant sound of singing from the château showed how our enemies were engaged. Overjoyed, I turned to hasten back, when the sound of footsteps on the gravel made me pause and once more conceal myself. The footsteps drew nearer, and soon Des Fangeaux and the Camisard captain, Octave Malot, came into sight. The latter had evidently been drinking, for he spoke loudly and flourished his arms about; while Des Fangeaux wore his usual saturnine expression. They came to a halt just below me, and Des Fangeaux spoke first.

'You should have put a sentinel on the gates,' he said moodily.

'Bah!' was the answer, 'my birds are safe

enough until I am ready to pluck them. Jean Fougat is outside the window, and he knows well I would skin him alive if he let them escape. But let us talk of yourself, my friend! I suppose you know you are a very valuable person?'

'What do you mean?'

'What do I mean? I mean that you are proscribed; that your head is worth two hundred crowns, and possibly a pardon for myself.'

Perfectly unmoved, the other drew some papers from his breast, selected one of them, and held it out to Malot.

'Here is an order to the captain commanding the English man-of-war cruising off Cette to pay five hundred crowns to the man setting me on board. You prefer five hundred crowns to two hundred? Very well! Come back to the château, and get that door broken down and the lady released before your ruffians are too drunk to fight. Come, man! What are you waiting for? Can't you read?'

'Why, yes!' answered Malot in the same cruel, sneering tones in which he had spoken to me through the closed door; 'that is it—I can read. For in the order I find a certain reward offered for Monsieur Jacques des Fangeaux, agent of the British Government. Nothing about a lady.'

'Well,' said Des Fangeaux, 'what of that? Do you want another reward for her?'

'How you misunderstand me!' sneered the other. 'I am not so greedy. I will be content with her. She is, as our pastors say, a Midianitish woman, the captive of my spear and bow, and she shall be my handmaiden. You can have her again by-and-by;' and he finished with a foul laugh.

In another moment my sword would have been sheathed in the wretch's body; but Des Fangeaux, traitor and spy as he was, had yet manhood enough to feel the hideous insult. Like a flash his hand went to his unarmed left side, and the hateful smile broadened on the other's face at the useless action. But his mirth was ill-timed, for, with a cry like that of a wild beast, Des Fangeaux flung himself upon him, and bore him to the ground. I saw Malot fumble at his waist-belt as he went down, and as they rolled over in their death-struggle the rays of the setting sun gleamed on the blade of a long knife; but Des Fangeaux's grip was tight on his throat, and, struggle and stab as he would, he could not shake it off. When I stood on the path beside them all was over. Malot was lying on his back with blackened face and starting eyes, while Des Fangeaux plunged the knife he had wrested from him into the quivering body. Then slowly and painfully he arose, and went with staggering steps to the bank, where he leant against a tree. He stared at me, holding his side and gasping for breath. Then the light of recognition came into his eyes, and he asked:

'Where is Margaret? Where is my sister-in-law, monsieur?'

'She is safe, and close at hand,' I told him.
'I will bring her here now.'

'And the other officer?'

'Dead!' I answered.

Then, because I feared that some of the gang might come upon us, I made haste to rejoin Mistress Margaret. As I brought her through the plantation I hurriedly told her of Des Fangeaux's wound. I helped her down to the bank; and while she went to him I returned for the horses, and with much trouble got them safely down on to the path.

Between us we helped the wounded man to mount my charger, and when I had put Mistress Margaret on the other horse we set out, I walking by the side of Des Fangeaux. He had received two deep knife-stabs in the breast, and as there was little outward bleeding, I feared the worst.

The same thought seemed to cross his mind.

'I am not afraid of the galleys now, monsieur,' he said, with a faint smile. 'Yonder dead villain has saved me from that fate.'

Unpursued, our little procession made its way into Alais; then, leaving Des Fangeaux and the girl at the house where he had lodged, I made my way to the fort, and half-an-hour later I was on my way back to the Château de Vitrac with a party of dragoons; but before we had accomplished half our journey a red glare lit up the night, and when we arrived the château was a heap of smoking ruins. Some drunken wretches were sleeping off their debauch in the gardens, and then we brought back to Alais. As I rode along, listening to the jeers of the dragoons as they hurried their captives along to the certainty of a shameful death on the morrow, I shuddered to think of the scene which must have been so lately enacted in the chamber where we had passed the afternoon: the roaring of the approaching flames, the little puffs of smoke curling in under the door, the silent figure of the old soldier on the bed, and the wretched rebel, so tightly gagged that he could neither scream for the help which there was no one to bring, nor blaspheme the fate which was swiftly and inevitably coming on him, while the open window mocked him with ideas of escape which his bonds made impossible.

Des Fangeaux lingered on between life and death for several days; then, slowly, he began to improve, and soon the doctors gave hope of his recovery; but an attempt to escape, made as soon as he could crawl from his bed, reopened his half-closed wounds, and he died the next day.

I saw much of Mistress Margaret during these days, and the seed of love sown in my heart during that eventful July day took root and blossomed into passion. She accepted with gratitude the few poor kindnesses it was in my power to offer her, and the pale, sad face would brighten into sudden radiance when I brought her a handful of freshly gathered roses.

In the long evenings she would sit with me by the open window of the room adjoining that where the sufferer lay, and tell me of her home in the green lanes of distant England, of the beauty and goodness of her sister, and of that sister's children, for whom she seemed to feel more than a mother's love. In the early days, when the wounded man's life seemed to hang upon a thread, she moved about the house with a look of resigned suffering upon her beautiful face, like some St Agnes or St Catharine in an old picture. Yet she was ever a creature of impulse, and always most fascinating when most difficult to understand. One day, when she was looking worn and weary with long and anxious watching, I begged her to take some rest, and in my eagerness I made use of the word 'must.' In an instant her face changed, the heavy-lidded eyes which she could hardly keep open grew alert and defiant, and the slight figure seemed to dilate and take on a sudden majesty as, with chilling dignity, she said, 'Must? You forget yourself, monsieur!' and swept from the room, leaving me dumfounded.

As the invalid grew better her mood changed, the glorious eyes glowed with gaiety, and it was with difficulty she restrained herself from dancing from room to room. She took, too, an elfish delight in teasing me by ever talking of the time when her brother-in-law would be strong enough to go with her to England—for the idea that he was still my prisoner never seemed to occur to her.

Then came the end. When we had returned from the churchyard where we had seen Des Fangeaux laid for the last sleep of his turbulent life, I took my courage in both hands and told her of my love. She listened in silence, only shaking her head gently from time to time when I spoke of her beauty or her goodness.

'My friend,' she said at length—'for in my hour of need you have been a true friend to me—you do not know what you ask. I like you so much that there have been times when—seeing, as a woman must see, your love for me—I have also dreamed dreams; but, in truth, I am too wild a bird for any one to cage. While I was free it would be easy to love you, for you are good and noble; but the instant I felt you had any rights over me I might—I fear I should—hate you.'

There was no shadow of coquetry in her speech, every word of which brought fresh anguish to my listening heart; but the happiness of my life hung on the issue, and gave me the courage of despair. I told her she would always be my mistress, and I her willing slave; that I would claim nothing from her love, accepting with glad humility only that she could freely give. I implored, I promised, I entreated; but it was in vain; her determination seemed immovable as she gently put aside my importunities. Only when

I stood by her side on the deck of the lugger which was to take her to England did I succeed in wringing from her a reluctant permission to follow her there as soon as I could obtain leave of absence.

Standing on the quay at Cette, I watched sadly the little vessel as the sailors worked her out of harbour with their long sweeps. Then the great red-brown sail was hoisted to bear her away; and, outlined against it, I saw the dainty figure of my love as she waved me a last farewell. For I never saw her again. When I reached Paris war with England had already been declared, and for many weary months I had to eat my heart out in sickening alternation of hope and fear. When, at last, the messenger I had despatched to England returned, and I learned that the lugger had never reached port—sunk probably

by some English cruiser from which she sought to escape—I knew that henceforward for me joy and happiness must be empty words, devoid of meaning; since she who, alone, could have brought them into my life was lost to me for ever. Should I ever have won her? Would she ever have loved me well enough to feel the joy of surrendering the freedom she loved so much to a husband she loved more? I cannot tell. But I know that the memory of my lost love is more precious to me than any other thing in this world; that the remembrance of her trust in me has oftentimes brought me unscathed out of the fiery trial of temptation; and that until the time comes for me to cross the dark river into the unknown land I shall always see her, as I saw her long ago, white and beautiful, among the roses in the pleasance at Vitrac.

‘A FORTUNE MAY AWAIT YOU.’



WE all know that stimulating advertisement, and some of us have been caught by it. I have. I obediently sent a fee to Messrs Brown, Jones, & Robinson; and they, in fulfilment of their promise, searched their records for my name, and even for somebody else so designated who had died intestate and might be proved to be a lost or strayed relative whose fortune was held by the Crown because I had not claimed it. I received an authenticated copy of an advertisement for the ‘next-of-kin’ of a gentleman who was not a relation; and a sympathetic but circular letter from the agents closed the incident. For the disappointment I was prepared; what embittered it was the way the agents, a guinea to the good at my expense, pointed out that I had at all events been ‘relieved of any anxiety’ concerning my right to participate in the unclaimed estates and dividends held by the Court of Chancery.

In few of us does the anxiety, so thoughtfully referred to by those agents, develop into a form so acute that we lie awake at night and welcome release therefrom at tangible expense; and the instruments of our enlightening probably owe most of the obloquy that is poured out upon them to the dose of prepared sympathy which closes our correspondence. To attribute anything savouring of dishonesty or sharp practice to these agents would be absurdly unjust. Very large sums of money pass through the hands of the Assistant Paymaster-General of the Supreme Court, and remain in his custody for varying periods of time; but much misapprehension exists concerning these funds: they are popularly supposed to remain ‘in Chancery’ because the rightful owners cannot be found. This is not the case. Of fifty-six millions of money held in Chancery at the date of the last Parliamentary Return (No. 358 of 1900)

a sum of only one million one hundred and sixty thousand pounds was ‘dormant’—that is, ownerless and unclaimed; all the rest belongs to suitors in the Courts whose names are well known, and who in due course have received, or will receive, possession of the principal as they received, or are receiving, the interest. It frequently happens that the rightful owner of funds in Chancery is sought by advertisement, and it is here that the next-of-kin agent finds his opportunity. In support of his alluring circulars he can point to the fact that during the last one hundred and eighty years about seventy thousand unclaimed estates and heirs-at-law have been respectively advertised and advertised for.

The next-of-kin agency business was founded in 1825 by a wide-awake gentleman who conceived the idea of collecting the names of all the heirs-at-law, intestates, and titles of Chancery suits which had been advertised, and publishing an alphabetical index to the collection. That index has been periodically revised and brought up to date; and from the circumstance that other three or four agencies each publishing a similar index have come into existence since, it is permissible to assume that the business is tolerably profitable. Having considerable acquaintance with popular works of reference in the British Museum Library, the writer can bear witness to the suggestive fact that these indexes (published at from one shilling to half-a-crown, be it noted) bear evidences of more frequent handling than any other works that have come into his hands. Premising, therefore, that before you disburse your fee in response to advertisements, discretion recommends purchase of a shilling index, let us glance at the wealth in the vaults of the Bank of England which at this hour is awaiting owners.

The funds referred to come from various sources. When a person dies intestate, the Solicitor to the

Treasury takes possession of his property and advertises for the heir-at-law. If nobody puts in a claim, or if a claimant should appear but fail to prove his title, the property passes through the hands of the Paymaster-General in Chancery, and goes to swell the 'dormant funds;' jewellery, plate, and similar valuables being deposited in the Bank.

Such a case was that of Mr John Montague Upcroft, who was found dead in his bed at 301 Marylebone Road, London, one morning in 1861. It was found that his property was worth at least one hundred and sixty thousand pounds; but there was no will, and the advertisement which appeared in December of the same year apparently remained unanswered, for Mr Upcroft's name occurs in a next-of-kin agent's index published thirty-five years later. Mr Upcroft's parents were not married; hence special difficulties hamper the heirs-at-law, if they exist.

Strange indeed are the histories revealed in the endeavour to obtain possession of unclaimed estates. The Duncombe case suggests itself as a curiosity, though the sum involved was not sensational and the suit for its recovery was successful. Mr Duncombe, a London solicitor, who died at a very advanced age, avoided the reproach that lawyers always make the worst wills by the simple expedient of making no will at all. He left two sons and one married daughter. With his eldest son he had quarrelled; the terms they were on shortly before the father's death are indicated by the fact that Henry Stuart Duncombe, then sixty-six years old, and a journeyman tailor by trade, called at the paternal office to beg for help, and was presented with half-a-crown. That occurred in 1868. In 1870 the father died, and the journeyman-tailor son was advertised for, 'Masters of Union and other Workhouses' being, suggestively enough, among the officials specially invited to earn a twenty pound reward by giving news of the lost man. No answer came to the advertisement, and there the matter rested for a time, the twenty-five thousand pounds to which Henry Stuart Duncombe was entitled as an heir-at-law remaining in Chancery. Some years afterwards Mrs Johnson, the married sister, died, leaving one child, a son. Mrs Johnson, on her marriage, had executed a settlement whereby, if the lost tailor-brother predeceased her, her interest in his share of their father's estate would be bound; but otherwise it would not. The question raised was, whether the trustees of Mrs Johnson's settlement were entitled to the missing man's twenty-five thousand pounds, or whether it was divisible among his next-of-kin, assuming Henry Stuart Duncombe to have been alive at the end of seven years after he was last seen in London (August 1868), but that at the time of the action he was dead, intestate, and had not left a widow. It was decided that the unfortunate tailor was dead, that he died intestate, and that his surviving brother and the nephew,

Mrs Johnson's son, were entitled to share his property.

The Presumption of Life Limitation (Scotland) Acts provide for the disappearance of relatives. If a man disappears and nothing can be discovered concerning him for seven years, his next-of-kin may obtain from the Courts leave to assume his death and divide his property; but if the lost one restore himself to his sincerely sorrowing friends within thirteen years of his disappearance, he may lawfully recover the property they had been in too great haste to divide.

The fortune of the famous singer, Madame Titiens, remained in Chancery for years. She, it will be remembered, died in 1877, and left all her vast fortune to a relative named Peter Tietjens. In 1878 Peter Tietjens was living at Cardiff, and about that time announced his intention of emigrating to South America. Whether he did so or not has never been ascertained; but for three years prior to Madame Titiens's death nothing was seen or heard of him, and for twenty years after the death other relatives tried to obtain the estate on the presumption that Peter was dead and had left no heirs. The Courts, however, are very slow to act in such cases; and it was only in 1895 that an order was granted giving leave to assume the legatee's death if, after proper advertising, neither Peter Tietjens nor his heirs put in a claim.

One of the largest estates ever thrown into Chancery was that of William Jennings, who died in 1798 at the extraordinary age of one hundred and four years. Mr Jennings had inherited great wealth from his father and grandfather, and as he lived a retired life, his fortune accumulated till it exceeded two millions sterling. It is very improbable that he spent even the three thousand pounds a year that came to him through the one hundred pounds tontine which fell in several years before his death. This case was curious, because a trivial accident saved the rightful heir of Mr Jennings from disinheritance. The old gentleman had made a will in favour of a friend who was in no way related to him, and took it to a solicitor's office to sign in the presence of witnesses. When he got there he found he had forgotten his spectacles, and, as he could not write without them, took the will home again and forgot it! The document, duly sealed and ready for execution, was found in his coat-pocket after his death. Thus Mr Jennings's two millions found their way into Chancery, to be recovered by the heirs-at-law, whom he disliked and intended to disinherit. The property came into the possession of the Howe family.

The Chadwick estate, said to be worth seven millions, went into Chancery on Sir Andrew Chadwick's death in 1768. There have been many claimants for this splendid prize. Some years ago four hundred persons alleging descent from Sir Andrew banded themselves together, as an 'Association of Claimants,' to prosecute their title to

his estate. However, union did not prove strength in their case; possibly it evidenced weakness. At all events their legal campaign failed in its purpose; the estate would appear to have found owners since.

A good deal of money becomes dormant through the carelessness or forgetfulness of the owners. When Mr Goschen's Conversion and Redemption Scheme of 1887 came into operation, the Bank of England notified to sixty-eight thousand holders of Consols that their Three per Cents. were no longer Three per Cents. No fewer than eleven thousand five hundred letters failed to reach the stockholders to whom they were addressed; the people were dead, and their relatives were unknown. One person who could not be found held Consols amounting to upwards of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred and ninety-three pounds; and over forty possessed ten thousand pounds each! All this money awaits lawful ownership. A very singular case of a stockholder's forgetfulness led to a suit in Chancery some years ago. A lady who had attained the venerable age of ninety-eight died at Marseilles. For years she had practically lived on money borrowed from her relatives under the impression that she possessed no means of her own. Only after she died it transpired that a sum of fifty-six thousand pounds was standing in her name in the Funds, and also twenty thousand pounds of accumulated dividends.

It will doubtless occur to the reader that the Chancery authorities are not less dormant than the funds in their custody, since slender effort appears to be made to discover the rightful owners; but in point of fact the officials have done and still do all that caution permits to find heirs-at-law. In 1854, under the Sutors Further Relief Act, the Chancery Accounts were investigated; and in the following year a list showing the titles of such accounts opened during the fifteen years preceding was printed and exhibited in the Chancery offices. These accounts showed over a quarter of a million of money unclaimed, and publication of the list referred to promoted successful claims to about half the total. Similar lists were published in 1860 and 1866. In 1872 Parliament took another step in the same direction, and prescribed that every third year a list of dormant funds undealt with for fifteen years or more should be published in the *London Gazette*. Now, that publication, valuable as it is, does not enjoy the wide circulation solid merit deserves; indeed, it may be doubted whether one private citizen in fifty thousand ever sees it, and if he did he would fairly lay it aside as dry reading. The lists as published, moreover, are not conceived in a spirit of soul-baring candour; for in the majority of instances the names of persons entitled to dormant funds, and even the names of the persons whose estates have been the bone of contention, are not stated; and the names of

plaintiff and defendant in a Chancery suit, with dates of hearing, &c., afford, as a rule, no clue to the seeker after dormant wealth. The lists are doubtless of service to lawyers and next-of-kin agents, who make these matters their special care, but do not go far to help the private individual.

The Bank of England displays even less anxiety to find claimants, and for sound reasons. Until the year 1845 a List of Unclaimed Dividends was published periodically, and no doubt was of material assistance to people justly entitled to money; but it was found that the lists were equally helpful to unscrupulous persons who had no title at all, and were the means of facilitating fraudulent claims. For that reason their publication was stopped. The Bank now adopts the policy of 'lying low;' it waits till a claimant turns up, and then advertises for more claimants. This procedure is doubtless exasperating to the first and rightful claimant, who, however, must wait three months while rivals are sought.

It would be easy to fill a book with stories of unexpected windfalls which have raised lucky legatees from penury to affluence. A striking case of the kind occurred in 1889, when a Wednesbury tube-maker named William Austin came into a fortune of sixty thousand pounds. The money was made by his grandfather in America, and should have come to William Austin's father and uncle; but for want of money they were unable to prosecute their claim, and the estate went into Chancery. Some time after the death of these two men heirs-at-law were advertised for, and the tube-maker, then seventy-six years of age, claimed the property.

An odd instance of the 'blessing in disguise' was recorded in the same year at Sydney. A butcher named Winch having one day the misfortune to kiss a girl who came into his shop, she prosecuted him for assault, and Winch was so heavily fined that the papers took the matter up somewhat warmly. A solicitor in Sydney saw the discussion on Winch's case, and the name reminded him that nineteen years previously his firm had been appointed trustees for the estate of a gentleman who left certain property to 'George Winch,' search for whom had long been abandoned as hopeless. He communicated with the amorous and martyred butcher, who was able to establish his claim without difficulty.

More to the point in connection with Chancery funds is the curious case of Robert Robson, a wood-cutter of Hexham. In the early part of the eighteenth century a great-uncle of Robson married a Miss Walker of Corbridge, an heiress, and set up business in Manchester as a wine and spirit merchant. The lady died without issue, as also did a second wife. Some time afterwards the widower was murdered by criminals who were never detected; and as there was no will, the murdered man's

property was taken over by the Court of Chancery. There it lay unclaimed for over a hundred and thirty years, until, in 1881, Robson the wood-cutter, sixty years of age, got an inkling that a large fortune was waiting for him, and succeeded in proving his claim to property which is said to have amounted to nearly a quarter of a million.

Some very large estates have been unclaimed in Chancery for generations. The Ducket, Duckit, or Duckett property, which has been accumulating for more than a century, is supposed now to be worth over a million and a half. The original property belonged to a Mr Samuel Ducket, who, according to family tradition, died abroad. Claimants to this fund appeared in 1882. Whether they satisfied the Court of the goodness of their title the writer has not been able to ascertain; but as the total of this estate exceeds the whole sum now lying dormant, it would seem that somebody has proved his or her right to it.

The reticence observed with regard to funds in Chancery is perfectly comprehensible; but more activity, perhaps, might be shown in finding owners of plate and jewellery which have lain unclaimed in the vaults of the Bank of England for generations. There lie boxes and chests the owners of which are unknown, and unless the contents are examined never will be known. That these receptacles, in some cases at least, would be found to contain clues to the rightful heirs was proved by an accident which occurred a few years ago. The Bank porters had occasion to move an old chest which had remained undisturbed for time out of living memory; on being moved it fell to pieces, and disclosed a quantity of heavy silver plate of the time of Charles II., and a bundle of letters written during the same reign. Search through the old records of the Bank revealed the name of the original depositor, and the plate and letters were made over to the living descendant of the owner. The chest bore no apparent marks outside by which it could be identified; if it had ever borne an inscription, it had doubtless mouldered away.

A certain amount of cash remains in the hands of the authorities in the shape of unclaimed prize-money due to soldiers and sailors, and deceased soldiers' unclaimed balances. The prize-money and most of the balances are generally sums so small that the relatives are not likely to take the trouble and risk the expense of trying to recover them; but the writer recalls advertisements in the *Army List* or *London Gazette* of several 'balances unclaimed' which ran into three figures, and which no doubt would have been exceedingly welcome to the deceased soldiers' next-of-kin, the British army not being recruited from an opulent class. There is, however, a peculiar difficulty in connection with the proper disposal of dead soldiers' effects. A young man gets into trouble and enlists under an assumed name, fails

to correspond with his relations, goes abroad or on active service with his regiment, and dies or is killed. How are his relatives to be traced, and how are they to prove their claim if by some accident they recognise the deceased Private Tom Smith as their lost Robert Jones? It must be admitted that the authorities are conscientious almost to morbidity concerning these balances. To take an example at hazard from the *Army List*: 'Be it known that the Secretary of State for War holds the Personal Estate of Private William Boyle, Army Reserve (1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) for distribution amongst the next-of-kin or others entitled.' Private Boyle's personal estate amounts to one-and-fourpence. To prevent disappointment, as the advertisements say, I must add that this item is taken from the *Army List* of July 1900; and, though the estate had remained unclaimed since the year 1895, it is of course possible some fortunate next-of-kin has ere now forced his heroic way through the myriad formalities which hedge that one-and-fourpence, and has made it all his own. The same issue of the *Army List* advertises several sums ranging up to fifty pounds among the unclaimed balances, which are not very likely to be seen there by those who might justly claim them. Indiscriminate advertisement would be neither desirable nor feasible; but the authorities might perhaps consider the propriety of advertising all sums exceeding three pounds in the paper or papers circulating in the regimental district to which the corps of the deceased belonged. Thus, as Inverness is the regimental district of the Cameron Highlanders, unclaimed balances left by deceased soldiers of that gallant regiment might be brought to the knowledge of their friends if they were periodically advertised in the Inverness papers.

To a colonising nation like ours, facilities for losing sight of relatives are peculiarly great; and while poor people in this country sometimes come in for unexpected fortunes made by relatives who have succeeded abroad, persons in indigent circumstances who have emigrated are sometimes enabled to return home to unexpected wealth. Emigrants, it would seem, are keenly alive to the possibilities lurking in Chancery funds; for more than one next-of-kin agent makes a speciality of Australian, American, and Canadian lists of 'heirs wanted.' Our American cousins, owing in a measure to their greater enterprise, are excellent customers to the agents, who are beyond doubt instrumental in providing many clues which only need intelligence following up to lead to success.

Chances are lost by some hard-headed people who laugh at the idea that anything so romantic and exciting as accession to unexpected fortune could ever disturb the current of their commonplace work-a-day lives. One case is recorded of an old Scottish farmer who was ferreted out by a firm of solicitors and informed that there was sound reason to believe him the heir to a

very large property which had been left by an intestate in India. The lawyers urged him to guarantee them the expense of a journey to the East to prosecute inquiry; he shirked the outlay, but told the men of law that he had a son, a harum-scarum lad, in the Royal Scots Fusiliers; he might go fortune-hunting if he liked, the cautious father said, and he wished him joy of the quest. The son managed to obtain the necessary funds somehow—borrowed from some good-natured moneyed subaltern perhaps—and the lawyer was despatched to India. The property proved, it is said, worth about three-quarters of a million, and the harum-scarum lad had no difficulty in proving his title. What the father afterwards said is not recorded.

Caution is an admirable quality; but it may be exercised at the wrong time if an uneasy conscience command. There was once a man who refused to answer an advertisement which pro-

mised that if he should apply to a certain solicitor in London he would 'hear of something to his advantage.' He resolutely refused to apply, and dismissed all inquiry as to motive with a look of preternatural cunning. In an unwonted paroxysm of candour he one day let his eldest son into the secret: he had spent a week in London a few months previously, and when he left the hotel found that the clerk had made a mistake of ten shillings in his bill. The hotel-keeper, he was convinced, had found it out after the lapse of months, and, silly fellow, thought to catch an Aberdonian with so poor a bait as that advertisement. Proof? Why, the hotel was in Holborn and the solicitor's office was in Holborn. The good old man died, and his adventurous son, who had kept the advertisement, answered it; with the result that he found himself the richer by some tens of thousands of pounds, which had been made by his father's uncle in Brazil, and which had fallen into Chancery.

OUR MOOR-HENS.

By CLARA BENSTED.



KNOW that many people have had tame moor-hens, or water-hens, feeding with the chickens and coming for food when called, but I do not know if any one has had them so tame and affectionate as I have.

I had a brood of chicks on the lawn, on one side of which the pond lay, with rushes all round; a rocky wild-garden slope rose from both, with steep little paths to the house. It was our first year here; and I watched a pair of moor-hens on the pond with great interest, never having seen them so close before, with their long, unwebbed, olive-green feet, and their dusky bill with coral shield. They were very shy at first, for if they saw I was observing them they glided into the rushes; but when they became used to my being always about, and as a rule alone, quietly feeding my little chicks, they allowed me to watch them, preening themselves and each other.

My great wish was that they should have a nest; and before long I found one half-way up the bank opposite, with the rushes bent down to lean quite over it. When the hen was off I used to stroll round to look at it, and soon found there were seven eggs. In due course, to my great delight, seven little sooty creatures floated over the pond with their parents; but before this I was greatly disturbed when, on going to the nest at the time I thought they should be coming out, I found it quite empty—not even shells in it—and I did not see the young ones until three days afterwards.

As I fed the chicks I threw pieces to the old birds, who soon became friends and came on to the lawn with me.

When I called my chicks I used to say, 'Checari, Checari!' and the moor-hens would rush up the bank, the cock-bird coming quite to the edge of my skirt and uttering a harsh note if I did not notice him. At first they took the food to the little ones; but soon they called the family up; and the funny little things, with their sweet cry and sprawling legs, had the meal which I gave to the parents put into their tiny bills.

This family was reared, and the village worthies said, 'Yes; but they'll all be gone soon. Just before the winter they'll be off.' They all did go, except the cock-bird, which through a severe winter was fed by me and roosted near the pantry window. He hurt his leg and limped, and seemed quite an old bird; while the shield above his bill, that had been so bright, was livid, nor did it in the spring get bright again, as it should have done. He swam about alone on the pond when it was getting near the time to pair, and then I missed him for three days; but on the fourth I saw him swimming about with a young and beautiful mate. I am very much afraid that my old bird enticed some one's wife away; for the day after his return I heard an angry cry, a whirl of wings over my head, and another moor-hen dashed on to the water, making great splashes in the sunshine, flew at my old pet, drove him up the bank, across the field into a ditch, and then, in great agitation, he returned to the pond, sailing up to the hen with raised wings. She was calm.

Now, it is this fellow I have to tell about—this fellow that loved me, and I him. This was the bird that gave me many happy hours, and made a beautiful garden still more beautiful,

standing on the rocks and calling his family around him.

I think he must have been one of the young ones of the last year, for when I called 'Checari' he came at once. These two were most happy together, preening each other and sunning themselves, while the poor lame one would toil across the field from his ditch, and crane his head over the bank to watch this happiness; but the other cock-bird was soon up and after him.

When I walked in the field the disconsolate one would come to meet me, and I used to stay with him, giving him biscuit and sympathy; but he remained only about three weeks, looking more ill every day, and often standing for a long time close to my skirt. Then he disappeared.

I found the moor-hens so amusing that I gave up my chickens and called this cock-bird 'Checari,' and I often spoke of the whole family as my 'Checaries.'

Meanwhile Checari and his wife had made a stool of reeds standing a little way from the bank, with reeds drawn round the sides so as to meet at the top. Eggs were soon there, Mrs Checari sitting, and evidently not in the least afraid of me. She had a curious habit. She used to get a laurel-leaf and put it across herself when on the eggs; and the first time I saw it I was quite bewildered, thinking some strange creature had got to the nest; but presently I saw a glittering eye peering round the edge of the yellow leaf.

While this sitting was going on Checari was very much with me, and regularly at afternoon tea-time he used to come up the steep path to the open French window for bread and butter, and very soon he took to stepping in and having his food on the mat inside. All through that summer at half-past four he came; and while I sat at the table throwing him bits, he often looked earnestly into my face, seeming to have perfect confidence in me. Sometimes he came round the front of the house, and occasionally in at the front-door.

Then came a morning when he hurried up the slope all excitement. When I went to the door and threw him some breakfast he picked up a piece but did not swallow it, carrying it in his beak a few steps down a little path leading to the pond. He then stopped, looked over his shoulder at me, and uttered a little cry, which plainly meant 'Come.' I followed, and he went on delighted, looking back at me repeatedly, till he launched himself into the pond, raised his wings as a swan does, and 'hussed.' Then he moved a few reeds on one side; and there, sitting on a brand-new reed stool, with little heads peeping out from under her wings and breast, sat the hen. Checari looked at me, bursting with pride; he gave the piece of food to his wife, and quickly came back to me on the bank for the piece I had in my hand.

This was a most happy time, the pair having

such perfect faith in me; but they used to do a very foolish thing—a thing that caused me much anxiety and trouble. Checari would start up the bank into the field, calling his wife and family to another pond across the road. The little things used to get lost in the long grass, boys in the road pursued them, and when the pair came back some were often missing. A woman came to the house one day with a little exhausted creature in her hand, nearly dead. I put its beak into a little hot milk, and found it swallowed some; it soon revived, and took a little hard-boiled egg from me. I kept it in flannel for about half-an-hour, and then took it to the edge of the pond and called Checari. He swam up, looked at it and at me, put his wings up, uttered his harsh note, and seemed to say, 'All right, that's mine; put it down.'

Well, another nest was made, and Checari and I looked after the first brood. He always brought them to tea and paraded them about; but the second little birds came, and then, when Checari got worried by the first ones, he began to peck and drive them. When he did this, and I spoke angrily to him, saying, 'Checari, bad bird,' he used to leave off and look up at me. I was told that it was natural to drive off the first brood, the parents thinking there would not be enough food for all; but Checari let them stop, and we were much amused when, after a little while, he made the first brood feed the second. If I stood on the lawn and called 'Checari,' the parents and elder children would come round me, leaving the little ones floating among the reeds. Then when I threw down food, the old birds picked it up, put it into the bills of the elder children, and they ran down the bank to the little ones, guided to them among the reeds by the sweet little plaintive cry they made. Sometimes an elder child swallowed a piece which had been given him; but if Checari saw it he promptly pecked the offender.

I have said Checari would take his family across the road to another pond; but here again he made his elder children useful. Looking from the window one day, I saw the pair of moor-hens deliberately crossing the field; and I said to myself, 'How tiresome of Checari to be risking those young birds!' Then I noticed there was no calling, no turning of heads, while the two plodded forward close together and apparently alone; so I went to the pond. All was desolate. I said, 'Checari! Checari!' in a low tone, and immediately the elder chicks answered from various parts of the pond, quite hidden, though I could see, now and again, the reeds gently sway. I called once more; and while as a rule there would be a great rushing towards me, there were now only quiet answers to my call from among the rushes. I thought, 'Is it possible that these parents have left the elder brood in charge of the little ones while they have a little enjoyment by

themselves on the other pond?' Now, in my own mind, I have not a doubt about it. I went to the house and brought out food to try the obedience of these sweet little birds, calling them and throwing the food on the water; but though there were answers from all round the pond, no chick ventured from the rushes. Sitting on the bank and quietly watching, I caught sight of the elder ones gliding about singly, each with a little fluffy black baby-chick by its side. It was with difficulty I saw this, for the babies were kept quite at the back, where the reeds were thickest. The parents were gone quite an hour, and on their return all came out, and the pond was a scene of animation and happiness. Did Checari know how blessed he was in his children?

The first brood used to be tiresome in trying to get into the new nest; but they were driven away. I noticed at this time a very curious arrangement. Five or six stools of reeds were raised up along the side of the pond opposite the lawn, and on these stools the elder children used to lounge of an afternoon in the sun, sometimes two on a stool, sometimes one; but I have seen on a sunny afternoon every stool occupied. I never found out who built these stools; but I fancy it must have been Checari, thinking to keep the first brood from interfering with the second.

When the autumn came, the parents and the very graceful dove-coloured young ones all used to crowd round me and feed—fourteen altogether, some of the young ones having been lost. It was a very pretty sight; and a friend who wished to take a photograph once came and placed himself and his camera as much out of sight as possible. Then we waited about twenty minutes; but though I went out with food and called my birds, none of them came. Checari just showed himself for a moment in front of the reeds, but glided back and all was still—fourteen moor-hens in a small pond, but not a sound or a sign of one. We waited half-an-hour, and I called again. Checari just showed himself as before, but that was all.

Now I must hurry on with my history of Checari. Winter came and the young moor-hens went; but Checari remained all the winter. Sometimes there would be another bird on the pond with him—the same mate, I think. He spent most of his time near a window where I used to sit at work, now attending to his feathers, and then watching me intently. When I said 'Checari!' he would ruffle and shake himself. So we were companions. The French windows were now closed all day; but he often peered in, tapped with his bill, and if not answered at once, scratched with one of his long, greenish-gray feet on the glass, having the other foot on the step.

Winter over, the two birds were again together—the same hen, I am sure. She, I think, was as free from all fear of me as Checari; but she did not care for my companionship. 'All very well for

him,' she seemed to think, 'if he chooses so to amuse himself; it brings food to the family.'

Then again a nest, and very early in the season; but a most sad thing happened to the family, and its memory cuts me to the quick.

Our gardener and his wife had a cat, Sandy. When seven little birds had been out about a week, Sandy took to prowling round the pond, hiding on the banks and springing out. He did not do this many times, for I kept guard; but, alas! I had to leave home for two days. My last words were, 'Be sure to keep Sandy locked up until I come back.'

When I came home at midday my first question was, 'How are my Checaries?' I could tell at once that all was wrong; Sandy had been loose the whole night, worrying the poor birds, driving them this way and that, and killing some of the young ones. I hurried to the pond, but there was no bird in sight. 'Checari! Checari!' I called, and then from the rushes came the hen, her head drooping, and not swimming evenly, but swaying from side to side. 'Oh Checari!' I cried as she came slowly straight to my feet at the edge of the pond. Then she turned over on one side, and I gently lifted her out of the water only to die in my hand. I saw Checari quite close by, watching intently, but I took no notice of him, and ran indoors for hot milk, to try what I had so often tried with my pets. I thought it might not be death, and that she might be revived; but no, it was over. I could find no wound, so I think it must have been sheer exhaustion that caused her death.

I left the dead mother in the house and went to the pond again. Checari was rather nearer one end than the middle of the water, quite motionless, and looking at me coldly, his feathers held close. A young bird just showed itself in the reeds, and I thought, 'At least there is one saved.'

Checari, in the presence of this great calamity, seemed unable to recover himself, and it was quite half-an-hour before he moved. He constantly looked at me; then at last he slowly swam to the rushes, and all that afternoon I saw nothing more of him or his chicks.

In the evening, when nearly dark, I went again to the pond, and there on the nest, raised up from the water, stood Checari, looking most mournfully at me, with three little ones nestled round his legs.

Checari reared the three that were left to him; but no joy was his. For some days he did not come off the pond; then, as the chicks grew stronger, he came to his afternoon tea again; but we all seemed to be under a cloud. In a little while we found there was another moor-hen about, for very early in the morning Checari had been seen swimming with a grown bird, and sometimes, as we walked round the pond, there was a startled wild rush among the reeds on the banks.

Rumours came that little bits of things were about in the rushes, and then one morning I saw Checari begin to mount the rocks leading to the house, calling most energetically all the time; and lo! he gathered round him at the step of the French window a large family of very young chicks. He stood in the middle of them looking up at me; and though, really, I thought he looked rather foolish, I said 'Oh Checari, how beautiful!' He was very proud but not joyous, and the wild wife's cries from the pond for him and the children were heart-rending. So he turned, called them down the little path, and was gone. He never did this again, and, indeed, did not encourage the little ones ever to leave the pond, I suppose because the wild wife objected so strongly. I generally threw the food on the water, or he would come on to the bank and take it down. It kept him very busy, for it was a very large family—nine, I think. Later they became a little tame, but disappeared early with the wild wife; and again Checari and I were all in all to each other.

At the end of October I missed him, and days went on without his returning. Shooting was pretty constant in the woods above; so we said,

'Poor Checari is shot; we shall see him no more.' I knew that moor-hens were frequently killed by the pheasant-shooters.

I passed the whole winter without my bird, missing him sadly.

However, one day in March I came in from a walk very tired, cast myself on a chair in the bay window, and rested my head against the glass and my elbow on the sill, looking at the beautiful view. In some way I soon became dimly aware of a brilliant speck down on the ground close to the window. I turned to look, and there was Checari, his eye turned up to me, wild with excitement. All my tiredness was gone in a moment, and I flew to the front-door, calling, 'Checari! Checari! my bird.' He was up on the step beside me. I fetched him biscuit, and from this time he went on day by day just as he had done before his departure, and exactly at half-past four he always came for his afternoon tea.

I told a married friend, a lover of birds, of his absenting himself for the five months, and she said, 'Why *did* he do it?' I spoke the cruel thought at my heart: 'Another woman.' 'Ah,' said she, 'how like a man!'

'FLASH HARRY' OF SAVAI'I.

By LOUIS BECKE.



EARLY thirty years ago, when the late King Malietoa of Samoa was quietly arming his adherents and conciliating his rebel chiefs in order to combine against the persistent encroachments of the Germans, I was running a small trading-cutter between Upolu and Savai'i, the two principal islands of the group.

One day I arrived in Apia harbour with a cargo of yams which I intended to sell to an American man-of-war, the *Resacca*. I went alongside at once, had the yams weighed, and received my money from the paymaster. Then I went ashore for a bathe in the Vaisigago River, a lovely little stream which, taking its rise in the mountains, debouches into Apia harbour. Here I was joined by an old friend, Captain Hamilton, the local pilot, who, stripping off his clothes, plunged into the water beside me.

As we were laughing and chatting, thoroughly enjoying ourselves, a party of natives, young men and boys, emerged from among the trees on the opposite bank. Casting off their scanty garments, they boisterously entered the water and began disporting themselves, when, to my surprise, I saw that their leader was a white man, tattooed in every respect like a Samoan. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, was clean shaven, and had light-red hair.

'Who is that fellow?' I inquired.

'One of the biggest scoundrels in the Pacific,' replied my companion—'Flash Harry' from Savai'i. He deserted from either the *Brisk* or the *Zealous* British man-of-war about seven years ago; and although the commanders of several other British war-ships have tried to get him, they have failed. He is the pet protégé of one of the most powerful chiefs in Savai'i, and laughs at all attempts to catch him. To my knowledge he has committed four atrocious murders; and, in addition to that, he is a drunken, foul-mouthed blackguard. He only comes to Apia occasionally—when there is no British man-of-war about—and paints the town red; for, although he is merely a loafing beach-comber, he is liberally supplied with money by his chief, and possesses an extensive harem as well. He simply terrorises the town when he breaks out; and insults every timid European he meets, male and female.'

'Why doesn't some one put a bullet through him?'

'Ah, now you're asking. "Why?" Porter,' a respectable local trader, 'told him that he would be riddled if he came inside his fence; and the scoundrel knows me well enough not to come into my place except with a civil word on his foul tongue; but then, you see, Porter and I are Americans. If either or both of us shot the man, no commander of an American man-of-war

would do more than publicly reprimand us for taking the law into our own hands; but if you or any other Englishman killed the vermin, you would be taken to Fiji by the first man-of-war that called here, put on your trial for murder, and, if you escaped hanging, you would get a pretty turn of penal servitude in the Fiji jail.'

We finished our bathe, dressed, and set out for Hamilton's house on Matautu Point, for he had asked me to have supper with him. On our way thither we met the master of a German barque then in port, and were chatting with him when Mr 'Flash Harry' and his retinue of *manai'a* (young bucks) overtook us. The path being narrow, we drew aside a few paces to let them pass; but at a sign from their leader they stopped. He nodded to Hamilton and the German captain, but neither took any notice of him; then he fixed his eyes insolently on me, and held out his hand.

'How do yer do, mister? You're a nice sort of a cove not to come and see me when you passed my place in your cutter.' Then, with sudden fury, as I put my hands in my pockets, '— you, you young cock-a-hoop —! Do you mean to say you don't mean to shake hands with a white man?'

'Not with you, anyway,' I answered.

'Then the next time I see you I'll pull your — arm out of the socket,' he said, with an oath; and, turning on his heel, he went off with his following of bucks. All of them were armed with rifles and the long beheading-knives called *nifu oti* (death-knife); and as we three had nothing but our fists, we should have had a bad time had they attacked us, for we were in an unfrequented place, and would have been half-murdered before assistance came. In Samoa in those days street brawls were common.

'The next time you do meet him,' said Hamilton as we resumed our walk, 'don't give him a chance. Drill a hole through him as soon as he gets within ten paces, and then clear out of Samoa as quick as you can.'

Quite a month after this I had to visit the little port of Asaua, on the island of Savai'i; and as I was aware that 'Flash Harry' was in the vicinity of the place on a *malaga*, or pleasure-trip, I kept a sharp look-out for him, and always carried with me in my jumper-pocket a small but heavy Derringer, the bullet of which was as big as that of a Snider rifle. I did not want to have my arm pulled out, and knew that 'Flash Harry,' being twice my weight almost, would give me a sad time if he could once get within hitting distance of me; for, like most men-of-war's men, he was very smart with his hands, and I was but a stripling, not yet twenty.

I had come to Asaua with a load of timber to be used in the construction of a church for the

French Mission, and in the evening went to the resident priest to obtain a receipt for delivery. As he could not speak English and I could not speak French, we had to struggle along in Samoan, to our common amusement. However, we managed very well, and I was about to accept his hospitable offer to remain and have supper with him when a young chief named Ulufanua ('Top of a High Tree'), who knew me well, came in hurriedly and told us that 'Flash Harry' and ten or fifteen young men, all more or less drunk, were coming to the village that night with the avowed intention of boarding the cutter under the pretence of trading; then, after seizing all the liquor, they meant to give me a father of a beating—the latter to avenge the insult of a month before.

Laughingly telling the priest that under the circumstances discretion was the better part of valour, I bade him good-bye, and walked down to my boat, which was lying on the beach. With two native sailors pulling, we started for the cutter, a mile away. The night was beautifully calm, but dark; and as I was not well acquainted with the inner part of Asaua harbour, I several times ran the boat on submerged coral boulders. Finally I lost the narrow channel altogether.

Then I told one of my men—a sturdy, splendid specimen of a native of the Gilbert Islands named Te Manu Uraura ('Red Bird'), to come aft and take the steer-oar, knowing that his eyesight, like that of all Polynesians, was better than that of any white man.

The poor fellow laughed good-naturedly. I little thought that this simple order of mine would, when he came aft and took the steer-oar from me, indirectly be the cause of an injury which would cripple him for life. I then seated myself on the after-thwart, and began to pull. We were at this time about thirty yards from the beach, between it and the inner reef of the harbour. The boat had been sent along for two or three hundred yards without a hitch, and I was thinking of what my cook would have for supper, when we suddenly plumped into a patch of dead coral and stuck hard and fast.

Knowing that the tide was falling, we all jumped out, and pushed the boat off into deeper water as quickly as possible, just as half-a-dozen bright torches of coco-nut leaves flared up on the shore, which revealed the boat dimly to the torch-bearers. At first I imagined that the chief of the village had sent some of his people to help us through the channel; but I was quickly undeceived when I heard 'Flash Harry's' voice.

'I've got you now, my saucy, quarterdeck-style of rotten pup! Slew round and come ashore, or I'll blow your head off.'

One glance towards the beach showed me that we were in a desperate position. 'Flash Harry,' who was all but stark naked, having only a girdle of *ti-tree* leaves round his waist, was

covering the boat with his Winchester rifle, and his armed followers were ready to fire a volley into us—if they had not been so drunk.

'They can't hit us, Te Manu,' I cried to the Gilbert Islander, whose inborn fighting proclivities were showing in his gleaming eyes and short, panting breaths. 'Most of them have no cartridges in their guns, and they are all too drunk to shoot straight. Let us go on.'

Te Manu gripped the haft of the steer-oar and swung the boat's head round; and then I and the native at the bow-oar—a mere boy of sixteen—pulled for all we were worth, just as 'Flash Harry' dropped on one knee and fired.

Poor Te Manu swayed to and fro for a few moments, and then cried out, 'He has broken my hand, sir! But go on, pull—pull hard!'

Under a spattering fire from the beach-comber's drunken companions, we pulled out into deeper water and safety; then, shipping my oar, I sprang to Te Manu's aid. The bullet had struck him on the back of the right hand, and literally cut off three of the poor fellow's knuckles. I did what I could to stop the loss of blood, and told him to sit down; but he refused, and although suffering intense pain, insisted on steering with his left hand. As soon as we reached the cutter I at once hove up anchor and stood along the coast before a strong breeze to Matautu harbour, where I was able to have the man properly attended to. Te Manu, however, only to a very slight extent recovered the use of his hand.

I never saw 'Flash Harry' again. A few months later I left Samoa for the Caroline group; and a year afterwards I was told that he had at last found the country too hot for him, and had left the island in a German 'blackbirder' bound to the Solomon Islands.

Quite six years had passed before I learnt, in a somewhat curious manner, what became of 'Flash Harry.' One day, in Sydney, New South Wales, three captains and myself, all engaged in the South Sea trade, met for lunch at the Paragon Hotel on Circular Quay. One of the company, a young man who was a stranger to me, had just returned from the Solomon Islands. He was very familiar with the whole group and its murderous, cannibal people, and had had some very narrow escapes and thrilling experiences, which he narrated. (Later I heard that in 1884 he and all his ship's company had been killed on the Solomon group.)

We were talking of the massacre of Captain Ferguson and the crew of the Sydney trading-steamer *Ripple* by the natives of Bougainville Island, in the Solomon group, when the young skipper remarked, 'Ah! poor Ferguson ought to have been more careful. Why, the very chief of that village at Numa Numa—the man who cut him down with a tomahawk—had killed two other white men. Ferguson knew that, and yet

would allow him to come aboard time after time with hundreds of his people, and gave him and them the run of his ship! I knew the fellow well. He told me to my face, the first time I met him, that he had killed and eaten two white men.'

'Who were they?' I asked.

'One was a man trading for Captain MacLeod of New Caledonia; the other chap was some beach-combing fellow who had been kicked ashore at Numa Numa by his skipper. I heard he came from Samoa originally. Anyway, the chief told me that as soon as the ship that had put the man ashore had sailed, he was speared through the back as he was drinking from a coco-nut. When they stripped off his clothes to make him ready for the oven, they found he was tattooed, Samoan fashion, from the waist to the knees. Then, as he had red hair, they cut off his head and smoke-dried it, instead of eating it with the rest of the body, and kept it as an ornament for the stem of a big canoe. A white man's head is a great thing at any time for a canoe's figure-head in the Solomons, but a white man's head with red hair is a great *mana*.'

Then I said to him that I had known the man, and told him of his antecedents.

'Ah!' he said, 'I dare say if you had been there you would have felt as if you could have eaten a bit of the beggar yourself.'

'I certainly should not have minded seeing him cooked,' I replied, as I thought of poor Te Manu's crippled hand.

DREAMLAND: SWEDEN.

I know a Land, far distant, which—

Whate'er the time or season dream—

Recalls to me by night and day

The dim and mystic Land, to childhood dear—
The Land of Dreams!

Oft, when the Winter wind with fitful blast

Pursues his stormy way o'er crag and pine,

And Night, with slumb'rous wing envelops all,

Methinks o'er northern heavens a wondrous light
doth shine—

Strange Land of Dreams!

Sometimes, when happy Spring, the Queen of all,

Doth beckon me from *moos*-crowned *berg* and forest
glade,

And Earth's green carpet stretches far and wide,

Methinks a fairy lurks in every oak's dim shade—
Fair Land of Dreams!

When Summer's noon o'er lake and isle doth sleep,

And over meadows bright soft Fancy seems to glide,

Touching the graceful reeds which bow before the breeze,

Methinks she smiles at me from out the silver tide—
Sweet Land of Dreams!

Autumn's dim shadow steals along the vale,

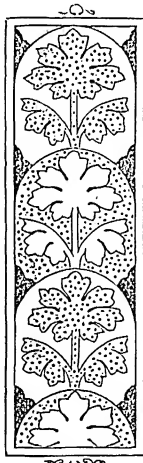
While o'er the lonely marsh the gray mists slowly rise,

Shrouding beneath a Wonderland so strange:

Methinks in this last garb thou'rt dearest in mine eyes!
Dim Land of Dreams!

L. MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.

UTTRINGE, RÖNNINGE, SWEDEN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

EASTLEY MANOR HOUSE,
The second of July 1728.



WHY have I sought out this old journal? 'Tis full of matter for pain, even for tears. In perusing it, I'm sure my forehead has puckered and my eyes smart. The journal has lain in that cabinet these eight years; the paper looks yellow. A while ago I said I would burn it; now I have it safe, and my heart throbs for gladness.

Why am I glad? Ah, Dorothy, Dorothy!—silly little fool, vainer, maybe, than you were when those words were set down—you know the reason why.

A journal is, after all, raw and unsatisfying; it merely relates events and notes down thoughts; truly it does not represent the person or the heart of the thinker. As I sit snugly in the oriel of this fine old manor house—my birth-place—enjoying the sweetness of the woodbines and climbing roses that wreathe the mullions of my lattice, I might be, for aught my journal tells, a saucy schoolgirl or an ancient harriidan with filled-in wrinkles and painted cheeks and lips.

I am not either. Alas! I have lost the fresh charm of early spring—that will never return; but I am neither old nor wrinkled. 'Tis not, I hope, vanity; but I sometimes think my face is more attractive than it used to be. Time and sorrow have brought a more thoughtful expression to my dark eyes than I saw there eight years ago. Out upon it! 'Tis sheer vanity to study one's face in the glass; but, truly, if I do look in this dear tortoise-shell-framed mirror ('twas once my mother's), 'tis because I would note down the items of my looks.

I am neither tall nor short. I have a passable figure, fuller than it was; a clear white skin, with sometimes—not often—a tinge of colour in my cheeks; my forehead is low and broad; my

mouth is a medium size, with red pouting lips, easily curved by a witty saying; my nose is straight and short, and my chin is so round that in ten years or so 'twill sure be double. To end the inventory: my locks are, I fancy, a trouble to my woman Drusilla, there is such a plenty of the bright brown stuff; I have not worn powder since Warren died, nor have I patched my face. Drusilla rolls my hair back, under my little lace cap. I wore black for a brace of years after my husband died; now I affect white or sometimes yellow in my gowns; to-day my robe matches the inner part of a daffydown-dilly, it has sleeves to my elbow, and is open in front so as to show a tucked white cambric skirt.

What a frivolous child I was in those far-off days! But, ah, how Geoffrey Northcote loved me! This old journal begins with the record of my folly, eight years and a half ago.

II.

January the first 1720.

I am going to a ball at Lady Betty's. Dressed with extra care; spent several minutes fixing a patch over my left eyebrow. I go down, and father says, 'Egad! she's as pretty as a picture;' on which I dropped him a deep curtsy. Would not give a 'Good-night' to Geoffrey Northcote, nor a dance, because we had quarrelled a week before; yet when he met me in the ballroom he paid me no compliment, but looked at my patch, and said a girl did not need a patch at eighteen. Squire Warren, who is older than Geoffrey, said the patch became me vastly, and praised my gown; so I amused myself with him, and the more because Geoff. looked jealous. He would not dance; he stood, waiting perhaps till I should come to a better mind. I affected not to see him, and when the ball was over, Squire Warren handed me to our coach, and my father bade him come more often to Eastley.

That was the sad beginning. I paid little heed to it then. Perhaps I was somewhat pert and

unkind; but Geoff. should not have looked so angered. He was formal enough to provoke a saint. His love can never make me happy; 'tis too precise. Why could he not have said something pleasant about my looks? Sir Peter Warren said I looked a beauty.

January the sixth.

Poor Geoffrey has asked to see me; but I have sent word I could not! That was three days ago! Now he has written, and asks me to be his wife.

January the eighth.

I said not a word to father; he is besotted about Geoffrey. I have writ 'No' to his suit. Ah me! my heart aches for what I have done; the day after the ball I promised I would wed Squire Warren.

I am too sad to write any more.

I have told father. He rates me for a jilt; says I must be coupled without delay, lest I should change my mind again.

July the first, 1727.

I believe poor old Peter Warren worshipped me. 'Twas not in reason that I could bring myself to love him; but I tried to look contented.

Geoffrey was poor; I was an heiress. I have heard that pride kept him from pressing his suit, when, at the end of a year, I was left a rich widow. My father, alas! died soon after, and Sir Geoffrey Northcote remained abroad, attached to the embassy at Vienna. Time has brought him wealth, but he has not married. The thought shames me. Has he stayed a bachelor for my foolish sake? No, that cannot be. Six years ago I came to live in this, my dear old home. I never could abide Warren Court; was glad to yield it to my husband's heir-at-law.

If Sir Geoffrey pined after me as I have cared for him—though during my husband's life I fought hard against my love—he would have discovered that I have been all this while in the neighbourhood of Northcote; yet till nigh upon a year ago he continued to spend his time on the Continent. Has he by chance wedded some foreign lady, and kept it dark? I heard that he had been seen in town, and that his return here is looked for; no rumour of his arrival has come to my ears. How long will this go on? I am weary of waiting; nothing happens even worth the setting down in my journal. Will life go on thus to the end? If he comes to Northcote he will make no sign; in autumn he will shoot pheasants and hunt foxes, and I shall sit pining alone.

Ah, Geoff! dear ill-used Geoff! shall I not have the chance to make up to you for some of the pain you bore so manfully years ago?

Sure, there is something I can do; but what? I am not a young girl, afraid of what is thought of her. I mind me in the old days I used to wonder what Drusilla thought of my behaviour.

Suppose I were to go a-hunting, there would be a good chance of meeting him; but no one hunts in July; and in this sultry weather one can only ride of early mornings and in the fading light. Will he recognise me? Is he so changed that I shall pass him by like a stranger? He must be forty-six (I mind that he was twenty years older than I). My heart answers that it will give me instant warning of Geoffrey Northcote's presence; my ears burn; the tingling blood rises warmly to my cheeks, half for joy, half for dread of seeing him. For I know he will frown; if he speaks, 'twill be but to chide; and reproof being spoken, he will turn on his heel and depart; while I long for his dear forgiveness. What can I do to show that I have repented? It is idle to sit here and weep.

July the sixth.

At last something has happened worth setting down. At the first I was so gladdened by it that I could have danced and skipped as I was used to do before I wedded. I felt once more gay and mischievous, for I heard that Sir Geoffrey Northcote had been seen in my woods! Methought a few hours might bring my dear one to my feet; and when I had pleased myself in tormenting him I would melt by degrees and yield to his wish that we should be friends. Alas! the Preacher says, 'Man proposes.' In this case 'twas a woman, and she was proved a vain fool.

I walked through the alder wood to the farthest corner, where Reuben May's hut stands, the farthest coppice that borders Northcote. Reuben is my verdurer; he was wounded in the fore-arm by a shot from some game-stealer.

I was going to the door of his hut when a whistle sounded. I stopped; I knew that whistle. Even while I stood, half in hope and half in fear, Geoffrey himself came out from among the trees.

I curtsied, but he seemed not to see me; I stood a moment, shy and trembling; the sight of him cowed me; I had not thought he would look so fine a gentleman. In a trice I recovered my wits; such a chance must on no account be wasted.

I went forward a step or two. This seemed to draw his attention; but he looked at me as if I were a stranger.

A sudden pain gripped my heart, so keen that I came nigh to swooning; all rocked round me, even to the greensward in front of the hut.

I strove to be as usual, went a step nearer him, and curtsied yet more deeply.

'Your pardon, Sir Geoffrey Northcote. You do not recognise me; my name is Dorothy Warren.'

I held out my hand. Ah me! the pity of it! Has he lost his eyes? He used to say, 'Tis surely the fairest hand of any woman in the world.'

I mind me that when taken on a sudden he was apt to be a trifle flurried. Now he was composed; he coolly took off his three-cornered hat, and showed his hair, thin in front, while on the temples 'twas streaked with gray.

'I ask pardon, madam. I am unacquainted with any lady named Warren. Your ladyship has the advantage of me.'

His voice froze me into silence, 'twas so cold. I stood dumb, confused, for he would not meet my glance. He replaced his hat and stalked into the hut.

I marvel how I have reached home without shedding some of the tears which drop from my eyes now that I am alone. How unkind, how rude was his behaviour!

N.B.—I am well rid of the creature; he is wanting in the finer feelings. To be sure, poor Peter wearied me past bearing, but he would have sorely grieved to bring a tear on my cheek. God rest his kind, commonplace soul!

Poppet scratches at my gown as if she would tear a hole in it. Pretty, faithful brute! you would not forget your mistress, would you, Poppet? You would not refuse your paw when I held my hand for it? Yes, my Poppet, you fondle me because I weep; 'tis best so. Had he proved civil I might have softened, I should have permitted his visits, and, too late, should have discovered he could be brutal. I thank Heaven I am now proof against any advance he may make.

July the twentieth.

'Tis a fortnight since I writ my journal. Nothing has happened worthy to be noted, though I rise earlier, and so have longer days. Time, that wicked old man who for ever teases, gives me no peace; but he gives me plenty to think about. I see little company; I do not pine for it. No need to consult with my mantua-maker, were she even at hand; Drusilla can plan and sew all that my retired life requires.

I put down my pen, for I hear Drusilla coming. She has been to show Poppet to the 'pothecary at Shottesbury. 'Pothecary protests to Drusilla that the pimple behind Poppet's left ear is naught; he took freedom to hint that the darling gets too much sugar and cream.

Presently Drusilla says, 'Will madam guess who I met driving to London, packed for a journey?'

I knew, but I do not choose my woman to sport with my feelings. I cried with some impatience, 'Who, child?'

'La, madam, 'twas Sir Geoffrey Northcote.' The creature simpered and stared so hard that in a twinkling my cheeks felt hot.

'Really,' I drawled as though I were Lady Betty Mowbray herself; then I leaned back in my chair and gaped.

'I beg madam's pardon; but madam has so

few neighbours, I thought my duty was to tell her of the departure of one of them. The 'pothecary said he had learned that Sir Geoffrey was again setting forth on his travels.'

'You are over fond of gossip. Go to your sewing.'

'Twas all I could do to keep back my tears till the woman at last closed the door behind her.

III.

October the tenth.

Nearly three months since I writ my journal. 'Tis full of painful memories, so I put it aside. My tiresome thoughts are too willing to dwell on my cruel neighbour; truly I think of no one else. Parson says in his discourses that 'tis wrong and unchristian to cherish unkind thoughts of any one; so I have resolved to forgive my neighbour of Northcote. When he returns for the hunting I shall, if occasion serves, even smile at him, as though he were a friend.

What have I been doing in these months? I have been longer absent from home than I have been since my dear father's death, and I rejoice to be again among the old friendly faces of the village, and the rosy school-children, and the darling babies in the cottages. Every one is simple and kindly; and when they say I am a welcome sight my heart warms to them with gratitude, for I believe them. It was different at Bath, where I have been to drink the waters and lose my money at basset and at crimp. There was plenty of good company and gay assemblies, fine gowns and modish heads, and laces too, in plenty; but there was little heart's ease. I went to bed jaded and weary of scandal and spiteful words. My friend Miss Molly Featherstone was at Bath, and she came daily to see me. I fear I am changeable, for I cannot take the pleasure in her company I did years ago, when Geoffrey and I were lovers. She seems now to care for such fribbles. She teases me to wear a patch, and laughs at my simple ways. She says I must come into the world again; that it is no sign of virtue to mope and vapour in the country. I did not tell her I have not worn a patch since that night at Lady Betty Mowbray's; though indeed I care naught now for Geoffrey Northcote's opinion.

N.B.—I must not forget that Molly will soon be my neighbour; she has been asked to make a long stay at Escreet, to be company for her young orphaned cousin. She says little Lucy is a great heiress.

October the fifteenth.

Was yesterday waked betimes by the baying of hounds in full cry; then came the huntsman's horn. It is a sight I love, so I slipped out of bed, ran to the window, and peeped forth between the curtains.

There they were, scattering over the meadow

outside my fence, a score or more of well-mounted redcoats and greencoats. I watched them as, one after another, they leaped the hedge beyond.

One redcoat lagged behind the rest, a tall, pretty fellow; though I could not see his face. Just before he adventured the leap he turned and stared up at my window. 'Twas Geoffrey Northcote himself. Was ever such presumption? Did he think I should rise at this hour for the chance of seeing him in pink, on his fine gray horse? And how silently he has returned to Northcote! I have no patience with him or with myself. I will follow Molly's counsel, and winter in town.

I am minded to oust Geoffrey from my foolish thoughts by so filling them with other subjects as to leave no room for him.

October the sixteenth.

Have noted that when most tempted by weak, yielding thoughts, I seem to gather strength in the way of purpose; I did not permit my last resolve to sleep, but have writ to my business man in town, and have bid him secure for me the rooms I once stayed in with my father and my mother. I have also bid him tell the people to expect me within a fortnight. My departure will show my neighbour that in place of seeking him I try to avoid the chance of a meeting.

October the seventeenth.

It is but four o' the clock; day has not dawned, yet I can no longer lie abed. I have scarce slept a wink since I lay down; then, of a sudden, I saw—surely I was broad awake—I saw before me Sir Geoffrey Northcote. His face was pale; his hair hung loose; his seeming was that of a man like to die. I began to shiver when his lips moved to speak. 'Dolly,' he said, 'I am come to bid farewell. You have spoiled eight years out of my life, and you shall spoil no more; a vain regret has cursed my life. Adieu!' With that he faded away, while I lay sobbing fit to crack my heart-strings.

I have now risen to set this down; not that there is need—'tis not possible I can forget his look or his words. Ah me! the depth of sorrow I saw in his dear eyes. Can it be that I have wasted his life? Then he has loved me all this while?

Ah me! have I not wasted my own? Have I ever forgot him? I try to feel scorn for him, because my longing shames me; longing to be once more with him, once more his Dolly, his sweet little friend—so he loved to name me. Yes, I was a vain fool; now I have to bear my punishment and mourn the wrong I did that dear heart. I must go to bed again and think. Old Alice said—and she was right—'No girl harms herself but she harms some other also.'

Drusilla has wakened me. She has brought with my chocolate a letter from Molly. She is already at Escreet, but she cannot come to see

me yet awhile. What is this? 'We see much company. Your old acquaintance, Sir Geoffrey Northcote, is our frequent visitor. Do you remember him?'

What can Molly mean? I will write her that, though I am going to town, I will first ride to Escreet.

I have writ to Molly, and have sent the missive by sure hands. She will have it before sundown. I must read hers again.

Here is a postscript which I had not seen. Dear father used to say a woman's postscript holds the pith of her meaning. 'I told you that Lucy was a rich heiress. I find that, though but seventeen, she is also a beauty.'

October the eighteenth.

I can neither sleep nor eat. I can but think of Geoff. and his spoiled life. I was just Lucy's age when he loved me so dearly.

October the nineteenth.

I must go crazy unless I know the truth. I have tried to believe that I am glad if he has found consolation. Heaven help me! I can never be glad if he, the only man in the world for me, has learned to care for some one else.

I will end this torment; I will order the horses and ride over to Escreet.

IV.

Same day—Evening.

I have truly been a fool. I have lost him.

When I reached Escreet, fair-haired, blue-eyed Lucy welcomed me kindly.

'Molly will be here anon,' the child said, and stared at me with some admiration. Then she giggled and blushed, and stammered a little. 'I feel to know you well, madam, for I hear so much talk about you.'

'About me?' I said in wonder. 'Ah, yes; from your cousin Molly?'

'Nay, madam,' the sweet innocent answered. 'Molly speaks only of Sir Geoffrey.' A fresh burst of giggles checked her speech. 'It is Sir Geoffrey who speaks of you. When Molly told him you had journeyed to town, and would stay there all winter, he frowned, and then he strode up and down like some one who has been crossed.'

'What did he say about me, my dear?' Then I could but blush at my own vanity.

'La, madam,' says the child, 'now you have a fine colour you look scarce any older than I am, yet Molly says you and she are of an age.'

I felt ashamed for Molly, who is thirty-five, if she is a day.

Just as Miss opens her little rosebud mouth to answer my question in comes Molly; she looks taller than ever, a truly fine woman in her handsome gown, which sets off her figure.

'My beloved Dolly!' she cries, and folds me in her long arms, while she showers kisses on my

cheeks; 'tis a surprise indeed. I thought you safe in town with your maid and Poppet.'

Molly's hair is good and dark, and she has straight, dark brows; but her narrow eyes looked very hard and black as she stared at me.

My face must have displeased her, for she frowned.

Her eyes questioned her cousin; for Miss said in a loud whisper, 'I have not told yet. You must do that.'

'When do you journey to town, my love?' Molly's eyes were as eager as her voice was; she kept them fixed on mine, while a slight flush showed on her dark face.

'I shall not journey this week; so, as you could not come to see me, I came hither.'

Molly looked at Miss, and then out at the window. That vast room, with dark panelled walls, the heavy white ceiling showing a rose or a portcullis in each of the deeply recessed quatrefoils, will always be pictured in my memory along with that bitterest moment of my life.

'Look, see, Lucy! Sure that is a hare in your lily-bed,' cried Molly.

Lucy threw open the long, narrow window, and hastened out to give chase to the invader.

'Sir Geoffrey thought you had gone,' said Molly.

I have not made a confidante of Molly since I married. I now said frankly, 'Sir Geoffrey knows naught about my journey. I never see him.'

Molly again clasps me in her arms and whispers bashfully, 'I rejoice that is so; it removes my last scruple.'

I drew away from her; I felt suddenly chilled. 'What is your last scruple, Molly?'

She hung her head, simpering as though she were that chit Lucy. 'You know all is fair in love, Dolly; but I am your friend; and should grieve to pain you. To tell truth, I am now looking for Sir Geoffrey's visit; he comes to see me at this hour.' She put her handkerchief to her face. I do not think there were blushes to hide, though truly she may have blushed for shame.

I stood shaking and trembling in a sort of ague, now hot, now cold; my feet rooted to the floor, yet longing to quit the house, to run if need were, so that I might shun Geoffrey.

My farewell to my false friend and my return home are but a dim, confused memory.

May God help me! Life is over for me! Death will be welcome!

October the twentieth.

I have thought and thought all night—thought till my heart seems like to break; but I am no longer in the same mind. If he really cares for Molly, why should he speak of me with Lucy? The proverb says, 'Children and fools speak truth.' Miss is childish; maybe she is also foolish. Why

should I stand by and see him yield to Molly's wiles? 'Twas her deceit that so angered me at Bath. Why do I do this?

I sit and think, till the answer comes in a flash of light; I clap hands on eyes, and bow my head in shame: it is because I am still proud; because I will not humble myself to say, 'I beg your pardon, Geoffrey Northcote; forgive me the grievous wrong I did you years ago.'

Same day—Evening.

I have walked up and down the garden-path in sore distress. Then, to divert my mind, did business with my farri-bailiff. Afterwards, weary with heart-ache and sick with doubt, I went to my chamber.

I felt like a traveller who has lost the path in a tangled wood, and knows not which is the safe way homewards. I knelt and prayed for guidance. At last I felt calmer; I rose up, washed the tears from my face, and going down to the oriel, I writ these words:

'SIR GEOFFREY NORTHCOTE,—Will it please you to accept this confession of my shame and grief for the wrong I did you, when too much in love with myself to consider you or any other? Please be generous, and ease my heart. Say, "I forgive you."'
DOROTHY.'

v.

October the twenty-second.

I shall quit the Manor House to-morrow for London, and shall winter there. 'Tis time I went to town. I need a change of surroundings, and the need makes me restless. I long for what I now know I can never have.

I am happier since I sent that letter, though it has fallen on deaf ears. Shame on me! I will keep a brave heart.

How now; what is amiss? Here comes Drusilla, her face aflame and her eyes shining. What can have chanced? I left her busy packing my trinkets.

'If it please you, madam, Felton bids me say Sir Geoffrey Northcote waits to see you.'

I turned dizzy and sick. I frowned at her glad face.

'Did not Felton say I could not see company?'

Drusilla grew red, but she tried to speak boldly.

'La, madam! how could he? I was by, and Sir Geoffrey smiled at me, and spoke as pleasant as he looked. 'Twill do madam a mort of good to see him.'

This so angered me that had the wench stood nearer I might have cuffed her for her forwardness.

'Did you dare to say I would see this gentleman?'

She began to whimper. 'I did truly so, madam.'

I was glad I had frightened her. I wish I had not writ that letter.

He was in the blue parlour, at the window looking on the garden. His face was grave when he turned and bowed low to me.

'Twas foolish, but as I curtsied my heart beat as though 'twould crack my laces.

'I present myself, madam, to ask pardon for a rudeness addressed to you a few months back; a—a want of courtesy which, believe me, I have regretted.'

He stopped and cleared his throat; what else he had to say seemed to need effort to bring forth.

His coolness disconcerted me.

'Your honour's memory is better than mine.' I spoke with the airy carelessness that used to vex him. 'I have made no complaint against you, sir.'

He smiled at me till I felt like a ruffled child. 'Faith, you are not changed; Heaven be praised for that. Will you permit me to be seated?'

This easy confidence affronted me; 'twas clear he had condescended to accept my apology and to overlook my offence. I could have wrung my hands in anguish.

'Be seated, I pray you, sir, and rest here as long as pleases you. I set forth for London to-morrow, and there still remains much to set in order. I will bid my man bring you a dish of tea.'

I curtsied and turned away.

'A moment, madam; you are unforgiving.' Ah! how stern he spoke when my eyes were off him; his pleasant manner fled. 'I came to-day, first because it is to me hateful in God's sight that two Christian persons should be near neighbours and yet live as strangers; it sets a bad pattern to others.'

He spoke as though he had got the words by heart.

I felt my lips trembling. Molly had, then, spoken truly; he did not care for me. I told myself that he must not suspect I loved him.

'I honour your virtuous sentiments, sir. I go to town to seek amusement. I can dance, and I love music; the Opera, the gardens at Vauxhall, and other pastimes will make a pleasant

change for a hermit like myself. I bid you good-day, sir.'

While I spoke thus flippantly I glanced towards him; he regarded me, I thought, very strangely. Greatly angered at this, I turned abruptly and stumbled over Poppet's cushion. I seemed to be falling; my heart stood still; then all was dark.

When I opened my eyes I was on the sofa, leaning back beside my enemy, who had put his arm round my waist.

I stared; but his eyes were full of tenderness. I could not bring myself to chide him.

'I feared to leave you,' he said gently. 'Shall I call your woman if you can now sit—without support?'

He looked beseeching; all at once our position seemed so ludicrous that I smiled; then I laughed outright so merrily that Geoffrey laughed with me.

He did not summon Drusilla; neither did he take his arm away; he held me very closely, and pressed a kiss on my lips.

'Let me go, shameless fellow!' I cried indignantly; but I could not frown: I knew that my own happy face was in league against me, and had gone over to the enemy; it was actually lying quietly on his shoulder, while the dear fellow whispered:

'I had the precious letter but an hour ago. Angel! darling!' He kissed me again and again. 'Shall we not go to town together, my Dolly, and get married to-morrow?'

This was too presumptuous. I snatched at my fan and rapped his knuckles. I cried out:

'Is it possible? Are you willing to take me, patches and all?' I smiled, but I felt near to crying.

'I swear it,' he cried joyously, and he kissed me again.

I wrote this a fortnight later in my journal.

I am the happiest woman in the world. Geoff. and I got married yesterday.

The past has rolled away as though it had never been. He says it has been the making of both of us.

N.B.—We go next week to Northcote Hall.

PECULIARITIES OF LEADING POLITICIANS.

By EDMUND J. MOYLE.



It may naturally be assumed, all our leading politicians possess distinctive peculiarities which assert themselves when addressing their fellow-legislators. If some of these idiosyncrasies are the outcome of studied affectations, the majority of them, so far as can be judged from the press gallery of either House, have been fallen into quite unconsciously, and are frequently the result of original nervousness.

Take, for example, the case of Lord Salisbury. Here we have a statesman of unrivalled experience in public life still betraying obvious signs of nervousness before rising to address the House; his knees move up and down, and on them play his fingers. But once on his feet, the Premier becomes one of the most unemotional men in Europe. Slowly and with great deliberation he speaks, using little or no gesture. Never at ease unless resting his arm on two or three books

placed one above the other, Lord Salisbury looks straight ahead, caring little or nothing for the presence of the brilliant audience which so often gathers to hear him. The well-rounded sentences, increasing in length towards the close of the oration, are very frequently fashioned in solitude, while walking to and fro, with bent head and hands clasped behind the rounded back. The Premier's voice, though clear and penetrating, frequently degenerates into a mumble, rendering 'the master of gibes and flouts and jeers' entirely inaudible to reporters in the gallery. Hence the frequency of the expression in the daily papers, 'Lord Salisbury, who was indistinctly heard in the gallery, was understood to say'—The difficulty, so far as the official report of speeches is concerned, has been overcome by allotting a seat on the floor of the House to the *Hansard* representative. This concession excited great opposition on the part of many noble lords. The then Earl Beauchamp suggested placing the reporter in the large cell below the chamber, used partly for purposes of ventilation. He added: 'The reporter would not hear those who are immediately above him, but he would hear the speeches delivered in other parts of the House; and, considering the space that exists below, I do not see why the reporter should not change his place from time to time, if necessary, according to the speaker.' Happily this decidedly novel method of reporting was not adopted; neither was the suggestion of Lord Truro, who, objecting to a journalist passing along the floor of the House to his place, proposed that a trap-door should be constructed near the table through which the reporter could rise from the apartment below, like the devil in the pantomime. It was ultimately decided to allot a seat immediately behind those occupied by the clerks. Minor peculiarities of the Premier include a hatred of early rising, late hours, publicity, and tobacco.

Now cross the floor of the House. The Earl of Rosebery is moving restlessly in his seat. His head is thrown back, his well-shaped, plump hands are clasped behind it, and he is gazing hard at the ceiling of the chamber. The ex-Premier is about to speak. With a bound, he is at the table thundering away at noble lords opposite. Of all orators in the Upper House, Lord Rosebery uses the most gesticulation, just as the Premier does the least. Humour dances round the solid substance of his speeches, as the little blue flames of the ignited brandy flicker round a plum-pudding, at once increasing its picturesqueness and improving its flavour. Not only a wit among peers, the ex-Premier is a peer among wits. At one time a martyr to insomnia, freedom from cares of office has robbed Berkeley Square of an early-morning pedestrian, seeking that sleep which refused to come to the anxious statesman. Lord Rosebery has countless friends and few enemies.

It has been irreverently said that the Duke of Devonshire was 'born tired.' Certainly in the gilded chamber he looks unusually weary; and, though the sittings are short and commendably sweet, his grace frequently contrives to find time for the proverbial 'forty winks.' It is no unusual sight to see the Premier and his faithful henchman peacefully slumbering side by side, Lord Salisbury sitting bolt upright with his hands lying helpless on his knees, the Duke doubled up in two. Of his grace the story is told of his once confessing that he had yawned in the midst of one of his own speeches, and excusing himself by saying, 'Well, wasn't it very dull?' The Duke makes very little preparation of his speeches, but he always sees to it that he has the subject of discussion at his fingertips. There is no apparent nervousness of any kind about him, and he is usually lounging about in the most comfortable manner half-a-minute before he is on his legs. His grace has reduced the balancing of an immaculate silk hat on a ducal nose to a fine art, and rivals Mr Labouchere as an inveterate cigarette smoker. He is a favourite with cartoonists, and is one of whom all politicians speak well.

With hands spread out over the breast of a tightly buttoned frock-coat sits Viscount Goschen, late of the Exchequer and Admiralty. A keen fighter, seasoned with conflicts in the cities of London, Liverpool, Ripon, and Edinburgh, he ultimately found that haven 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' *vid* St George's, Hanover Square. 'I forgot Goschen,' hissed Lord Randolph Churchill after his nocturnal excursion to Printing-House Square in 1886, and so the erstwhile merchant became his successor as controller of the country's money. In that exalted position he was the terror of those gentlemen who 'sit up aloft' over the Speaker's chair 'taking notes.' To a bad and rapid delivery was linked a wretched sight, and as his hooked nose travelled from left to right down numberless folios, many were the journalistic imprecations hurled at the offending head of the ungainly Chancellor. The House he for so many years adorned has laughed with him and at him. The upsetting of a glass of liquid refreshment, necessitated by a three hours' speech early in 1890, sent an easily amused House into ecstasies, to the annoyance of Mr Jackson, then Secretary of the Treasury, who vainly endeavoured to mop up the deluge with blotting-paper. The following year his peculiarity took the form of losing his place among the many sheets of miserably written notes which he employed in introducing the Budget. Though helped in the quest by sympathetic colleagues, the lost place was never found. 'I hope,' he pathetically exclaimed, 'that my figures will be understood when they are seen in the morning.' It was a vain hope, and Fleet Street, for once, was baffled. Recently asked by

friends how he liked the House of Lords, the new Viscount told a laughing journalistic audience that he 'replied with an inane smile.' The voice with which he drove home arguments to the discomfiture of opposing forces has been raised 'in another place'—and with success. Although a hard hitter, Viscount Goschen possesses countless friends, and especially in the City he so long and faithfully represented.

The chief peculiarity of the Duke of Norfolk lies in his wardrobe. It may be that one fine morning his grace, instead of drawing up at St Martin's-le-Grand, continued his journey eastwards, and alighted at the little City court over which Mr Commissioner Kerr was presiding, and heard that witty cadi declare that it was only the very wealthy who could afford to clothe shabbily. Of the hereditary Earl Marshal's disregard for personal appearance many good stories are told. Perhaps one of the best is in connection with his lovely grounds at Arundel Castle. With customary goodness of heart, his grace recently threw them open to the public. Amongst the many who availed themselves of the privilege accorded were two Irishwomen, who sauntered about admiring the stately trees and magnificent lawns with which the place abounds. Presently, to their horror, they observed a shabbily dressed man leave the path and walk across a strip of ground, despite the notice, 'Please keep off the grass.' One of the indignant ladies called after the offender, 'Hi! Come back here! Come back here!' The Duke—for it was he—turned and came towards the two ladies. To his surprise, one burst forth, 'Can't you read, you poor, blind man, that notice staring you in the face? It is the loikes of you as keeps the loikes of us out of many a dacint place.'

The general public are probably more familiar with the peculiarities of their elected representatives than with those of hereditary legislators. First let us take the Leader of the House of Commons, Mr A. J. Balfour. The over-tall, slender form; the neck delicate and narrow as a woman's; the indolent loll that speaks of physical indolence, and, at the same time, the air of distinction; the soft, short-sighted, meditative eyes—all these characteristics speak of the man of thought, not of action. His peculiarities in the House are well known from numberless cartoons and sketches: the gaitered feet are marvellously twined on the table in front of him; the head rests on the ridge of the Treasury bench behind; the eyes are resting on the fanlight in the ceiling of the chamber. A sweet smile plays over the pale face as some opponent criticises the manner in which he, although no longer 'a mere child in such matters,' manages the business of the Commons. Such preparation as he gives to any speeches is, whenever possible, accomplished in the open air, and during exercise. Mr Balfour is a living refutation of the alleged

impossibility of doing two things well at once. He can play golf in first-class style, and yet be thinking hard all the time; and if constant reference to books and papers were not necessary, he would probably prepare a speech as well on the links as in his study—if not better. It is not until Mr Balfour has been some minutes on his legs, and has, by two or three energetic jerks, got his garments to hang comfortably on his shoulders, that he warms to his work. Yet, though he then grasps the lapels of his coat with palpable earnestness, he rarely rouses his hearers to any degree of enthusiasm. His voice is clear, though far from powerful, and at times, in its higher notes, it is almost feminine. He learnt the art of debate at the hands of the Irish, when Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of that 'distressful country.' Mr Balfour's passionate love of music can hardly be designated as a 'peculiarity,' though the unearthly hour at which he occasionally revels in Mendelssohn when at Whittinghame almost transforms it into one. His is probably the only Government office which boasts of a grand piano. The superb instrument stands, with the keyboard usually invitingly open, just by the door of the room, at 10 Downing Street, in which the First Lord of the Treasury works. In the corners of the apartment recline numerous golf-clubs. Like other members of the Cecil family, Mr Balfour has no love for early rising, and invariably takes breakfast in bed. He is admittedly the most popular man in the House of Commons.

Crossing the floor of the chamber, let us pause at the burly form of that Rupert of Debate, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. The Squire of Malwood is by no means free from peculiarities. He is a destructionist by build and nature. The hand with which he whacks the table of the House is like a small leg of mutton, and his whole frame is colossal. His speeches are prepared with the utmost care, and the greater portion written out on scraps of paper, many-sized. Sir William's reliance on these full notes has made him, for a great debater, one of the most 'unready' speakers in the Commons. When he wants to quote, it is his misfortune to be rarely able to find the slip of paper on which the required extract is written. 'Well, it amounts to this,' he will say, and proceed to give an indication of the quotation from memory. Still he goes on fumbling with his notes, and presently, finding the missing folio, reads the quotation with great gusto. No one knows better than Sir William when he is about to say a good thing. He turns round to the right, and faces his friends on the Opposition benches. Having boomed out his joke and convulsed every one there, he wheels round and smiles expansively on his opponents. His voice is capable of a great variety of intonation, and the ironic portions of a speech are particularly effective. His utterances suffer in reporting—they

should be heard to be fully appreciated. As a humorist Sir William is irrepressible. Like Yorick, he is 'a man of infinite jest.' No one appreciated his wit more than Mr Gladstone did. The veteran statesman was on one occasion bemoaning the responsibility of making knights of the right men. Sir William, bending over his troubled chief, suggested, 'Why not knight yourself, sir?' When Kirkcaldy Liberals sought to console him after his defeat there with a gift of plate, Sir William jestingly told a friend that he was 'the first Englishman who ever brought bullion out of Scotland.' He is the last of the old order of parliamentary figures; and the House, when the time comes, will part with genuine regret with the Squire of Malwood.

Full of distinctive characteristics is Mr Joseph Chamberlain—unquestionably the most interesting personality in Parliament. Watch him as he enters the House from behind the Speaker's chair. His head is jerked forward, and on his face a frown. He makes his way to his place, and, before sitting beside the Leader of the House, takes from the table an order-paper of the day. This, as is generally known, contains a programme of the business to be transacted at that evening's sitting. Having seated himself, he studies the paper intently for a few seconds, and, having apparently mastered its contents, throws it from him with an impatient gesture. Mr Chamberlain then readjusts his eyeglass, thrusts his legs straight out before him, and looks round the House. On rising to speak he places his neatly written notes on the brass-bound box before him, and having put the edges straight, fires away. Mr Chamberlain speaks slowly, and uses scarcely any gesture. Most dangerous when most polite, his face becomes like a piece of parchment when roused to anger. In the art of crushing an adversary by an inconvenient quotation or by some personal thrust Mr Chamberlain is unequalled. It is this gift which makes him as formidable on the platform as he is in the House of Commons. At public meetings he always seems to expect a few of his old Radical friends among the audience. But woe be to the interrupter! Led on by the orator with a seductive question, his opponent gives just the reply expected. Back like lightning comes a crushing retort, and thenceforth all is smooth sailing. His perorations are invariably written out in full in his study, and frequently committed to memory. His voice is firm and clear, but not very musical; his enunciation perfect. Mr Chamberlain's chief recreation is the gout, and many of those friends who prophesied he must, of necessity, die twenty years ago, the Colonial Secretary has helped to bury. Everybody ought to know him from the multiplicity of his portraits and caricatures; but, as a matter

of fact, comparatively few people recognise the real man as he appears in the street. He always walks from Downing Street to the House—which is about the only exercise he takes—but what with his stunted figure, his ungainly stride, his protruding head, his concentrated look, and the eternal big cigar in his mouth, he is little or nothing like the conventional caricature or photograph, and it is only an occasional onlooker who murmurs 'Joe' as he passes. He has excellent taste in waistcoats, ties, and orchids, and is made much of by those who, in his socialistic days, screamed at the mere mention of his name.

Perhaps the word 'temper' sums up pretty accurately the chief peculiarity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A story which recently went the rounds related how, in the last Parliament, a number of Unionists, thinking the policy of the Government might be improved, decided to lay their views before Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Going to the door of his private room, they chose one of their number to walk inside and speak for all. He was highly respectable and pious, and he entered the room with due solemnity. He soon returned, however, righteously indignant. Asked how he had fared, he replied, 'I have not been well treated by either side of the House; but I don't think I was ever before called an infernal, canting attorney.' But despite his impetuous temper, Sir Michael is a great favourite with the House. In his wiry figure and spare, rigid lineaments there is the unmistakable witness of reserve and self-sufficiency. No one has yet successfully sat on this hard, unyielding, grave man. He once nearly frightened the life out of the late Mr A. M. Sullivan by shaking his fist at him, and brought about a hasty apology for some unconsidered expressions he had used. On the Treasury bench nowadays, however, his temper is seldom ruffled, though he still shows signs of nervousness. During the attack of an opponent he crosses his legs first one way and then another, scribbling away at notes on small sheets of paper all the time. Every now and then he looks up with an inquiring sort of smile, especially when his antagonist appears to be making unusually strong points. On rising to reply, Sir Michael, at the outset, is far from being at ease; but he gradually warms to his work, and drives his arguments home with the skill of a practised debater. He is familiarly known as 'Black Michael.'

One could doubtless go through the whole list of our legislators and pick out peculiarities in each. Some are hereditary, some the result of imitation, others the outcome of nervousness. But once acquired, it becomes well-nigh impossible to get rid of them; for, as Cowper says:

Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive!

Corrychoillie: A Highland Character.

By LINDSAY S. TURNBULL.



THE subject of this article supplies us with a striking illustration of what is so often spoken of as a 'self-made' man. Certainly was this true of John Cameron of Corrychoillie, who, from small beginnings, by inherent energy, shrewdness, and skill became in his day the foremost grazing-farmer and flockmaster in Scotland.

Born in the parish of Kilmonivaig, among the Braes of Lochaber, the boy earned his first money from passing drovers for his services in watching their cattle or sheep while they were having refreshment in the muir toll-house, which belonged to his father. Having saved a few pounds, the venturesome lad bought some goats and sheep, which he sold later on at a fair profit. As a boy and a youth he kept up the practice, so cautiously and profitably managing his affairs that by the time he was twenty years of age he was actually in business for himself, and on a very large scale. By-and-by he rented the farm of Corrychoillie, which lies about thirteen miles north-east of Fort-William, and, according to a well-known custom, became familiarly known as Corrychoillie, or Corry for short.

The rate and degree of his prosperity were amazing, and the following story gives some indication of the position to which he had so shrewdly and skilfully attained. A case of sheep-stealing was being tried in Inverness, in which Corry figured as a witness. Mr Patrick Robertson, afterwards the well-known Lord Robertson, thus examined him: 'I believe your name is John Cameron?'—'Yes.' 'You are a pretty extensive farmer near Fort-William?'—'I am.' 'How many sheep will you have grazing on the hill-pastures at a time?'—'I can't remember the exact number at present.' 'Try, and let us know as near as you can.'—'I can't say.' 'Have you 5000?'—'A nod of the head.' 'Have you 10,000?'—'Why, I have that of black cattle and horses.' 'Will you have 20,000?'—'Yes.' '30,000?'—'Yes, more.' '50,000?'—'Yes.' 'Then I suppose you can be no other than the great Corrychoillie of the north?'—'Well, I'm all that's for him.'

Corry led a most busy life, attending, as he so regularly did, the great sheep and wool markets of the north, and the southern trysts; now looking after his great flocks and herds in the pastures or on the march, and again in buying and selling. His strong individuality of character made him conspicuous wherever he went. He was a man of slight but wiry build, and, from all accounts, of tireless energy and enduring power; and the amount of fatigue and physical endurance which he is reported to have undergone

without any seeming bad effect is almost incredible. Often when in charge of great droves on the way to the trysts he would be three days without a regular meal, being satisfied with a little whisky-and-water and a piece of oatcake obtained at a roadside inn, and as many nights without sleep. His piebald ponies, of which he was very proud, seemed as fitted for the tearing strain of a busy life as their master; for it is told that on one occasion, as he was on his way to the Muir of Ord Tryst, he had reached Inverness—a ride of fifty-five miles—where he expected a letter with a cheque, which he required at the market. However, the letter had not arrived. Undeterred by the wet, stormy night, and in defiance of the remonstrances of his friends, he at once rode off to Fort-William, a distance of sixty-five miles, where he learned that the letter had been forwarded to his home address. Thither he rode, and by breakfast-time Corrychoillie was reached. Having breakfasted, he mounted a fresh pony, and reached Muir of Ord that same afternoon. Thus he rode about two hundred miles in less than two days.

It is given to few to run the race of life without being tripped up, and Corry was no exception. Thus it fell out:

He was a very young man when he attended Falkirk Tryst for the first time, and he took with him two hundred pounds wherewith to buy cattle. On the way south he heard many stories of robbers and pickpockets, and he was specially warned to beware of 'Glasgow keelies.' He therefore decided to deposit the one-half of his money in the British Linen Company Bank and retain the other half. In Falkirk he lodged with one Swan, an Irishman, who in the course of conversation related to Corry a number of cases of farmers being relieved of their pocket-books containing large sums of money. Corry was a little troubled, and confided to his landlord that he intended buying cattle to the extent of one hundred pounds, and offered to leave the money in his charge till such time as he required to pay for his purchases, when he would bring the party with him to the inn, and there settle the account. This arrangement approved itself to Corry as the one best fitted to set him quite at ease in regard to the safety of his cash, and free him from the risk of having his pocket picked. In due time Corry turned up at the 'Red Lion' with a drover from the Border, from whom he had bought his cattle. Calling the innkeeper, he asked for the money. 'Arrah! be my sowl, me bhoy! is it tryin' to make a fool of me ye are, or are ye mad wid drink, or have ye got bad stuff in the market that puts yer brains wrong?

For, bedad! ye never gave me a pound, besides a hundred pounds, in all your loifettime, ye big Hielan' rogue—bad luck to yez!' Corry remonstrated: 'Landlord, you must surely ha'e been drinkin', or you wouldna ha'e forgot my givin' you a hundred pounds to keep for me till I required it, and that in this very room last night.' 'Oh! bad luck to me if ever ye gave me a penny or a note in all yer life; and, faix! I'm ready to make me solemn oath before all the sheriffs and magistrates in both Scotland and Ireland to that purpose.' Corry was at his wits' end. His acquaintance strongly advised him to see Archie Cunningham the lawyer, 'a clever chield for gettin' folks out o' a scrape.' 'Ah, no,' said Corrie; 'the fellow's a rogue, fit to cheat anybody.' 'Never mind, my man,' replied his friend; 'things may take a better turn yet. But try Archie—try him; for there's aye balm in Gilead; and ye don't know what Archie can do for ye.'

After much persuasion, Corry went to the lawyer and told his story. Cunningham's advice was to draw the remaining one hundred pounds, to treat the landlord's refusal to pay as a joke, and—in the presence of at least one witness—lend Swan the one hundred pounds. Then Corry was to come back and let the lawyer know how he had got on. Corry acted on this advice, and the landlord agreed to let bygones be bygones, and promised to keep the money safely, and let him have it when required. Corry thereupon reported to the lawyer, who advised him to go back in an hour without his witness, and ask for the return of the money. Accordingly Corry went without his witness, and the landlord promptly paid over the money. Corry again reported himself to the lawyer, and was told to return in an hour with his witness, and ask for the money. Corry did so, and the landlord's face turned blue as he exclaimed, 'Oh, bad luck to yez, ye Hielan' rogue! Did I not give ye yer one hundred pounds about two hours ago, and are ye goin' to rob me in daylight?' 'Here is my witness,' replied Corry; 'ask him if he saw me gettin' back my one hundred pounds. Unless you pay doon instantly I'll no be long till I compel you to fork oot my cash.' The landlord saw that the Highlander was not so simple as he looked, and was evidently acting under the advice of some shrewd adviser, probably Archie Cunningham the lawyer. The swindle had failed, and so he reluctantly paid one hundred pounds. Corry was in high spirits when he returned to his lawyer, to whom he tendered a five-pound note in payment of his shrewd advice.

Perhaps the only weakness in an otherwise very strong character was Corry's love of flattery. He relished the flattering of his abilities. In his *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, Dr Norman Macleod tells a good story which lays bare this defect: 'I will close this chapter with a story

told of a great sheep-farmer (not one of the old "gentlemen-tenants," verily!), who had, nevertheless, made a large fortune by sheep-farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labour. A buyer, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over their whisky-toddy to remark, "I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!" "Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep-farmer, modestly hanging his head, with a pleasing smile, and taking a larger pinch of snuff, "that's too much—too much by far—by far." Then his guest, after expatiating on the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done *that*?" The sheep-farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy, and slowly replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, nae doot, a clever man—very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good sojer; but then, d'ye see, he had' reasonable men to deal with—captains, majors, and generals that could understand him—every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm no sae sure, after all, if he could manage, say, twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that couldna understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst! I doot it. I doot it! But I have often done that."

Just one more story to show that Corry was a bit of a wag and fond of a joke. While he was travelling by steamer to Glasgow, a very pretty young lady came from her cabin, and seating herself on deck, became deeply interested in a book. Her beauty so fascinated Corry that he could do nothing but look and look at her and admire. A gentleman, observing this, asked Corrie if he would buy her, seeing he admired her so much. Corry said he would, and asked, 'What is the price?' The gentleman took Corry for a poor shepherd who apparently had never been from home before, and so, resolving to take advantage of his rustic simplicity, said she would be his if he would give one thousand pounds. 'It's a bargain,' replied Corry as he put a guinea in the gentleman's hand, and, to the latter's amazement and confusion, disappeared forward. When the steamer reached Greenock, Corry landed and took train to Glasgow, where he drew a cheque for one thousand pounds, and on the arrival of the steamer at the Broomielaw, he sprang on board, tendered the notes, and claimed the young lady as his. It is not easy to describe the feelings of the gentleman, who tried in vain to explain that he was only joking. Still, Corry insisted that a bargain was a bargain, that he had given him arles to confirm it, and declared he would have the lady. The gentleman was in a fix, and at last offered to pay two hundred pounds as a 'rue-bargain,' which

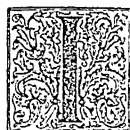
Corry refused, but agreed to say no more about his purchase of the young lady if he would give his shepherds and drovers a dinner in one of the Glasgow hotels. Accordingly Corry sent fifty of his cattlemen to the Eagle Hotel in Maxwell Street on the evening named, where they dined sumptuously, and, on Corry's advice, drank nothing but the best liquor and finest champagne. After a glorious night the company left by the early morning boat for Fort-William as proud as lords. You may judge of the gentleman's surprise when a bill was presented for nearly one hundred pounds; and so he asked the landlord who the master was who employed so many men. 'Oh,' said the landlord, 'he is the greatest sheep-farmer in the north, and I know him well.' 'Well,' replied the gentleman as he paid the bill, 'judging from his appearance he looked as if he were not worth a thousand pence instead of a thousand pounds.' So Corry taught the lesson not to judge a man by his appearance; for Corry was most indifferent as to how he dressed.

To the very end Corry lived a busy, active life. On the morning of his death he walked before breakfast to one of his sheepfolds, a distance of six miles. After breakfast he rode to the meeting-place of the local Parochial Board, of which he was a useful member. Starting on his homeward journey at three o'clock, he visited some of his flock on the way, and assisted in extricating a few goats from a dangerous position. Thereafter he was seized with illness, and was so bad when he reached home that he had to be lifted off his pony and at once put to bed. Before the doctor arrived Corrychoillie had passed away on the evening of February 16, 1856, in his seventy-sixth year.

Corry was twice married. His first family all settled in Australia, and followed their father's example in carving out for themselves a prosperous career. The same has to be recorded of his second family, who settled and prospered, some in New Zealand, in Africa, and at home.

'SENT TO THE PLANTATIONS.'

By W. H. S. AUBREY, LL.D.



IN reading the pages of Macaulay and other English historians one phrase occasionally met with in connection with the seventeenth century is that certain persons were 'sent to the plantations.' They were largely political offenders, whose opinions in ecclesiastical or civil matters were obnoxious to the ruling powers. It was a summary method of getting rid of them. Few ever returned to England, for the tedium, the privations, the sufferings, and the dangers attendant upon a voyage across the Atlantic in sailing-vessels not larger than many a modern yacht, but without its appointments and speed, were fatal to many whose constitutions had been already impaired by lengthened incarceration in horrible jails. Besides the voluntary emigrants who settled in the scattered and unexplored districts of New England and Virginia and in the torrid islands of the West Indies, an unknown number—of whom no accurate record exists, but amounting to many thousands—were deported thither during the seventeenth century for real or imaginary crimes, or for what the chief priests and scribes of the day chose to reckon as crimes. The deportation of actual criminals beyond the seas grew naturally out of the laws which prescribed banishment for certain offences and as the doom of 'sturdy rogues and vagabonds.' The Vagrancy Acts of Queen Elizabeth's reign contained the germ of the system, by empowering the justices in quarter-sessions to order criminals to be conveyed to such parts as should be assigned by the Privy Council.

Full effect was given to this in the next reign, when James I., in 1619, directed 'a hundred dissolute persons' to be sent to Virginia. Thenceforward, for more than two centuries, this was the favourite method of getting rid of the dangerous classes.

Plantations, in the old English meaning of the word, is synonymous with the modern word colonies. It is so used in his thirty-fourth Essay by Bacon, who had assisted, with other noblemen, with high officials in Church and State, and with enterprising merchants, in providing funds for settling plantations in America. One of the chief of these was the attempt made by Sir Walter Raleigh to form a colony in the vast but undefined district named Virginia, after Queen Elizabeth. The royal patent was granted in 1584, but the first attempts proved failures.

The founding of colonies in America at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth was no holiday pastime. It was a long course of drudgery, starvation, conflict, and peril. The climate or other conditions involved a ceaseless struggle with Nature in her extreme moods. The long and narrow strip of country between the Atlantic coast and the Alleghany Mountains was for the most part an unbroken forest, involving laborious clearing. Hard toil, severe discipline, and patient endurance served to develop lofty courage and true heroism. The desire to 'sing the King of Spain's beard,' as expressed by Sir Francis Drake and his associates, was as strong in the adventurers who followed them. They held that

the establishment of English plantations on the American seaboard and among the fertile islands of the West Indies would 'put a byt into their ancient enemys' mouthes,' and would promote the commerce and increase the wealth of England.

London was the chief base of the adventurers' operations, though the maritime and commercial wealth of Bristol—then the second port in the kingdom—generously contributed. Royal charters and letters-patent were obtained, for valuable consideration, from James I. for purposes of settlement and trade. Two of these, embracing the region extending from the thirty-fifth to the forty-fourth degree of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were granted in 1606 to two companies, in London and in Plymouth. The vast and vague territory was divided between them, but in a way that caused much jealousy and many disputes owing to overlapping. Powers of local self-government were also bestowed in ignorance of the circumstances, and from inability to perceive whereunto the thing would grow. By the year 1616 Virginia was regarded as a settled plantation, though mainly along the course of the James River; and the destinies of North America were in English hands by 1629, when the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans had settled in Massachusetts.

Almost simultaneously with the actual planting of Virginia, a settlement was begun by the English in the West Indies—erroneously so called by Columbus, who imagined that he had found another route to India. Barbadoes was formerly known as one of the Caribbean Islands, twenty-two in number. About 1675 they were divided into the Windward and the Leeward Islands. Barbadoes and St Christopher were the earliest English colonies in that region. The name Barbadoes is derived from a species of fig-tree, from the branches of which great mats of twisted fibrous roots hang down, compared by the first Portuguese visitors to *barbudos*, or luxuriant beards. The place was known early in the sixteenth century, and appears in the quaint map of the world prepared by Michaelis Tramezeni in 1554. The importance of the whole group of islands was speedily perceived by Spain, in her strenuous attempts to secure a monopoly of the trade and mineral wealth of South America. She was not, however, long permitted to retain an undisputed hold. British and Dutch were drawn to the new region, its fabulous wealth and treasure being rumoured all over Europe. A desultory warfare began when various voyagers flocked to this El Dorado; and the Spaniards were gradually forced to abandon one place after another, and at length they had to surrender their claim to the exclusive possession of the archipelago.

Barbadoes became an English colony about 1605, and was the first where the sugar-cane was planted. From this the fortunes of the West Indies eventually sprang, and not from the gold

and precious stones to which the Spaniards had looked for wealth and power. Numerous patents, commissions, and warrants were granted by James I. and Charles I. to 'adventurers,' who usually had to pay fees and dues to titled adherents of the Court. Thus, in 1627, the Society of London Merchants obtained from Lord Carlisle a grant of ten thousand acres, and sent out sixty-four settlers to cultivate the soil and carry on trade; but they were embroiled in disputes with earlier settlers who had gone out under the auspices of the Earl of Pembroke, and grave difficulties arose until Lord Carlisle obtained a further and final confirmation of his patent from Charles I. in 1629. Thenceforward the progress of the plantation was rapid. Many families of position and means, adherents of the royal cause, found in it a refuge from the troubles at home. The Parliamentary party sent out an expedition in 1657, which obtained possession of the island and established the authority of the Commonwealth.

From the first days of the settlement the great difficulty of cultivation arose from a deficiency in the supply of labour, which increased with the introduction of the sugar-cane. About the year 1650 several shiploads of negroes were imported from Africa. They increased so rapidly as soon to outnumber the whites. There were occasional risings, which were sternly repressed; but the system of negro slavery continued, with various modifications, until the Emancipation Act of 1834. Not only did the fame of Barbadoes as a flourishing colony in need of labour attract the attention of those engaged in this abominable traffic; it soon became one of the places in the West Indies and in North America to which it was deemed convenient and profitable to transport criminals and political prisoners. During the war between the Dutch and the Portuguese for the possession of Maranhão, in Brazil, in 1643, the Dutch governor sent fifty Portuguese to Barbadoes to be sold as slaves. Philip Bell, the governor of the island, permitted them to be landed, and, to his honour, immediately set them at liberty, indignantly reproving the agent who had insulted him by 'offering white men and Christians for sale.'

In less than a decade, however, sad and shameful to say, this kind of traffic was established with the mother-country. A similar traffic already prevailed in Virginia. In its early days, under the Chartered London Company, the position of most of the settlers was that of common servants working in the company's interests. In default of private means of travel and support, they were sent out at the expense of the company, and bound to its service, or to be hired out for a term of years. With the establishment of various plantations a similar state of things was developed. The financial gains were great. A servant could be sent over at a cost of from six

to eight pounds, and sold or leased on arrival for forty or fifty pounds; and so a systematic speculation was carried on both in England and America. The demand for servants was always great in the colonies and in the island plantations. Poor boys and girls, especially those thrown upon parochial relief, were also sent out, nominally as apprentices, but in reality to enforced servitude.

John Camden Hotten compiled from the State Papers and other official documents, and published in 1874, the original lists of persons of quality, emigrants, religious exiles, political rebels, serving-men sold for a term of years, apprentices, children stolen, maidens pressed, and others who were sent from Great Britain to the American and West Indian plantations from 1600 to 1700, with their ages, the localities where they formerly lived in the mother-country, the names of the ships in which they embarked, and other interesting particulars. The list reads now like a mere catalogue of men and women who lived without any recorded history and who perished without a memorial. Among the Domestic Series of State Papers, side by side with entries relating to cut-purses, horse-stealers, burglars, and other infamous characters who were allowed to abjure the realm on condition of never returning, on penalty of instant execution under their sentences, other entries like the following, expressed in the language of the calendar, are not of infrequent occurrence: 'Acts of the Court of High Commission, *re* John Haydon, prisoner in Bridewell.—Petition read, wherein he voluntarily acknowledges his manifold contempts against the authority of the Court, as well in preaching abroad since his degradation, as also by making sundry escapes out of prison; and offered voluntarily to leave this kingdom and go to Virginia, if order were given for his enlargement; which the Court ordered, on his giving bond with sufficient securities.—June 18, 1635.' This was during the dreary and disgraceful period of eleven years when Charles I. ruled despotically without a Parliament, by the aid of Laud and Strafford. The State Papers also contain many references to prisoners sent to the colonies during the time of the Commonwealth. Thus on September 12, 1650, one thousand Scots were marched to Bristol for shipment to New England; on September 19 there is an order to ship nine hundred to Virginia and one hundred and fifty to New England; and on November 11, to deliver one hundred and fifty for the like purpose.

After the terrible storming of Drogheda by Cromwell, when nearly the whole garrison were put to the sword, in conformity with the merciless war usages then in vogue, the few survivors were reserved, with a large number—said to be thousands—of native Irish, to be sent to Barbadoes as slaves. Several thousand Scots, taken prisoners in the battle of Worcester in 1651,

were sent to London, and there sold as slaves for deportation to the American colonies. A letter from the Rev. John Cotton to Cromwell, dated 'Boston, in New England, July 28, 1651,' states that 'sundry Scots' taken at Dunbar in the previous year had arrived there and been sold. The word 'sundry' meant one hundred and fifty, according to the 'Calendar of Domestic Series of State Papers' for 1650. Cotton adds: 'They have not been sold for slaves, to perpetual servitude, but for six, or seven, or eight yeares, as we doe our owne; and he that bought the most of them, I heare, buildeth houses for them, for every four an house; layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he giveth them as their owne, requiring three dayes in the weeke to worke for him by turnes and four dayes for them themselves, and promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the money he layed out for them he will set them at liberty.' In the archives of the Probate Court in Boston, Massachusetts, there is a list of two hundred and seventy-two Scottish prisoners who were shipped from London on November 8, 1651, in the *John and Sara*. They were sent out to be sold, like other merchandise; for in the letter of instructions to the consignee the charterers write: 'Wee doe Consigne the said Shipp and Servants to be disposed of by yow for our best Advantage and account, and the whole proceed of the Servants and voyage Returne in a joynt stocke, without any Division, in such goods as you conceive will turne best to account.'

A rare tract in the British Museum Library, 'printed in the eleventh year of England's Liberty, 1659,' is entitled, *English Slavery, or Barbados Merchandize, represented in a Petition to the high and honourable Court of Parliament, by Marcellus Rivers and Ozenbridge Foyle, Gentlemen, on the behalf of themselves and threescore and ten more of freeborn Englishmen sold uncondemned into slavery*. These men were suspected of being involved in the Salisbury rising of Penruddock and Grove in 1654, though apparently on little or no evidence. Most of them were closely imprisoned for a year without trial, and then hurried on foot from Exeter to Plymouth, and cudgelled when they fainted from weariness, none being suffered to take leave of them. During the passage of five weeks they were kept below deck, among horses, and on their arrival 'were sold to most inhuman and barbarous persons for 1550 lb. weight of sugar apiece (more or less, according to their working faculties).' Among these unfortunate captives were clergymen, officers, and gentlemen, who were employed in hard menial work, such as grinding at the mills and attending at the sugar-furnaces. They were bought or sold from one planter to another, and were attached for the debts of their masters, like horses or cattle. When charged with idleness or disobedience by low and brutal overseers, they were flogged at the whipping-posts as rogues. They were half-starved

and ill-clad, and they slept in places like hog-styes. They implored Parliament to inquire into the circumstances, and to grant redress, as they were not under any legal conviction; but of the sequel nothing is known.

As was to be expected, the Quakers had their share of trouble, and furnished not a few victims to Barbadoes and Jamaica, as William Sewel relates in his *History*. A renewed persecution of the Scottish Covenanters broke out about 1664, four years after 'the Happy Restoration of the Most Religious and Gracious King' Charles II., and raged with relentless fury for several years. A High Commission Court, that ruled with almost absolute powers, sent a large number of the pious Covenanters to Barbadoes as slaves, including women and boys, after severely scourging and branding them. Happier far was the lot of those of their associates who suffered death for their constancy instead of being consigned to the living hell of the plantations. Among the strange instances recorded about the same time is one by Chalmers, of four young men who were whipped through the streets of Edinburgh in 1665 by the common hangman, and then transported to Barbadoes, for interrupting and abusing Mr James Scott, minister of Ancrum, while he was preaching. It appears, however, from the records of the island that a considerable number, presumably having the means to come to terms, received licenses in 1678 and 1679 to leave for other islands in the West Indies or for the New England colonies.

The futile Monmouth Rebellion in 1685, followed by what has been known ever since as 'the Bloody Assize,' under that pitiless buffoon Chief-Justice Jeffreys, contributed some eight hundred victims to Barbadoes. The names of most of them are given by Hotten. Perfumed courtiers and the frail ladies of St James's received grants of these unhappy prisoners, whom they assigned at from ten to fifteen pounds each, or for as much more as could be obtained, to coarse pirates and free-booters, who were left to make what they could by re-sale to the planters. King James II., with his usual mean malignity, sent special directions to the governor of Barbadoes that the assembly should frame a measure for 'the governing and retaining within the island all such rebels convict as by his Majesty's most sacred orders or permit have been or shall be transported from his European dominions to this place.' The governor was enjoined 'to prevent all clandestine releasements,' or buying out their remaining time, 'to the end that their punishment, after so great a mitigation'—that is, being sold as slaves instead of being hanged—'might yet in some measure be answerable to their crime.' Oldmixon says they were treated with such rigour as to make their condition almost as bad as that of the negroes. As a result, their numbers rapidly diminished, so that there were only two thousand three hundred and thirty white men in the island in 1698, as compared with seven

thousand two hundred and thirty-five in 1683. An act passed by the colonial legislature in 1697 for encouraging the importation recites their ill-usage in recent times.

Orders from the Privy Council and sentences passed by judges of assize sent convicted felons into the American colonies and certain islands in the West Indies almost from the first settlement; but nothing tended so powerfully to bring about the deportation as an enactment in 1718, which provided that persons convicted of such offences as burglary, perjury, forgery, and theft, after being sentenced to death, might at the discretion of the Court be transported for at least seven years. The reason assigned was the great want of servants—a favourite euphemism for slaves—who might be the means of improving the plantations. During the next ten years two thousand one hundred and thirty-eight were so transported, and the average continued for half-a-century longer, until the outbreak of the War of Independence. Frequent references occur in the periodical literature of the time, but one instance will suffice. In the *London Magazine* of 1732 we read: 'October 26. —Sixty-eight men and fifty-eight women felons convict were taken from Newgate and put on board a lighter to be carried down the river, to be shipped on board the *Cæsar*, off Deptford, for transportation to Virginia.' The precise destination, however, was often a matter of chance. The sheriffs invited bids for conveyance at the cheapest rate, and cared not whither, so long as it was across the Atlantic. These miserable victims of an effete social condition and of draconian laws were handed over to contractors, who engaged to ship them abroad, and who made enormous profits by selling the labour of the convicts for seven or fourteen years, or, if it answered their purpose better, by conniving at their escape in return for heavy bribes.

It was the impossibility of supplying the demand for labour by the ordinary means that furnished the justification professed in the English penal statutes, and gave encouragement during the last century to the illegal practice of 'spiriting' or kidnapping unwary persons, who were stolen and sent abroad by the crimps of that day, and sold into a condition of forced servitude for a period of years. In this respect their lot differed from that of the negro slaves, to whom death alone brought emancipation. There were also not a few instances where deported and kidnapped persons, by force of character and marked ability, or having private resources or influential friends, ultimately secured for themselves the position of planters; but meanwhile much suffering and hardship had to be endured, not the least of which was severance from home and kindred, at a time when the means of communication were tedious and uncertain. A ballad of the time, entitled 'The Trepann'd Maiden,' describes the sufferings of an unfortunate girl who was thus

sold as a slave to forced labour, including cutting down trees, chopping wood, and tilling the ground with a hoe. She also had to lead or drive the plough, to load cattle, to carry heavy burdens on her back from the forest, to make mortar, and to perform other menial and heavy tasks.

Daniel Defoe, in his realistic *History of the Most Remarkable Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Colonel Jacque*, or Jack, narrates how his hero

was hounded and shipped off to Virginia in this manner. In another of his books, published in 1721, *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*, Defoe describes the end of her vicious and criminal career, as a convict settler, first in Virginia and then in Maryland. What Defoe thus describes was then actually occurring, and it continued for fifty years, until the American Revolution swept away the hateful system.

THE DRINKING OF SALT-WATER BY BIRDS.



OUR correspondent, Mr Louis Becke, writes: That many animals, particularly cattle and deer, are very fond of salt we all know; but it is not often that birds show any liking for it; or, if so, the circumstance has not generally been noted. In 1881, however, while resident on Gazelle Peninsula, the northern portion of the magnificent island of New Britain, in the South Pacific, I had many opportunities of witnessing both cockatoos and wild pigeons drinking salt-water. I was stationed at a place called Kabaira, the then 'farthest-out' trading-station on the whole island; and as I had but little work to do, I found plenty of time to study bird-life in the vicinity. Parrots of several varieties, all of beautiful plumage, were very plentiful; and great flocks of white cockatoos frequented the rolling, grassy downs which lay between my home and the German head-station in Blanche Bay, twenty miles distant; while the heavy forest of the littoral was the haunt of thousands of pigeons. These pigeons, though not so large as the Samoan or Eastern Polynesian bird, formed a very agreeable change of diet for us white traders; and by walking about fifty yards from one's door half-a-dozen or more could be shot in as many minutes. My nearest neighbour was a German; and one day, when we were walking along the beach towards his station, I noticed some hundreds of pigeons fly down from the forest, settle on the margin of the water, and drink with apparent enjoyment. The harbour at this spot being almost landlocked, and the water as smooth as glass and without the faintest ripple, the birds were enabled to drink without wetting their plumage. My neighbour, who had lived many years in New Britain, told me that this drinking of sea-water was common to both cockatoos and pigeons alike, and that on some occasions the beaches would be lined with them; the cockatoos not only drinking but bathing, and apparently enjoying themselves greatly. During the next six months, especially when the weather was calm and rainy, I frequently noticed pigeons and cockatoos come to the salt-water to drink. At first I thought that, as fresh-water in many places bubbled up through

the sand at low-tide, the birds were not really drinking the sea-water; but by watching closely I distinctly saw them walk across these tiny runnels without making any attempt to drink. Then, too, the whole of the Gazelle Peninsula is cut up by countless streams of water, and rain falls throughout the year as a rule. What causes this unusual habit of drinking sea-water? Another peculiarity of the New Britain and New Ireland pigeon is its fondness for the chilli-pepper berry. During three months of the year, when these berries are ripe, the birds' crops are full of them; and very often their flesh is so pungent and smells so strongly of the chilli as to be quite uneatable.

A GYPSY ROVER.

WHITHER away, O wandering wight?

What is the quest you follow?

Wherefore it leads you, day and night,

Clambering hill and hollow?

With never a pathway, never a guide,

You travel the world over:

Out o'er the moorlands spreading wide,

Out o'er the waters' trackless tide—

A wandering gypsy rover.

I heard you pass at the dead of night,

With cry like an infant wailing;

At break of day you had taken flight,

Out to the far woods sailing.

The larches swing in your wild embrace,

The birch sighs as to a lover;

But never a one can see your face,

And never a one may foot your pace—

O wandering gypsy rover!

You scatter the sweets of the wayside briers,

You pipe to the waves' vagaries;

You eddy around the sunset fires,

And dance with the moonlight fairies.

You sniff betimes the salt of the brine,

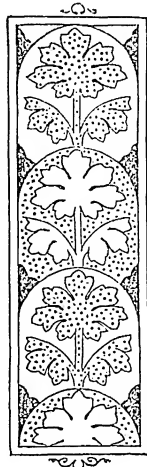
The scent of the bean and clover;

You sow and you reap, yet 'give no sign,

And without you the mother-earth would pine—

O wind-brother, gypsy rover!

WALTER C. HOWDEN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

AN HOUR WITH A DICTIONARY.

By HAROLD LEWIS, B.A.



THAT eighteenth-century children's book, *Evenings at Home*, is seldom read nowadays; but in the title of one of its papers, 'Eyes and No Eyes,' it has enriched the language with a phrase which has become proverbial. It tells how two boys went for a country walk on the same afternoon over the same ground. All that one could say upon his return was that the weather was damp and the path muddy; but the other had noticed birds and insects and flowers, and had made, in fact, a store of observations. The operations in South Africa have shown very clearly the military advantages to be derived from a trained use of the eyes in the field, and have proved that what we used to read in the novels of Fenimore Cooper and Gustave Aimard of the wood-lore of the North American Indians and their rivals the trappers was not pure romance. This same alertness of mind is, of course, of practical value in every department of business; but it can also be made to minister to the greater enjoyment of life, as in the case of the more intelligent boy in 'Eyes and No Eyes.'

Just as, in some sense incomprehensible to the male mind, ladies are known to declare that they have 'nothing to wear,' so even in this unexampled age of the making of many books, the complaint is made of having 'nothing to read.' That complaint might be met in various ways; but one answer certainly is, that a dull hour may always be made a bright one in company with a good etymological dictionary. It is, indeed, like playing a round game, only it is as enjoyable for one as for a company. One rule only is necessary for this game: think of a word about which you wonder what it comes from, and then look it up in the dictionary. I am not now advocating the serious study of words, although that is neglected by many people through sheer want of knowledge of its fascination. I am merely speak-

No. 208.—Vol. IV.

ing of the pleasure as well as profit to be obtained from reading a dictionary, strange as the idea may seem; and, simply as corroborative testimony, I may add that I have before me as I write a copy of *Chambers's Etymological Dictionary*, with an inscription showing that it has been mine for thirty years, and for the whole of that time I have had experience of this use of a dictionary. It has been followed by a larger English dictionary, and by *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary*, just published, both edited by the Rev. Thomas Davidson, from which we will now take some illustrations.

Place aux dames! We will think first of some words in which ladies are interested. The fine white linen of which cambric handkerchiefs are made is so called because it was first made at Cambrai, in the department of the Nord, France; the gauzy fabric muslin is so named from the town of Mosul, in Mesopotamia; alpaca was originally made from the wool of the Peruvian sheep of that name, akin to the llama. In eighteenth-century romances we often read of garments made of paduasoy, which was simply a smooth kind of silk originally made at Padua, *soy* or *soie* being French for silk. To this day shopkeepers who appeal to the custom of ladies are fond of labelling their goods with French names; and the description of the dresses at a fashionable wedding is a hidden mystery to the male reader. *Mousseline de soie* is simply silk muslin, and *crêpe de Chine* is China crape. Crape is so called from its wrinkled appearance and sharpness to the touch, and is the same word as we know in the form of crisp, and apply to a fresh lettuce. The rough material called frieze was originally made in Friesland; but tweed, although Scotch, is not named from the famous Border river—it is a corruption of twill. It is, indeed, never safe to jump at apparently obvious derivations. China is so called because it was first made in the Celestial Empire,

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Nov. 23, 1901.

and the China aster—*aster*, a star, being a beautiful description of the flower—was first brought to France from China by a missionary in the eighteenth century; but China bark, from which quinine is derived, has nothing to do with the Far East, but is a contraction of cinchona-bark, the tree being, in fact, Peruvian. Hackney-coach, again, is sometimes said to be named from the borough of Hackney; but hackney is hacknag, a small horse, and the form *haquenée* is frequent in old French. There is a Bristol legend that blankets are so called from a family of that name who made these coarse woollen cloths there in the fourteenth century, and the local historian, Pryce, has quite a long tale to tell; but blanket is really *blanchet*, a diminutive of French *blanc*, from the white colour of these bed-coverings.

Carpet is from a Latin word meaning to pluck, because it was originally made of rags torn to pieces, so that those who make rag-carpets to-day revert to the original fact. Linen is so named from a very old root, common to Anglo-Saxon and to Latin, for the flax from which it is made; but cotton cloth is called calico because it first came from Calicut, in India. We have all seen old Polonius hide himself behind the arras. This kind of tapestry was first made at Arras, in northern France. Tapestry itself means a carpet-hanging for walls; and the phrase 'on the tapis' is simply saying in French 'on the carpet,' and means that the subject is what they would call Westminster-way a question of 'practical politics.' Valance is the name for the hangings which disguise whether the servant has swept under the bed or not. It was first made at Valence, in France. We all know that a cravat is a kind of necktie; but it needs the dictionary to tell us that it was introduced into France in 1636 from the Cravates or Croatsians, one of the turbulent races over which the Austrian Emperor has to rule.

In the names of wines, their derivation from the place of origin is very evident, with the exception of claret, which is simply from the Latin form of clear, although now applied to the dark-red wines of Bordeaux, not inappropriately in comparison with the heavier wines of Burgundy. Hock is merely a contraction of Hochheim, whence still come the most prized of Rhine wines. Sparkling Champagne keeps alive the name of the old French province swept away as a geographical division when the Revolution divided the land into departments. Its lighter rival, Moselle, is named from the beautiful river in whose valley it is made, and Madeira from the island which its Portuguese discoverers so named from its dark-green woods. Port is so named because it is shipped from Oporto, in Portugal. The literal meaning of Oporto is somewhat grandiloquent: the port. Sherry is so called from Xeres de la Frontera, near Cadiz, and in Elizabethan writers is called

'sherris;' Falstaff's favourite drink, sherris sack, was sherris sec, or dry sherry.

There is a very curious tale to be told of the common names of spirituous liquors. The North American Indian certainly, and I think the untutored savage in other parts of the world, appropriately called ardent spirits fire-water, the two epithets being identical in meaning. The name of the great Scotch product, whisky, means, not indeed fire-water, but water of life, from two Celtic words, *uisge* and *beatha*. The former is still preserved in the name of Loch Uisg, of the Welsh river Usk, and of all the Scotch Eskes. The usquebaugh of old writers is merely the word whisky in its older dress. There is another coincidence to be noticed. We call the spirit of the grape brandy—that is, brand-wine. The word brand is still in use for a burned mark, and brandy is burned or distilled wine; but the French call it *eau de vie*, which, again, is water of life, so that in its own country this proud title is claimed—very wrongly many will think—alike for the malt and the grape spirit. The name gin has a curious history. It is a spirit flavoured with juniper-berries; the old French form of the Latin *juniperus* was *genèvre*, so the name of the spirit was confounded with the more familiar Swiss town Geneva, and Geneva was shortened into gin. Hollands is a differently flavoured gin made in Holland. This, of course, was carried by the old Dutch navigators, and was often called *schnapps*, which is a German word for dram, and alluded to the moderate doses of it which were desirable in comparison with more innocent beverages. Rum is akin to rumble; it is not needful to investigate this name for an ardent spirit.

If we turn our dictionary more at random, we find that the cherry is so called from Cerasus, in Pontus, whence it came. *Cerise* for cherry-coloured, which is the French form of the word, is not so much altered from the original. Chestnut is a corruption of Castanea, also in Pontus, whence it came, just as currant is simply Corinth, the famous port of shipment for these dried grapes of the Morea. Nectarine means as sweet as nectar, the food of the gods, forbidden to mortals; and damson is a shortened form of damascene. Damascus was also famous for its sword-blades, as Toledo was in later times, and gave its name to damascening, the method of ornamenting sword-blades, and also to the figured material known as damask. Turkey has similarly given its name to several things besides Turkish baths. Turkey red, the durable dye once made from madder, was first produced in Turkey; and the turquoise is literally Turkey, because this Persian gem was introduced by way of Turkey. The large gallinaceous bird which we eat on Christmas-day is really American, and gets its name from an erroneous belief that it came from Turkey. It is rather to be regretted that an

accidental prefix of 'd' disguises the fact that the beautiful daffodil is really the poetical asphodel. Tuberose is really a Latin adjective describing the bulbous root of the plant; but the pronunciation 'tube-rose' has crept into use from the mistaken notion that it is some sort of rose. The walnut, which came originally from Persia and from the slopes of the Himalayas, is literally 'the foreign nut,' the first syllable being the same as Welsh, which means foreigner, and was the name given by the Anglo-Saxon conquerors of Great Britain to the previous inhabitants, whom they drove into the country still called Wales, and into Cornwall. Welsher is, of course, a defaulter upon the racecourse; but I shall throw upon the dictionary the sole responsibility of suggesting that it refers to the bad faith of Welshmen. We know the old lines—

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief—

which merely proves that there was no love lost between the conquered and conquering races.

Any child who enjoys cracking a coco-nut— and what child does not?—will point out the three marks or dents at one end of the nut, which it compares to a grotesque face. What is remarkable is, that the Spanish and Portuguese explorers who first made this tropical palm known to Europe had the same fancy, and dubbed the nut *coco*, which in their speech is equivalent to a bugbear. Cocoa, or cacao, the beverage, and chocolate are Mexican words. Tea is merely a transliteration of its name as spoken in southern China, and coffee is an imitation of its Arabic name *gahwah*, which originally meant wine.

Supposing we turn our attention to methods of locomotion, we find the closed four-wheeled carriage, which was the original meaning of coach, is so called from Kocs in Hungary, where it was first made. A stanhope is certainly so called from the noble family of that name, just as a brougham was named in honour of the famous Chancellor, and a victoria in honour of the late Queen. The distinctive feature of a landau is a hood which can be thrown back; it is named from the German town of Landau. A phaeton is, of course, from the name of the unhappy wight Phaëthon, who attempted to drive the chariot of the sun, just as a cabman is ironically called a Jehu because the son of Nimshi is credited in Holy Writ with being distinguished for his furious driving. Gig means literally anything which will whirl round quickly (compare whirligig), and therefore applies equally to a light

two-wheeled carriage and to a long, light boat. The familiar word cab was in use as early as 1830; it is a contraction of the longer word cabriolet, which is to be found in the *Pickwick Papers*, and was applied to the form of carriage which is now derisively called a 'growler,' because it was considered to be so light as to frisk or caper along like a goat upon the hill-tops, *caper* being the Latin for goat. The hansom-cab, which Disraeli characterised as the gondola of London, is named after its inventor, John Aloysius Hansom (1803–82).

There are other inventors whose names have passed into the language in the same way. Probably the most famous is John London Macadam (1756–1836), who was christened the Colossus of Roads. He introduced the macadamised road, in which a smooth, hard surface is made with small broken stones. Macaulay shows what quagmires English roads were before that; and in his *American Notes* Dickens gave a picture of a similar state of things in the United States, for which no remedy has yet been discovered but 'macadam.' Negus, a mixture of sherry or port with hot water, and spiced and sweetened, immortalises its inventor, Colonel Negus, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. The war correspondents have made us familiar with shrapnel, which is a shell filled with bullets that are intended to scatter and deal destruction among a body of the enemy; it is so called after General Shrapnel, who died in 1842. The familiar sandwich perpetuates the passion of the fourth Earl of Sandwich (1718–92) for gaming, as he had food brought him in this way so that he need not quit the tables.

The French Revolution opened a new era in many respects, among others in dress. The *sans culottes* were not slovenly—many of them were quite the contrary; but they abandoned knee-breeches for trousers, just as the English Puritans were called crop-eared because they discarded the flowing ringlets and lace ruffs of the Cavaliers.

We might go on to show that the familiar tabby cat gets its distinctive name from the resemblance of its coat to a coarse kind of watered silk made at Attabiya, a quarter of Bagdad; that orchestra means dancing-place, because it was the place in the Greek theatre where the chorus danced, but is now allotted to the musicians; and that oratorios were first given in the Oratory of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, near Rome. However, enough has been said to prove how much entertainment can be derived from the pages of a dictionary.



A VAAL RIVER ADVENTURE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



IN the early eighties I found myself in Kimberley, having left England the previous year for South Africa with the laudable ambition of making my fortune in ten years, and then returning home. So far, I had not made any apparent advance on the road to wealth; for, after a twelvemonth's residence in various parts of the colony, I could only boast of the possession of a varied stock of experience, the clothes on my back, and about thirty pounds in cash—a sum considerably less than that at my disposal when I first landed in the country.

In justice to myself I must say that my want of success was attributable not to any want of energy on my part, but principally to a lack of experience of the colony and its ways, and probably also to a limited acquaintance with human nature, for which my comparative youth—I was only twenty-four—was responsible.

I stayed at Mrs Costelloe's well-known boarding-house, where about twenty-five sat down to table every day. Almost all of these had billets of some sort in the Civil Service, banks, or stores; but there was one man amongst them who, like myself, seemed to have nothing particular to do. Being the only idlers in the place, we met frequently, and became fairly well acquainted. He looked a respectable, elderly man, of medium height and build, apparently about fifty years of age, with fishy-looking eyes of pale blue, and was clean-shaven except as to the chin, on which grew a short, sandy beard of goatee pattern.

In one of our conversations he informed me that his name was Johnstone, that he had originally been a sailor (second-mate on a tea-clipper), had been for many years past gold-digging in Australia, and had left that country with two chums to try his luck at the newly-discovered goldfields at De Kaap, in the Transvaal. On the road up his two mates caught the fever and died; then, losing heart, he had given up the idea of continuing the journey, and had returned to the diamond-fields.

One evening after dinner Johnstone came to my room, where he found me sitting on the bed indulging in an after-dinner pipe.

'Well, Johnstone,' I said, 'what's the news?'

'Just this, Mr Hall, that I start for the river diggings to-morrow, and you might do worse than join me. I shall go in any case; but, of course, I should prefer having a partner that I could get along with.'

At first I pooh-poohed the idea, having heard from several people that, whatever they may have

been in the past, the river diggings then did not pay.

In reply, Johnstone assured me that such was not the case; that he had gone down to Barkly to satisfy himself by making inquiries on the spot, and found that the poor reputation of the river diggings was mainly owing to the fact that most of the fellows who tried their luck at it were loafers from the town, who were incapable of doing an honest day's work with pick and shovel, much less of continuing at it for months; but that a steady, hard-working digger could always pay his expenses and put by something as well. He also pointed out that every week I spent in Kimberley cost me three pounds for board and lodging alone, whereas at the river the cost of living would be next to nothing, as the staple of our food would be meal, and there were plenty of good fish to be had for the catching.

I further learned that the initial outlay would only be three or four pounds each. While making inquiries at Barkly, Johnstone said he came across two young fellows who had been digging for a few months, but had got tired of the solitary life; and, as they wished to return to the delights of town, they offered him their whole rig-out, including tent, cooking utensils, and mining plant, for six pounds. Johnstone jumped at the chance, and had arranged to be down on the Saturday morning—this was Thursday evening—to take possession of the property.

Before Johnstone had finished I made up my mind to join him, as I had mentally contrasted the heat and dust at Kimberley during the coming hot months with the coolness and leafy shade to be had on the banks of the Vaal.

I told Johnstone my decision; but at the same time I thought it only right to mention to him that I had not been accustomed to manual labour, and that consequently I feared I would not be of much use at first.

It appeared, however, that Johnstone had decided to commence by washing the old débris-heaps along the river, leaving the hard work of digging out the alluvium as a last resort. For the information of the uninitiated, I may mention that the alluvial diggings on the Vaal are situated on the kopjes or small hills running parallel to the course of the river, but about a mile or so distant from it. The gravel was dug out of these kopjes and carted down to the river to be washed; but as in the early days the methods of washing and sorting were primitive in the extreme, these old débris-heaps well repaid the trouble of rewashing and sorting, the finds, although generally small in

size, being more certain than in the case of the alluvial diggings. In addition, of course, the digger was saved the labour and expense of digging and carting the alluvium to the river.

The following afternoon, by giving the Kaffir owner a trifle, we got a lift on an empty wood-wagon, which left us a little beyond Barkly, close to the river and the site of our future camp, where, on arriving on the Saturday morning, we found our predecessors anxiously waiting for us to come and take possession.

We started work on Monday morning, and the week's washing showed a result of about three carats of diamonds. Sometimes, but not often, we did better, and sometimes worse; but it was seldom indeed that we had not something for the diamond-buyer on his weekly visit.

After about three months of steady work it was apparent that Johnstone's prediction was about to be fulfilled: that we should pay expenses and be able to put a little by; but I saw plainly that there was no prospect of making even a small fortune at the work. Although I liked the life so far, I was beginning to feel that one could have too much of it.

Our modest supplies of groceries, &c., we got from Barkly, which was about a couple of miles lower down the river; and by Johnstone's desire, whenever a visit to the village became necessary, I always went, as my chum, like the majority of diggers, was apt to go on a drunken spree when he found himself in town after a spell of camp-life. I generally borrowed a boat belonging to a family named Murray, who lived close to the river, but a little nearer to Barkly than our camp was.

After we had been about three months at work, I started off one Saturday evening for Barkly, as our supplies were getting low, and while paddling down the river had made up my mind to speak to Johnstone on my return about dissolving partnership. When I mentioned casually to Fred Thompson, the storekeeper, that I intended to give up digging and return to Kimberley, he said he was not surprised at my getting tired of the work, as it was too monotonous.

'You want variety, my boy,' he observed, 'and you don't get any in débris-washing. By hard work you get a fairly regular supply of small diamonds, but never a chance of a big one. Now, in working the alluvium, the value of your finds in the year would not probably be as much; but a man has always the chance, although it may be a poor one, of turning up a big stone; and it's in human nature to like a bit of a gamble. And yet,' he added in a musing tone, 'it seems strange too, when you come to think of it, that you should have to chuck the job and thousands of diamonds probably lying at your very feet!'

'What do you mean?' I exclaimed.

'Simply that the river-bed is full of good

stones if you could only get at it. Why, last year, the boys at Niekirk's Rush managed to divert a narrow arm of the river, and took out over thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in a few weeks. Mind you, the season was a very dry one, and the river consequently lower than it had been for years, otherwise they couldn't have done it; but it just shows that the stones are there right enough.'

All the way back to camp my mind kept running on what Thompson had told me, and my first idea was to tell Johnstone what I had heard, and induce him to join me in hiring a boat and trying the river from Hebron down for a likely spot; but fortunately second thoughts prevailed, and I decided instead to take a holiday on the Monday, and, borrowing Murray's boat, to row down a few miles of the river on a little exploring expedition of my own.

On my way back I called in at Murray's, and made it all right about the boat for Monday.

I said nothing to Johnstone that night, but on the Monday morning told him I was going to take an 'off-day,' as I had a lazy fit on, and thought I should like to see how the river looked lower down.

I started early, paddling slowly down the river, and examining carefully every likely spot for a trace of an old channel, but without success.

About midday I calculated I was over eleven miles below our camp; and, as I would have the current against me going back, I thought it best to return.

On my way back I came to a sharp bend in the river, which I recognised as a place I had passed a few hours previously. The river at this particular spot was much wider, or rather the high banks which bounded it on both sides were much farther apart, the channel in which the water ran being rather narrower here than elsewhere. The terrific floods coming down the river in the rainy season, sweeping with great force round the turn, had gradually washed away a portion of the bank and deepened the channel next it at this point, thus leaving a considerable stretch of dry ground between the opposite bank and the stream. On considering the matter, it struck me that part of this space next the water must originally have been the bed of the river, although now fully four feet above the level of the water, and covered with grass. I had brought a shovel with me in the boat, and no sooner had I come to this conclusion than I proceeded to verify its correctness by digging in the low bank about three feet from the edge. I tried three different places, to the depth of about three feet or so, but could get no gravel; the whole bank all along appeared to be composed of nothing but fine sand.

I must confess I was considerably disappointed at the result of my operations, as I had reasoned out the matter so clearly. The bed of the river,

shelving down into the deep hole on the one side, had seemed to point so conclusively to the fact that the river had receded from its boundary on the other side, and that consequently at some time in the past—and that not so very long ago, even with the river at its normal level—water must have been flowing over much of what was now dry land on the shallow side of the river. However, nothing more was to be done; so, throwing the shovel into the boat, I pushed off.

Half-way home I suddenly paused in my rowing as the true explanation of my failure flashed across me. I had not dug deep enough! The action of the current against the curve of the bank created a backwater, which in a flood would deposit on the level shore at the shallow side the sand and stuff eaten away by the water out of the opposite bank; so that I had been digging into the accumulation of sand silted up by this backwash, and consequently the old bed of the river must lie under this, if my hypothesis were correct.

It was too late now to think of returning; but I determined to start in the morning at day-break, and settle the question finally.

When I got to our camp I was relieved to find Johnstone had already turned in, as I felt tired and hungry, and not at all in the humour to reply to all the questions he would have been sure to put.

I was up the next morning while it was scarcely yet light, feeling rather stiff after the unwonted exercise of yesterday; but a plunge in the river freshened me up completely. On my way back to the tent I looked at our night-line, which Johnstone had set over-night, and on hauling it in got two fine barbel. One of these I left for my partner; the other I cooked and partly ate for breakfast, putting the remainder into the boat for future use.

Before leaving I scribbled a few lines to Johnstone, telling him I had gone down the river to prospect for a better site for our camp, and hoped to be back in a few hours with some good news for him. I fastened this to the handle of the kettle as the surest place for him to find it; and throwing into the boat a sieve and a shovel, as well as the lid of an old packing-case to serve as a sorting-table, I dropped down the river.

As I left, the sun was just glinting on the tops of the trees which thickly clothe the steep banks of the Vaal along its course, and the only sound which broke the stillness of the summer morning was the continuous calling of the wood-pigeons in the trees. Here below on the water everything seemed deliciously cool and fresh. My hopes were high as to the success of my little prospecting expedition, and as I paddled slowly down-stream I felt to the full that enjoyment of mere existence so seldom experienced after youth has passed.

In a little under three hours I was at the scene of the previous day's operations, which, I calculated, lay about seven miles below Barkly by river. I was soon engaged deepening one of the holes I had made there, and had scarcely dug a foot deeper when, to my delight, I felt the shovel grate as it touched gravel underneath. I lost no time in getting a shovelful of this stuff into the sieve, and in washing and turning it out on my sorting-table. If I had had any expectation—as I am half-afraid was the case—of seeing the surface of the wet gravel studded over with diamonds like raisins in a plum-pudding, I was doomed to be disappointed, as not a single diamond met my eager gaze; but I did see a very beautiful and rich deposit of diamond-bearing gravel. However, I knew enough about river-digging by this time to be aware that such a rich deposit of these pebbles must mean good finds of the more valuable stones. After all, I could scarcely expect to be in luck at the very first start off. I soon had another sievelful washed and on the board, and I had scarcely turned back the sieve before I saw that this time, at all events, I was not going to draw a blank, for there staring me in the face was a diamond as large as a pigeon's egg. Half-expecting it to turn out a lump of crystal, I took it up, and saw at once that it was not only a genuine diamond, but one of beautiful shape and colour.

The find was good enough for me. I hastily filled in the holes, and, although it was then early in the forenoon, merely broke my fast with a biscuit before starting back again, postponing a more substantial meal until I reached camp, which I was anxious to do as soon as possible.

My reasons for hurrying back were twofold. First of all, I was anxious to get our camp shifted to the new ground without delay, as, after the long spell of dry weather, heavy rains might commence any day, and a flood would put an end to operations for the rest of the season. Besides this, I was getting uneasy about Johnstone, and half-regretted the wording of my note. Knowing the old fellow to be of an excitable temperament, I feared that my mention of 'good news' might have unsettled him; then he might leave off work, and, having no one to talk to, might go down to the village, which—from what he had told me about himself—would mean a week's 'drunk' at the least. However, on turning a bend of the river and coming in sight of our tent, my mind was relieved on seeing Johnstone pacing up and down the bank. I had expected a jawing; but as soon as my mate perceived me he went into the tent and remained there. Seeing he was in the sulks, I determined to let him remain so until after I had had my dinner, as I had something to show which would soon cause him to alter his tune.

When I entered the tent after a while, I found

Johnstone sitting on a box smoking, and in anything but a good temper. He complained that I had deserted him, as he called it, and made altogether too much of the matter. I tried to calm him down by explaining that I had been away prospecting in our joint interests.

'And what did you get for your pains?' he asked, with a sneer. 'Nothing much, I'll bet, by your being back so mighty early.'

Assuming a careless tone, I said, 'Well, I have nothing but this to show,' at the same time pulling the diamond out of my pocket and exhibiting it on my open hand.

I never saw any face change its expression so suddenly as my mate's when he saw the big stone; the ill-tempered look disappeared as if by magic, and he literally gazed open-mouthed at my find. Suddenly he startled me by snatching at the stone and making off with it to the entrance of the tent. I had half-risen from my seat to follow him, when I saw that he had merely taken it to the light to examine it more closely. After a few seconds he handed it back, exclaiming, 'It's a diamond right enough, and a whopper! Why, hang me! it ought to fetch close on a thousand pounds. You're a lucky fellow, Hall, that's all I can say, for I suppose I can't expect a look in.'

Now, considering the circumstances under which the stone was found, I doubted whether Johnstone had any right to claim a half-share in it. Still, as there was a doubt, I thought he should get the benefit of it; and, moreover, I considered it would be impolitic on my part to create in his mind anything of the nature of a grievance, considering how implicitly I would have to trust him in the matter of future finds. I therefore delighted the old fellow by telling him that we would share alike in this as in our other finds.

'Shake hands, mate,' he cried; 'you mustn't mind my little bit of temper, for, after all, I'm only a rough old digger, and I fairly got the hump this morning when I turned out and found you were off again. And now, sonny, spin us the yarn as soon as you like.'

When he had heard my story, Johnstone was as anxious to start for the new El Dorado as I was. The boat, of course, would have been the easiest and quickest method of transport; but our taking it would have meant acquainting the owner with the whereabouts of our new camp, which we wished to conceal for a week or so, by which time we hoped to have finished our operations there. We accordingly decided to get a lift on an ox-wagon, and get off when about opposite our destination, as the road to Kimberley approached the river at that point.

It was late in the evening by the time we had struck camp and carried our tent and stores, &c., up to the edge of the main road. We had not long to wait before a wood-wagon came lumbering

along bound for the Kimberley morning market, and midnight saw us fairly *en route*.

The river after leaving Barkly curves away from the road somewhat in the form of an arc, of which the road forms the chord. I had guessed the place we were making for to be about seven miles below the village by river; and two hours after leaving Barkly we should, at the rate we were travelling, be about five miles distant from that place by the road. When we judged the wagon was this distance from the town we got off, as by doing so then I fancied we ought to strike the river somewhere about the point desired.

Day was just breaking; and, leaving Johnstone in charge of our belongings, I made my way through the mimosa-bushes to the Vaal, which must have been nearly a mile distant from the road. From the high ground above the river I could, in the rapidly growing light, trace its course through the surrounding flat country for a considerable distance, and had no difficulty in locating the spot for which I was looking, which, however, was much farther off than I had anticipated. The miscalculation as to distance delayed us somewhat, and entailed some additional labour in carrying our belongings down to our future camping-ground; but everything comes to an end at last, and in a couple of hours or so the tent was up and breakfast ready.

We were too anxious to see what luck had in store for us to waste much time over this meal, and were shortly hard at work with the shovel. We soon found that the gravel was going to turn out as rich in diamonds as, from its appearance, I had anticipated. We came across no very large ones; but when we knocked off work for the day we were well satisfied with the result of our labour.

At the end of a week we had worked through the limited reach of gravel at our disposal, being greatly hampered in our operations by the water, which came draining in as fast as we took out the gravel; in fact, for the last couple of days we were working up to our knees in water the greater part of the time. No doubt if we had been able to fix up an arrangement for pumping out the water we could have done even better than we did, as we had to leave a lot of gravel unwashed; but, as it was, we considered we had made a fine haul. Strange to say, we never came across a stone in size anything like my first find; but we found several stones of good colour and shape and much above the average in size, and also a great number of smaller ones similar to the usual run of river stones. Our total finds filled a medium-sized tin pannikin holding, I should say, over half-a-pint; and, including the big one, we valued the lot roughly at somewhere about six thousand pounds.

We kept the stones in a small canvas bag, which we placed out of the reach of prying eyes

in a corner of the box holding our small store of meal, coffee, &c. As a matter of fact, however, we might safely have left the bag lying about anywhere, as the only stranger who broke in upon our solitude was the Kaffir *umfan* who brought us a bottle of goat's milk every morning.

There was nothing now to keep us from proceeding to Kimberley and disposing of our precious hoard. We accordingly decided to go next day by the post-cart, which left Barkly daily at noon. The cart passed within a mile of us, but was more than likely to be full by that time. Besides, we wished to settle something about our impedimenta, especially the tent, which was of fair size and nearly new. It was advisable, therefore, that one of us should go into Barkly the next morning after breakfast and engage our seats, as well as arrange with Fred Thompson to send for our things and take charge of them until he heard from us. Johnstone volunteered for the job, saying he had one or two little purchases to make. I tried to dissuade him; but he seemed determined on going, saying, 'You needn't be uneasy about me, partner. I'm not going on the burst till we get to Kimberley; and in any case you'll have charge of the bag of beauties.'

'Very well,' I said; 'but mind, whether you're on the cart or not, I go straight into Kimberley and deposit the bag in the bank the first thing, as I don't want to carry six thousand pounds' worth of diamonds about with me a minute longer than I can help.'

'That's all right, mate,' he replied. 'I'll turn up in the cart right enough, you bet.'

I had my doubts about this, but I could not very well say more.

We had breakfast about eight o'clock the next morning, and Johnstone started immediately afterwards. This left him ample time to walk the six miles into Barkly, and a margin of over an hour and a half after he got there in which to transact his business. As he was mounting the bank I shouted to him that, in case we missed one another, I should put up at the old shop—Costelloe's. He turned, giving a sailor's flourish of the arm to show he understood, and a few seconds after had gained the top and disappeared.

There was now an interval of some three hours before me, and as there was absolutely nothing to be done, I lit my pipe and made myself comfortable on the grass. I had been so hard-worked of late that I really enjoyed my little spell of idleness, and the time passed so quickly that I was surprised, on looking at my watch, to find it was nearly twelve o'clock.

As it was now time to be on the move to meet the post-cart, I went into the tent, raised up the lid of the store-box, and was putting down my hand mechanically to lift out the bag of diamonds, when I stopped short on discovering, to my amazement, that the bag had disappeared. It had certainly been there the preceding night, for, after adding the day's finds, I had tied it up and put it in the usual corner; but whether it had been there in the morning I was unable to tell, as my partner had done the cooking; and taken from the box what was needed for our meal. A careful search all about the tent produced no result; the diamonds were gone, and there seemed no room to doubt that Johnstone was the thief.

A DULL NOVEMBER.

By 'SANSTERRE.'



'COME in!' This in answer to a gentle rap at my study door one evening as I was busily engaged in finishing off a batch of letters for the night's post.

'Please, sir, could John speak to you for a minute?'

Blotting the letter on which I was occupied, I went at once to the kitchen, where stood John expectant.

John was my factotum, partly gamekeeper, partly gardener, and general 'handy-man.' In his younger days he had been an under-keeper for a short time, when a youthful indiscretion connected with a public-house row, in which John had been the aggressor, ended in a fight, which rendered it advisable for him to leave for a while the locality where he worked. Accordingly he enlisted as a soldier, served his time, and finally retired on a small pension, which, however, was

hardly sufficient to maintain him, bachelor though he was, in idleness. Being fond of an outdoor life, he came to me in the capacities I have mentioned, and very useful I found him.

'The snipe are over, and I thought maybe your honour would be after going to give them a look in the morning,' quoth John when I came within range.

'Very well. Nine o'clock,' said I laconically, anxious to get back to my unfinished letters.

From force of habit John gave me a military salute and departed, while I sought my desk once more. I was not surprised at the old man's communication. For some days there had been more than half a gale from the east. Heavy masses of clouds drifted across the darkened sky, and now and then cold showers of driving rain pelted down mercilessly. The moon was nearly full; and presently, as November came in, the wind shifted round to the north and almost died

away, bringing a dull, heavy, cheerless, damp aspect over the marshy part of the wild shoot which was then my special domain. 'Just the weather for a first turn after the snipe,' I had said to myself as I came in shortly before John's message reached me.

Nine o'clock the next morning found me ready for a start. Telling John that we would make a long day of it, I handed him a substantial packet of sandwiches—cut thick, with plenty of beef—and a pocket-flask filled with whisky-and-water. These John bestowed about his person somewhere—I had already pocketed my parcel—and off we went.

'We will walk round the marshes first, and then try the turnips and the spinneys. There may be a 'cock or two over as well as the snipe,' I explained to my henchman as we neared the roadway leading to the marshes.

We had not far to go. The marshes in question consisted of a long strip nearly half a mile in length, and varying between three and four hundred yards wide, bounded on one side by the river, and on the other by the arable land which sloped down to a dividing roadway—forming, in fact, the southern half of what in the days of long ago had been probably an arm of the sea. These marshes in former times had been very favourite resorts for snipe and wildfowl of all kinds. Now, however, thanks to the intersecting ditches having been kept clear of mud and weeds, to sand having been carted on from time to time, and owing to proper care being given to the river-wall and sluices, much of the area had been, in course of time, rendered suitable for feeding cattle; but there were still dotted here and there swampy places which in the winter-time at all events were always wet, and where both full and jack snipe loved to linger for a time when they first came into the neighbourhood, probably from over the sea. Some of the marshes, too, were thickly grown over with hard, bristly rushes, which afforded covert for a hare or two, and now and then a pheasant from some woods a mile or so away. In addition to this there were three or four 'cars,' as they were locally called: clumps of alders and ash-trees, with swampy bottoms overgrown with reeds and rushes, where in windy weather snipe and woodcock would often be found.

Coming to the first likely spot, a partially filled-up ditch overgrown with rank grass and sedge, I walked quickly down it a few yards from the edge, making Duke, my spaniel, stay at heel, while John stepped noiselessly along a few paces in the rear so as to give me an opportunity of shooting in front of him if a snipe flew that way. A very sure find was this spot whenever a flight of snipe came over. To-day it did not belie its reputation, for half-way down first one snipe and then another rose, offering a couple of easy shots, which were duly manipulated. At the end

of the drain three rose together, and I missed badly with the right barrel, but killed with the left. Then retracing our steps so as to keep the wind—what little there was—behind us, I sent Duke in amongst the reeds and rushes to see if perchance any jack-snipe remained behind. These birds as a rule lie very close, and require to be routed out by the dog or they will let you pass by without flying. Duke was accustomed to their ways; and, although puzzled somewhat by the scent left behind by the other snipe that had already gone, he put up two single jacks, which gave me a couple of easy shots.

So, with varying success, we visited the likely spots. On the whole the snipe lay well, as they often do in still, murky, half-foggy weather, and numerically at all events the bag began to assume goodly proportions.

Once, just as I was crossing a plank over a fairly wide ditch, I happened to glance down the water towards the river. This particular ditch did not run quite in a straight line, and a dark speck on the surface of it far down towards the river-wall caught my eye for a moment as I walked carefully over the plank. Quickly passing on to the other side, I made signs to John to stay where he was, while I proceeded to stalk the bird whatever it was. Duke seemed to understand what I was trying to do, and followed quietly behind as I made a wide detour so as to cross on to the spot where the bird was. 'It *might* be a duck,' I thought to myself as I picked my way as silently as possible across the marsh. Slipping in a couple of No. 3 cartridges as I went along, I soon reached the reedy edge of the ditch. Peering, first to one side and then to the other, as carefully and as quickly as I could, I saw nothing. It must have been a moor-hen, I thought, as I advanced a little closer to the water's edge to make sure. At that moment there was a great flapping of wings, and with a hoarse *quarck, quarck*, a mallard and a couple of ducks rose from the ditch out of some rushes about twenty yards nearer the river than I had marked the distant speck. Right royally the No. 3 did its work, and with a *thud, thud*, the mallard and one duck came to the ground. Reloading, I signed to Duke to cross the ditch and get the birds, which he did willingly enough, looking at me very archly as I took the first one from his mouth as if to say, 'I have not forgotten that there is another one, if you have.'

After I had handed over the ducks to John to be stowed away in the game-bag slung over his shoulder, we held a council of war. There had been comparatively few snipe on the top part of the marshes, and it occurred to me that we might find some in a big field of turnips farther inland. John thought the rain had hardly been sufficient to make the ground soft enough for them; but I felt sure that the rain we had at the end of October, coupled with the two or three days

of murky, misty weather that had come in with the fresh month, would be amply sufficient; and as John had heard the snipe crossing from the marshes to the arable land as he walked along the roadway one evening, I naturally concluded that they must be in the turnips, unless—dreadful thought!—they had disappeared altogether, as they often did, as suddenly as they had come.

On reaching the turnips my mind was soon set at rest, for hardly had we entered the field when, with loud *scape, scape*, a small wisp of five or six rose wildly some distance ahead and well out of shot. To our disappointment, we found that the birds were mostly feeding in the furrows; and as, owing to the thick leaves of the turnips, it was impossible to walk as quietly as on the marsh, although we saw plenty of snipe I could only get three or four shots at them. Besides this, the noise made by the first wisp when they rose seemed to have put all the other birds in the field on the look-out. They did not appear to be feeding singly either, and consequently but few more snipe were added to the bag.

Another field, apparently like the last in every particular, did not contain even one snipe; but I managed to secure a brace of partridges from a covey that rose in straggling order near the fence.

By this time we began to think of lunch; and, sitting on some hurdles in a corner of the field, we proceeded to discuss our sandwiches, and to moisten them with a drop from our respective flasks. Very different this was from the pleasant *al fresco* lunches in September and the warm early part of October; but still no less welcome, for the walk had given us both an appetite—to say nothing of the dog, which, by the way, was not forgotten by either of us. Then, after I had filled my pipe and handed the pouch on to John, we were soon off again.

'Now,' said I, 'we will try the spinneys; there should be a pheasant or two yet, as I know we have not killed all that were hatched off in the bean-field adjoining.' John thought this would do all right, and we made tracks for a long belt of trees with grass and thick brushwood growing amongst them. The strip was only about a hundred yards long and not more than fourteen or fifteen yards wide. Our method of working it was very simple. John went inside with his stick; and, assisted by Duke, who was old and experienced as well as properly trained, there would not be much left behind when the pair had gone through. I walked down on the outside some yards ahead, and from the position of the trees I could easily get a shot at any pheasants that flew out, while on one side at least I could get a good view of any ground-game that was disturbed. Besides, this strip was only a field or two off the outside of my boundary in

that direction, and I knew that any hare or pheasant breaking out on the other side and getting away would merely go to some other part of my domain, and thus be available on another occasion.

Very quietly we walked along, the silence only broken by the sound of John's stick on the bushes and trunks of the trees, and the rustling made by Duke as he investigated every thick place. When about half the strip had been done without a shot being obtained, I happened to glance down my side on the open field, and I saw a hare stealing off very quietly across the layer, offering me an easy broadside shot, though a long one. Aiming well ahead to allow for the distance, my left barrel caused the hare to roll over and over before finally stopping in a furrow, where a few spasmodic kicks showed that, although life was extinct, muscular action was still going on. At the sound of the gun Duke appeared at a gap in the hedge, and then, at a sign from me, went on with his hunting inside.

As we neared the end of the belt I went more forward and stood facing my two assistants. Here at all events I was quite ready for anything, no matter which way it went. This end was very thick, and I had hopes of getting at least a couple of shots. Nor was I disappointed, for quite from the thick hedge which terminated the spinney, with a defiant cry, a gorgeous cock-pheasant, accompanied by a couple of hens, rose high into the air, and like a sack of sand he fell to my right barrel. At once getting in the left, I saw one of the hens fall, and, quickly getting on her feet, scuttle off down the side of the strip and presently disappear into the bushes.

Loading as quickly as I could, I whistled for Duke; but hardly had I done so when another cock-bird that had squatted in a thick clump came sailing out over my head, and although badly missed with my first barrel, was crumpled up with the left. Then, taking Duke back to where I had seen the other bird running, I put him on the trail and waited patiently. When the dog came to the spot where the winged pheasant had gone through, he made a half-point and then disappeared into the covert. After a short delay the old dog came out at the other end of the strip where we had commenced, and galloped down the side with the bird, still alive, in his mouth, looking very much pleased with himself. Taking it from him, I handed it to John, who speedily put it out of its misery and into the bag with the others which he had picked up while Duke was away.

On our way to the next little bit of covert we allowed Duke to hunt a thick ditch or two, with the result that a couple of rabbits were added to the already ponderous load on poor John's willing shoulders.

The spinney to which we were now going, though small, was almost square in shape, and had a 'ride' down the middle of it, dividing it into two equal portions. I walked down this 'ride,' while John and Duke hunted each side in turn. Here it was not so easy to be sure of getting a shot with only one gun, and several pheasants broke away on the outside without being fired at. A couple of hares crossed the 'ride' in front of me; but, as I did not want to reduce my stock too much, I did not shoot at either of them. From a ditch overshadowed by some holly-trees on one side of the covert Duke flushed a woodcock, the only one we saw, and—I missed it! For an instant only I saw it as it dashed off between a couple of trees, and it was a veritable snapshot that I had, but—I missed it. From our position inside the covert we could not possibly see where it went, and thus there was no chance of marking it down for a second

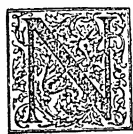
attempt. When Duke joined me, after flushing the 'cock, he looked at me reproachfully as if inquiring how I could have made such a duffer of myself, and after all his trouble, too. John's stolid countenance showed neither astonishment nor disappointment.

'Come along, John; we'll go home now,' I said; and after we had walked back through the 'ride' to the spot where the old man had hung his game-bag on a broken branch of a dead tree, he shouldered his load once again, and without a word more we turned our faces homeward.

By the time we reached the end of the roadway dividing the marshes from the land it was already beginning to grow dusk—the afternoons are short in November—and before we reached home a cold drizzle commenced to fall. During the night the wind rose, shifted farther and farther towards the west, a spell of rainy weather set in, and the snipe disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

UNDER THE GREAT SHADOW.

AN ADVENTURE IN ARGENTINA.



LIGHT had come down on the pampas. Across the far-stretching reach of wide-rolling prairie the lights of La Vega glimmered faintly in the dim middle-distance. I watched them resolving themselves into separate and individual points of luminosity with feelings that were curiously mixed, but in which joyful satisfaction certainly bore a considerable part. A long day in the saddle lent additional charm to the prospect of a cosy corner and a comfortable pipe. Probably, had I known how near I was to come, before morning, to making my exit from La Vega in a sudden and involuntary manner, I should have been less eager about my entrance.

At Bejano I had obtained unwelcome confirmation of a piece of news, the first whisper of which had reached me at Los Santos. I was 'drumming' for one of the two great houses which divided the wool and the hides of the Argentine; and about midway on my 'stretch,' which extended from the La Plata down almost to the Colorado, I heard that the agent of a rival was in front of me. The news fairly staggered me. It was a clean breach of the rules, and I found some difficulty in believing it. It was probably the rough jest of some practical joker, or perhaps the sorry attempt of some impudent pirate.

However, what had been doubtful at Los Santos became certainty at Bejano. My 'run' was being worked, and I had a pretty good notion that I could even put a name to the 'scut' who was working it. Between Los Santos and Bejano I did a lot of hard thinking. The man, I had

ascertained, was a Levantine; my informant giving his age as thirty or thereabouts. He was said to speak Spanish, French, and Italian. Whether he had any knowledge of English I was unable to gather. But I learned that he was a mark with the 'pictures,' and played a good hand at poker.

At this point my thoughts would persistently revert to one Gregorio Stefanetti, a Greco-Italian who five years before had absconded from Nice after embezzling eighteen thousand francs from the leading banking-house in the municipality, in which he was employed. Stefanetti I knew to be a clever dog, both sleek and sly. There was some reason, too, why he might be tempted to take 'a rise' out of me. I had known the man at Marseilles previous to his going to Nice, and had warned certain people against him.

Stefanetti was a master of languages, had the soft, insinuating manner of most Levantines, and was well acquainted with commercial forms and business routine. He had been tracked to Rio; but there all trace of him was lost. He would be about thirty-two at the present time; and as I called up his face from the dim crowd at the back of my memory, I seemed to recollect having seen a very similar set of features only a few weeks before on the fruit-quay in the Boca, the Italian water-side quarter of Buenos Ayres. It had made no impression on me then; but now, as I tried to find an answer to the riddle that was puzzling me, the face in the Boca stood out clear and distinct as the face of Gregorio Stefanetti. The closer I considered the matter, the more convinced did I become that the Levantine of

my informant was the Stefanetti of the banking-house.

Scent, however, is proverbially capricious, and it was not till I reached Bejano that it began to lie. The farther he got from the iron road and the overhead wire the less need for caution on the part of the adventurer. The growers in the Bejano district, therefore, had been advised by circular that Messer Emilio Corentini, the representative of the house of B. & B. of New York, would attend at the 'Fonda los Angeles' on — (here followed the date), and would offer the highest price for wool of any house in the market; or consignments would be accepted for sale on commission.

It was really a most straightforward and business-looking document. He had stipulated that delivery was to commence immediately, and several loads had gone forward already.

The shape which the matter assumed, then, was this: Stefanetti, who had a face of brass under his smooth olive skin, had evidently planned a bold *coup*. The wool-shipping season was just opening. Why not assume the rôle of agent for a commission house? He had a good appearance, a pliant tongue, a pretty wit; was familiar with the routine; and could start at the hour. If he could bag a few hundred bales there was a fortune for him, besides the satisfaction he would feel in scoring off me. I was just setting out to do my 'stretch.' He would precede me by a few days, and get well on the road before I should hear of him. In fact, he was just in time to put the thing through real smart and with the minimum of risk. After passing Arrioba, beyond which the railway did not run, he might snap his fingers at pursuit, or purchase 'justice' with a bribe. Moreover, wool would make an opening for 'pasteboard,' and Stefanetti knew a few tricks with the cards. Besides, the clever dog might argue, with ships in the river and freight on the road, would any agent who knew his business be likely to waste time peddling round to pick up information concerning the identity of Emilio Corentini, who had snatched a few crumbs from another man's table?

The rogue, I considered, could hardly calculate on securing more than a few hundred bales at most. Well, in any case, Gregorio, I did not doubt, had made preparation to meet the contingency.

La Vega, whose lights were now beginning to assume specific shape and distinct individuality, was to be my last place of call. If I did not happen on 'Messer Corentini' at the 'Fonda del Sarmiento,' Stefanetti, I reckoned, would have won the game that he set out to play; and when I left Bejano, with a two and a half days' journey still in front of me, the man had already been gone from there a week. Would he be likely to loiter, with me on his track? Hardly. Yet there is ever some odd fraction turning up unexpectedly to interfere with a man's calculations; so I

pushed on, covering the best bits of a bad road as hard as a willing horse could drive; and as night was falling on the second day I rode into La Vega.

As I turned my jaded beast into the straggling street, the sound of noisy revelry struck loud upon the ear. It came from the 'Fonda.' I was pumped—worn-out with the long, hard, anxious ride; and the blatant merriment seemed prophetic of disaster.

Passing to the back of the low mud-wall which enclosed the premises, I rode into the yard and made my way to the stables. The yard seemed deserted. In the stables, however, there were at least a dozen horses. Evidently the 'Fonda' had no lack of guests.

I had been riding hard for two days with the purpose of exposing a rascal; but now, when I guessed he might be within touch, I had a strong feeling that the odds were against me; and prudence whispered caution in taking the fence.

There was a light in the kitchen, and I moved towards it. I thought it more than likely that I should there find pretty Manuelita, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Barcelona Pete, who ran the establishment. I had brought her a necklace—a showy but inexpensive affair—blue beads strung on thin gold wire. The girl would probably be in the kitchen. I would go there and ascertain who was in the *sala*.

Moving across the yard, I peeped in at the uncurtained window. A lamp was burning against the wall, but the room was empty.

A burst of laughter came from the *sala*. The noise and racket there was increasing. Out of a babel of voices I could distinguish tones of remonstrance. The windows on that side were furnished with jalousies, and these were closed; but from a hole high up in the wall streamed a narrow pencil of light.

I left the kitchen window and looked about for something that would enable me to reach the hole. Presently I stumbled over a ladder. Half the rungs were broken, and one side was longer than the other. But there was nothing else; so, rearing it against the wall, I climbed up. From my position on the ladder I could see over about half the room.

Immediately opposite the knot-hole sat a swarthy-faced individual whom I recognised as Don Felipe Ricardo, the steward of the largest *estancia* in the district. His lips were livid, his features distorted. He was staring stonily across the table at some one evidently sitting immediately beneath me. On the floor at his feet a number of playing-cards lay scattered about. Barcelona Pete, with the ace of spades in his hand, his heavy jaw working ponderously, and his broad, fat fingers gesticulating ludicrously, was hanging over Ricardo's shoulders, apparently endeavouring to explain the situation. The man below me was

sitting too far back to be visible; but half-a-dozen *gauchos* (natives of the pampas) were drinking with some girls at another table, each with a murderous *cuchillo* in his waist-belt. The presence of the girls seemed to indicate some sort of 'function.' Evidently there was to be a dance.

I tried all I knew to get a look at the man below me, but do what I would I couldn't manage it. I felt convinced, however, that the man was Stefanetti. Presently he began to speak, and I was sure of it. There were tones in his voice that I remembered; but it was chiefly by a certain expletive that I fixed him. It was a favourite expression of Stefanetti's. He was protesting against an imputation of cheating. I happened to know that Stefanetti had been caught using a ring 'hold-out' in the card-room of the Maritime Club at Marseilles, and was expelled in consequence.

Without doubt he had been practising some trick upon Ricardo. But what could be inducing him to linger on when every day added to the risk of detection? He must know that if run to earth he would lose his profit. Evidently he had found some attraction at La Vega strong enough to cover the extra risk. Perhaps, thought I, he finds the business of plucking the pigeons return him sufficient to pay for the risk. Perhaps, again, at a place on the 'outside edge,' like La Vega, he thinks to brave detection and to defy arrest.

At this juncture, my eye happening to fall on the sullen-looking visages of the half-drunken *gauchos*, for an instant my heart stood still. Surely he was not waiting for me! At that moment Manuelita passed through the room on her way to the kitchen, and the man below started up, ran out, and caught her by the waist. It was Gregorio Stefanetti. He seemed trying to persuade the girl to something; but she slipped from his grasp, made a rush for the door, and darted from the room.

Stefanetti came back laughing. 'She's wild as a hawk now, Pete,' I heard him say; 'but by-and-by she'll come to my whistle.'

I had mounted a step higher, in my eagerness to catch sight of the man's face. The rung was rotten, and now gave way beneath my weight, precipitating me to the ground. Picking myself up, I ran to the kitchen. Through the window I saw Manuelita. Her eyes looked as if she were crying. I tapped gently at the door and called her softly by name.

'Who's there?' she asked in a voice that betrayed trepidation.

I made myself known, and the next minute I was in the room.

'Oh señor!' gasped the girl, evidently surprised at my appearance. 'I thought it was that jackal Emilio. He thinks I have gone to dress for the dance, and I was afraid he had followed me. I hate him—I do!'

'*Carrambo!* Manuelita, my girl,' exclaimed I, 'what's wrong with you? Who is Emilio, and what is he doing here?' Producing the little necklet, I threw it in her lap. 'A present from Buenos Ayres,' I said.

For a moment her eyes lit up with joy.

'How kind of you!' she exclaimed as she fastened the beads about her neck; but the next instant she burst into tears.

'Tell me what is the matter,' said I, dropping into a chair. 'Who is this man you call Emilio?'

Briefly, her story was this:

Emilio had known her father many years ago, when he kept a little wine-shop in the old town at Marseilles. She was a child then, and did not remember him. He had been staying in the house now for nearly a week—she looked at me curiously as she said this—gambling every night with the *rancheros*. The small men had soon been cleaned out; but Ricardo, a man of wealth and substance, had been winning down to last night, when his luck turned; and to-night he had lost everything.

Emilio, I gathered, had been persecuting Manuelita with his attentions ever since he set foot in the place. There was something, she said, between her father and this man Emilio. He had asked for her hand in marriage, and Pete had promised it; Emilio undertaking to pay Pete fifty pesos (ten pounds) on the day of the betrothal, and to spend twenty for 'the good of the house.'

'Emilio,' said Manuelita, 'was returning to Buenos Ayres immediately.' Her father had settled it with the *padre*, and she was to be married to-morrow. 'But'—and the fiery temper of the glowing South blazed fiercely in the passionate words—'he shall never have me. No, señor, I hate him—I do; and I'll kill myself first.'

I thought it very likely, from what I knew of Stefanetti, that there had been some previous passages between him and Pete at the wine-shop in Marseilles, and that this arrangement was intended to settle the account.

'And the *gauchos* are here for the betrothal, then?' I inquired.

'Yes, señor—for the dance.'

So it was not for me he had been waiting after all. Probably he had not expected me to reach La Vega till after he had gone.

'I don't think there'll be any necessity for you to kill yourself, Manuelita,' I said. 'I've a bone to pick with this gentleman myself. I'll go off to the guard-house and bring up the patrol.'

As I uttered the words I laid hold of the chair. An exclamation of pain escaped me. For the first time I became aware that my right hand had been badly sprained by the fall from the ladder. At the same instant the door of the *sala* was opened; voices and footsteps were heard in

the passage, coming towards the kitchen. I drew the bolt and stepped into the yard.

My hand was burning like a furnace, the pain increasing every minute. A bucket half-full of water stood outside a door which led into a flagged entry. Plunging in my hand, I bathed it repeatedly in the cooling element, which relieved the pain, and then I followed the entry, which I concluded would bring me into the street. At the end I passed through a swing-door, and discovered myself in a long narrow passage open to the sky. I followed it, turning sharply to the right, and suddenly I was in darkness. My fingers now grasped the handle of a door, which was opened from within, and the next moment I found myself in the *sala* of the 'Fonda.'

'Good-evening, Pete,' said I, putting on a bold face and advancing towards him. 'Any room for me? What's the occasion?'

I thought the man looked chippy.

'I didn't 'spect to see you down here, señor,' he stammered, stealing a glance at Stefanetti, 'for a couple of days yet.'

'I allow it,' I said, coming farther into the room. 'But introduce me.'

Pete turned half-round, and I then perceived Ricardo. He had his head on the table, and was apparently asleep. I kept my eyes on Stefanetti.

'My friend, Señor Emilio Corentini,' snuffled Pete, following the direction of my eyes, 'acting for'—

'That man's name is Stefanetti,' I broke in. I knew it must come, and wished it over. 'I think you ought to know that, Pete. He's wanted by the French police for forgery and embezzlement.'

I saw Pete turn livid under his olive skin.

'I challenge him to produce his authority to use the name of the firm he travels under. He's a fraud and a cheat. If he has won any man's money in your house, Pete, I tell that man not to part with a single *centesimo*. Gregorio Stefanetti, the man who sits yonder, was turned out of the Cercle Maritime at Marseilles for sharpening.'

Stefanetti rose. His restraint was unnatural. He overdid it, and that brought on the crisis.

'Señor,' he said coldly, 'you have insulted me in a public room. I demand satisfaction.'

'You shall have it,' said I, 'and quickly. I will ask Captain Gomez to wait upon you.'

'*Sacré!*' he hissed between his teeth. 'You will go to the patrol, will you? I think not;' and he whipped out his revolver.

The ball passed through my hair and buried itself in the wall. At the same instant my hands were seized from behind and pinioned to my sides. The pain this occasioned to my sprained limb was excruciating. I thought I should faint. I saw Pete pushing Stefanetti into his

seat, and heard Manuelita whisper, 'It is to save your life, señor. But, *por Dios!* your hand is bad.'

There was a loud singing in my ears, the room swam round, and I sank upon the floor. I didn't lose my senses, however, though I kept my eyes closed. Angry words were passing between Pete and Stefanetti.

Presently I distinguished the voice of Manuelita. 'Why spoil the dance?' she was saying. 'Twist a lasso round him and lock him in the kitchen. Then when the *gauchos* depart, let them take the *gringo* with them, and turn him loose on the pampas.'

'*Bravo, bravissimo!*' chuckled Stefanetti. 'A good idea. Why spoil the dance indeed? Pass along that *riata*, Barcey. Here's Manuelita waiting to lend a hand.—Ah!' he continued, with a sudden change of tone, 'so you've put on a new necklace—have you, my beauty?—in honour of the evening, I suppose?'

The girl made no reply, and presently I heard him say, 'A green hide—eh? Why, it's strong enough to hold a bull. Rouse up, Barcey; and when our friend leaves the 'Fonda' to-night, you can trust me to see that he doesn't get into trouble again. Bring up the patrol, would he? How would that suit you, Pete?' and he grinned.

The men tied me up as tight as a mummy, Manuelita, fussing around under pretence of helping, managed to slacken the 'turns' a bit here and there, taking special care of my injured hand. But for this I should have doubted the girl's honesty, her proposal had been made with such seeming insistence and so heartily did she appear to second the efforts of the men.

When they had me fixed, four of the *gauchos* carried me into the kitchen; and with a sinking heart I heard Manuelita tell Stefanetti to lock the door and put the key in his pocket. The girl hadn't whispered a word in explanation. Beyond the two sentences she had spoken when she seized hold of my arms I had nothing to trust to.

I had been lying on the mud-floor for perhaps an hour, listening to the noise of the dancing; wondering if, after all, I was to be left to die on the pampas; and thinking what incomprehensible creatures women were, when the window was gently opened and Manuelita bounded lightly into the room. Stooping over my prostrate form, she cut the cords and I was free.

'Your horse is outside, señor,' she said, drawing the bolt of the door which opened on the yard. 'Bring up the patrol—quick! But, for my sake, remember my father. Quick! There is no time to lose. I cannot stay, or I shall be missed.' Then she was gone.

I was pretty stiff, you may guess, and my hand gave me some trouble; but I was under the Great Shadow, and I managed to scramble into the saddle somehow.

'There's your prisoner, *capitan*,' said I, addressing Captain Gomez. 'Gregorio Stefanetti, *alias* Emilio Corentini, forger, swindler, cardsharp. Five years ago, *capitan*, certain people offered a reward for him: two thousand francs. It has never been withdrawn. It will be paid at Buenos Ayres to-day on compliance with the formalities. But have a care, Captain Gomez. Your man's as crafty as a cat. He cheated the law once, remember. See that he doesn't cheat it again.'

I had been back in Buenos Ayres some weeks when I was sent for by the chief. Captain Gomez was with him.

'*El capitan* has called to see me about that business of Stefanetti's,' said he, glancing up from an official-looking document which he had been perusing. 'If you'll be good enough to certify these papers, I think we may pay him the reward. The man, it seems, has been shot while attempting to escape.'

I looked at the captain, but that officer was fiercely twirling the ends of his moustache, with his eye fixed on the cornice of the ceiling. The chief was filling up the order on Paris.

It is competent to every man to have an opinion, but it is not always expedient to express it. I did not express mine.

SUNDIALS ON OUR OLD CHURCHES.

By SARAH WILSON.



SUNDIALS have been called the wayfarer's time-tellers. Whilst the sun is shining this title holds good; but after dusk they cannot answer to this representation. Their quaintness and openness, however, give a tone to their surroundings that is pleasant; and the mottoes which it has pleased diallists to put upon them increase their interest. These sharp, pithy wordings present much diversity, yet they are all linked together in being reminders of the swift passage of Time and the certain approach of Death. We may see them on many an ancient church, giving their pathetic touch, bringing great matters home to our minds, and exhorting us to more excellence whilst the day is ours. The gable of the south porch is frequently chosen for their position, though it is not unusual to meet with them on towers and buttresses. They are often, too, to be seen in churchyards raised on pedestals; and in several instances the steps and bases of ancient churchyard crosses have been surmounted with them, as at Ecclesfield. Many are made of stone, some of wood, and others of a peculiar kind of cement approved for the purpose. They are of great antiquity, for though a large number of those that have been preserved for our gratification were placed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we are not without examples that have been ripening in the sunshine for perhaps a thousand years, as at Escomb and Pitlington. A great many of the mottoes on them are, in Latin, but not all; and in Wales they are frequently set out in the Welsh language.

In several instances the diallist has made a peculiar rebus out of the dial, by making it stand for 'die all.' We may be sure that hundreds of rustics have pondered over the felicity of this grim jest. 'We must,' says the wording, and then there is the dial to make up the sentence—'We must die all.' Those who could not read

would be satisfied as to the correctness of the 'die all,' and would take the rest from hearsay.

Many a picturesque group, time upon time, has stood before them all, deciphering them, the sun shining overhead, the grass waving over the graves around on either side of the churchyard path, the tombstones lending shadows, the masonry of the church standing out stone for stone in the bright light, the gilded vane keeping up wayward motion. We get a few facts concerning them in the account-books of churchwardens, as at Cartmel, where, in 1630, an entry was made which states: 'Paid Itm. for setting up the Sunne Dyell iija. vjd.'

We may notice a preference for some mottoes over others. 'Time flies' has been repeated in a great many instances. Sometimes it is drawn out a little longer, as in the Cartmel example mentioned above, which has, in Latin, 'Time flies by the shadow.' A Bradfield sundial has, also in Latin, 'Time flies as a shadow.' This is varied at Wycliffe, Staindrop, and Maxey into 'Man fleeth as a shadow.' Life associated with Time forms another widely distributed formula. 'Life is as an hour,' many of them affirm. One, dated 1643, at Ashurt, with this inscription, adds, 'Sir John Rivers made this.' One on the tower of old Chelsea Church, dated 1692, remarks, 'As the life is, so is its end.' 'Watch and pray' occurs frequently too. A dial on the south-west porch of St Peter's, Tavistock, enlarges the admonition into a rhyming warning: 'Watch and pray, Time steals away. Jno. Berry fecit 1757.' On Yarrow Kirk, at the western door, a stone dial has 'Watch and pray. Time is short. 1640.' Ormsby Church, Norfolk, has 'Watch, for ye know not the hour.' Another on Newlyn Church says, 'Ye know not the hour,' which as we look in its face appears somewhat contradictory. One on Diptforth Church says, 'As time and hours passeth away, so doth the life of man decay. 1694.' That on the church at Somersby, Tennyson's birthplace, says briefly, 'Time passeth.'

Northallerton Church dial reminds us, in Latin, to 'Pray and work.'

Concentrated admonitions are also general. Many say in Latin, warningly, 'They pass by, and are reckoned.' One at Minster, in Kent, says, prophetically, 'Our time's at hand.' Hartlepool Church dial puts it: 'The last hour to many, possibly to you.' Two Devonshire churches have, in Latin, the reminder, 'Old age creeps on unawares.' 'Now is yesterday's to-morrow' is written on the dial on the porch of East Leake Church. A dial on the tower at Haworth Church, placed there in 1810, says, 'Remember thy latter end:' a sad premonition to the gifted Brontë sisters, who spent their short lives in sight of it. But all are not so mournful. One on Darlington Church says, in Latin, 'Let the day be without strife.' One on the tower of Hoole Church says, 'Without the sun I keep silence.' Another on Hartington Church, in Derbyshire, remarks simply, 'So marches the God of Day;' while one on St Stephen's, by Saltash, has, 'The sun guides me, the shadow you,' in Latin. 'So passes the glory of the world,' or varied into 'The glory of the world passeth,' may be met with in several counties. The motto on Leake Church dial is, 'It glides and will glide away,' in Latin; and that on the dial of Burnham Church repeats, also in Latin, 'The years glide away.' Doddbrooke and Mickleton Churches have the same Latin mottoes on the dials: 'The law of God is the light of day.' Long Sutton dial says, consolingly, 'The sun shines for all;' and that on the tower of old Thundridge Church, Herts, says, loyally, 'Long live the king.' The famous motto 'Go about your business,' occurs on a dial on a buttress of St James's Church, Bury St Edmunds, as well as elsewhere. Chirnside gives a motto somewhat like it: 'Be diligent while the light abides.' On the porch at Eyam Church, about a hundred years after the great tribulation had subsided in which the community suffered so severely from the plague, and the Mompessons displayed so much heroism, some one took heart to place a new sundial inscribed in Latin, 'Take to thyself a wise mind. 1775.' Sinnington Church has only two words on the dial: 'Morning—Evening;' and straightway they bring before us sunshine, bees and birds, alternating with twilight, a tinkling bell, and rooks settling in the trees. One of the most incisive is at Market Deeping: 'The day is thine. 1790.' One placed on Grappenhall Church in 1714 says, in Latin, 'We are dust and shadow,' intended doubtless as a sharp reminder to the 'beaux and belles of that hair-powdering and patch-wearing day.

That there is a revival of interest in these accessories is shown by the appearance of another edition of Mrs Gatty's collection of interesting particulars concerning them, gathered in many countries, including a large number in gardens; also by the placing of new examples. In the south transept of York Minster, over the en-

trance, one was placed in 1889, on which is inscribed in Latin, 'The shadow shows the light.' Another was placed on a buttress of Pocklington Church in 1820, which says, 'Who dares to say the sun speaks false?' At Skelton, on the porch, the dial, of 1849, says simply, 'Redeem ye time.'

Mention has been made of Welsh mottoes. An example at Holyhead says, in Welsh, 'Man's life, though be prolonged it may, draws to a close by night, by day.' Another on Whitford Church, Flintshire, reads, 'Behold, O man, the day it fleeth without tarrying.' One has been observed in French at St Brelade's, Jersey, which being also translated runs, 'Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.' On the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, the dial says, 'The shadow teaches. 1700.' An example on Kidderminster Church speaks for them all: 'None but a villain will deface me.'

A STIRRUP-CUP SONG.

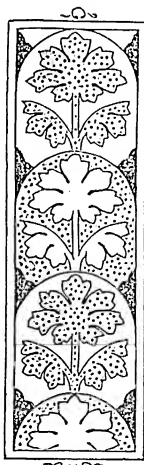
FILL high the stirrup-cup, my friends;
I pledge a toast to-night:
To every man who dons the pink,
And rides in foremost flight;
Who never charges at a gate
When crowds are gathering fast,
But takes his fences like a man,
And wins the brush at last.

Fill high the cup and drink to him
Who's honest, brave, and true;
Who always does to other folks
As he would have them do;
Who never cannons at a gap,
Or rides for greed of place;
But spares his horse, and yet can win
In every hunting-race.

We'll drink to him who speaks his mind,
Nor fears a braggart's frown;
Who hits a foeman straight and fair,
Yet strikes not when he's down;
Who woman's honour aye respects,
And guards her soul from stain;
Who loves one only, and the world
Would give that love to gain.

The first in love, the first in war,
The first in hunting-field,
Who proudly wears on his left arm
A bright, unsullied shield;
Who ever strives to do the right,
And scorns the deed that's wrong,
To him I raise my glass to-night,
And chant my stirrup-song.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MEMORIES OF MILLAIS.

By W. W. FENN.



RETROSPECT is the order of the day, conducing to not a little by the close of the century. The 'I remember' is familiar on the lips and from the pens of most of those who have turned middle life; and being human, and long past the proverbial span, I too have readily fallen into the habit. This was stimulated into aggressive activity some months ago by the following lines at the end of an article read to me, on 'An Old Academy Catalogue,' which appeared in a London morning paper:

'One turns with pleasure to a little sketch, "Overshot Mill," near Matlock, No. 912, to read the name of the artist, W. W. Fenn. He is with us still, this painter and friend of painters, rich in memories of those early days when he had still his sight, and now familiar in those galleries where he has long ceased to exhibit, a link with the past that is slipping from us silently but ceaselessly.'

These kindly words set me thinking of the many dear artist-friends of my youth, and prominent amongst these came memories of Millais.

My first vision of this frank, genial, if somewhat abrupt and masterful lad, was long ago, right away in the early forties. Even then there was far more than promise about him: he had performed! There was evidence on every hand of his genius and infinite power with the brush. You could not fail to be struck by it, any more than you could by his grand personality. He had been made a pet of by his fellow-students at the Royal Academy, up to the doors of which he used to bowl his hoop. My acquaintance with him, however, does not date quite so far back as that; it commenced about the time when he had carried off nearly, if not quite, all the prizes and medals in silver or gold offered for competition in the schools, and he was growing a handsome young man.

The enthusiasm of Millais was unbounded, and No. 209.—VOL. IV.

always ready to burst forth; his laughter was like that of the Titans. He hurled himself into sports and pastimes as he hurled himself into art, going at them with the solid force of a locomotive. He cared little whether he had a natural aptitude for them or not; his inspiration came on him as it came upon the old prophets, and do these things he *would*. He would go in for racquets and cricket, and swipe and slog as if his bat were King Arthur's sword Excalibur, without regard to 'form' of any sort. Billiards, again—to say nothing of cup-and-ball, at which he became a marvellous adept—he would plunge into in the same spirit, although with more success, for his accurate eye and firm hand with the cue stood him in good stead from the first.

Much later on Millais took up hunting with the like ardour, under the ægis of his friend John Leech. His seat, perhaps, was not all that could be desired, as is suggested by Leech's drawing of him leaping a brook, in illustration of R. A. Benson's poem, 'Young Nimrod's Courtship' (in *Once a Week*). He seemed to love following the hounds with more than a passing fancy; but he gave it up at the time of his marriage, alleging as his reason that which John Leech advanced when he retired from the field: 'I began to see the faces of my wife and children from behind every hedge.' Anyhow, he turned into the enthusiastic shot and angler whom we all know, who has painted moors and salmon-rivers with more than æsthetic delight—the delight of the strong man who has quaffed the fresh air of the wilds, and finds it sweeter than roses or wine.

The beginning of his deer-stalking days was very characteristic, and is most humorously described by himself in a letter which he wrote to me from Scotland some forty years ago:

'I send you a line, albeit I am aching in all my limbs from having crawled over stony impediments all yesterday in pursuit of ye suspicious stag. You know the position of all-fours,

Nov. 30, 1901.

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which fathers assume for the accommodation of their boys in the privacy of domestic life, and you can conceive how unsuited the hands and knees are to make comfortable progress over cutting slate and knobbly flint, and will understand how my legs are like unto the pear of over-ripeness. I had two shots, the first of which ought to have killed; and I am likely (in even the moments of coming trial) never thoroughly to forget the tail-between-legs dejection of that moment, when the animal, instead of biting the dust, kicked it up derisively into my face. . . . We toiled on again, and a second time viewed some deer. . . . Enough, I missed that too, and rode home on our pony, which must, from my soured temper, have known it, too! Leastways, I did not miss him! . . . Michael is an unsympathising creature under such circumstances, being quite convinced that a cockchafer's shoulder ought to be hit flying at a thousand yards; and therefore, after the never-failing pleasure of the table was exhausted, I retired to dreams of more stomach-perambulation up and down precipices of burning ploughshares, the demons of the forest laughing at my ineffectual efforts to hit the mastodon of the prairies at fifteen yards' distance.'

Tobacco, too, of which he became, perhaps unluckily, an enormous consumer, absorbed Millais' attention conspicuously in quite early life; and I remember perfectly well his characteristic answer to my question, 'Do you smoke, Johnnie?' He was always 'Johnnie' in those days. 'Smoke?' he said interrogatively, and with resentment. 'Why, of course I can smoke; it makes me sick, but I can smoke.' Thus, we see, he had set his mind on it, as being a proper human accomplishment, and therefore it must be his, whatever its effect upon himself might be!

Similarly, he was very fond of music, and I believe that he even tackled the flute, until his family brought pressure to bear on this tendency. All his people were musically inclined. His father was a pupil of the guitar *maestro* Giulio Regondi, and a performer of skill; his sister was a brilliant pianist, and, moreover—as I remember her—a fine, handsome girl, with her brother's breeziness of manner.

John Lester Wallack, the husband of that lady, was a great friend of mine, and his marriage was romantic. He saw Miss Millais in the street, fell in love with her then and there, tracked her home, noted the address, got an introduction, visited the house, and offered his hand and heart. After their marriage they went to America, where Lester Wallack, in conjunction with his father—the celebrated actor of the 'Brigand' and 'Gentle Zitella' fame—started, and, as the phrase now goes, ran Wallack's Theatre in New York; John Lester Wallack becoming, as amazing a favourite there as his father had been years before. The elder Wallack was one of the very handsomest

men ever seen on the stage—or off it, for the matter of that; and about the time I made the acquaintance of Millais he was playing at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. A most admirable likeness of him is to be seen in that early but skilful work of the young painter, 'Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru,' Mr Wallack having sat to him for the figure of the famous Spaniard. *Punch* had a skit on this early work, by-the-by, which created a good deal of laughter; he called it 'Pizarro seizing the *Inkstand* of Peru, which naturally looked *black* under the circumstances.' Many, too, were the sketches in water-colour and crayon, bold, vigorous, and dashing, which Johnnie Millais made of most of the theatrical celebrities then engaged at Mr Maddox's theatre in Oxford Street during his almost nightly visits to the house, both before and behind the scenes; for, be sure, after his introduction by Mr Wallack, his brilliant ability with the brush carried him into everybody's favour. He was not more than sixteen or seventeen at this time, and I am betraying no secret when I say that it was a matter of some importance that he should begin to turn his grand artistic powers to account. Highly valued, too, are many of these same sketches, still retained by the descendants of the great actor, notably those of 'Don Caesar de Bazan,' a character first introduced to the English public by Wallack at the Princess's.

Very vivid to me are the memories of those days, ancient history though they be. Even as I think over them I can see my dear old young friend Johnnie Millais blustering and rattling into my father's dining-room on one of our sketching-club evenings, where, assembled round a powerful lamp on the table, some half-dozen or so of the 'H.B.'s, as we called ourselves, were grouped. Drawing-boards and sketching-blocks, with tumblers of water, colour-boxes, and so forth, cumbered the space in front, for we were going to illustrate a subject on the proverbial plan in such assemblies, in two hours, and the subject was often fantastically inscribed on a sheet of paper pinned up on the most conspicuous wall. 'Hullo, you fellows! what's the subject? You'll have to lend me a block or something. I've got nothing with me but a pencil.—Eh! what's the word? "Defence?" Yes, that's a good 'un; do for figures or landscape, just as you like!—How are you, Woolner?—And Stent, too. Drawing a cathedral? Going to build one? Ah! that's a jolly good design, too. Capital! capital! You go on with that—work it out—first-rate elevation!—And Pip, my boy, how's old Pip to-night?—You are only just beginning, though—are you? I'm late of course, I know. Ah! I see, Roman senators, a trial—something of that kind! Go on with that—that's all right! Jolly long forearm; though, that chap has got! What am I to do? Let's see! Defence! defence!—Now, where's this block, old boy? Time is getting on!'

Thus rattling away as he went round the table, criticising, shaking hands, laughing, chaffing, expecting everybody to wait upon him, do his bidding, and lend him everything he wanted in the way of materials (as all were proud to do), he would sit down, not 'settle' down, for he chattered and joked the while he was drawing, his long legs shuffling and stretching out in all directions under the table. When time was called, no need to say whose was the best work; that goes without saying! Many and many were these pleasant evenings in the winter when we met, in rotation, at each other's houses or studios, the host of the evening retaining the sketches done under his roof. Alas! myself and only one other member of that merry crew are now 'lingering superfluous on the stage.' But right merry we were, beyond a doubt, albeit Millais and Thomas Woolner the sculptor, long deceased, are the only names worth remembering, as 'names' of the famous 'H.B.' sketching-club.

By-the-bye, I should perhaps here add that it was at one of the very earliest of these pleasant gatherings that the impetuous youngster made his celebrated remark about smoking, already quoted; and that it was at quite one of the latest that the word 'Defence' was the subject of the evening. Happily his illustration of it is still accessible, as it is in the possession of Henry Lucas, Esq. of Bramblehurst, East Grinstead.

Memories, too, I have of him when bright weather and long days lured some of our coterie into the then rural and picturesque suburbs of London. At North End, Hampstead, where my father and mother occupied rooms in a farmhouse during the summer of 1848, Millais was a constant visitor. He would come down ostensibly for a day's sketching, generally failing to bring any materials of his own. I had to supply these, of course, and did so gladly, seeing the many brilliant little relics he frequently left behind. As a sample we may take the sketch in water-colour of my dear dad standing in the garden, under which he printed with his brush the words 'Varmer Venn;' and a corresponding one, still slighter, of my mother seated on a sofa. Slight as they are, the character and likeness is simply admirable in both instances. Both sketches are still in my possession, and are here reproduced.

I was a bit of a 'dab' with a leaping-pole in those days, and the broken ground on the slopes of the Heath offering splendid opportunities for the exhibition of this form of athleticism, you may be sure Master Johnnie spent not a little of the day in restless displays of hurtling leaps and bounds with my pole.

Richmond Park, again, frequently attracted him when he heard two or three H.B.'s were bent on a sketching expedition there, and many were the beautiful bits of sylvan landscape his vigorous brush produced; whilst the picnic luncheons we sometimes indulged in amongst the rich, dense

ferns and oaks were not the least part of our day's fun; and the journeys out and home on the top of the omnibus formed glorious episodes in these summer excursions.

The Thames below bridge, Greenwich, and Greenwich Park and Hospital supplied endless excuses for these outings, and my only regret is that I did not then know how interesting might have proved some of the details of the doings of our young Titan, had I taken more accurate note of them.

Many years after all this I have a very vivid memory of him in Glenfinlas, where he was painting the famous portrait of Ruskin. I chanced to be staying at the Brig o' Turk with my very old friend Mike Halliday, a strange, odd-looking little fellow, but one of the very best and truest-hearted gentlemen who ever painted a bad picture! He was a clerk in the House of Lords, but an enthusiast in art; and very soon after he and Millais first met at my father's house, he became one of Millais' most intimate friends. He is the Michael referred to in the deer-stalking letter quoted above, and was the original of Leech's 'Tom Noddy.'

Well, he and I were on a sketching tour, and we came across Millais in the glen—a tall figure laden with brushes and art paraphernalia. He led us to his tent pitched amongst the boulders of the torrent, and labelled in big charcoal letters for a joke, 'Great Pre-Raphaelite Emporium.' Beneath its broad, open front stood the easel bearing the most original portrait of our times.

Ruskin at that period was busy writing his *Lectures on Architecture*, Millais illustrating them with superb designs; but he would stroll up the glen and take his stand for the painter as we know him in the picture, grasping a shred of pine-branch, all in the flash of the water and the wet rocks. Mrs Ruskin, afterwards Lady Millais, would escort the party and watch progress, protected from the sun and showers by one of the enormous mushroom hats in vogue at that date for country wear, which made her small, pretty figure look somewhat elf-like. Great was our wonder and admiration as the work advanced, and we were Millais' willing fags, he frequently desiring pipes and tobacco and all sorts of things while at his labour, and the village being distant.

As I watched I was chiefly struck with the rapid certainty of his execution, a fact evident in the clear freshness of the picture, and its mirror-like impression on the beholder. In those days he merely rendered all he saw like a camera, and left the theories to Ruskin, who was indeed a perfect fountain of precept. My own tendencies being towards Cox and Constable, the Professor gave my work rather a trampling criticism. On one occasion for my benefit he drew a bit of a mountain-side with trees and boulders, of which I had made a rough, sloppy sketch. 'Observe,' said he to me, 'this is

how Harding would render it, and this is how Turner would do it. Mark how conventional and mean is the one; see how true and great is the other.' I kept the slip of paper, of course, feeling much honoured by its possession, though I took this fine opportunity of holding my tongue.

To hark back for a moment to earlier days, I may say Millais painted a fine small portrait of my father in his early style, before the P.R.B. mania seized him; and I only refer to it as it crosses my mind amongst these desultory memories because it is a striking example of the marvellous aptitude which he ever displayed in catching a likeness.

Volunteering Millais never quite took to. Of course he joined the Artists' Rifle Corps directly it was embodied, and I can see him in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with Leighton, Val Prinsep, J. B. Burgess, Stacy Marks, Robert Edis, Antony Salvin, W. B. Richmond, Vicat Cole, Carl Haag, Horace Jones, Field Talfourd, and a score or two more of rising or risen painters, architects, engineers, actors, musicians, authors, journalists, &c. This was when we were beginning our preliminary drills in plain clothes at the Hanover Square rooms and in Burlington Gardens, the site now occupied by the Royal Academy, and when the 'goose-step,' 'balance-step without gaining ground,' and other rudimentary motions were all the calls made upon our 'understandings.' These amused our hero somewhat, and there was a good deal of chuckling at the various mistakes and mishaps which befell the civilian soldiery; but he tired of it soon, I suspect, and was at any rate very irregular in his attendances. When rifles were first served out, and our fine-looking sergeant-major of the Guards instructed us in the manual and platoon exercises, he displayed a flash of enthusiasm; but it was not sustained. The handling of the weapon and examining it—the 'gas-pipe,' as we used to call it in the days of ramrods and before breechloaders were known—was all very well, and created a passing interest generally, in which Millais shared only to a partial extent. However this may be, I have no recollection of Millais in uniform; in fact, I don't think he ever did more than order one, even if he did that. The discipline, loose though it was in all conscience at that date, seemed to irk him; it was not consonant with his painter's disposition, and besides, it made too long-drawn demands upon his time, hard worker that he was, especially after his family increased as it was rapidly doing by 1860. No; beyond a few visits to the camp at Wimbledon in the year his great friend Joe Jopling won the Queen's Prize, and a few shots at the targets at various ranges, soldiering did not suit him, and he very soon, I suspect, vanished from the ranks of the active volunteers. I have gone through several books of 'carte-de-visite' portraits of my friends of that period

which I still possess, and where they figure both in war-paint and in mufti, and I can find no picture of Millais either in full dress or undress uniform, though I possess one of him in civilian's dress. Albeit he had then been married some six or eight years, the air of Bohemia still environed him and clung to him, on some occasions, as his natural artistic breath of life.

When the Arts Club, however, was instituted by some of the leading men in the volunteer corps, Leighton and Millais were both eager and warm adherents, and constant frequenters of 'Sweet Seventeen,' as we dubbed the dear old house in Hanover Square where for upwards of thirty years the Arts Club flourished amazingly, until freeholds or leaseholds or 'someholds' that I don't understand loosened its hold and obliged it to remove itself to Dover Street. Millais and Leighton both remained members until the days of their deaths, although perhaps neither of late years was a very constant visitor, except on special occasions. Notably one of these was a dinner which the club gave to Leighton on his accession to the presidency of the Royal Academy, when Millais was in the chair. It was only late in life that Millais developed into a good after-dinner speaker; and although perhaps never becoming very eloquent, he yet displayed a happy knack of saying the right thing in the right place in an agreeably colloquial manner. I recall vividly the example he gave of this ability at that self-same banquet to his dear old friend and fellow-artist. On that occasion too it was that he first publicly told the story of what Thackeray said to him on his return from Rome about the young English painter whom the author of *Vanity Fair* had met there, and 'who will oblige you, Millais my boy, to look to your laurels.'

Another side to my memories of Millais must not be omitted, loth as I am to intrude my personality into them. I am bound to speak of the deep, affectionate, and sympathetic regard he displayed towards me, and of the great and practical exertion he made for my substantial benefit when it became known amongst the troops of good friends of whom I can boast of having, and having had, that I should no longer be able to earn my living as a painter. The movement that was made on my behalf in the Royal Academy, and much of the success which attended my friends' exertions in other and private directions, were largely due to Millais and Halliday; and when I began to try in some sort to compensate myself by my own exertions for the deprivations which my infirmity inflicted on me, no one encouraged me more than my sympathetic old friend, John Everett Millais. I may be permitted, therefore, I hope, to wind up these recollections of the domestic and social side of his life with the following letter. It refers to the collection in book form of some of my contributions to various

magazines and journals of the day in the volumes I entitled *Blind Man's Holiday*:

'2 PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,
'Jan. 1, 1879.

'DEAR FENN,—I have very nearly read through both books with such *real pleasure* that I will not delay congratulating you heartily on your success. I have already spoken highly of the volumes, and hope to obtain many readers. I cannot but think some of the stories might be very well dramatised: "The Secret of the Stair," "Deed for Deed," and another.

'The artist part of the book is valuable, as being the best expression of our delights, and sorrows, I have seen written.

'I am not, perhaps, competent to speak of the literary qualities; but the English appears to me to be terse, unaffected, and vivid. I am sure you will want no encouragement to continue at such pleasant and remunerative work as it will be, if not so already.

'With best regards to your wife, believe me your old sincere friend,

J. E. MILLAIS.'

A VAAL RIVER ADVENTURE.

PART II.



WHEN I thought of the scurvy trick my mate had played me after the decent way in which I had treated him, I was seized with a sudden rage; and I verily believe that if

I could have laid hands on the old fellow at that moment I would have throttled him. I was too dazed at the sudden discovery of my loss to be able, at the moment, to form any definite plan of action; but, as there was still time to catch the post-cart, I hurried towards the road, partly running, partly walking, urged on by a faint hope that Johnstone might turn up after all.

On the way I met Piet, the Kaffir boy who brought us the morning's milk; and, not knowing when I might return, I arranged with him to look after the tent and things for a few days, giving him half-a-crown, and promising five shillings more if everything was all right when I came back.

I had got over the ground so quickly that when I reached the road there was still ten minutes to spare before the post-cart was due. I found that the exercise had been of service to me, and that I could now think out the situation clearly and decide upon what was best to be done.

I felt I might dismiss from my mind at once, as not worth consideration, for several reasons, the probability of any one having entered the tent at night and abstracted the diamonds. Undoubtedly the first thing to be done was to get on my partner's track as soon as possible. Now, two miles farther on, in the direction of Kimberley, there was situated at a bend of the river a hotel much frequented as a health resort by visitors from that town; and it occurred to me that by hiring a horse from there I should save a lot of time. I could then ride into Barkly, and if unsuccessful in finding any trace of Johnstone having been there that morning, I would return along the Kimberley road and see if I might be able to get on his track in that direction.

A cloud of dust in the distance now heralded the approach of the post-cart, and as soon as it was near enough to enable me to distinguish the passengers I eagerly looked to see if I could recognise the form of Johnstone amongst them, but could discern no one at all resembling him. I was glad to notice, however, that there was one vacant seat; and on my giving the driver a sign he pulled up. Swinging myself up into the spare seat, we were bowling along in a few seconds at the rate of eight miles an hour, and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was now fairly on the search for the missing treasure.

Fifteen minutes brought us to the hotel; and, after tipping the driver for the lift, I got down and proceeded to look for the landlord. Passing the bar on my way, it struck me that if friend Johnstone had taken the road to Kimberley he would hardly have missed this chance of a drink, especially as the next canteen was seven miles distant. Inquiries put to the barman elicited the fact that a man answering Johnstone's description had been there that morning, had had several drinks, and had left about an hour before, after asking the distance to Kimberley.

This was good news indeed, if the man were really Johnstone. Hurrying out, I settled with the landlord for the hire of a Cape cart and driver, explaining to him the object for which I wanted it. I elected to drive instead of riding, as by doing so I could at any time send back the cart in charge of the driver, and thus leave my own movements unfettered.

Too impatient to wait for the cart to come to the door of the hotel, I went round to the stables, where the judicious application of a little palm-oil hastened matters wonderfully, and I was shortly again on the track of my absconding partner. Nothing appeared in sight until we had gone a couple of miles, when I observed a wagon some distance ahead, drawn up to one side of the road. As we came nearer I saw the body of a man stretched on the ground, face upwards, and a Kaffir leaning over him. Driving over to the

spot, I recognised the body to be that of my partner, although the features were fearfully contorted.

A short examination showed me that he was quite dead, the chest being completely crushed in. Although Johnstone had treated me badly, I could not help feeling sorry for the fate which had befallen him. According to the Kaffir's story, as translated to me by my driver, it appeared that Johnstone had got a lift on this wagon; and that, shortly after getting up, his hat had blown off, and in jumping down to recover it while the wagon was still in motion, his foot slipped and he fell underneath the front-wheel, both wheels thus passing over his body.

My first idea was to carry the body in the cart to Kimberley, and I stooped down to take from the pockets any money or valuables there might be, as well as the parcel of diamonds which I felt sure Johnstone must have had about him. I found in his breast-pocket a pocket-book containing notes, and in his trousers-pocket some loose money; but the diamonds were not on the body.

This was a new complication, appearing just as I thought my troubles were over. It then occurred to me that perhaps the bag of diamonds had dropped out of Johnstone's pocket when he fell off the wagon. I immediately looked on the ground all about the scene of the accident, but to no purpose. It was evident that either my partner had buried the diamonds—in which case I might give up all hope of ever getting them—or that the Kaffir had them in his possession; therefore I then and there decided not to let that individual out of my sight for a moment until I had satisfied myself fully on this point.

After considering a moment or two, I concluded the simplest plan would be to make the Kaffir drunk, and then thoroughly search both him and his wagon. There would be no difficulty about doing this, as the man was a Koranna, which is equivalent to saying that he got drunk whenever he had the chance. There was a canteen and store at the public outspanning-place a short distance ahead, where I knew the Kaffir would outspan for the rest of the day, inspanning again at dark, so as to get into Kimberley in the early morning. I got my driver to explain to the Kaffir that, as his wagon had been the cause of the white man's death, he must take the corpse to the police-station at Kimberley, and that I would go along with him. We then lifted the body between us on to the wagon.

On arriving at the outspanning-place I gave some money to my driver and sent him over to the canteen for two bottles of 'Cape smoke.' I didn't know how much of the stuff would knock a Kaffir over, but I thought that this quantity ought to be more than sufficient for the purpose. I also told him to bring me a cotton blanket from the store to throw over the corpse.

When the driver returned with the things I sent him back with the cart and horses to the hotel, as I had no further need for them. On my showing a bottle of the brandy to the Kaffir, and telling him, 'You plenty drunk to-night,' an unholy grin overspread his little, wizened face, and he wanted to commence at once; but this I would not have, not wishing him to begin drinking too early in the day, as the time I wanted him in a stupefied condition was late in the evening, when all the other wagons had trekked and I had the place to myself.

By eight o'clock that night the other wagons had all gone, and the Koranna was sleeping off the effects of the drink. I could now leave him with safety; and I must say I was not sorry, as I had not broken my fast since breakfast, and was literally starving, not having thought of bringing food with me in the cart. Going over to the canteen, I satisfied my hunger with some biscuits and cheese, and borrowing a lantern from the proprietor, at once commenced operations. First of all I thoroughly searched the corpse, which was, of course, by this time quite stiff. This was a gruesome task; but I went through with it, and satisfied myself that there were no diamonds concealed about the body or clothes. I next turned my attention to the Koranna; but a careful search failed to discover any on him either. Finally, I thoroughly overhauled the front-box, the two side-boxes, and the body of the wagon, but without success. It was clear that my partner must have buried the diamonds, and I might whistle for any chance I had of ever recovering them.

When I fully realised that my little fortune was gone I quite lost my temper, and turning towards the corpse, shook my fist at it in a passion of impotent anger. A period of depression succeeded, my spirit being crushed for the time by the suddenness of the blow which had fallen on me. The rest of the night I could only recall for a long time as a horrible nightmare, in which I saw again the grinning corpse on the wagon, and myself rousing with difficulty the Koranna from his drunken sleep, and getting him to inspan the oxen to toil again along the road on that dreary night-trek.

We reached Kimberley in the small hours of the morning, and during the course of the day I complied with the formalities and had Johnstone's remains interred in the local cemetery. When everything was finished I went to a hotel, ordered a room, and got into bed, completely worn out with fatigue and disappointment.

I awoke the next morning much refreshed after my long sleep. On going out I found it a typical South African morning: everything was bathed in sunshine, the clear air giving you the sense of buoyancy and exhilaration always experienced on the tablelands of the Cape during the winter months.

After a good breakfast I began to feel more reconciled to the situation, and thought I would like first of all to see how I stood financially after my three months at the river diggings; so, going into the smoking-room, I counted the money in my purse, which would practically represent my net receipts for this period, as I had only taken down with me a couple of pounds. I found I had twenty-six pounds odd of my own. I then took out Johnstone's pocket-book, which contained twenty-two pounds in notes and gold, after the expenses of the interment had been paid out of it. I had not the slightest hesitation in appropriating this money, as a slight set-off to the diamonds of which my worthy partner had robbed me. I doubted, indeed, if he had any relatives living to claim the money, as he had told me he had never married, and had always led a 'lone Jack' sort of existence.

I had thus made forty-six pounds by my three months' absence at the river. 'It might well have been worse,' I said to myself.

Now that the pocket-book was empty I noticed something hard and flat in a side-compartment. This proved to be a thin, flat stone about the size of a five-shilling piece, but of an oval form, and having on one side some characters traced with the point of a penknife or some pointed instrument. The scratches still showed white, proving they had only been recently made; and, looking at the stone, I wondered to myself if in these marks lay the key to the position of the hidden diamonds. Strange to say, it had never occurred to me until that moment that Johnstone, if he had buried the diamonds, might have made a memorandum showing the bearings of the spot; but now, on considering the matter, I saw that if that spot were on the open veldt he could not have found it again unless he had done so. The veldt all about the neighbourhood of our camp was one monotonous expanse of level ground, dotted over with mimosa-bushes and ant-heaps, each as like to the other as two peas. If, after he had parted from me ostensibly to go to Barkly, he had doubled back to the river, he might, of course, have selected a place at the foot of some tree of peculiar appearance; but even then he would probably have taken a note of the bearings of the spot, in the fear that, after the spree which he probably promised himself, his recollection of the matter might not be too clear.

The marks on the stone, though it is somewhat difficult to describe them, were simple enough in appearance. They consisted of two parallel lines about a quarter of an inch apart and running across the middle of the stone in the direction of its length; nearly equi-distant from both ends of the stone and between the parallel lines a small dot was scratched; and from this stretched a row of three dots in a line with each other and nearly at right angles to the double line. At the extreme end of the row of dots

was a small x, and nearly opposite, but on the other side of the parallel lines, was a larger X.

I had been disappointed too often to be very sanguine about this being the key to the position of the buried diamonds, or of my being able to solve the puzzle even if it were; but, considering the amount at stake, I thought the chance worth trying. Replacing the stone in the pocket-book, I resolved to dismiss the matter from my mind for the present, but to start that day for the camping-place at the river, and there, on the spot, and free from interruption, spend a few days in trying to work out a solution to the riddle.

The Barkly post-cart, I knew, started early in the afternoon; and, thinking it best to make sure of a seat, I directed my steps towards the booking-office. On my way I called in at the butcher's and baker's, and laid in a small supply of fresh meat and bread. In addition, I bought a few odds and ends at a neighbouring store, including a garden-scoop, which I thought would be handier than a spade, and just as efficient for my purpose, as the parcel of diamonds, if buried at all, should be close to the surface of the ground, Johnstone having taken with him no implement whatever. I also added a bottle of whisky, as I saw no reason why I should not make myself comfortable for the few days I intended to remain at the river, whether successful or not in my search.

For convenience of carriage, I had the various articles tied up in an empty coffee-bag, and saw that a boy was sent off at once with them to the coach-office.

After booking my seat I paid a visit to the bank and increased the small balance to my credit by the addition of the money I had brought up with me from the river, less a couple of pounds, which I retained for contingencies.

The post-cart started at 2 P.M., and about two and a half hours afterwards it dropped me at the point nearest the camp. Shouldering the bag, I tramped across the intervening space to the river, wondering if I should still see the tent up, and if Piet had continued at his post during my absence. However, when I got to the edge of the bank and looked across, I saw Piet and other two Kaffirs squatting round a fire, and the tent standing in its old place. On entering the tent I was somewhat surprised to find that everything was apparently untouched; even my old working clothes, that I had taken off before leaving, were still lying where I had thrown them. Very much pleased, I called over Piet and gave him a shilling more than I had promised, telling him that I had come back to stop for a few days, and that if he liked to remain to do the cooking and look after the camp I would give him a half-sovereign. This he at once agreed to, much to my satisfaction, as the arrangement left me free to devote all my time to the work in hand.

I broiled a piece of the meat for dinner, and when I had finished, made Piet happy by giving him a piece to cook for himself. Going into the tent, I sat down, lit my pipe, and, with a small pannikin of grog at my elbow, prepared to make an attempt at deciphering Johnstone's hieroglyphics.

I soon saw that my only chance of success was to bring method to bear on the investigation of the marks. First, then, I asked myself, what were the parallel lines intended to represent? The crosses and dots might have more than one meaning; but the lines, I thought, were meant to give a representation of a particular object. If I could but guess this correctly it would put me far on the way to solving the rest of the puzzle.

After considering for some time, I could only think of two objects to which the lines bore any possible resemblance: a river and a road. Dealing with the theory of the river first, the small dot between the lines might then mean an island, the large X on one side of the river a landmark of some sort, and the small x on the other side might indicate the actual hiding-place. I knew, from having rowed the distance, that there was no island between the site of our old camp and that of our present one, and Piet had told me that there was no island below us. About half a mile lower down there was a small sandbank in the river, which might well be what Johnstone had intended the dot to stand for, and I proposed to pay a visit next day to this spot and spend the time in thoroughly examining the surroundings.

The next morning after breakfast I told Piet not to expect me back until the evening; and, putting a few biscuits in my pocket, I started off to ascertain the correctness or otherwise of the theories I had formed. When I got opposite the sandbank, I carefully scrutinised the opposite side of the river, but could see only the usual fringe of weeping-willows and cotton-plants along the edge of the water. There was nothing particular to catch the eye in any of the trees or on the face of the bank—nothing that showed up at all as a landmark. I then spent several hours in carefully examining the ground in the neighbourhood for any sign of the surface having been lately disturbed, but without success. I could not discover even the trace of any person having descended the bank to the river within a mile or so of the spot on either side; and as the soil was light and friable, any such traces would have been at once apparent.

Assuming that I had been altogether out in my theory of the preceding evening, I returned to the tent somewhat disheartened. There now remained to be tested the theory that the parallel lines represented a road. If a road, it must be the main road to Kimberley, as there was no other anywhere near. In this case the large X

would probably represent our camp, and the small x on the other side of the road the spot where the diamonds were buried; but, try as I might, I could not explain to myself the meaning of the dot between the parallel lines, if the latter were meant to represent a road. I left over the examination of the road until the next morning, but determined to be up at day-break and try to have the search over in the forenoon, so as to enable me to return to Kimberley by the post-cart. For, to tell the truth, I had not much faith in the road theory, and was beginning to tire of this will-o'-the-wisp chase.

On the supposition that the large X represented the camp, standing with my back to the latter and facing the road, the dot between the parallel lines lay a little to the right of the camp. I therefore directed my course the next morning to a point on the road exactly opposite the tent, and when I reached it, turned to the right, in the direction of Barkly. I had walked along in the red sand of the road for about a mile, when I saw something ahead which quickened my pulse and gave me a hope that at last I was on the right track. This was a large boulder of ironstone cropping up in the middle of the road, its top burned a shiny pitch-black by the action of the sun and weather. One often meets with these boulders on up-country roads in South Africa, and I wondered now that I had not thought of it as a natural explanation of the dot between the lines.

I had still the puzzle of the three dots to work out. My first idea had been that they represented measurements of some sort; but on looking at the stone I saw that the dots were placed about a quarter of an inch to the right of the dot between the parallel lines. As the sketch was not drawn to scale, this distance might mean anything from a yard to a mile; but it was evident the dots could not mean measurements of any sort, as there was no point marked on the stone from which to commence the count. I thought, therefore, that these marks must stand for three objects to be seen on the veldt, either fixed or placed there by Johnstone. Of fixed objects there were only two to be seen: mimosa-bushes and ant-heaps. The latter in this part of the country reach the height of from two and a half to three feet, but farther north are to be found of much greater height. I considered it more likely that Johnstone had chosen fixed objects as indicators, and I elected to commence with the ant-heaps as being more in accordance with the character of the marks. If I could find within half a mile or so to the right of the boulder three ant-heaps in a line with each other, and nearly at right angles to the road, I might reasonably conclude that I should find the diamonds buried close to the farthest of the three.

Commencing at the boulder, I walked along

the road towards Barkly; but although the veldt was dotted over with ant-heaps and I passed several close to the road, I could see none in the required position. I had covered more than a quarter of a mile, and was beginning to feel a little anxious, when I came opposite an ant-heap about ten yards from the road, having two others behind it, almost in a line. I now began to breathe again; and going over to the far side of the third heap, I commenced to scoop away the sand to the depth of five or six inches. In a few seconds the point of the scoop struck something soft, which proved to be the neck of the canvas bag. On opening it I found the diamonds apparently untouched, the large one on the top and the others beneath, just as when I had put them away on the last evening we had spent in camp. Fastening up the bag, I slipped it into my pocket and made for camp again, highly delighted at my success.

In burying the diamonds, Johnstone no doubt followed the wisest course, as it was scarcely possible he could have got clear away with the stones. To attempt to sell such a fine parcel of river-stones at Kimberley would have been to invite public attention to himself, and it would have been difficult to leave that town for the coast without being observed, as at that time the railway had only reached Beaufort West, four hundred miles distant from the diamond-fields. This necessitated a tedious journey by coach or the still slower mule-wagon; and these conveyances having stated times of departure, and travelling by regular routes, the passengers by them could be watched with comparative ease. By

putting the diamonds in a place of safety until the affair of the robbery had blown over, Johnstone made sure of them sooner or later; but I have always thought that after burying the stones he had intended going on to Barkly as arranged, meeting me on the post-cart, and professing entire ignorance of the disappearance of the bag. In fact, he might have turned the tables by accusing me of the theft. The hotel being within easy distance, he probably went there to have a drink, took more liquor than he intended, and as it was then too late to carry out his original intention of going to Barkly, got up on the first wagon that passed on the way for Kimberley.

I greatly astonished Piet on my return to camp by telling him I was going away at once, and that I would make him a present of the tent and all the other sundries lying about. In fact, I had to repeat it twice before I could get him to believe what I said. Very likely he thought the white man had gone mad, but I felt it was an occasion on which I could afford to be generous.

I could have sold the diamonds in Kimberley, but thought I might dispose of them to better advantage in London. Besides, a fit of homesickness had come over me, so I took the first coach for the south, *en route* for home.

I had several offers for the large stone, subsequently disposing of it for twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and I realised over five thousand five hundred pounds by the sale of the remainder of the diamonds, less one nice stone which I got cut and set in a ring as a memento of my luck at the Vaal River Diggings.

SOME FIRST INTERVIEWS.



WHEN two men of wide fame and perhaps of very diverse views meet for the first time, we feel that the occasion is one of dramatic interest. Hence arises a sense of disappointment in certain instances when the long-expected event takes place under more or less commonplace conditions. Often, indeed, the emotion aroused in anticipation has been so strong that when the actual moment has arrived speech is overpowered, and the grasp of a hand or the look of an eye are felt to be more expressive than mere words.

'And I,' says Mr H. M. Stanley in the account of his meeting with Dr Livingstone at Ujiji—'what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable?' Yet when the moment for the interview arrived, he could

only walk deliberately up to the white man with the gray beard, in front of the semicircle of Arabs, take off his hat, and say, 'Dr Livingstone, I presume?' Then they grasped hands, and Mr Stanley's emotion broke forth in the words, 'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you;' to which Livingstone replied, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' As the natural feeling of constraint disappeared, Stanley drank the health of the Doctor in 'Sillery' champagne out of a silver goblet. 'I brought this bottle,' said he, 'on purpose for this event, which I hoped would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.'

An equally thrilling meeting, in a very different climate, amid the solitude and snows of the North, was that of Mr Jackson and Dr Nansen. 'How my heart beat,' says the latter—as the shout from a human voice, the first for so many months, reached his ears—and the blood rushed to my brain as I ran up on to a hummock and hallooed with all the strength of my lungs!

Readers of *Farthest North* will remember how he heard yet another shout, and saw a dark form moving among the hummocks, which turned out to be a dog; but farther off came on another figure—that of a man. A curious sight must these two have presented as they grasped hands with a hearty ‘How do you do?’ and the ‘I’m immensely glad to see you,’ which fell from Jackson’s lips. Beneath their feet was the rugged, packed drift-ice, and above them the roof of mist. Dr Nansen remarks on the contrast presented by his dirty and unkempt appearance and the English check-suit, high rubber water-boots, and generally civilised appearance of Mr Jackson. At such moments minute particulars of dress and appearance strike the imagination; and Stanley similarly tells us of the bluish cap with a faded gold band, the red-sleeved waistcoat, and the pair of gray tweed trousers worn by Livingstone. Mr Jackson, it appears, did not immediately recognise the identity of his newly-found friend; but when he did so his ‘By Jove! I am immensely glad to see you,’ did not perhaps express so much as his whole face, ‘become one smile of welcome,’ and the delight which beamed from his dark eyes at the unexpected meeting.

The first interview between the men who were to prove the two greatest captains of their day and country was not the brilliant affair which, from preconceived notions, it ought to have proved. It was in September 1805 that Sir Arthur Wellesley met Lord Nelson at the Colonial Office, in Downing Street. ‘I only saw him once in my life,’ says Wellington, ‘and perhaps for an hour.’ Both men were waiting to see the Secretary of State, and the waiting-room was the uninspiring scene of their encounter. The hero of Assaye had no difficulty in recognising Nelson from the likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm. ‘He could not know who I was,’ continues Wellington; ‘but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and all about himself.’ It is evident from his further remarks that at first Wellington was not favourably impressed. Nelson, however, having found out the identity of his companion, seems to have altered his conversation, both in manner and matter; and Wellington’s last impression was that the man who the following month was to crown his life’s work at Trafalgar ‘talked like an officer and statesman about affairs on the Continent. I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man. Certainly for the last half or three-quarters of an hour I don’t know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more.’ Of Wellington’s meeting with Field-Marshal Blücher after the eventful day at Waterloo we would gladly know more. That it was on the Genappe Road, near the farm called *Maison du Roi*—where the British forces, spent with fatigue, were halted—is about all of which we can be certain. For

the rest we must have recourse to Mr Jones Barker’s picture or engravings of it. It is said that when this picture was on view in the Haymarket the Duke himself visited the gallery and remarked, ‘Could the artist have been there? Blücher put his horse alongside of mine, threw his arms round my neck, and kissed me.’

Of first meetings between men of letters none is more interesting than that of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. That one look from the latter’s glowing eye has always appealed to the imagination. Scott was but a lad of fifteen when he first saw the Ayrshire poet at the house of Professor Adam Ferguson in Edinburgh. ‘Of course,’ Scott told Lockhart, ‘we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened.’ It appears that a print of Bunbury’s representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his widow with a child in her arms, and underneath some touching verses, affected the poet to tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but Scott could give the desired information. This he whispered to his friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, ‘who rewarded me with a look and a word which, though of mere curiosity, I then received with very great pleasure.’ In the dignified plainness and simplicity of Burns’s appearance, it was his eye which especially attracted the attention of the future novelist. ‘I never saw such another eye,’ he recalls, ‘in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.’

The first visit Goldsmith ever received from Johnson introduces us to a characteristic tale of the Doctor. It was on the 31st of May 1761, the occasion being a supper-party given by the poet to various literary friends in Wine-Office Court, Fleet Street. We are told that Dr Percy, being intimate with Johnson, was desired to call upon the Doctor and to take him to the party. The former was much struck by the studied neatness of Johnson’s dress. He had on a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything about him so perfectly dissimilar that his companion could not help inquiring the cause of this singular transformation. ‘Why, sir,’ said Johnson, ‘I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night of showing him a better example.’ Though the two had probably met before, this is the first recorded meeting, and we would gladly have possessed particulars as to what passed between the Doctor and the man whom he was destined equally to love and to patronise.

In friendship as in love it is not always of bad augury to begin with a little aversion. Thus, when Goethe, in his thirty-ninth year, already shining as a fixed star in the literary firmament, met Schiller, ten years his junior and still without a fixed destiny, the result of the interview was not altogether satisfactory. The

two men who now met for the first time at Rudolstadt were of very different characters—as different, according to Carlyle, as Shakespeare from Milton—and Schiller felt some constraint in the presence of his brilliant companion, who talked of Italy and art and travelling and a thousand subjects, which flowed with no effort from his fertile brain. ‘On the whole,’ says the author of *Wallenstein*, ‘this personal meeting has not at all dimmed the idea which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. . . . His world is not my world. Our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try.’ This opinion, as we know, was happily falsified in the close friendship which subsequently grew up between the two great authors, with such beneficial results to both.

Thackeray, speaking at one of the Royal Academy dinners, tells of his first meeting with Dickens. ‘I can remember,’ he says, ‘when Mr Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works in covers which were coloured light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illuminate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival’s Inn with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable.’ Charlotte Brontë had a great admiration for the author of *Vanity Fair*, whom she regarded as the redresser of various social wrongs. When at length, during a stay in London, Thackeray was invited to meet her at dinner, she appears to have spent a rather unfortunate evening. ‘As to being happy,’ she writes, ‘I am under scenes and circumstances of excitement; but I suffer acute pain sometimes—mental pain, I mean. At the moment Mr Thackeray presented himself I was thoroughly faint; exhaustion and fatigue made savage work of me that evening. What he thought of me I cannot tell.’ Thus overwrought in spirits, she no doubt found it difficult to appreciate the great novelist’s pleasant badinage. Her chief difficulty, as she informed Mrs Gaskell, was to decide whether Thackeray was speaking in jest or earnest, his first remark as to whether she perceived ‘the scent of the gentlemen’s cigars’ puzzling her for a moment, though made in allusion to one of her own novels.

The stories of how men of genius have had future fame predicted for them in their early youth must generally be taken with a considerable grain of salt. As authentic as most is the account of the first meeting of Mozart with the young Beethoven, which took place on the latter’s first visit to Vienna in the year 1787. Mozart,

then at the height of his fame, asked him to play, but, thinking his performance a prepared piece, paid little attention to it. Beethoven, seeing this, entreated Mozart to give him a subject, which he did; and the boy, getting excited with the occasion, played so finely that the composer of *Don Giovanni*, stepping softly into the next room, said to his friends there, ‘Pay attention to him; he will make a noise in the world some day or another.’

There is a peculiar appropriateness in the spot which witnessed the first interview of Charles James Fox with his future great rival in 1779. Pitt was at that time keeping his terms at Lincoln’s Inn, and was in the habit of attending any debates in Parliament that were likely to prove specially interesting. It was on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords that he was introduced to Fox, who was then his senior by ten years, and already in the fullness of his fame. The Whig leader used afterwards to relate that as the discussion proceeded Pitt repeatedly turned to him and said, ‘But surely, Mr Fox, that might be met thus;’ or, ‘Yes, but he lays himself open to retort,’ and by other remarks evinced his interest in the debate. Fox, we are told, was much struck at the time by the precocity of the lad, who was thinking through the whole sitting only how all the speeches on both sides could be answered.

For a meeting which might be thought to contain all the elements of drama, if not of comedy, we must turn to that between Frederick the Great and Voltaire, which occurred at the little Castle of Mayland, near Cleve, in September 1740. Voltaire had been sent as an agent of Louis the Fourteenth, or rather of the Duchess of Chateauroux, to win Frederick to an alliance against Austria. From a letter of the French writer’s we learn that Frederick ‘was at that time to have come to Brussels incognito; but the quartan fever, which unhappily he still has, deranged all his projects. He sent me a courier to Brussels, so I set out to find him in the neighbourhood of Cleve. It was there I saw one of the amiablest men in the world, who forms the charm of society, who would be everywhere sought after if he were not king,’ and so forth, in an adulatory strain. Twenty years later his view of the interview in retrospect suffered a good deal of change. Then we find him writing: ‘I was led into His Majesty’s apartment. Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of a candle I perceived in a closet a little truckle-bed two feet and a half broad, in which lay a little man muffled up in a dressing-gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the king, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician.’ The Royal versifier himself tells us his impressions

of Voltaire. 'I have seen that Voltaire,' he writes, 'whom I was so curious to know; but I saw him with the quartan hanging on me, and my mind as unstrung as my body. . . . He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, the wisdom of Agrippa. His intellect is

at work incessantly; every drop of ink is a trait of wit from his pen.' During his three days' visit Voltaire declaimed his *Mahomet* to the king. 'He transported us out of ourselves,' says Frederick. 'I could only admire and hold my tongue.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MAXIMITE.



NEW explosive, thus named after its inventor, Mr Hudson Maxim, has recently been tested by the United States Government, and an account of its behaviour appears in *Cassier's Magazine*. For a long time it was found quite impossible to use a high explosive as a bursting-charge for a shell, for the reason that it would not withstand the shock and heat generated by the discharge of the projectile from a gun. For this reason compressed air was employed for the propulsion of dynamite shells, so that the pressure exerted should be of a gentle and gradual kind; and although such air-guns were used in the Spanish-American War of 1898, they may be regarded as being now obsolete. Lyddite, we know by recent experience in South Africa, can be used in ordinary guns; but opinions differ as to its efficiency. It appears that the new explosive maximite, the composition of which is kept secret, is so indifferent to rough handling that a projectile charged with it was fired, during the recent tests, through an armour-plate without exploding. When, however, a similar 5-inch shell was furnished with a fuse, it was torn into about eight hundred pieces; while a 12-inch shell, similarly charged, burst into about seven thousand fragments. When ignited the composition deflagrates without explosion, and it seems to have many other advantages which place it in the front rank of high explosives.

LIQUID FUEL.

A successful trial of liquid fuel for steamship use was recently made off the Tyne, when the steamer *Trocas*, which has been fitted with a complete oil-burning apparatus, on the Flannery-Boyd system, left the river under full steam. In the course of the trial the liquid fuel was shut off and coal substituted, the change being made without difficulty and without the machinery being stopped. There were present on board the vessel representatives from the Admiralty and from the leading shipping companies both British and foreign.

AUSTRALIAN RABBITS.

The settler who first introduced rabbits into Australia has probably brought down more

maledictions upon his unfortunate head than any other man of experimental tastes. Many have been the schemes proposed for the extermination of bunny, and for many years the Government offered a handsome reward for one which should prove effectual. The offer has been withdrawn since it occurred to one far-sighted individual that the rabbits had a marketable value. His success in demonstrating that this was the case had the natural result of creating competition, and rabbiting is now a well-recognised and very profitable industry. The manner of trapping the animals is simple, but it requires a number of helpers. A circular enclosure is formed of portable hurdles, with a narrow opening which gradually expands to a wide neck stretching out far into the bush. Cover for the rabbits is provided within the enclosure by strewing brushwood therein, and the animals are driven into the *cul de sac* by an army of beaters. After the process of killing and cleaning, the carcasses, numbering from five hundred to one thousand, are carried to market in cold-storage cars. The fencing hurdles are subsequently removed, to be re-erected at another place.

THE LUPUS CURE.

It will be remembered that in May last year, through the generosity of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, an electric lamp for the cure of lupus was installed at the London Hospital. Although a second apparatus has since been furnished, the provision is quite insufficient to meet the demands of the hundreds of lupus patients coming from all parts, for it is now known that the new treatment is most successful. A new form of arc lamp, which is comparatively inexpensive, has recently been contrived, and it is stated that, although its power is but one-tenth of the others, it is so much better adapted for this special service that it does the required work in one-third the time. Experiments are also in progress for replacing the carbons by pencils of metal, which it is hoped will still further reduce the time necessary for exposure to the rays. Hospitals in Manchester and Liverpool have already obtained apparatus for the light-cure of lupus; and, now that the lamps can be obtained at such greatly reduced cost, it is to be hoped that other large hospitals will follow suit, and thus relieve the Metropolitan establishment from a pressure of patients which

presents much difficulty. Some of these poor sufferers have to wait their turn for so many months that cases originally not severe have time to develop into serious ones.

ADMINISTRATION OF CHLOROFORM.

'Death under chloroform' is, unhappily, a somewhat familiar heading to newspaper reports of coroners' inquests, and investigation shows that a large number of deaths must be annually credited to chloroform administration in this country alone. Soon after the application of this beneficent agent to surgery, more than half-a-century ago, Dr Snow asserted that such deaths were caused by an overdose of chloroform vapour in the air breathed by the patients. He also pointed out that anæsthesia can be produced in an adult with perfect safety with only 1 to 1½ per cent. of chloroform in the air inhaled. It would seem, therefore, that the first requisite in safe administration is a means of exactly measuring the amount of chloroform given. This is secured by the regulating inhaler introduced by Messrs Krohne & Sesemann, by which the chloroform vapour, delivered from a special form of bottle, can be exactly measured, and increased or decreased at will. An interesting pamphlet by Dr Robert Bell of Glasgow gives detailed statistics as to deaths from chloroform, and shows how its administration can be conducted with absolute safety by means of the inhaler above referred to.

EXPANDING BULLETS.

At the recent annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, London, some very interesting and instructive X-ray pictures were shown, taken by Dr Hall-Edwards at various hospitals in Pretoria and other places, of wounds caused by Mauser bullets. These bullets, like most modern rifle projectiles, consist of lead enclosed in a nickel case, and so long as that case remains intact the wound inflicted is small; but if the nickel point be cut off, the softer metal forces itself through the case on impact, and the wound inflicted is of a terribly severe character. The term 'explosive' has been wrongly used in connection with bullets thus tampered with; but the effect is almost the same as if they actually carried a disruptive charge. In one of these pictures a bullet is shown, still entire, and buried in the sole of a boot after piercing the wearer's foot; while in others we can see how the expanded bullet has torn through flesh and pulverised bone. If any doubts remain as to the use by the Boers of these cruel missiles, these pictures should at once set them at rest.

AUTOMATIC RESTAURANT.

The coin-in-the-slot principle has been utilised in what is known as the 'automatic restaurant,' an establishment where, without the assistance of an attendant, all kinds of light refreshments

either in the liquid or solid form can be purchased. The machinery is of Continental design, and as originally made was suited to the ten-centime nickel pieces which serve the purpose of pennies. Many alterations were needed before the mechanism could be adjusted for the reception of our more cumbersome bronze coinage; but at last these difficulties have been surmounted, and the automatic restaurant has found an abiding-place in London. A commendable feature about the apparatus is that the solids—appetising sandwiches, &c.—can be seen through glass before the coin is advanced for their purchase.

PROTECTION AGAINST LIGHTNING.

At the meeting of the British Association held at Glasgow, Mr Killingworth Hedges read a paper 'On the Protection of Buildings from Lightning,' which those responsible for the state of public edifices would do well to study. The author asserts that not 10 per cent. of churches in this country are protected, and that in the case of other public buildings the percentage is not much higher. Even in such notable buildings as St Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey the lightning-conductors were found to be sadly inefficient, and under the author's direction the whole system at St Paul's has been overhauled. Horizontal cables have been added to the usual vertical conductors, and aigrettes or spikes have been placed at frequent intervals, so as to give many points of discharge. The difficulty of finding sufficient area in ground occupied by foundations for sinking an earth-plate has been obviated by sinking a special form of tubular earth, which is kept moist by connection with the rain-water pipes of the building. A new form of joint-box, for forming connections, and thus affording more perfect conductivity than can be secured by soldering or other methods of joining up the cables, is also included in the scheme of lightning protection referred to.

MAGGOTS IN CHEESE.

The blue mould which appears in certain kinds of cheese is, as we all know, much appreciated by epicures; but maggots come under a different category, and are only calculated to cause feelings of disgust. The French Minister of Agriculture has recently issued a leaflet which gives directions for preventing this pest. The maggots are the larvæ or grubs of a small two-winged fly, which commences its egg-laying operations in the cheese some time in April, and is responsible for five or six generations of its species by the following October. If this fly can be kept out of the houses where the cheeses are stored it is obvious that no maggots will appear. The first course recommended is a most thorough cleaning, including a scraping out of all corners and crevices, a whitewashing of walls, and a scrubbing of shelves. Windows, doors, and ventilators must

be covered with wire-gauze having no fewer than twenty-five apertures to the inch. In fact, the same precautions should be adopted as are found necessary in certain countries for the exclusion of the mosquito. It is urged that these safeguards are far more effective than the employment of any kind of insecticide.

MOSS FOR PACKING PURPOSES.

The *Chamber of Commerce Journal* states, on the authority of the Austro-Hungarian Consul at Milwaukee, U.S.A., that an industry is developing in Wood County, Wisconsin, which promises to become extensive. It appears that some years ago a gardener made use of turf moss (*spagnum*) in packing goods for despatch to the South, and that the value of the moss as a packing material was so appreciated that in a short time he was unable to meet the demand for it. Others were attracted to the new industry, and the moss came to be gathered and sold in large quantities. All the marshes in the country supply this moss in abundance, and one acre of ground will give five tons of it every three years. The moss is dried on the spot in sheds for two or three days; then it is packed into bales or sacks, each weighing about forty pounds, and worth from fifty to seventy-five cents according to quality.

CREASOTED WOOD-PAVING.

At a time when much is heard of the various excellences of different kinds of paving for our streets, and when municipal authorities have a great difficulty in deciding which is best suited to the roads under their supervision, any fresh light upon the subject may be regarded as useful. A singular result of using creasoted wood blocks for paving purposes is reported from Surrey. The fish in the river Wandle, near Beddington Park, were found to be poisoned, and it is alleged that the mischief has been traced to the washings, after heavy rains, from the streets of the neighbouring town of Croydon, where creasoted wood blocks are in use. It is by no means proved that the source of the poison is as alleged; and we should have thought that, considering the wide use of creasoted wood on ordinary roads and railways, the danger to fish, if it exists, would have proclaimed itself long ago. However, the matter will now be sifted, for it is said that an aggrieved property-owner is taking legal proceedings to abate the nuisance.

THE EARTH'S CURVATURE.

Although it was demonstrated more than two thousand years ago that the earth, upon which our lives are passed, is globular in form, there are certain persons who maintain that it is flat; and, like all who hold opinions diametrically opposed to those of their fellows, it is almost impossible to convince them of their error. About thirty years ago controversy on this sub-

ject waxed so hot that it was determined to put the matter to direct experiment in order to settle the question once for all. The place chosen was near Bedford, where there is a straight six-mile stretch of water. At both ends and in the middle of this water posts were erected each of the same definite height above the water-level. Upon looking with a telescope along the tops of these three posts, it was clearly seen that the centre one overtopped the others by about six feet, owing to the curvation of the surface of the earth. These experiments were repeated only last year by Mr H. Yule Oldham, who read a paper on the subject before the Glasgow meeting of the British Association. The same results were obtained, with the important difference that by the employment of a tele-photographic lens and camera the six-foot prominence of the middle post was recorded in an unmistakable manner.

'SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.'

We have heard much lately of the marvels performed by wireless telegraphy; but we fancy that the last recorded wonder, although not in reality more extraordinary than many of the experiments previously reported, will take firmer hold on the popular imagination. Two Cunard liners, the *Lucania* and the *Campania*, were crossing the Atlantic in opposite directions, and each, knowing the date of the other's sailing, could make a calculation as to the hour when they would most nearly meet. That hour came, but the vessels were too far apart (thirty-six miles) to sight one another. Presently, however, the warning-bell of the wireless telegraphic apparatus on the *Campania* tinkled, and a message was spelt out: 'Are you there?—*Lucania*.' And then the two vessels, invisible to one another, talked for some hours, each being able to exchange experiences as to the weather, &c. Finally, they parted with the message, 'Good-bye—pleasant voyage,' when they were then no less than one hundred and forty miles apart. Such a conversation carried on between vessels on the broad ocean, separated by such an immense distance, is a great triumph for wireless telegraphy, and breaks the record for communication between ships on the high seas.

A VINEYARD PEST.

Wine-growers in the neighbourhood of Beaujolais, in France, are adopting a new method of killing a pest which has within the past two or three years been playing havoc with their vines. They attack the insect while it is in its moth-stage by tempting it to commit suicide in the flame of acetylene-lamps placed at intervals among the vines. Each lamp surmounts a bowl containing petroleum, in which the insects are caught when they have singed their wings in the flame. By way of experiment two of these lamps were placed fifty yards apart for eighteen nights,

and at the end of that time it was found that no fewer than one hundred and seventy thousand of the insects were killed. The name by which the pest is known is the *pyrale*. It has been suggested that a similar arrangement of lamps might be found useful in diminishing the numbers of mosquitoes which in some countries have recently been proved to be such deadly foes to human health.

ADULTERATION OF WINES.

We recently quoted a report on vine-culture written by Sir James Blyth at the instance of the London Chamber of Commerce, in which it was stated that many of the assertions with regard to the adulteration of wines were baseless, for the reason that in wine-growing countries grape-juice is cheaper than any other substitute. This statement does not tally with a more recent report published by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who writes: 'It appears that during the month of September, out of six hundred and fifty-two samples of wine examined at the Paris Municipal Laboratory, only one hundred and fourteen were pronounced to be good.' We can only suppose that the wine is genuine until it reaches the towns, where it is doctored. If this is the case with wines intended for home consumption, what, we may ask, is the proportion of adulterated stuff exported to 'perfidious Albion'? It is now quite impossible to get a passable wine in a restaurant without paying an extravagant price for it, and even a high figure does not always ensure good quality. The duty on light wines has for a number of years been only twopence a bottle, and therefore there seems no good reason why a pure and palatable wine should not be procurable in this country at a reasonable price. If the laws as to adulteration were more strictly put in force, or amended if not already stringent enough, this and many other benefits might be secured to us.

THE ORIGIN OF MALARIA.

After twelve months of exhaustive study of malaria in the East Indies, Dr Koch, the eminent Berlin scientist, attaches much importance to the theory that the bite of mosquitoes or some similar insect is the cause of the fever; and he is also firmly convinced that quinine is the only effectual remedy. The theory that malarial fever was caused by mosquito-bites was at first sneered at when brought prominently before the public about two years ago. However, in Townsville (North Queensland) Hospital, more than twenty years ago, the writer was told by two of the patients—cedar-getters who were suffering from the fever, contracted on the Daintree River—that either mosquito-bites or the drinking of running water instead of first boiling it was the cause of their disease; and, indeed, the same opinion was found to be very prevalent among the hardy and

adventurous cedar-getters of the far north of Queensland. In New Britain—that great island to the eastward of New Guinea—where the fever very frequently attacks both the European residents and the natives, the former maintain that the origin of malaria is the drinking of running water; while the latter—to whose opinion more value is to be attached—assert that the upturning of virgin soil alone is the cause. During the writer's residence at Kabaira Bay, in New Britain, many of the natives were suffering very severely from malaria; and one of the most intelligent of them, a man who spoke English, said that the male population of the village had recently been employed in turning up new soil for a yam-plantation. 'That is why we are so sick now,' he said in explanation. These natives drank freely of running water without experiencing ill effects. Warned by his fellow-traders never to do so, nor even bathe in any of the numerous streams on the northern side of New Britain, the writer always avoided drinking any liquid except tea, coffee, or spirits. One day, however, being exhausted and very thirsty after a long journey, he drank freely of the beautifully clear waters of a mountain-stream, and within twenty-four hours was in the agonies of an attack of malarial fever, from the effects of which he did not completely recover for seven years. He believes in quinine as a remedy, if taken in the heroic dose of a small teaspoonful just as the deadly chill denoting the ague-phase comes on; but the evil effects of quinine on the human system when taken in large doses are very lasting. The magazine called *Climate* for October 1901 is devoted to a discussion of the malaria question.

A DISTRIBUTIVE KITCHEN.

A distributive kitchen which shall save the housewife's time and prevent worry has been the dream of many a householder; and now one has been opened in Oxford Road, Manchester. The object of the kitchen is to supplement household cooking by the supply of well-cooked food, served hot, within a given radius; and joints bought elsewhere may be brought to the kitchen to be cooked. Even well-to-do establishments are occasionally in difficulties in the preparation of meals; while an agency for supplementing the limited resources of the smaller households will probably be widely welcomed. Invalid cookery is another need which the kitchen is designed to meet. The establishment of the undertaking, which is named the Manchester Distributive Kitchens, Limited, is due to a number of ladies who have for some time taken a warm interest in domestic problems and their solution. If the kitchen succeeds, it is proposed to open another, with a different scale of charges, in a poorer district. For the first few weeks the delivery of cooked foods will be by hand and only in the immediate neighbourhood; but the kitchen will

shortly be supplied with a tricycle-cart having separate hot and cold compartments, a necessary arrangement if moulds and jellies are not to be served in a liquid state. By means of a lift the hot dishes will be sent direct from the stove or oven to the cart in the covered courtyard. A lady superintendent will have charge of the show and luncheon rooms, and the cooking department is managed by a lady holding the Cookery and Food Association's gold medal. The company may probably undertake the training of cooks.

A NEW BISCUIT SORTING AND PACKING MACHINE.

No industry has made greater strides in our time than that of biscuit-making, in which labour-saving machinery plays a considerable part. At the recent Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition in London a new patent biscuit sorting and packing machine was to be seen at work. The biscuits, discharged from the cooling-trays into the receiver at the back of the machine, are taken up by a moving web ascending an incline, and afterwards pass over a suitable grating, through which small broken pieces are dropped into a receiver below. The biscuits are then passed to another web, and spread out for selection. By this web they are carried in front of the pickers. The selected biscuits are not handled, but pass

onward to the arranging-table, on which the machine automatically deposits them in rows, with the upper surface of all turned in the same direction. As these rows are gradually moved forward the biscuits are lifted in numbers and placed properly in the biscuit-tins. Labour is reduced in some cases by 20 or 40 per cent. by this machine, which is made by David Thomson, Limited, Engineers, Slateford Road, Edinburgh.

A QUESTION.

WHAT cometh out of the night,
Wind of the sea?
The night of the Unknown Future—
What cometh to me?
Is it life? Is it love? Is it sorrow,
Sadness, and pain?
The dawn of a fair To-morrow,
Or mist and rain?

Is it wealth and ease and pleasure?
Ah! who can say?
Sunshine and shade are behind me,
Blue skies and gray.
Is it darkness or light that is winging
Its way to me?
What is the Future bringing,
Wind of the sea?

OTAGO.

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.

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CONTENTS.

A HARE IN THE SNOW.	By H. A. BRYDEN.....	PAGE 1
AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.	By SARAH WILSON.....	" 5
KNIGHTS OF EL DORADO.	By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE....	" 6
THE SECRET PASSAGE.	By JAMES JOHNSTON SMITH.....	" 22
THE PASSING OF RONALD CAREW.	By F. G. AFLALO.....	" 38
THE WAITING OF MARIAN DEAN.	By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.....	" 42

CHRISTMAS 1901.

A HARE IN THE SNOW.

By H. A. BRYDEN,

AUTHOR OF 'TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA,' 'AN EXILED SCOT,' ETC.



ON a bitter winter's morning of the year 1537, Thomas Goodwin, peasant, rose from his pallet, shifted the sheepskin coverlet more over his wife and babe, and in the half-darkness began to array himself for the field. That was no long matter, for the rustic of that day slept just as the back-country Boer of South Africa does at the present time—mainly in his clothes. Inside the cottage the air was nipping indeed. Without, the whole land lay lapped in snow and spell-bound under one of the grimmest frosts of the century.

Thomas awoke in no happy mood this dark January morning. He was out of work and nearly starving; his wife lay abed with her first child, now but ten days old. Do what he could, he knew not where to turn for a day's wage, and food must be got somehow. A pound or two of fat bacon still remained to them, and less than a quarter of a sack of rough meal; but for the kindness of a good-hearted widow in the neighbouring hamlet, who had hitherto sent his wife a trifle of milk each day, the great, helpless giant knew that his wife and child could scarce have won through the bad times that were upon them. For, indeed, Thomas Goodwin was very helpless, and that from no possible

fault of his own. The peasant of King Harry the Eighth's day was in some respects a better and a happier man than his predecessor; villeinage was a thing of the past; yet he was still little else than a serf, and a serf too often in the hands of a hard and grudging aristocracy.

Thomas Goodwin, strong of thews, a giant in stature, and a willing worker, was just now, by no fault of his own, in hard case. He had wrought for the neighbouring priory until the dissolution of the monasteries, and since that vast upheaval he had been field-labourer to a small yeoman. But the constant growth of the wool industry and the spread of sheep throughout England had ruined the yeoman as it had ruined many of his kind. At Michaelmas he had given up the struggle, and his small patrimony had been acquired by the neighbouring lord of the manor, Sir Edmund Wing, knight of the shire.

Now, Sir Edmund was one who jumped alertly with the spirit of the times. He was a zealous—nay, a searching Protestant; and Thomas Goodwin had fallen under his displeasure for that, in his slow Saxon way, he had not turned his cloak of religion over-quickly. For three months had Thomas fought a losing battle with fortune. He had picked up odd work here and there, thanks mainly to the kindness of the humbler among his neighbours; but now he knew not where to turn for food. His meal would be out in a fortnight or less;

flesh he had none save for the scrap of fat bacon; his wife ailed, and was growing weak for lack of nourishing food, and with her ailed also her babe. Thus Thomas Goodwin's thoughts this dark, freezing morning were bitter enough as he struggled into his hard foot-gear and fastened some rude leggings of sheepskin about his brawny calves. The wood fire had all but died down. With the deftness of long experience he blew it up, nursed it into flame again, and cooked for his wife a warm mess of meal and water.

The flickering firelight fell upon the woman's face as she sat up in bed and took the porringer from her husband. It was a young and not uncomely face, despite dishevelled hair and the pallor of lying-in. As she took her food, spoonful by spoonful, she looked anxiously at her husband's gloomy countenance and knitted brows. Where was he going? she asked him. To Thonfield, a neighbouring village, he answered, to see if by any chance he might get work there. The great, gaunt fellow kissed his wife, piled more wood upon the fire, and then arrayed himself for his walk. On his head he pressed firmly down an old cap of rabbit-skin; over this and his shoulders he drew a short threadbare hooded cloak of faded green frieze; upon his rough, chapped hands he drew a pair of thick hedge-cutter's gloves; then, buckling a broad belt round his smock, and taking a strong, crab-tree staff from the chimney-corner, he unlatched the door and stepped out into the frigid, cheerless morning. It was bitter cold indeed. The icy blast smote upon the man's cheeks with Arctic rigour; from the cottage thatch hung long icicles, enchained a month since by the fetters of that pitiless frost; the sky was dull and leaden, and that curious, numbing cold which betokens the near approach of heavy snow was in the air.

Thomas Goodwin tramped steadily through the snow. Crossing a belt of woodland which lay between him and the more open country, he presently entered upon a spreading stretch of grass-land—now sheeted in with snow—which formed a corner of the great park of the lord of the manor, Sir Edmund Wing. Before him, twelve miles distant, rolled the great range of the South Downs, their smooth, rounded contours now white with snow, showing up boldly against the dark and lowering sky. The ancient footpath which led across this angle of the park was hidden by snowfalls; but Thomas had traversed it a thousand times, and had no difficulty in making out his way. He saw little on his march to divert his gloomy thoughts, although his eyes and senses were alert enough. A flight of fieldfares, chattering round a great haw-bush in the woodland, from whose berries they were devouring a hearty meal, attracted his attention. He looked hungrily at them; half-a-dozen of them would make a delicate meal for

his sick wife; but, at the moment, he had no means of killing a single one of them, and with a sigh he passed them by. As he crossed the corner of the park his gaze not unnaturally wandered to the great house of Cleathercote, a corner of which, half a mile away among the trees, caught his eye. Within those warm, red-brick, castellated walls dwelt, in high comfort and honour, Sir Edmund Wing. Thomas Goodwin sighed again to himself; the load of his present misery lay chiefly at the charge of the knight, who had had much to do with the ousting of the priors and the dissolution of their establishment, and who had bought up his late master the yeoman, and now refused him work, and that in the most pitiless winter for many a long year.

Just before he came to the high stile which gave exit from the park to the arable fields beyond, Goodwin suddenly halted. Something in the snow arrested his attention. His blue eyes glittered as he noted the tale spread out there so plainly upon the white surface. A great hare had come lopping down the park, picking its way delicately through the snowy covering, passing beneath the stile, and moving out over the fields beyond. The man's hungry eyes were riveted upon those delicate footprints. To him they meant so much. If he could but secure that hare, his wife would fare sumptuously upon the rich flesh and broth for two days at least, even if he himself picked a bone or two.

Thomas looked round—not a figure showed anywhere upon the whole landscape. The keepers, he well knew, were on the other side of the park, looking to the feeding of the deer, which in this hard season were being assisted with the comforts of hay and straw. It was a risk; but Thomas's mind was quickly made up. The chances were much in his favour. The snow would be falling again in an hour or two, and his footprints and the hare's would be obliterated. This was a sequestered corner of the park, seldom visited by the knight or his servants. The man stepped out again, crossed the stile, and with swift, stealthy footsteps followed the tell-tale tracks that danced there in the snow before him. He was, like most peasants of that period, skilled in woodcraft, and had a pretty shrewd idea whither the hare was making its way. The instinct of the wild creature warned it of a heavy storm of snow about to descend; the wind was shrewdly piercing across the open park, and the animal was now on its way to some warmer and more cosy shelter. Steadily the man pressed forward; over two or three arable fields, across a meadow of old pasture, and thence to a wide fringe of gorse and bracken, which here, upon the southern side, hemmed in the outskirts of a large tract of woodland.

The tale, told so plainly in the snow, came to an end just as Thomas Goodwin had expected. There was much less snow here than within

[Christmas Number.]

half-a-dozen miles. Passing a thick piece of bracken, below a warm, sheltering wall of dark-green gorse, the man's keen eye noted the brown skin of a great doe-hare, nestling snugly in the form in which she had so recently ensconced herself. His eye carefully avoided hers; if they had met, ten to one the hare would have leaped out and fled incontinently. He looked carelessly beyond, as if he had never seen her; but just as he passed her he gave one swift whirl of his crab-tree staff, which, crashing into the skull of the hare, stretched her instantly dead. She gave one convulsive kick with her strong hind-feet, and lay there in her form quite still. As Goodwin picked her up by her hind-legs a few drops of blood fell upon the snow, leaving neat circular patches of crimson staining the pure, untrodden surface. Goodwin hastily kicked some snow over the tell-tale gout, and then, undoing his belt and bestowing the hare beneath his smock, he belted up again, picked up his staff, and with elastic footsteps plunged into the woodland and betook himself by another and more sheltered way back to his cottage again.

Within an hour the hare was skinned, cut up, and simmering in an iron pot, while Thomas and his wife, wonderfully brightened by this unexpected piece of good fortune, were devising fresh plans for the future.

But, alas! Goodwin's successful raid upon the hare had not been entirely unperceived. Just as Thomas crossed that angle of the park and first caught sight of the footprints and halted, Sir Edmund Wing had entered his dining-hall, and before falling to breakfast, happened to be surveying the landscape, musing upon the length of the frost, the prospect of more snow, and the welfare of his deer. At that moment a figure came into view, crossing the corner of his park. It was a dull, dark morning; but Sir Edmund Wing had a keen eye, and he noticed that the figure paused a moment, as if to look about, before passing on. The knight's brow contracted; he watched the figure till it became lost in the wintry gloom, and then turned to the table. Breakfast was a hearty meal at Cleathercote Manor; a great fire burned bravely on the open hearth; Lady Wing and her two children were already seated; the knight fell vigorously to his repast. A plate of brawn, a slice or two of venison-pasty, a couple of manchets, and a flagon of good ale, and Sir Edmund rose refreshed and strengthened. Presently, after an interview with his steward, he called for his outdoor gear. A pair of long brown boots, reaching to his mid-thighs, were brought to him; into these he struggled, and then, stamping about the hall, to get his feet well home, was assisted by a serving-man into a warm cloak of thick plum-coloured cloth, trimmed with fur, reaching below his hips. Now setting a broad, flat cap of the same material jauntily on the side of his head, and thrusting

his white hands into leather gauntlets, the knight took his staff and sallied forth. First looking at his stables and seeing that his horses were well strawed and tended, he set off at a brisk pace down the long avenue of elms planted by his grandfather fifty years before, when, in the second year of Henry the Seventh's reign, the building of the great manor-house of Cleathercote was begun. Towards the end of the avenue Sir Edmund turned away from the well-trodden path, beaten hard by many feet upon the snow, and plunged across the smooth white waste that lay before him. He ploughed his way steadily for nearly two furlongs, and then suddenly came upon the traces he expected to find. The footprints told a clear tale, and the knight's broad brow again knit ominously. Here had a hare passed. There had the man halted, gazed, and, taking up the tracks, pursued his quarry.

Now, whether for his deer, his many partridges and rare pheasants, his hares, conies, or what not, no great freeholder in Sussex looked more jealously after his game, or was more tenacious of his sporting rights than was Sir Edmund Wing. Ten or twelve years before, in the fifteenth year of the reign of the present King Henry, the knight had busied himself in the passing of a statute in Parliament which provided for just such an offence as he now saw delineated in the snow before him. Thus ran the statute: 'None shall trace, destroy, or kill any Hare in the Snow, in pain of 6s. 8d. for every such Offence: which penalty assessed in Sessions shall go to the King; but, in a Leet, to the Lord thereof.'

With an exclamation of wrath and an angry thrust of his staff into the snow, the knight now set himself to follow the footprints of this man. Who was the varlet that dared thus to break the law upon his land? He had with ruthless severity extirpated a nest of deer-stealers who had once haunted his forests and raided his parks: was he to be bearded by lesser ruffians? Surely not! He marched briskly through the snow, and presently came upon the scene of the hare's death. The quick eye of the sportsman saw readily the whole tragedy in little. Stooping somewhat, Sir Edward deftly cleared away with his staff the snow which had been carelessly kicked up by Thomas Goodwin to cover up the traces of his capture. There, as he expected, were the signs of death, a red, circular stain or two, where the hare's blood had dripped upon the spotless snow. It was enough; he now set himself to piece together the remaining fragments of the tale and run the miscreant to earth.

Meanwhile the dark leaden sky had become more overcast. Flakes were beginning to descend lightly, the forerunners of a mighty fall; the north wind beat fiercely upon the knight, freezing his moustache and beard upon his ruddy face. He folded his cloak more tightly about him, and entered the woodland, still following

the man's footsteps. In little more than half-an-hour he stood before the cottage of Thomas Goodwin. The snow fell now in thick, blinding flakes, which, whirled hither and thither by the fierce tempest, had wrapped the knight from head to foot in a mantle of white. For the last ten minutes all footprints had been obliterated; but Sir Edmund knew now where his quarry had taken refuge and had struggled through the rising hurricane straight for the mud hovel where starved Thomas Goodwin and his wife. Alas, poor Thomas! If the snow had come but half-an-hour earlier you had been safe!

Without word or knock of warning, the knight of Cleathercote lifted the latch and entered the poor dwelling, vigorously shook the snow from his person, and looked about him. Poverty—dire naked poverty—was stamped upon the whole interior. If the man had any sentiment of pity in his heart, it would surely have arisen at that moment to rebuke him. The tale of freezing penury, the poor, pallid woman sitting up on the miserable pallet yonder, clasping her infant to her breast, gazing at him with scared, awe-stricken eyes, should have melted the great man. His own handsome apparel and well-fed person, his plump ruddy face and shining dark chestnut hair, all eloquent of high living and prosperous content, contrasted aggressively with the wretched interior in which he stood. But in Sir Edmund's heart, in the stead of pity, only a fierce resentment burned. The rich smell of cooking which greeted his nostrils told him at once what had been the end of the hare. A bloody knife upon the table, the skin and some entrails, completed the chain of evidence. He glanced from the woman to her husband, and his red-brown eyes blazed with wrath. The man, who had been stooping over his cooking-pot on the rude stone hearth, had straightened himself as the knight entered, and, making clumsy obeisance, now looked at him ruefully, tongue-tied and with fear.

'So,' said the knight in a harsh, angry voice, 'tis as I had expected. You, Thomas Goodwin, are the man who steals my hares, snares my pheasants, and, I dare wager, slays my deer. The snow has done me a shrewd turn. I have watched every move in your knavish law-breaking; and, by my troth! you shall suffer for it.'

The man, with a gesture of despair, put up his clenched hands entreatingly, and in a strong Sussex dialect made answer in a trembling voice:

'Your honour!—reckon I were tempted. I killed de hare, dis true; but 'twere not meant onhendy. I beant a poacher by natur', as some be. We staarve; de wife be sick an' wakely. A man must live. I cannot get work, an' dis bitter weather do try us sorely. I cannot mew [change] my place just now, an' seek work elsewhere; I cannot see my wife an' babe die for lack of victual. What be a man to do?'

'Do!' roared the knight angrily. 'Why, take that hare out of the pot, put it in that sack—'twill do to feed my dogs with—and come with me to the Manor. I'll teach thee, knave, to steal my game from my park under my very nose.'

The peasant's aspect changed; his great frame stiffened; his muscles grew rigid; a stony look came into his dull blue eyes.

'I wun't part with de food, asking your honour's pardon,' he said, 'an' that's flat.'

Sir Edmund uttered a fierce oath, strode to the hearth, kicked the pot over with his boot, and furiously trampled the pieces of half-cooked flesh into the fire and ashes.

In a sudden impulse of frenzy, Goodwin snatched up the long knife from the table; the knight's back was towards him. With all the energy of his huge frame and the frantic hatred of despair and passion, he drove the weapon deep between the ribs of his enemy and destroyer. The keen blade shore to the knight's heart, and with a long, choking groan, horrible to hear, he fell dying upon the stone floor. A gasp or two, a convulsive struggle of the limbs and chest, and in a few seconds the knight of the shire, instinct and burning with hot life so recently, lay there as much clay as the walls of the hut around him.

The man and woman looked at one another with eyes in which sickening horror and the birth of a haunting fear struggled for the mastery. The knife dropped from the man's hand; his ashen face fell; the fierce rigour of passion passed from his great frame.

'What—what shall us do?' he gasped.

The woman, pale and trembling as she was, had the readier wit. Her instinct of self-preservation was the stronger.

'Put him under the bed,' she said, 'till night-fall, and clean that knife.'

Goodwin did as he was bid, shuddering at his fell task, tidied up the cottage, destroyed every trace of the hare, and then opened his door and looked out. The snow was befriending them, that was certain. The air was thick with it, and the mighty flakes, torn and beaten by the fierce hurricane of wind, were massing a fresh covering upon the earth a foot in depth. They watched and waited all that morning and afternoon, whelmed in a fear so horrible that it froze their tongues and turned them into figures of stone. Every blast of the tempest, every rattle of the door, sent a sickening pang of dread to their hearts. Yet, save once, none came near them, and the long, long afternoon at last deepened into night. Once, indeed, a sharp knock came at the door, a head was thrust inside, and a blue-faced forester inquired, 'Hath Sir Edmund been seen this way to-day?' Goodwin answered 'Nay,' and the man passed hastily on. It was a fearsome moment; but nothing came of it.

That evening Thomas Goodwin, fastening a
[Christmas Number.]

long coil of rope about his waist, and, carrying on his back a ghastly burden, staggered through the forest, and after incredible exertion reached a huge oak-tree, deep in the woods more than a mile away. This oak he had known since boyhood, when, to his vast delight, he had found at the crown of the massive bole a great cavernous hollow. In this hollow—down which he had cut steps to the very base of the tree—when the spreading summer leaves gave him secure shelter, he had loved to hide childish treasures and to imagine for himself a woodland home. None knew of his secret. Hither, in the despair of his manhood, his staggering limbs carried him that winter's night. He reached the tree, fastened a running noose under the armpits of the now stiff corpse, and then, with the free end of his stout rope in his grip, climbed from branch to branch, until he had reached his resting-place. Then, with the exertion of all his mighty strength, slowly, slowly he drew the grisly burden up towards him. He had acquired some purchase over a projecting branch, but the struggle was intense. The man's iron sinews stretched and cracked; his wrists and arms and shoulders ached horribly; the sweat, cold as was the night, burst from him; yet the task was achieved, the rope loosened from the heavy corpse, and then the body of Sir Edmund Wing vanished finally from the eye of the world. With a dull, crashing thud it reached the bottom of the hollow tree. All was still. Goodwin fastened up his rope, climbed down

again, and then sped home with all the haste that fear, loathing, and superstition could lend to him. The air was still thick with snow; the wind had sunk, but the myriad flakes ceaselessly descending covered up tenderly all traces of that dreadful night's journey, and the man reached his cottage unperceived.

Sir Edmund Wing's murder was never discovered. The country-side was searched, the greatest anxiety prevailed, but the snow and the oak-tree effectually baffled every effort of the searchers. It was believed that during that wild tempest the knight had lost his way, and either fallen into the neighbouring river or perished in a snow-drift in some deep bottom or pit. The search was in time abandoned, and the wonder of the knight's disappearance faded presently into a mere memory. More than two hundred years later, when the old oak-tree finally rotted to pieces and some bones were discovered in its recesses, the Wing family had died out, the estate had passed into other hands, and the mystery had been long forgotten.

The shock of that dreadful day and night killed Goodwin's wife, who died and was buried a fortnight later. The man and his child lived on; their descendants still make their homes within sight of the pleasant South Downs. And it is a curious fact that in that family a hare is looked upon as poisonous or unwholesome food; to this day not a man or woman of the blood will partake of it.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

ALTHOUGH, outside, the searching tempest roars,
 Bring holly in, with mistletoe and bay,
 And weave bright wreaths, with ruddy berries gay,
 To deck the walls and garland all the doors.
 Let minstrels' music make a sweeter sound
 Above the storm-king's loud and angry voice,
 And carols stir our hearts till we rejoice,
 Regardless of the rageful winds around.
 Set out the board; each lordly dish bring in
 Of old-time chosen for our Christmas cheer,
 And welcome Fun and lively Frolic here—
 Our neighbours too, as well as kith and kin.

The angel, and the mystic voices clear,
 The star, the Magi's quest, once more seem near.

SARAH WILSON.

KNIGHTS OF EL DORADO.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE LOST CAUSE,' 'THE REBEL COMMODORE,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.



It all began in the depths of the great Orinoco forest. There, too, it might have ended if Providence, masquerading as a heathen medicine-man, had not seen fit to intervene.

The strange thing about it was, that two of the principals in the little drama—the third, of course, was a woman—had lived together as the best of comrades for many months, and together had cheerfully shared good fortune and evil, without the smallest suspicion of the parts that had long been cast for them by an ironical Destiny. George Drummond was one of the pair; and he, at least, is not likely to forget the particular afternoon on which the curtain rose.

It was just before the rains, when the heat by day and night is almost intolerable, and it is an effort even to breathe. There was not a motion in the camp, which had been pitched in a tiny clearing around a lofty mora-tree, within stone-throw of a stream that had dwindled to the merest trickle. It was not an enlivening scene—a *benab* (open hut), packages scattered here and there, a burnt-out fire, and a dozen native carriers lying about in grotesque attitudes, contentedly dozing. Over all was an air of utter desolation; even the howling monkeys were silent in the tree-tops. Little wonder, then, that Drummond—clad in the lightest of pyjamas, and yet wet with perspiration—shuddered a little as he emerged from the hut and glanced around him. He had had a week of it.

'Ugh!' he said to himself. 'What a God-forsaken hole to see the last of the great Bellingham-Drummond expedition! Ugh!'

With a smile in which there was no laughter and much bitterness of spirit, he filled and lit his pipe. In the hut behind him, his partner and comrade, Dick Bellingham—at home his name was wont to appear in the *Morning Post* as 'the Honourable Richard Bellingham,' but prefixes are somewhat of a superfluity on the Long Trail—was fighting hard for life in the deadly grip of fever. His voice rose and fell in the incoherence of delirium, and Drummond's face softened as he listened. For through all the inconsequence ran a single name. It had done so ever since Dick was stricken down, and it told Drummond more than he had learned in

months of sane intercourse. Also, the reiterated name struck a responsive chord in his own heart.

'I wonder if he will last out the night?' he asked himself. 'No, I'm afraid not. Well, it's hard lines on a beggar! To go through it all without turning a hair—and it *was* stiff work—and then to knock under in the last lap! And that poor girl. . . . God help her! If I only knew who she was'—

His thoughts reverted to his fateful meeting with Dick on a West India mail-boat—before that, he had merely known him in a casual way in London—and to their agreement to work together in a promising adventure. Then they skimmed over their fourteen months of exploration—months of privation and peril in unmapped regions, of mingled disappointment and hope, that had ended at last in a success exceeding their wildest expectations. And his eyes sought the pile of cases around the burnt-out fire, wherein, if they could but bring them safely to the city of London, there was that which would put them far on the high-road to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. If?—At present, to all appearance, such ideas were the bitterest mockery.

'Poor devil!' he muttered, still thinking of his chum. 'And myself? After all, I don't know that I have much the better of it. The rains may begin at any moment, and then—Heaven knows what, except that we shall never be able to get through to the river.'

He glanced up at the patch of sky to be seen beyond the spreading dome of the mora; there was no sign of a cloud in the blue. Nevertheless the troubled look did not leave his face. A goodly face it was, open and honest-eyed; if it had a fault at all, it was that the mouth and chin gave just a suspicion of irresolution. Taken altogether, George Drummond was an excellent specimen of the clean-cut, athletic Briton. The type may be found by the thousand on the outposts of the Empire.

For a time he pulled reflectively at his pipe. Then, by a strange freak of memory, the words of a long-forgotten poem flashed into his mind. The story was that of a gallant knight who had journeyed for long years in search of El Dorado: how he grew old in the quest, and how, as the fairy land still eluded him, his courage drooped—

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—

[Christmas Number.]

'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of El Dorado?'

'Over the mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,
'If you seek for El Dorado!'

'*Down the Valley of the Shadow!*' The grim moral of the verses, its appropriateness to their own position, struck Drummond like a blow. For they too had sought an El Dorado—and perhaps had found it. In their case was the ending to be the same?

He pulled himself together with an effort. A deeper silence seemed to have fallen, and he realised that his comrade's babble had ceased. Presently he heard his name called. The voice, although little louder than a whisper, told him that for the moment Dick was himself again.

'All right, old man!' he shouted back cheerily.

Half-a-dozen long steps took him beneath the shelter of the rude, wall-less erection that did duty for a hut. A couple of hammocks hung side by side, and Dick Bellingham lay prostrate in the nearer. It needed only a glance at the face, wasted as it was, to show that here was the leader of the expedition. Even the ravages of the fever—and Dick was now but the wreck of what he had been a short week before—had not obscured its essential points. Not so pleasing a face as Drummond's, perhaps: plainer, more rugged; the strong, determined face of the man who is resourceful in initiative and prompt in action.

A smile came into the eyes as Drummond leant over him and inquired how he felt.

'Done!' he replied. 'It's all up, George. This is the last flicker.'

'Rot!' said George, with an affectation of cheerfulness. 'Better have some more quinine. You'll be out and about again in a day or two. Only keep your pecker up, man!'

"While there's life"—No use, George! I've got my call this time, and what's the good of pretending otherwise? I know it—and so do you, old humbug.'

Drummond tried to protest, but somehow the words did not seem to ring true. Dick cut him short.

'Is there any whisky left? You might give me a peg, like a good chap.'

'Wouldn't some quinine'—

'Quinine be hanged! All the quinine in South America won't make any difference now. Besides, I've something to say, and I want to say it before I go off my head again. It's my last chance. So—the whisky!'

And Drummond complied. After all, it mattered little one way or the other; he could not blink the truth: it was the fancy of a dying
1901.]

man, and he could not refuse him. Yet he was more affected than he would have cared to show. Perhaps Dick, as his comrade raised him and held the glass to his lips, divined his feelings.

'Don't be too much cut up, old chum,' he said, with an unwonted accent of affection in his weak voice. 'It's all in the game. I don't say it isn't deuced hard luck, but I'm trying not to whimper over it. I played for big stakes—and I've lost. But to think of discovering that valley—another Klondyke—no, Klondyke isn't in the same street with it—and all our own! And now—*this!* It meant so much to me, too.' He broke off abruptly. 'What day is it, George?' he asked after a moment.

'Thursday.'

'And the rains?'

'No sign of 'em yet, luckily.'

'They're late, but you can't trust to that. An hour may do it. Now, listen a minute,' he went on. 'I can't last long; you can do me no earthly good by staying here. These be cast-iron facts, my boy. So what I want you to do is to pack up and clear for the boats—and at once. Leave Jerry behind to do the needful. He can easily follow you up.'

'But'—

Dick would not listen. 'Don't be a fool, man!' he cried. 'It's four days' march to the river, and if the rains catch you here you will never reach it—or, at the best, the plunder won't. And think what that means! Unless you have something to show, you will never be able to raise the money to buy the concession—and they'll demand hard cash at Caracas, mind you. There! don't be mule-headed. I'm still bossing this caravan, and I insist upon it.'

'Insist or not, I'm not going!' returned Drummond, almost roughly. 'The gold can go to blazes'—

'It usually sends one there,' interpolated Dick.

'But I don't intend to leave you in the lurch like that. As for the rains, I'll take my chance.'

Dick smiled. 'I'm rather too weak to force you, my son,' he said whimsically, 'and if you will be a fool—No, I don't mean that, old chap. Honestly, I didn't believe you would go. But I thought it right to warn you. You won't forget our arrangement, if all goes well? Half of my share for yourself, the other to my brother. It may do the old house some good.'

'Trust me to see to it, Dick,' said the other.

Dick nodded, and then lay silent for a minute or two thinking. As Drummond watched him he could not but wonder at the unfailing spirit of the man. He was at death's door; and yet, of the pair, he was by far the more composed. George's wonder would not have been lessened had he known that which he was presently to know. For his own part, he was only able to hold himself in with the utmost strength of his

will. His nerves were all awry. The tension of the past few days, the want of sleep, the overpowering heat—these had combined to play havoc with him.

At last Dick spoke again, and there was something in both question and tone—he could not tell what—that startled the listener into a keener attention.

‘You wouldn’t guess there was much sentiment about me—would you, old man?’ he asked.

‘Well—not much, perhaps.’ Drummond did not care to mention that his ideas on the matter had recently undergone some modification: he had not sat beside his fever-tossed comrade day after day with shut ears.

‘Or that sentiment set me off on this same expedition?’ Dick continued. ‘It was, all the same. There was the prospect of some sport, of course—and the gold. But it was mainly sentiment. In other words—a woman.’ He paused for an instant, and then resumed almost apologetically: ‘You’ll excuse me, George, but, do you know, I’ve sometimes thought that you—well, that we were a pair in that respect. I don’t know why, I’m sure!’

Drummond’s only answer was a short, constrained laugh. But the sick man understood.

‘Then I’m right, eh?’ he demanded.

And Drummond nodded.

‘Now, that’s curious,’ mused Dick. ‘Here we have roughed it together for months, with this secret in our respective minds all the time, and never found it out until the end! But I suppose it’s the same with most men. They hate to talk of these things.’ Then he reached out a feeble hand to his companion. ‘I wish you luck, old chap—better luck than mine. You deserve it, if anybody does.’

Drummond held his hand for a moment. ‘Thanks, Dick,’ he said simply.

‘And now for the point I’ve been trying to get at all along. Only, I must hurry up. It’s about *her*, of course. Not that it’s much of a story! I’ve known her all her life—neighbours, you know—watched her growing up, and was a kind of big brother. We were always the best of chums. Then, after a bit, the usual thing happened—at least to me. I was in no hurry to speak. She was young enough, and perhaps I was pretty sure of the answer. I had just about enough to marry on comfortably—not too much so, but thereabouts. And then, while I am waiting, what does a confounded relative do but leave her a big pile of money! Well, that finished it for me. A scruple, no doubt; but, right or wrong, I couldn’t do it then.’

Again Drummond nodded; he had good reason to comprehend.

‘Besides, there was always the off-chance of this,’ Dick went on. ‘I told you long ago what sent me to the Orinoco, of all places—about the tradition that has been in our family ever since the time of the picturesque ruffian of an ancestor

who flourished in the days of Queen Bess. I had always a sneaking belief in the yarn, and an idea that I should like to test it some day. Well, old man, we’ve pulled it off between us—and, for me, this is the end of it all. The Bellingham luck!’

His voice had grown audibly weaker as he proceeded, and as yet Drummond had heard little that he had not guessed already. His friend’s time was short; and he felt impelled, by some strange instinct, to bring him to the point.

‘And the girl?’ he asked. ‘Was it altogether fair to *her*, Dick? If she cared for you’—

‘Cared for me?’ Dick half-rose, with the strength of a momentary excitement. ‘Heaven knows the thought of that has been the worst torture! I don’t mind about myself, but for her to suffer— Somehow, it seems different now—when it’s too late. God help me! I can almost hope she does not care. She will take it badly, poor girl! and’—

He fell back again, exhausted by his vehemence, and for a little was quiet.

‘You have a message for her?’ hinted George at length.

Dick roused himself. ‘Why, of course—the last dying message of Richard Bellingham, Gent!’ he said, resuming his old tone. ‘But first, old chap, I should like you to see her portrait. It’s here’—and his hand wandered towards the pocket of his flannel shirt. ‘I’m afraid I must trouble you to take it out. I’m too far gone.’

It was with no feeling except one of curiosity—certainly with no anticipation of the shock that awaited him—that George Drummond obeyed, and drew forth a small, flat morocco case. He tried to open it, Dick’s eyes eagerly following him. But the catch was stiff, and he took a few steps towards the better light at the open side of the hut, partly turning his back to the hammock as he did so. Perhaps it was as well. For, as he opened the case and saw the dainty, exquisitely painted miniature within, he experienced a surprise that was absolutely staggering.

‘*Helen Fairfax!*’

The name came from his lips involuntarily; the voice was scarcely recognisable as his. But Dick seemed not to notice.

‘So you know her, George?’ he cried. ‘But of course you do! Now that I remember, I’ve seen you at her aunt’s—at Mrs Fairfax’s.’

Drummond hardly heard him. For the moment all thoughts of Dick Bellingham had vanished. He saw only the face that looked out at him from the miniature—the portrait of a girl with laughing eyes and the most bewitching expression. And the face was that which for long months, in dreams and in his waking hours, had been ever before himself; it was the face of her for whose sake he too had set out to seek his fortune. And his comrade? . . . But just

[*Christmas Number.*

then the wonder and the pity of it did not strike him.

Presently he realised that Dick was addressing him. 'If you are done admiring it,' he was saying, 'I should like to look at it once more—while I'm able. It's like her—isn't it? I got it painted—she wasn't aware of the fact, though—just before I left England.'

Drummond came sharply to himself. In a flash the exact position was revealed to him. One thing alone seemed clear. The dying man must be allowed to suspect nothing—at all costs, the truth must be kept from him. It meant a big effort, but he rose to the emergency not unsuccessfully. Only, as he returned to the hammock-side and answered Dick, his voice was not quite under command, nor could he remember afterwards precisely what he had said. Probably it mattered little; Dick's eyes were fixed upon the miniature.

He gazed at it for a second or two; then, 'Put it back, George,' he said quietly. 'And bury it with me, will you? Thanks! But I must be quick—my head is buzzing like the deuce. You guess what I want you to say to Helen when you see her? Tell her everything—tell her, if she cares, that I did it for the best. *She* will understand. And shake, old man—it's the last time. *Chin-chin!* Say good-bye for me to her—to Helen.'

Ten minutes later George Drummond stepped outside. To all appearance, everything was as he had left it; the unearthly silence was still unbroken, the heat as fierce as ever. Only in himself was there a difference.

'Jerry!' he cried.

One of the dozing natives woke up and came towards him. He was Dick's personal attendant, and devoted to him—a bright-eyed, intelligent young Indian from the head-waters of the Cuyuni. He owed his name (which was Jeremiah), and also a working knowledge of English, and divers other accomplishments, to a residence of some years' duration at the Presbyterian College in Georgetown.

'Look after the boss, and call me at once if there is any change,' said Drummond.

Nodding, Jerry disappeared within the hut. And Drummond tramped backwards and forwards beneath the shade of the mora-tree, wrestling with the great temptation of his life.

CHAPTER II.



HE afternoon wore on, and still, regardless of the heat, George Drummond paced slowly up and down beneath the mora. There was no other movement in the sleeping camp.

Somehow, he found it difficult to think coherently—to think of anything, indeed, except the 1901.]

original of the little portrait. For months his emotions had been dammed back and pent up, and his startling discovery had acted as a lever to force open the flood-gates. All his hopes and dreams returned to him, strengthened fourfold. Helen Fairfax stood to him for all that was worth having in the world, and now he was filled with an unreasoning, overmastering longing which at first left no room for any other feeling.

Yet, surely, he had good ground for amazement. That two men should, unknown to each other, have loved the same woman; that, actuated by the same motives, they should have gone forth from civilisation with an identical object; that they should have met, and lived together so long without a hint of the truth emerging; that, in the end, the secret should come to light in such a fashion—here was a series of coincidences marvellous enough for much cogitation. Later, Drummond was able to wonder at the strangeness of it. Just then only one thing seemed to matter.

There could be no question of rivalry now. For the other man's part, as far as human judgment could forecast, was over. *He* had been compelled to face the inevitable. He had faced it, if not with resignation, with courage and an undaunted spirit.

For Drummond, on the other hand, an hour had entirely changed the situation. He had to consider it anew, and if he did so chiefly as it affected him and one other (who was not Dick), can we blame him altogether? While he had never concealed from himself that the expedition was endangered by this week's enforced stay in the camp, he had hitherto accepted the fact with philosophic indifference. In his present mood, it roused in him a bitter, hopeless anger. It all depended upon the overdue rains. If they held off for another week, well and good. But the odds were heavy against such a desirable contingency. Clear as the sky was at the moment, it gave no guarantee that in half-an-hour the breaking of the weather would not be heralded by a thunderstorm. And afterwards—well, every stream would be a roaring torrent, and the tract of low country, now passable, that lay between them and the village on the great river at which they had left their boats would be one vast swamp. It was only four days' journey—they might even do it in three by forced marches, and travelling by moonlight—and yet success or failure was still in the balance. And to think what success might mean to him! He swore softly under his breath; and then, moved by some impulse, he walked towards the hut. The broken, pathetic fever-talk of his comrade met his ears as he drew nigh and looked in.

Jerry caught his eye. 'All no change, boss,' he said, shaking his head. 'Not live long now, much-time. *Gastados!*'

Drummond turned away again. Well, in any

case, he must wait for the end. Poor Dick! And when the end came—it might be soon, or, with such a constitution, it might be delayed other twenty-four hours—what then? Perhaps, after all, Dick would have the easier part. Even if he left him, and started for the river at once—

The mere idea was repugnant; he tried to put it from him. But, in spite of himself, it recurred again and again. He remembered that Dick himself had wished it so. True, he had indignantly repudiated the suggestion. Yet if he remained it would not benefit Dick in the slightest degree. To do the little that was possible and necessary, Jerry could stay behind—he could easily catch up the expedition afterwards. A delay might involve the lives of a dozen men; and a day, even a few hours, might make all the difference. Drummond began to ask himself if he was justified in running the risk—and could not answer. The devil's advocate within him was pleading.

He smoked pipe after pipe, and the decision was still to find. On the one side were love, self-interest, common-sense; on the other was—a scruple of sentiment, perhaps. But it was the sentiment which men call Honour.

The afternoon passed; the little camp woke into life; the fire was lit for the evening meal; but Drummond paid no heed, and the slow promenade beneath the mora never ceased. It was not until the sun had gone down behind the trees that, with a curious gesture of the shoulders, he drew up. Then, with great deliberation, he unhooked a coin from his chain. Plainly the decision was to be left to chance.

The coin was tossed in the air, and fell heads. With his mouth firmly set, but unhesitatingly, Drummond walked towards the fire. Motioning the headman aside, he gave him a command that caused the Indian to stare in manifest surprise. He repeated the words sharply; and then, turning, he made his way to the hut.

Dick Bellingham had fought hard for his life. Along with a magnificent constitution, he had, what was just as useful, a dogged strength of will; he had every inducement to live; and it was only in his final talk with Drummond, when the signs were too patent, that he had confessed himself beaten. So it was that he had relieved his mind.

In one respect, however, he was wrong. As it happened, the eventful interlude of the afternoon was not, after all, the 'last flicker.' Once again, for his sins, he was to have a short spell of consciousness.

The episode occurred about a couple of hours after midnight. Jerry, who should have been on watch, had dropped off to sleep in Drummond's vacant hammock; there was no sound to be heard except that of his gentle snoring. It was the first thing of which Dick was sensible.

He was too utterly prostrated to have much volition, and for a little lay quiescent under his mosquito-net. Presuming that the sleeper was his comrade, he had no mind to rob him of his much-needed rest. But presently the snoring ceased, and there was an unmistakable movement from the other hammock.

'Awake, George?' he called out.

In answer, the net was withdrawn from his face. It was not too dark within the open hut—for, outside, the glade was bright with the radiance of the full moon—to recognise the dusky countenance of Jerry.

'Oh! it's you, is it? Tell Mr George I want to see him, Jerry.'

Jerry seemed to hesitate for a second; then, 'Mist' George not here, boss,' he said stolidly.

'Not here! Where is he, then?'

'Gone off—Mist' George and the boys—all vamoosed, straight!' returned Jerry. His education, it should be said, owed as much to the quays of Georgetown as to the class-rooms of the Presbyterian College.

Dick was slow to comprehend. 'Gone off!' he repeated. 'But—where to, you black imp? You don't mean he's gone altogether?'

The lad wagged his head; it was exactly what he did mean.

'To the river?'

'Sure, boss.'

'And the rest of the boys too?'

'All away, one-time. No fake, boss!'

Dick laughed, albeit a little hysterically; he was beginning to realise the fact. 'When was it, Jerry?' he asked after a moment.

'Not long—when moon rise,' said the boy. Then he went on to explain. 'All like this, Mist' Dick. Mist' George, he come in at sundown. "Jerry," he say, "no good here—boss done up, and rains coming—boss's orders to strike camp and start for boats quick! You good boy, Jerry," he say. "You stay with boss—him peg out plenty soon—see him grave dig plenty deep, mind that! Then you follow up. You savvy?" he say. Me say all right, and he tell me to bring your gun. It all right, boss?' he inquired, breaking off.

Dick nodded assurance. Doubtless it was right enough; but, somehow, he could not help a feeling of bitter disappointment. He had fully expected that his comrade would see him out. Now, probably for good reasons, Drummond had thought better of it. After all, he concluded wearily, the faithful Jerry would do to bury him quite as well as another.

'So that's the whole yarn, boy?' he asked. 'Well, when I do peg out, you can keep my gun for your trouble. Tell Mr George I said so.'

But Jerry was not done yet. Waxing somewhat loquacious, he proceeded to describe the departure of the party at moonrise, bag and baggage; how, after he had watched it out of sight from the hut-front, Mr George had re-

[Christmas Number.]

turned alone; and how, bidding him remain where he was, he had entered the hut. Dick's attention, which had been wandering a little, was suddenly and rudely arrested by the account of what ensued. Jerry had witnessed it all from his post. According to him, Drummond had stood looking down at Dick for some time. Then, bending over him, he had taken something from the pocket of his shirt. The lad could not see what it was, but he had held it in his hand for a minute or two, muttering to himself. And then he had kissed it.

'All this way, boss,' he said, using a dusky palm to exemplify his meaning. 'Two—three times—like this!'

Suddenly Dick found a strength that was not his own, and managed to sit up in his hammock. His hand went instinctively to his pocket. Sure enough, the miniature was not there.

'D——!' Then hoarsely, 'Go on, will you?' he cried.

Jerry had little more to relate—only that Drummond had put the thing in his own pocket, and, without a word or a glance at himself ('like he not see me, boss,' he said), had stridden away in the wake of the carriers.

That was all. But it was enough. In an instant, by one of those flashes of intuition that come to us at times, Dick understood. Everything was plain to him; he had not a shadow of doubt. The effect of the disclosure was to transform him. The elemental passions are strong in unregenerate man even when the hand of death is upon him, and it was in a paroxysm of jealousy and rage that Dick called out for another chance of living. Mercifully, his ordeal was not prolonged. In a few minutes he fell back into the oblivion of unconsciousness.

Jerry replaced the mosquito-net. 'Him a goner—die plenty soon now,' he remarked. Then, lighting his pipe, he set himself philosophically to await the end.

Dick, however, did not die. By all the rules of the game he should have done so; it is doubtful, indeed, if the whole College of Physicians could have saved him; but there are some secrets in therapeutics that, wonderful to tell, are yet hidden even from that illustrious body. It was here, in a word, that the heathen medicine-man came in.

Kara-kara was his name—at least it sounded like that—and he was one of the oldest, dirtiest, most venerable, and most venerated *peimans* (native doctors) within a wide area. He had been in practice for half a century, and so skilful was he in the treatment of fevers and snake-bites that his fame extended far beyond his own tribe. Notwithstanding his forest lore, he was an unsophisticated soul. His ways had lain apart from those of white men.

Now, it so happened that Kara-kara had one great ambition. Long ago, in the hot days of 1901.]

his youth, he had been the proud possessor of an ancient Spanish flint-lock musket. Although it had nearly dislocated his shoulder every time he had tried to discharge it, he had never forgotten the prestige that its ownership had given him among his fellows, nor forgiven the rival in whose company it had disappeared. Ever since, he had longed with a prodigious longing for such another. It was the dream of his life.

Well, it was just after daybreak when Kara-kara reached the little glade, accompanied by a round two dozen of his tribesfolk, male and female. They had camped a few miles away, and were making for the hills with all speed; for, having lingered in the low country longer than was prudent, they were in fear of being overtaken by the rains. Noticing the hut and the smouldering fire, the party pulled up in surprise—all except the *peiman*, who ran forward with a cry. For the first thing that had caught his eyes was an object which stood against the trunk of the mora—no less, in truth, than Dick Bellingham's double-barrelled sporting-gun. In a second he had seized and was gloating over the prize, oblivious to aught else. At last, surely, his aspiration had come to fruition!

But his joy was premature. One hand fell upon his shoulder; another gripped the gun. Looking up, he found himself being sharply scrutinised by the intelligent Jerry.

'Greeting,' he said, retaining his hold.

'Greeting,' returned Jerry, in the same tongue. He knew most of the dialects used between El Boca and the Corentyn.

Kara-kara was a man of direct speech. 'It is good,' he remarked, referring to the gun—'very good. I want it.'

'It will kill a bird so far off that one cannot see it,' replied Jerry gravely. 'It also kills in the dark. But it is bewitched.'

The *peiman* let it go like a live-coal.

'It belongs to a great white chief,' continued Jerry. 'He is lying in the *benab* there, sick with fever. And he has put his magic on it, so that it will kill whoever tries to use it.'

'Ugh!'—this with much disgust. Nevertheless, he edged away from the dangerous weapon.

'The stranger is a *peiman*?'

The question was not asked for information; for Jerry, by certain infallible signs, had recognised the fact at once. He had likewise interpreted Kara-kara's covetous glances aright. He had his object; and, knowing something of the powers of these men and the nature of his own kind, he began to cherish a glimmering of hope for his master.

'I am Kara-kara!' replied the medicine-man, in a tone which implied that no more need be said.

Jerry was no wiser, but he accepted the statement with due respect. 'I have heard of Kara-kara's great wisdom and skill,' he said mendaciously.

'It is known in many tribes.'

That being so, Jerry suggested that perhaps he would like to see the white man. He was very bad—nearly dead, in fact—but he might still be saved by the treatment of such an expert as Kara-kara.

The *peiman* shook his head; his remedies and mysteries were not for white men.

But Jerry persisted. It was only if the white man lived, he pointed out persuasively, that the magic would be taken off the gun; and if Kara-kara should cure him, as he doubtless could, he would certainly give him the weapon in his gratitude.

'The white chief would give it to Kara-kara?' asked the doctor, his face lightening.

'It is sure. He has many more like it in his own village.'

'Let us go, then.'

He was now all eagerness; and, having shouted some instructions to his companions, who had held aloof throughout the conversation, he entered the hut at Jerry's heels. There, however, a very brief examination of the sick man sufficed to damp his spirits. He shook his head again.

'No use; too far gone'—this, practically, was his verdict. And, indeed, Dick already showed all the symptoms of collapse.

Nevertheless, Jerry urged that it could do no harm to try; there was always the gun as the reward of success. In the end, albeit with reluctance, the *peiman* consented. The inducement was one that could not be resisted.

Kara-kara lost no time in beginning his rites. By his orders, some of the tribesmen proceeded to wall in the *benab* with their blankets, so that the interior was quite hidden; the fire was made up into a bright glow; and, in the meantime, the doctor himself slipped off into the bush. He returned presently with an armful of herbs, and these—having first banished the on-lookers, including Jerry, to the confines of the glade—he carefully assorted into three large gourds half-full of water, and put to boil over the fire. Kara-kara kept up a monotonous chant throughout the slow process, and indulged in some antics of surprising agility for a man of his age. Jerry watched him with the keenest interest—and, latterly, with not a little impatience. But he was too wise to interfere; and at length, after some more mummery, the *peiman* disappeared into the hut with the contents of the gourds.

He remained invisible for nearly three hours. What happened within the *benab* can only be a matter of surmise. Even in the after-days of intimacy, Kara-kara held his secrets as closely as the inventor of a new explosive; but it may be inferred that he treated his patient mainly by means of divers injections. As a part of the ceremony, presumably for the edification of those outside, there was also a continual rattling of dry gourds—so loud and well sustained, in-

deed, that it seemed to be the work of a whole company of people. Certainly it had its effect upon the natives, who kept regarding the closed hut with the utmost awe. Jerry himself, whose Christianity was scarcely skin-deep, could not help being impressed as the noise went incessantly on, and he knew not what weird incantations were being used to drive forth the fever that consumed his master.

His suspense was ended at last. He jumped up as Kara-kara emerged from the hut and staggered towards the fire.

'Give me food' he said shortly.

'And the white man?' demanded Jerry.

'He will live.'

Then, having bolted a few mouthfuls, he threw himself on the ground in utter exhaustion, and in a minute was sound asleep. Judging from the result upon himself, his labours had been of the severest.

That they had likewise been effectual Jerry saw at once on entering the hut. For the perspiration was oozing from every pore in Dick's body; his flannels, and even the blanket in which Kara-kara had enveloped him, were already wet; and, better still, he was slumbering naturally for the first time for nearly a week. The change, indeed, was almost miraculous. Jerry, by way of showing his joy, treated himself to a pipeful of his master's tobacco. Yes, he would live. Had not the *peiman* said so? He had well earned his gun.

A few hours later, Dick's hammock having been converted into a litter, the whole party was on its way to the hills. What if the direction was the opposite to that which George Drummond had taken? Dick was still alive, and was likely to live. And, nowadays, all roads lead to—London.

CHAPTER III.



ND to London, in due course, the Hon. Richard Bellingham found his way.

Dick's return caused quite a flutter of excitement in his own circle. For nearly two years no tidings of his whereabouts had been forthcoming. His relatives were no wiser than the rest of the world. When questioned on the subject, his only brother, Lord Bellingham—better known at Hurlingham than in the House of Lords—had been wont to shrug his broad shoulders and sagely opine that 'the young beggar would turn up all right sooner or later.' Her ladyship had been more pessimistic. With a knowledge of natural history that did credit to her education, she conjured up visions of daily perils from the lions, tigers, deadly snakes, and other wild animals which probably abounded in South America, and had long given up hope of

[Christmas Number.]

ever seeing her brother-in-law again. To her honour, she bore him no ill-will for falsifying her prophecies.

It was on a warm evening late in June that Dick arrived. The Fates played into his hands. For his own reasons, he had not even sent a telegram from Liverpool to announce his coming. So, when he reached his brother's house, it was to find himself caught in the maelstrom of the final preparations for one of Lady Bellingham's receptions—those celebrated 'evenings' on which her ladyship prided herself so justly. Dick recognised the signs, and smiled under his moustache. He knew by experience what to expect. Perhaps, again for his own reasons, he was not altogether sorry.

Lord Bellingham was not in—for on these occasions, like a wise man, he made a point of keeping out of the way until the last moment that stern duty permitted—but his wife gave the returned wanderer the prettiest of welcomes. And she meant it; Dick had always been a favourite of hers. Then, the first few minutes of ejaculatory surprise being over, and the cross-fire of question and answer having somewhat died away, Dick came to business.

'The usual crowd to-night, Sheila?' he remarked in his most casual tones.

'Oh yes. Quite a small party to dinner'—and she ran over a string of names. 'Afterwards'—

'All the world, I suppose. Well, you mustn't mind me. No, I don't think I'll appear. I can get something to eat in Jack's den, and then I want a couple of hours' snooze to pull me together.'

Lady Bellingham seemed disappointed. 'But you will come down later on?' she urged. As a hostess with a reputation, she was not blind to the advantages of having a freshly imported lion to show off. 'It will be a chance to meet all your old friends, you know.'

'And enemies. It may be agreeable, but—it depends very much.'

'Nonsense, Dick! Everybody will be delighted to see you again. The Kingscotes, for instance, and your old chum Harry Gurdon—he is in the Commons now, by the way—and the Fairfaxes'—

'Ah!' interjected Dick, trying to preserve his tone of indifference. 'They're coming, are they? And how is Mrs Fairfax?'

'Very well. She and Helen will be late—they are going to the Duchess of Southminster's first. But here is the list. Look for yourself.'

This was just what Dick wanted, and he scanned the names with an interest that he strove to hide, commenting upon them as he went along. Presently he struck upon one that brought a quick flush to his face; and although he had himself well under control, he had some ado to smother an exclamation. Luckily, Lady Bellingham was not a very observant woman.

1901.]

'Mr George Drummond!' he said after a moment. 'Who is he, Sheila?'

'Mr Drummond? Oh, I remember. He is a friend of the Fairfaxes. I don't know him, but I believe he has just got back to England from somewhere. Mrs Fairfax asked a card for him.'

'Indeed! I have met a man of that name—I wonder if it is the same?' Dick was quite himself now. 'He will be coming with the Fairfaxes, then?'

'Very likely.'

'Well, we'll see.' He finished his perusal of the list, and returned it. 'There! I won't keep you from more serious business. Send up Jack when he appears, will you?'

'And you'll come down, Dick?'

'To please you, Sheila,' he replied, smiling—'that is, if I can rummage out anything decent to wear. As you say, it will be very interesting to meet old friends again.'

It was not too early when Dick did come down, having managed to get himself clothed in the garments of civilisation. Although it was the fag-end of the season, the rooms were crowded. It was then that our traveller blossomed into the hero of an hour. Lady Bellingham had not been idle—and, perhaps, a new sensation was welcome. Truth to tell, Dick found it somewhat of a bore.

Half-an-hour's lionising sufficed him. He had one object in view; and, having worked his way through the crowd without finding that of which he was in search, he seized the first opportunity to slip out of the throng. There was a little alcove on the staircase, known to him of old as a desirable spot whence, cunningly concealed behind a statue and a bank of greenery, one could enact unperceived the part of the all-seeing onlooker—and, particularly, could note those who came and went. The nook had other uses, of course; but it was unoccupied at present, and Dick took possession with a genuine sigh of relief. Then he set himself, from behind the screen of palms, to await events. But it was only to those who arrived—there was still a constant stream of them—that he paid the attention of eager watchfulness.

Sitting there impassive, he seemed a different being from the Dick Bellingham who had wrestled with death in the Orinoco forest. Save that, to the keen-eyed, traces of his illness still showed beneath the tan, he had made a wonderful recovery. But the look of youthfulness was gone. Instead, now that the mask of convention was dropped, the face wore an expression not altogether pleasing—stern, almost implacable—the expression of one who had tasted trouble, and found it exceeding bitter. For, loyal to friends, Dick had a hard, unforgiving strain in him; he had no mercy for anything that savoured of meanness or treachery. Having been miraculously preserved from death, he asked one thing more—

that he might get back to England before it was too late.

This, then, was the purpose that had consumed him during these interminable weeks of convalescence—weeks in which, to pass the time, he had gained Kara-kara's undying friendship by teaching him the proper use of the sporting-gun, had been made immune against another attack of fever, and had vainly endeavoured, for the benefit of science, to worm out the old *peiman's* secrets—and had induced him, as soon as he was fit, to undertake the long and perilous journey by native paths across the western watershed of Guiana, and thence in a primitive dug-out down the Cuyuni river to the British settlements. And from Georgetown, his impatience growing with every delay, he had come home as fast as steam could bring him.

Well, he was home at last. Now he was waiting for the curtain to rise on the next act. As to his own part, he had, as yet, no dubiety. Lady Bellingham's gossip had told him so much; and from his brother he had learned by a casual inquiry that George Drummond had neither called upon him since his return, nor communicated with him in any way. Dick had not asked any further questions. Like most strong men, he had a fancy to play out his own hand.

Meanwhile the evening was speeding. Several times Dick's retreat was in danger of invasion, but in each case a sight of the black sleeve resting on the statue pedestal served to warn off the intruders. So he sat undisturbed, while the crowd ebbed and flowed around the doors on the landing beneath.

The initiative, however, was not his. So absorbed was he in his own reflections that he did not even hear the rustle of skirts behind him. He was recalled to his senses, somewhat suddenly, by a sharp tap on the shoulder. He turned impatiently—and next moment he was on his feet, his hands were outstretched to grasp those of the white-haired, keen-eyed old lady who confronted him, and there was quite a different look on his face.

'You, Aunt Fairfax?'

'Dick!'

There could be no mistaking the cordiality of the greeting on either side. They were not related at all; but she had been 'Aunt Fairfax' to him ever since his boyhood, when he had run out and into her house as freely as her own children; and the sympathy and firm friendship between them had grown and deepened with the years. Besides, was she not Helen Fairfax's guardian? But, to do him justice, he was not thinking of that just now—only of the pleasure of their reunion.

'My dear boy! And so you've come home at last!'

'Like the Prodigal Son—and, like him, rather battered and worn.' He made room for her in the alcove, and seated himself beside her. 'Do

you know, Aunt Fairfax, I've been watching for you for hours?'

'Yes, we're a little late,' she returned. 'If I had had any suspicion of this delightful surprise—— But I had none until ten minutes ago. Sheila is full of it. She thought you had gone upstairs, and was quite concerned. A host of people are wanting to shake hands with the hero of the hour.'

'I had my spell of it, thanks.'

'I guessed as much, and had a vague idea I might find you here. I have not forgotten your habits, you see. Even yet I can scarcely believe it, Dick. We had almost given up hope of seeing you again—we were afraid, when no word came, that you must have died in the wilds of Brazil, or Peru, or wherever it was you buried yourself.'

'It was in that vicinity,' said Dick, smiling.

'And our anxiety about you was useless, after all! Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir?'

'Very—or I would be if I were sure it would have mattered what happened to me.'

'You know it would, Dick—to some of us. Seriously, why did you never write all that time?'

'Simply because of the lack of postal facilities, Aunt Fairfax. As a matter of fact, we did not run across a white man for eighteen months.'

Then they were silent for a minute or two. Mrs Fairfax, on her part, was busy scrutinising him with those bright, wide-open eyes of hers which were the feature of a countenance that still retained much of an uncommon beauty, and had the added comeliness of a kindly and sympathetic nature. Dick, aware of her powers of observation, awaited the result somewhat restively. Apparently it was not too satisfactory, for Mrs Fairfax shook her head.

'Well?' he asked at last.

'There is a change in you, Dick. You have been ill, of course; I can see that.'

'Fever—a narrow shave,' he replied laconically. He knew that there was more to come.

'And you have had a hard time?'

'Very.'

'Poor boy! But it hasn't all been bad luck, I hope?' she went on. 'You mustn't tell me the two years have been wasted altogether.'

'Oh, I suppose not,' said Dick. 'I have had decent sport, made one or two discoveries, roughed it in a way that should do me some good, and learned a lesson that should do me more. I am not sure, though,' he added. 'After all, perhaps I need not have gone to South America for my bit of experience.'

Mrs Fairfax was not blind to the harder and more bitter tone that had, almost insensibly to himself, crept into his voice. There was certainly a change in him, and it was due, she was assured, neither to illness nor hardship. She laid her hand gently on his arm.

[Christmas Number.]

'I am sorry, Dick'—she did not say for what. 'Now tell me all about it.'

'Really, it's scarcely worth while,' said he in the same tone. 'It was such a common experience—much too common to be interesting.'

But Mrs Fairfax persisted. 'Let me be the judge of that. In the old days—do you remember?—you brought all your troubles to me.'

'How I must have bored you, Aunt Fairfax! But as you like. It is only the story of two men who were friends and comrades—closer than brothers, as they say. They had seen the best and worst of each other, and had never had a bad word. Then at the end, when one of them was lying at death's door—it looked as if nothing on earth could save him—certain things happened to come out, quite by accident. In fact, though they had never suspected it all these months, their interests clashed in regard to a particular matter. Both had the same object in view, and only one could get there. The sick man didn't realise it until afterwards, but that is a detail. Well, you can imagine the rest. One was on his back; so the other naturally stole away, taking bag and baggage with him, and left his comrade to die like a dog. It was a case of each for himself, friends or no friends, and why shouldn't he? Unluckily, however, the sick man upset an essential part of the arrangement. He didn't die, thanks partly to a native boy who wasn't civilised enough not to be faithful, and partly to an old heathen doctor. And that,' he concluded, 'is the whole story. It's very commonplace, isn't it?'

'I understand—*now*,' replied Mrs Fairfax. Then she went on to show that she did. 'It was about a woman, of course?' she asked.

Dick glanced at her quickly. 'It usually is in these cases,' he returned.

'Ah! And the other man?'

'I have not seen him since.'

'Nor heard of him?'

'Oh yes. With luck, I hope to meet him before long.'

'I hope you will, Dick.' Beyond that Mrs Fairfax made no comment; she recognised that the iron had entered too deeply into Dick's soul for idle talking to avail; and she was not a woman to volunteer help that was neither asked nor wanted. So, after a moment, 'But I'm afraid you are making me neglect my duties,' she remarked. 'When can you come to see us at Queen's Gate—we are still there—and give us a full and true account of your adventures? Helen will be so much interested—she is always speaking of her old chum.—By the way,' she added, as if by an after-thought, 'you have not asked for Helen yet.'

Dick, however, was prepared for this. 'No?' he inquired, with due penitence. 'Please don't tell her so, Aunt Fairfax, and let me repair the omission at once. She is with you, of course?'

1901.]

'And very much engaged at this moment, I suppose,' she replied, nodding. 'Those young lovers! But she will be delighted that you are back in time for the marriage, Dick.'

The marriage! So it had come to that already? Well, it had not taken place yet.

'Is it so soon?' he asked, with a praiseworthy attempt at indifference.

'In Goodwood week. You heard of it, then? Oh, I know! I'll wager it was Sheila who told you—we women can't keep these things to ourselves, especially when there's a touch of romance in them.'

'As in the present instance?'

'Quite. They have been in love for years, but he went away without speaking. I have an idea as to the reason, but that's neither here nor there. As regards Helen, I suspected the truth, although I could never make sure. Then he returned, and at their very first meeting it all came out—how, I can't tell you, but I dare say they betrayed themselves somehow or other in their surprise—and now, like the old story-books, it ends with marriage-bells.'

Dick was not listening. As Mrs Fairfax began he had suddenly leant forward to peer through the greenery; and now, glancing at him, she noticed an expression on his face—it was not a pleasant one, by any means—that impelled her to follow his example incontinently. And there, following his eyes, she perceived the cause. In the midst of a little group on the landing, two people were talking to each other. One was her niece, Helen Fairfax; the other was George Drummond.

Mrs Fairfax stole another look at her companion. She had understood before, in a general way, the cause of the change in him. Now she was beginning to realise it fully—and not in a general way.

CHAPTER IV.



DICK, it must be acknowledged, was temporarily oblivious of Mrs Fairfax's existence. By way of excuse, let it be remembered that for months he had been looking forward to a meeting with these two people. Now he saw them before him—and together. The hopes that had sent him into exile, the misery and doubtings of the immediate past, all that he had thought and undergone, came back to him with a rush. It was, or should have been, the crucial moment of the drama. Yet Dick did nothing. Somehow, he could do nothing. Even if he had wished, the situation had its limitations.

All the same, his eyes were not idle. Helen was full in his view—a girlish, lissome figure in white, changed scarcely at all in appearance (and that for the better) since he had last seen her,

her countenance animated with varying expressions as she chatted gaily to her companion. George Drummond's face he could only catch in profile. But he did not fail to notice that it was pale and haggard, like the face of a man newly risen from a trying illness. He spoke little; and his whole bearing, indeed, was strangely at variance with what his old comrade expected. Dick put it down as the effect of conscience—and then discovered that, curiously enough, such an idea was not too palatable.

Mrs Fairfax, whose senses were always on the alert, heard him mutter something under his breath.

'I beg your pardon?' she asked sweetly.

'I was saying—er—they will make a handsome pair,' mendaciously replied Dick.

'But'—

Then, as a thought flashed upon her, she bit off the sentence that was on her tongue. No woman in London was more capable of putting two and two together and bringing out the correct total. Only, she liked to be sure of her figures before she added them up. And in this case—

Dick's attention, however, was again fixed upon the scene below. It did not last much longer. Presently the conversation was interrupted by a new-comer—a bronzed young man, whose profession was quite as obvious as if he had been wearing a cavalry sabre—and after a minute, bowing to Drummond, Helen went off in his company. Drummond looked after them until they had disappeared within the drawing-room. Then, turning away, he descended the stairs.

Dick half rose, as if intending to follow him. Fortunately, he recollected his debt to courtesy in time. But the impulsive motion had not escaped the observation of his quick-eyed friend.

'So you know George Drummond, Dick?' she remarked, in her most matter-of-fact way.

'We are old acquaintances,' returned Dick. 'Indeed, I was expecting to meet him here to-night. I hope to goodness he hasn't gone.'

'It seems rather like it, I'm afraid,' said Mrs Fairfax. Then, rising: 'Shall we go in now? You must see Helen, of course. She would never forgive me otherwise.'

Dick hesitated. 'Not to-night, if you'll excuse me,' he said. 'I'm still a bit off colour, Aunt Fairfax; and, to tell the truth, I don't feel equal to the crush.'

It was not the whole truth. The interlude on the landing had shaken him more than he would have cared to confess; events, too, were not happening quite as he had planned; and, after all, there was nothing to be gained by a talk with Helen in the middle of a crowded room. It would be more to his purpose to find out if Drummond had left the house. So he halted at the drawing-room door.

Mrs Fairfax did not press him. 'To-morrow,

then, at Queen's Gate—or, rather, this afternoon! Come about three. We shall be quite alone.'

'Thanks,' he said, shaking hands. 'You may depend upon me, Aunt Fairfax.'

She nodded good-night, leaving him to hurry downstairs in Drummond's wake—only to learn from the servants that he was a few minutes too late. George had gone. Whereupon, having no further interest in the proceedings, Dick betook himself at once to his own room.

Mrs Fairfax, on her part, was unwontedly thoughtful as she drove home with Helen. She said little while her niece was eagerly discussing Dick's return to England, but managed incidentally to elicit a fact of some significance. Drummond's name chanced to crop up.

'By the way, Helen, does Mr Drummond know of Dick's arrival?' she asked.

'I think not—at least, he didn't mention it,' replied Helen. 'But I only spoke to him for a minute or two. Why, aunt?'

'Oh, they used to be friends, I believe.'

That her theories were taking shape was evident from the fact that, before she retired, she wrote a note somewhat in these terms: '*Sorry I missed you last evening at Lady Bellingham's. We shall be pleased to see you about half-past three, if you care to call here.*' The note was addressed to Mr George Drummond, and she smiled quietly to herself as she sealed it. There was a good deal of pity in the smile, for the old lady had a tender heart. She had also excellent sense.

'Poor boys!' she reflected. 'But if I am right, it will be better for them to have it out now. Well, a few hours will show!'

The Park was looking its best. Nature and man revelled in the glorious sunshine of the June afternoon, and were glad. Yet one is afraid that Dick Bellingham, as he walked across to Queen's Gate, did not appreciate the beauty and freshness of the scene as he should have done. It is even doubtful if he paid them the compliment of a thought.

And it was not a pleasant task that lay before him. He realised it only too well; but, whatever the consequences, he had decided to go through with it. It was due to Helen, not less than to himself, that she should hear the whole story. It was for her own sake; he told himself so over and over again. Nevertheless, certain questions regarding *his* duty to enlighten her, and the probable effect of doing so, would persist in obtruding themselves upon him.

Thus it was not in the most cheerful frame of mind that, a little after three, he reached his destination. As he followed the footman upstairs the difficulties of the situation struck him anew. Metaphorically speaking, he braced his shoulders for the ordeal.

'Mr Richard Bellingham!'

Then, somehow—Dick could not account for [Christmas Number.

it—all these feelings seemed to be out of place. He experienced the change as soon as he entered the cool drawing-room and saw Helen. Another moment, and she was running forward to meet him, with the light of welcome shining in her eyes; and he was holding her hands in his, and resisting a mad temptation to draw her into his arms. For he did not deceive himself. The greeting was that of old and tried friendship—of sisterly affection, if you like—not that other welcome of which, swinging in his hammock under the stars, he had dreamt a hundred times.

‘So it’s really you, Dick!’ she said. ‘You can’t believe how glad I am that you are back, safe and sound!’

Dick winced a little. ‘I was sure you would be, Helen,’ he said gently.

‘Now let me see you,’ she went on, surveying him at arm’s-length. ‘Why, you look *years* older! Oh! I have it—it must be that Kitchener expression of yours! You are just like his portraits, only’——

‘Only—well?’

‘Not nearly so good-looking, if you will have it!’

Dick’s features relaxed into a smile; he could not help himself. ‘Sorry I can’t truthfully say the same of you,’ he retorted. ‘You’re prettier than ever, Helen—and no wiser, I’ll be bound.’

‘Not a bit!’ she returned cheerfully, leading him towards one of the windows. ‘To prove it, there’s your old chair waiting for you—the only comfortable seat in the house, you used to call it. I had it brought down from the lumber-room specially for your comfort.’

‘Back from exile—like myself.’

But the kindly thought pleased him, and he found his heart warming as he glanced at the familiar objects around him. Here, in old days, he had always been at home. To sink back in the well-worn, luxurious chair was like coming to his own.

Helen seated herself opposite to him. ‘Is it as good as ever?’ she asked, smiling.

‘A thousand times better!’—emphatically.

‘Now for our chat, then! Auntie will be down presently, but she knew I should wish to have you all to myself at first.’

‘She is the most sensible woman in England. Well, go ahead!’

For a little the talk between them ran briskly on. The influence of past associations was strong in Dick, and without an effort he dropped into the old brotherly tone. To be sitting there again, looking into her face, listening to her voice—it was a bitter-sweet experience, perhaps, but one in which there was more sweet than bitter—one, too, that he would not willingly have relinquished. And, all the while, he was studying her closely. He was conscious of a subtle difference in her: that in some undefinable way she was more charming and beautiful than ever. Gradually the explanation forced

itself on his understanding. Beyond a doubt it was the outcome of a perfect happiness, which was revealed on every line of her countenance and in every note of her voice. Then, in the midst of it, he suddenly recalled the purpose that had brought him to Queen’s Gate. Great heavens! what would be the result of carrying it out? Hitherto he had rather ignored Helen’s interest in the affair—at the most, it had seemed a secondary consideration. Now, in her presence, it was all-important. He did not like the idea that the blow which would shatter her girlish ideals must come from his hand. Yet justice must be done. Remembering that, as he held, she had been won by foul means, he tried to harden his heart—and wondered how he was to find courage to accomplish his task.

Helen meanwhile had been bearing the brunt of the conversation. Latterly Dick’s answers, as was perhaps natural, did not appear to strike her as satisfactory.

‘Well, if you have nothing else to tell me,’ she said, making as if to rise, ‘perhaps we had better call in auntie.’

Dick roused himself at once. ‘Not at all, Helen!’ he cried. ‘I’ve lots more to say—really!’

‘Then I wish you would! Begin at the beginning, Dick, and tell me everything. I want the whole story of your adventures since you went away.’

‘Spare me for the present!’ he pleaded. ‘I seem to have been doing nothing but speak of myself since I landed in England. And, honestly, I had much rather hear some news. Think of it, and have mercy: I don’t even know yet what has been happening here—to you all.’

‘For a traveller, Dick Bellingham, you are surely the worst story-teller in the world! Or is it modesty? But the appeal won’t do, sir. Nothing has happened—nothing ever happens here.’

Dick leant forward and touched the ring on her left hand. The chance was too tempting to be refused.

‘Not even this?’ he asked quietly.

‘Oh, I forgot!’ she said, blushing very prettily. ‘But of course you heard of it, Dick?’

‘Last evening. I suppose I need not ask if you are happy. That goes without saying, doesn’t it?’

‘Happier than I deserve,’ she replied, meeting his eyes fairly; and there was no mistaking the meaning of that which he saw reflected in hers. ‘I can’t explain; it is all so strange yet. You will know some day, Dick.’

Some day! Would he ever know? The innocent words wounded as deeply as mockery—to him, indeed, they were as mockery—but, having himself well in hand, he managed to suppress any outward sign of their effect upon him. Dick was qualifying as an excellent Stoic.

'Yes, it makes such a difference,' Helen went on, in a confidential way hard to resist. 'You can't imagine, Dick, how miserable I was at this time last year. He had gone away—he thought I cared for somebody else, and there were other reasons—and I couldn't tell anybody, not even auntie—and I had just to laugh and try to bear it. And then,' she added, smiling to him, 'my big brother was away too: I hadn't even him to bully. Everything seemed to go wrong altogether.'

'But it all came right in the end?'

'Oh yes! He returned home, and I met him again, and—and it all came right.'

Dick laid his hand on hers; it must be now or never. 'And if it had not,' he inquired—'if anything had happened, Helen?'

'Don't!'

That was all; but he had his answer in the sudden change of her expression, the pain and entreaty in her face. It was not without a struggle that he forced himself to go on.

'Then it would hit you hard, little woman, if—if—well, if anything were to happen now?'

Helen rose in some agitation; she was quick to note the significance that he could not keep out of his tone. Woman-like, she inferred the worst.

'There is bad news—you have heard something!' she cried.

'No, no! It is not that, on my honour.'

'What is it, then? You *must* tell me, Dick!'

'I did not mean—that is, only that something *might*,' he said, tamely and somewhat incoherently. 'Such things do take place, you know, and'—

He broke off as Helen turned away from him and crossed to the nearest window. It was evident that he had touched her poignantly. Now he must decide whether he should speak, and so wreck her happiness, or renounce for ever his cherished designs by remaining silent. To a man like Dick there was no third course: he must do one or the other. Well, he made his choice. It is not to be denied that he had an inward tussle, for, after all, he was no saint. But he made it; and, having made it, he was prepared to abide by his decision.

It was all over in a few seconds. Then, getting to his feet, he moved towards the window. Helen glanced round.

'I'm sorry, dear,' he said in his best manner. 'I was a brute to tease you. Of course nothing is going to happen, except that you will be as happy as I should wish—and I can't say more than that, can I?'

'It's all right, Dick,' she returned, smilingly holding out her hand in pardon.

This time he did not hesitate to draw her to him and lightly brush her cheek with his lips. It was the formal act of renunciation.

'It was silly of me to be frightened,' she continued after a moment; 'but I thought you

were in earnest, and when I remember those terrible weeks'—

She turned again to the window, as if the recollection, whatever it was, still pained her. Dick seated himself in the old chair. He did not understand her, and so said nothing.

Presently there was an exclamation from her: 'Why, here's Mr Drummond!'

'Not George Drummond?' cried Dick, springing up.

She nodded. 'Crossing from the Park. And I believe—yes, he *is* coming here!'

Dick seized his hat. After what had passed, he had no fancy to meet his rival, particularly just then, and in that company.

'Dick! You are not going, surely?'

'I really must.'

She grasped his arm to detain him. 'Not without a word to aunt?'

'Another time'—hastily. 'Get her to ask me to dinner or something. It's—er—a most important engagement.'

He heard voices in colloquy downstairs—or imagined that he did—and looked swiftly round for some means of escape other than that by which he must encounter the new-comer. His eyes rested on the curtains screening the inner drawing-room.

'The very thing! I can get out that way, I think? No, I must be off, Helen. I have reasons for not wanting to meet Drummond. Please don't tell him I was here. Good-bye, dear, and—and God bless you!'

As the curtains closed behind him the door opened and Mr Drummond was announced.

CHAPTER V.



IT was a pity, in one respect, that Dick Bellingham did not wait to see the meeting of Helen and George Drummond. He would certainly have been considerably astonished by the nature of the salutations that passed between them. To put it mildly, they were anything but lover-like. The girl's might even have been called distant, and this was not altogether to be accounted for by the fact that she felt somewhat aggrieved by his own hurried departure, and resentful at the cause thereof. The truth, of course, lay on the surface. Dick might have found it out for himself if he had taken less for granted, and condescended to ask a few plain questions.

Helen, to be precise, regarded her visitor no more than any other old acquaintance. Indeed, he had never given her any cause to do so.

'Won't you sit down?' she said when they had shaken hands. 'My aunt is upstairs. If you'll allow me, I'll tell her you are here.'

'One minute, please!' said Drummond hastily. 'You'll forgive me, but—well, I should like to

[Christmas Number.]

speak to you by yourself, Miss Fairfax—there's something I have to say to you, if you will kindly let me.'

Helen stopped on her way to the bell. 'To me?' she asked, looking at him curiously. 'I am afraid I don't understand.'

'I won't detain you long,' he continued earnestly. 'I spoke to Mrs Fairfax, and she was good enough to give me this chance to do what is really a duty to the memory of another—and, on my part, a kind of confession.'

Helen still hesitated. She saw that her visitor was wretchedly ill, and struggling to repress emotion of some sort. His sincerity, however, was beyond question. At length an impulse of pity, perhaps not unaided by curiosity, carried the day in Drummond's favour. She seated herself on a couch at some distance from him.

'I am quite at your service, Mr Drummond,' she said.

'First, I have another favour to ask, Miss Fairfax,' he began: 'to let me tell the story to the end in my own way. Heaven knows it isn't a pleasant one, but I don't want you to judge me before you hear it all. It was in this very room that I said good-bye to you and Mrs Fairfax before I left London. I dare say you have forgotten it'—

Helen shook her head, although, in truth, her only recollection of the meeting was that Dick Bellingham's departure happened about the same time.

'I remember saying I was off to try to make my fortune, and how we laughed over it. Only, I was dead in earnest. I did not explain why, and the reason doesn't matter now. Well, I was lucky from the start, for on the way out I ran across another man with the same object. We agreed to join hands, and for fifteen months we went through fair and foul together. Nobody had ever a better comrade. I owed everything to him—even my life, more than once. I believed, God help me! that there was no sacrifice I wouldn't willingly undergo for him, or he for me. And in the end, thanks to him, we were successful far beyond our hopes.'

He paused for a second, and Helen grasped the opportunity to interpolate a question. She was no longer listening under protest.

'May I ask where this was, Mr Drummond?' she inquired.

'Did I not mention it? It was in South America, away in the back-country of the Orinoco.'

'In South America!' she repeated, with a new interest in the story, but, as yet, no suspicion. Then: 'Please go on, Mr Drummond.'

Picking up the thread of his narrative, he proceeded to relate the events with which the reader is acquainted—how they were on the road back, and almost within sight of their destination, when his comrade fell ill; how they were
1901.]

forced to camp, although the rainy season was due, and it would be almost impossible to cross the swampy country in front of them if the weather broke; how the sick man grew worse and worse, until it was plain that, humanly speaking, there was no hope; and how, in his delirium, one name recurred again and again. Then the speaker came to the fateful afternoon on which his companion recovered consciousness for a little. So far he had been calm enough. But as he went on to narrate what passed between them, he could not keep the agitation out of his voice. Every incident of that last conversation was burnt upon his memory, and he repeated it nearly word for word—the invalid's request that he should leave him, and push on to the river with the men while there was still a chance, and his indignant refusal; his confession of the reasons that had brought him out there in search of fortune; and how, as the end seemed inevitable, all his thoughts were of her who had been the inspiring cause of his wanderings.

Helen was strangely moved. 'Poor girl!' she said to herself softly. Even then she had not the least inkling of the truth.

Drummond hurried over the next part of his tale; his voice was not too reliable.

'I am not going to detain you with excuses, Miss Fairfax,' he said. 'You can guess the rest. It's not a nice confession to make, but I gave in. That is what I decided, God forgive me—to go back on my word, and desert my comrade during the few hours he had still to live. What's worse, I did it with my eyes open. I ordered the men to pack up at once, and be ready to start when the moon rose. Only one was to stay behind—a native boy called Jerry, whom I could trust. He was to follow us up when—when it was all over.'

Here he ventured to look towards Helen, perhaps expecting to find a hint of blame showing on her face, or some reflection of the horror that was in his own mind. But he saw only a great pity.

'Well, it was done,' he resumed presently. 'We struck camp at moonrise, taking everything with us. Before I went after the carriers, however, I forced myself to see my comrade again. He did not know me, of course—he was quite unconscious, and evidently in the last stages of collapse. And then—Miss Fairfax, I have never forgiven myself for what I did! I must have been mad, I think. For I took out of his pocket the portrait that I had promised to bury with him, and carried it off with me—stole from a dying man the thing he valued most. That night and the next morning we pushed on as fast as we could, and by noon we must have been more than twenty miles away. From the moment I left him I hadn't had a minute's peace. Try as I might, I simply couldn't forget. But it was only then, while we were resting in the heat of the day, that I realised exactly what I had done

—and realised, too, that there was only one course for me. It might be too late, but I must go back at once. So, taking a couple of men with me, and ordering the others to continue their journey to the river, I started to return.'

'That was like yourself, Mr Drummond!' said Helen, smiling her approval.

'Oh! the worst is to come yet. That afternoon there was a thunderstorm; and by evening, before we were half-way, the rains had set in with a vengeance. Thus it wasn't till late the next day that we reached the camp. And what a change! The little stream was now a torrent, and the best part of the glade under water. I ran to the hut, only to find it empty—there was not a sign either of my comrade or the native boy! My first idea was that everything was over. I looked for the grave, but not a trace was to be seen of one—not the slightest indication anywhere, indeed, of what had happened. To say that I was astounded is to put it mildly. You can imagine my feelings, Miss Fairfax. The uncertainty was maddening—that and the knowledge that, whatever *had* taken place, I was to blame.'

'But surely you had some idea?' asked Helen, with eager interest.

Drummond shook his head. 'It was all a hideous mystery, and the most puzzling thing about it was Jerry's disappearance. He should either have been there with his master, or, in the other case, we should certainly have met him. He could not possibly have missed the path.'

'Was there not some hope in that?' she suggested. 'Perhaps, after you left, he was able to move your friend to a safer spot.'

'It would have killed him; and, in any event, his death was merely a matter of hours. I was sure of that, and yet I would have given my right hand to discover the truth. From that moment to this I have never done so. We remained for two days in the glade, searching and waiting—I scarcely knew for what. Then my men forced me away. I could do no more, and it would have been suicidal to linger. As it was, we only got through by a miracle.'

A few words sufficed for his later adventures. More dead than alive, he managed to gain the river after the most trying experiences possible. The carriers were already there, but they had been compelled to abandon a good deal of the baggage. With the remnant, he took boat immediately for the mouth of the Orinoco, and thence secured a passage to Port of Spain. He arrived in a high fever, and for two months lay in a Trinidad hospital. Then, as soon as he was permitted to travel, he sailed for London. After all, it may be interesting to know, he had not preceded Dick Bellingham by more than a week.

'Lying in that hospital,' he concluded, 'I had time to thrash it all out. I saw that I had one duty to do, whatever it might cost me. And

that is why I came straight home, Miss Fairfax—to tell you the whole story, and to give you this.'

He took a little morocco case from his pocket as he spoke, and brought it to her. As she rose to meet him, wondering, with a vague apprehension, what his words meant, she noticed how his hands were trembling.

'Seeing that I couldn't return it,' he said simply, 'it belongs to you by right.'

'To me, Mr Drummond?' she demanded—accepting it, nevertheless. Then, as she unhooked the clasp, an exclamation of utter surprise broke from her: 'Oh, it is *my* portrait!'

For a little she could only stare at the miniature—the revelation was too bewildering—but gradually the full significance of it began to dawn upon her. She turned quickly to Drummond.

'Tell me—it *can't* be, surely?' she cried.

'Did you not guess? But that was why I mentioned no names—I wanted you to hear everything first. Yes, it was for you, Miss Fairfax. From beginning to end—with both of us—it was all for you. Oh! I know there is no hope—*now*. If there were the slightest—But I have killed it myself, and it is the bitterest part of the punishment.'

Helen threw out her hands, with a gesture as if defending herself. 'No, no!' she said. 'You mustn't talk so, Mr Drummond. I can't listen—I—don't you know I am to be married next month to Major Kingscote?'

'No—I didn't know.' Then, after a moment: 'But if it had been otherwise?'

'It would not have mattered in the least,' she replied, with a touch of resentment. 'It could never have been—never!'

Drummond drew away a little; there was no more to be said. 'So it was useless after all!' he mused, half to himself. 'Poor Dick!'

'*Dick!*' In a flash Helen comprehended—at last. 'Not Dick Bellingham? You can't mean that it was he who—that this portrait was *his*?'

And Drummond nodded gravely.

'Dick Bellingham!' she repeated. 'Oh! it's impossible'—

'Believe me, Miss Fairfax, I'm more sorry than I can tell you!' he said with genuine feeling. 'There was no better or truer fellow in the world. And it was of you he was thinking at the end—his last message was sent to you.'

Helen did not seem to hear; she was trying to grasp this new development in all its bearings. Drummond remarked her absorption, and naturally, being in ignorance of certain facts, ascribed it to the shock caused by his bad news. He had fulfilled his task, and he felt that it was not for him to comfort her. For himself, he had marked out his course. He intended to see Lord Bellingham, and thereafter, as soon as

[Christmas Number.]

possible, start again for South America. He had no reasons for hoping, of course. It was only that he would never be able to rest satisfied until he had unearthed the missing Jerry. Man proposes . . .

'You will let me wish you every happiness, Miss Fairfax?' he said, with some diffidence. 'We aren't likely to meet again for a while, and—and, if you don't mind, I should like you to say that you forgive me.'

Helen gave him her hand. 'Is there anything to forgive?' she asked. 'I am quite sure there isn't—on my part, at least.'

She watched him go, and was not even aware of the tremendous misapprehension under which she had allowed him to do so. Her thoughts were still centred on Dick Bellingham.

Dick Bellingham was not far off. In fact, he was not—and never had been—any farther off than the inner drawing-room.

It must not be supposed, however, that he had remained there of set purpose. He was the unwilling victim of circumstances. When the curtains closed behind him he had made direct for the door—and found it locked. Like other great generals, Mrs Fairfax had a mind for the smallest details.

Dick reviewed the situation. Obviously, he could not get out that way, and thus it was a choice between playing the eavesdropper and returning to encounter Drummond. Unpalatable as the latter alternative might be, he did not hesitate. His hand was on the curtains when his old partner's first words fell on his ears. He stopped instinctively—and was lost. It needed no magician to foretell what was coming, and for the life of him he had not the heart to show himself. Still less could he help overhearing all that passed. It was certainly of a nature to astonish him.

Drummond's story had touched Helen profoundly. It was with Dick, as we have said, that she was chiefly concerned. Not for an instant had she suspected his secret, and now her eyes filled as she remembered their talk of the afternoon.

Then, hearing a noise, she looked up. Dick himself was coming towards her.

'You, Dick?'

'I couldn't help it,' he hastened to explain. 'The door was locked, and I meant to face up—and then Drummond began—and, somehow, I had to stay.'

'And you heard?'

'Everything.'

'I'm so sorry, Dick!' she cried, breaking down. 'I had no idea that—that you cared like that.'

He assumed a cheerfulness that he did not

feel. 'There! don't take it to heart,' he said. 'I dare say we'll both get over it. Anyhow, it's not your blame, little woman. And Kingscote is a good sort. I was reading the account of that affair of his at Pieter's Hill on the way across in the boat. Now I must be off.'

'Where?'

'After that young fool. I want to punch his head—or induce him to punch mine for being a bigger fool. Tell Aunt Fairfax to have her dinner soon, and I'll guarantee to bring Drummond to meet Kingscote. Good-bye again!'

As he crossed the Park Dick was not so downcast as one might expect. It had been an afternoon of surprises, and they were not all to the bad. In sober truth, his feelings were somewhat conflicting. He was not without some appreciation of the grim irony of the whole affair.

Presently he espied a familiar figure sauntering dejectedly in front of him, and hurried on. A few long steps brought him abreast.

'George, old chap!' he cried, offering his hand.

Drummond wheeled, stared hard at him, and for a moment looked as if he were about to faint. Dick caught him by the arm.

'Don't be afraid, man—it's me, right enough. Now, aren't you going to shake?'

'Wait! I can't believe it yet'—

'Your hand!'

Still Drummond did not comply. 'Not till you know all that has happened'—

'Why, I have just followed you from the Fairfaxes'. I was in the inner drawing-room the whole time—it was an accident, but I am not sorry for it now—and played the stage villain with great gusto. It's all right, old man. Probably I should have done the same myself, in your place. Only, I am not so sure that I should have gone back!'

'You mean it, Dick?'

'Why, of course!'

Then their hands met in the old grip of good-comradeship, and the foolishness of the past was blotted out.

'For we *have* been a precious pair of fools, George,' said Dick. 'Not as regards Helen—I don't say that—but in divers other respects. Well, that's over. Let us go along to the Club now, and swap yarns over a whisky-and-soda.'

They strolled Piccadilly-wards arm-in-arm, chatting amicably. Neither had ever seen the Park looking better.

'By the way, was any of the quartz saved?' asked Dick.

'Only three packages.'

'It will serve our purpose. If the love of woman is not for us, there's always the gold! I'll attend to it while you are having a couple of months' holiday—you need it badly—and then for El Dorado once more!'

THE SECRET PASSAGE:

AN EPISODE OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

By JAMES JOHNSTON SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRAY HORSEMAN.



THE causeway of the old High Street of Edinburgh, were it able to speak, could tell the tale of many a brave and many a gallant sight. Its historic stones have shone beneath the flickering 'links' about the chairs of generations of beruffed lords and brocaded ladies on their way to a revel at Holyrood, and rung again to the clattering hoof or martial tramp of soldiery from the Castle. Its shadows have echoed, smiling, the gay laughter of Bonny Mally Lee, and held secret the darksome stains of many a bloody tragedy. Its ragged, sloping length has served as floor on which to tread not a few strange measures in the eventful dance of Scottish history; and, of these, not the least fantastic figure opened with the gray dawn of the morning of the 16th day of September 1745.

An excited populace thronged the narrow streets and wynds. Men-folk elbowed and jostled one another, grave of face and anxious, on the causeway; and at the stairheads little knots of their womenkind gossiped in eager whispers. Strange rumours flew hither and thither, whipping the human streams into little excited eddies, and breaking noisily upon the panic-swayed crowd outside the door of the Council Chambers. Inside the building sat Lord Provost Stewart with his Magistrates, in solemn conclave, debating the momentous question of the impending peril: the advance upon Edinburgh of the Jacobite rebel army under Prince Charles Edward Stewart, the 'Young Pretender.'

Three short months had slipped away quickly since Prince Charles Edward had set sail from the shores of France in a last, rash attempt to wrest back for the House of Stuart its ancestral crown. Scarce a month back he had unfurled his banner in wild Glenfinnan, and, amid the skirl of the pipes and the shouts of his handful of Highlanders, vowed to lead them to victory. Begun thus, at Moidart, like the trickle of a hillside burn, his army had swelled as it pushed southward, and now, on this historic morning, lay encamped near the hamlet of Slateford, a

few miles to the west of Edinburgh, demanding the immediate surrender of the city.

The honest burgesses, long ignoring the disquieting rumours of the rapid descent of the Prince and his fierce clansmen, were plunged into the wildest alarm and confusion by the receipt of a message from Prince Charles himself. The Magistrates sought refuge in procrastination; but the citizens clamoured for surrender to save them from being murdered. Fear held the causeway to one mind; but, inside the Council Chamber door, party faction sought to jig the beam of the balance of duty and right. The Lord Provost and most of his Magistrates were, indeed, Jacobites at heart; but opposed to them was a strong Whig party. In a word, the municipal election time drew nigh again. Called thus suddenly to decide for which of two conflicting interests they should declare, they hesitated, waiting to see definitely which way the all-important electoral cat would jump.

Meanwhile hurried tentative measures had been taken to defend the city. The Volunteers were mustered and paraded in the Lawnmarket; but they too found themselves in a quandary, as unpleasant as it was unforeseen: they, a band of apothecaries' clerks and linen-draper's assistants, snatched suddenly from the bosom of their families, were called upon to encounter that unknown terror, a Highland army. Small wonder that their knees shook and the muskets rattled in their trembling grip. Later in the day the Lord Provost was constrained to hold a mass meeting in the New Kirk aisle to debate the question; and here for a while we may leave them and turn to the doings in the rebel camp at Slateford.

Shortly after midday the Prince summoned a council meeting in the room of a cottage in the village; and here, around a roughly fashioned deal table, were assembled his chiefs and advisers. The Prince, speaking in quick, low tones with the aged Marquis of Tullibardine, held a sealed letter in his hand, and emphasised his words with a rapid tattoo played with it upon the table-edge. He evidently sought to bring some persuasion to bear on the old man, who, although he listened with a show of gravity, appeared to regard the matter with disfavour.

[Christmas Number.]

The Prince ceased, and still Tullibardine sat glowering and silent, his shaggy eyebrows drawn together under his lined forehead. He half-turned on his chair to shoot a contemptuous glance towards the window, where stood a youth who gazed idly out upon the road. A Gaelic oath escaped the Marquis, and he sprang to his feet. 'An auld dog for a hard road,' cried he defiantly. 'I'll take the letter myself.'

Murray of Broughton smiled covertly, and his little twinkling eyes danced. 'No! my lord,' he broke in suavely, 'we can spare none of the old dogs. It maun be a young one for this ploy.'

At the word, Lochiel, Keppoch, and Ardshiel sprang to their feet. The Prince had already risen to join the youth at the window.

'Sit ye down—sit ye down,' said Murray of Broughton in a hoarse aside that explained the Prince's intention; 'it's a younger dog still that is wanted—a mere puppy, in fact.'

A titter ran round the table, and the Prince turned sharply as if about to speak. Instead he bit his under lip hard, bowed slightly to the youth, and slowly walked back to his place at the council board. 'Gentlemen,' said he with easy dignity, 'I have asked my friend Monsieur Louis d'Estelle to bear our message to the Magistrates of Edinburgh.'

The young man at the window bowed to the Prince and to the company, and then, hat in hand, advanced quietly towards the table. In appearance he was at once pleasing, no dandy, but dressed in the latest mode of the Court of France: a coat of red velvet, travel-stained mayhap, but new, and ruffled; small-clothes of the same material; a pair of riding-boots with silver spurs; and, to complete his outfit, a sword after the French model. His countenance, frank and open, was lit by a pair of honest gray eyes, and his hair he wore in long ringlets which fell carelessly over his shoulders.

'I thank you, sire'—he began, when Tullibardine broke in angrily:

'Dinna fash with him,' he cried. 'A bit French callant bowing and scraping like a'—

'Silence, my lord,' said the Prince quietly. 'Louis d'Estelle had the misfortune, like me, to be born abroad; but is he any the less a true Highlander? His mother was a Macdonald.'

Keppoch had been eyeing the angry Marquis, and at length spoke, slowly and coldly: 'I knew the lad's father in France, my lord—his mother was, indeed, my cousin—and a braver man never drew sword; else,' with a proud smile, 'a Keppoch and a D'Estelle had never mated. The lad, their son, has his mother's blood in his veins; and, for the rest, my lord, one Macdonald was ever worth two of your men of Atholl!'

Tullibardine leapt to his feet with an oath; but the Prince laid a restraining hand upon the old nobleman's arm. 'Sit down, Marquis,' he said quietly; 'the stakes in the game we are

about to play are such as demand for it our undivided attention. They are, my lord, a crown or a coffin. To win the crown I need men, not petty brawlers. Are we to play, then, for the coffin?'

Tullibardine, softened somewhat by the reproach, swore gruffly that they would all soon enough win the coffin.

'Gentlemen,' the Prince continued earnestly, 'we fight for one cause, for one king; so long as his banner floats overhead, so long shall I hope. With the help of God and my brave chiefs, I will—I must—win the crown!'

Dissensions and bickerings were not infrequent episodes in the Jacobite camp; and it was with a tired expression that the Prince, after this emotional outburst, turned again to D'Estelle. 'Take this packet,' said he wearily, 'with all speed to Edinburgh, and have it delivered into the hands of the Provost.'

The youth took the letter, placed it in his breast, bowed once, and withdrew.

Outside the door Keppoch joined him. 'Courage, lad,' he began kindly; 'take a good horse, and maybe a cloak, to hide your braw coat.' He paused, and D'Estelle, glancing up, saw that his eye rested on a white-ribboned favour the young man wore on his breast. 'Ay, lad,' he continued, 'you wear a love-knot, and perchance at some window in the old High Street a pair of bright eyes may be watching.' The older man sighed as D'Estelle coloured deeply.

'She has mayhap forgotten me,' faltered D'Estelle.

'Nay,' retorted Keppoch, 'fear not. "La belle Antoinette" does not forget her friends, and no woman ever tries to forget her admirers.'

'And I,' said D'Estelle happily, 'was as her brother.'

'Ah!' added Keppoch as he turned to enter the room again, 'then she may have forgotten. But you delay the Prince's message.'

D'Estelle sighed in turn as he clattered downstairs to his waiting horse. His thoughts reverted again, as he rode towards Edinburgh, to Keppoch's words, and his heart warmed to the recollection of Antoinette Grahame. He saw her again the beauty of the French Court, beloved for her loveliness by king and courtier alike, yet deigning to smile upon a humble page in the service of Louis the Fourteenth. She it was who had been to him at once a sister and a friend; she who had instilled in him the Jacobite spirit, and when at length she had left Paris to return to her father's house at Edinburgh, had given him this same white 'breast-knot'—no love-token—and bidden him follow Prince Charlie. He loved and regarded her as a dear sister, and at the thought of meeting her again in this strange fashion his eye lit with a new light.

He now approached the city. In front of him stood the western gate, the West Port. He

hammered on the stout doors, and presently, after explaining the nature of his mission, was admitted.

Once inside the town, he folded his cloak about him, and with his pistol lying ready-cocked in his holster, set his horse at a brisk gallop through the Grassmarket, then turning to the left, ascended the steep slope of the West Bow. At the top he was startled to see drawn up in the Lawnmarket a body of soldiers—they were the City Volunteers; but, swiftly grasping the situation, an idea sprang to his mind. Pulling his hat well over his eyes, he called to his horse, and next minute was spurring down their lines waving his arms and shouting the while in a simulated frenzy of fear, 'Flee! flee! The Highlanders are upon us, sixteen thousand strong!'

Scarce had he passed, and whilst yet his shouting and the clatter of his horse's hoofs echoed down the causeway, a wave of sudden dismay and panic rippled and broke through the ranks of the Volunteers. They hesitated, looked fearfully at one another, wavered, and finally, with one impulse, dropped their firelocks and scuttled, jostling, to seek cover in the nearest wynds.

Ignorant of this bizarre but successful result of his ruse, D'Estelle galloped on; but just outside the eastern door of the church of St Giles he was forced to draw rein at the edge of a dense crowd that hustled and pushed about the doorway of the New Kirk-aisle. Aloft, from the steeple, D'Estelle caught the flutter of the old Blue Blanket, and, judging this to be the place he sought, stood up in his saddle.

'A message!' he cried. 'I bear a message to the Provost.'

The crowd gave way, wondering; and, forcing his horse through the press, D'Estelle ultimately delivered his packet to a person in authority inside the doorway, to be handed immediately to the proper hand.

His mind set at ease when now his mission was safely accomplished, our hero determined to pursue his way down the street instead of returning at once by the way he had come. Pressing on, therefore, he passed the Market-cross and the Town Guard-house, and cantered down the comparatively deserted High Street causeway, keeping an expectant eye meanwhile on the windows of the tall, grim 'lands' towering skywards on both sides. Heads projected at every window, and many were the curious glances cast upon the youth who rode the gray horse down the old street that afternoon.

Presently the houses narrowed in somewhat towards where the Netherbow Port gloomily barred his egress from the city. It would have been difficult for him to explain even to himself why he had decided to ride down the street instead of back by the way he already knew; but not having turned his horse's head, the

impulse to ride on—if peradventure he might see a well-known face among the many eager ones on every side—came over him with a force he could not resist. How often is such a vague expectancy realised, even where it seems hopeless in ordinary circumstances to expect it!

When yet fifty paces distant, D'Estelle saw the ancient gates, with much creaking and groaning, slowly swing open and admit a horse-carriage.

An opportunity thus presented itself to D'Estelle to escape unchallenged from the city; and, with the intention of seizing it, he had touched his horse's bridle, when his casual glance took in the occupants of the carriage—two ladies and an elderly, gray-haired gentleman. Something in the pose of one of the ladies arrested his attention, and caused him to rein in sharply as he looked again. It was indeed the lady whose favour he wore, 'La belle Antoinette' of earlier days. She was leaning forward, talking to her father, Lord Grahame, laughing gaily the while. Momentarily she turned her eyes, sparkling with merriment, upon the gray horseman, and of a sudden her laughter passed into a startled exclamation. With a quick gesture she caught her father's arm.

As the old lord turned D'Estelle tore off his white favour, and, still gazing at Antoinette, threw it towards her, into the carriage. The little gage just fell short, and dropped fluttering into the lap of the nearer lady, who, looking up startled to meet the gaze of an unknown cavalier, blushed deeply.

With a sweep of his bonnet and a low bow, D'Estelle spurred forward anew for the closing gate.

Right in front, partly screened by the shadow of the archway, stood another horseman, the silent witness of this rapidly enacted scene. D'Estelle noted the uniform of a lieutenant in Gardiner's Dragoons, and marked him for an enemy even before a chance glint on the barrel of a pistol gave him swift warning of his danger. The dragoon's arm rose. D'Estelle flung himself forward on to his horse's neck, and next instant the pan flashed. The bullet whistled harmlessly high overhead as a shrill scream rang from the carriage behind.

'Close the gates!' shouted the dragoon, with his hand reaching to grasp his cavalry sword; but D'Estelle was upon him ere he had a chance to draw, and a clubbed pistol broke down upon his unguarded head. As the cavalier reeled, D'Estelle swept through the half-closed gate and clattered unhurt down the roughly paved causeway beyond. The guard, surprised and slow of motion, discharged their firelocks at the fast-retreating figure; but he was already too far away to sustain any hurt.

The whole incident had passed so quickly that the trusty guard only began to realise what had taken place when, after closing and barring the

[Christmas Number.]

cumbersome old doors, they turned to see Lord Grahame bending over the prone body of the luckless dragoon. He was not dead, but the blood trickled slowly from the wound on his forehead caused by the heavy butt of D'Estelle's pistol, and the corners of his mouth twitched and worked convulsively.

Two of the guard hurried forward, and raising the inert body, carried it into the guard-house, Lord Grahame following.

Presently, after rough remedies had been applied, the young man began to regain consciousness, his first articulate effort being a curse upon his nurses.

Lord Grahame turned to one of the men. 'He's coming to,' said he shortly. 'Look after him yet awhile.' He took a couple of steps towards the door, when he paused to add, 'He is my nephew, John Grahame,' and with that he sighed and walked slowly out to his waiting carriage.

John Grahame slowly mended; and when at length, after treating the guard to a volley of abuse garnished with many camp oaths, he painfully raised himself and stumbled doorwards, no effort was made to detain him. In front of him the street sloped gently upward, bathed in warm sunshine; but the dragoon's thoughts were dark and gloomy.

Tall, well made, and to outward appearance pleasing, John Grahame was the unfortunate possessor of an ungovernable temper and a morose, sullen disposition which dwarfed any good qualities he may otherwise have had, just as a garden fair and pleasant left untended becomes in time choked by weeds. Yet he was not so insensible to his own faults as to ignore the consequences of his own jealous folly, and as he strode moodily on he communed with himself. In the morning everything had seemed fair and bright. He had ridden over to Grahame Park, near the Port o' Leith, to volunteer his escort to his cousins Antoinette and Lucille Grahame, who, with their father, were going to drive to their town-house in the High Street. He had met Lucille by chance coming through the rose-garden, and she had smiled him greeting. His quick, impulsive nature had warmed under the smile and the pressure of her hand. He knew she did not love him yet; but his hopes soared buoyant in the bright morning air, and all along the road to the town his horse's hoofs had clattered a joyous refrain. For the time he had been another man, happy in the bright glances of his cousin in the carriage—until, at the gateway, the little fluttering gage thrown to Lucille by an unknown cavalier stirred the slumbering torment in his breast. He cared not to reason who this stranger might be; he had seen enough of the dress to tell it was not Scotch. The whole bearing of the man was foreign, and his cousin had been abroad; she had blushed. Then, of a sudden, he had found

1901.]

his pistol in his hand and determined to rid himself of a rival in love, if not an enemy to the king.

At length, when he reached his uncle's door he stopped and knocked. A wrinkled dame answered his summons. Cautiously opening the door but a few inches, she thrust her wizened face into the opening and slowly shook her head. Grahame laughed in her face. It was all of a piece, he thought, and the cup of sweetness he had held to his lips in the morning was now turned to gall. He turned away in bitterness, and plunged into the restless, moving throng, buffeting a course sullenly, heedless of where he went; at last gaining the White Horse Tavern, he entered and sat himself down. The late afternoon sun saw him still there in his corner, regardless of all about him, lowering over his cups until at length he drowned his carking care in a half-drunken slumber.

When he awoke, the morning sun of another day had dawned on a city no longer Royalist but Jacobite, and whose streets were filled with the ragged clansmen of Prince Charles Edward, the Young Chevalier.

CHAPTER II.

A WHITE ROSETTE.



THE parlour windows in Lord Grahame's town-house looked down upon the old Market-cross of Edinburgh. About noon of the day that marked the Highlanders' seizure of the town they beheld as picturesque and notable a scene as has ever been enacted in a street pregnant with historic associations.

The interior aspect of this parlour differed but little in its furnishings from that common in the generality of the homes of the Scottish gentry in the early part of the eighteenth century; albeit a shrewd observer, one who had travelled, might have noticed indications of a refinement rarely known or practised in those days in Scotland. The walls were hung with Spanish leather, embossed in gold with a pattern of *fleurs-de-lis* and roses. On one side of the room stood a tall oaken cabinet, dark and solemn of aspect; opposite, the deep-set fireplace held a generous coal-brazier set on a Dutch-tiled hearth. The chairs, spiral-legged and straight-backed, were upholstered in leather embossed with gold pattern; and one, a severe old *prie-dieu*, had carved on its back an elaborate representation of the Lord's Supper. On a table in the centre of the room stood a bowl heaped over and almost hidden by a posy of late autumn roses from the garden at Grahame Park, and these filled the apartment with their fresh, sweet fragrance.

A narrow balcony, supported by projecting beams of wood, ran along outside both windows, and on this gala morning Lord Grahame, staunch old Jacobite, had caused it to be decked out with rugs and cushions to form a pleasant gallery wherefrom to view the scenes in the street below.

Seated in this balcony about midday—the clock of St Giles' Church had just struck twelve—were the two young ladies, Antoinette and Lucille Grahame. Both were elegantly yet quietly dressed; and it seemed to their old father, as he paused by chance to glance in at the doorway, that one might have looked long at the windows up and down the High Street without seeing two bonnier types of Scottish youth and beauty.

In general appearance the sisters resembled each other. They were like two pictures of the same object painted by artists of different schools: the impression was the same although the execution and colouring differed vastly. Antoinette was tall and queenly, with Saxon blue eyes, fair and lustrous hair, and a pure, peachy complexion. She was at once the more striking of the sisters, and Lucille acted as an unconscious foil to the regal beauty. Lucille's charm lay in her gentle gray eyes and the soft curving lines on face and neck. She wore her dark-brown hair in wavy, wayward coils that broke loose here and there in dancing curls ever rippling into a most charming state of happy disorder. Antoinette breathed of a fresh spring morn, whilst Lucille stole upon one like the quiet of a balmy summer's eve.

As they sat with their silks and embroidery at the pleasant window-seat, they chatted brightly of the incident of the previous day. Antoinette, with lively glance and gesture, was relating all she had known of Louis d'Estelle at the Court of France. Lucille listened quietly until the sound of far-off music broke on their ears. 'Here they come!' she cried; and jumping up, her pretty silks fell unheeded to the floor.

Far down the street the gay pageant had just come into view, and both girls leant over the balcony to watch it slowly wind towards them from the Netherbow. The strains of the bagpipes, playing 'We'll awa' to Shirramuir,' swelled louder and louder, and the blood of the expectant townsfolk warmed for the time to the cause of Bonny Prince Charlie.

The soldiery, followed by the gaping, jostling crowd, drew nearer until at length they halted beneath Lord Grahame's windows to form around the Market-cross. Grouped already about its base were the heralds, resplendent in their rich dresses, and a body of town's officers. In the centre of a swelling sea of grizzled Highlanders, rough and fierce as their native rocks, sat on horseback a queenly lady. Her dress was gaily decked with ribbons and white flaunting streamers

that fluttered bravely in the gentle breeze. This was Mrs Murray of Broughton, wife of the Prince's secretary. The part she played in the ill-starred 'Forty-five' is but little known, though probably the Stuart cause had no more whole-hearted supporter than the beautiful wife of Murray of Broughton.

The heralds now ascended to the platform of the Cross and opened the proceedings with a fanfare of trumpets. Thereafter one David Beatt, a schoolmaster, stepped forth and read aloud a proclamation in the name of King James. At the last word the wild clansmen broke into hoarse yells of triumph, bonnets skimmed aloft, and the martial music of the bagpipes burst forth. Some even, to the great terror and, indeed, no small danger of the honest burgesses, honoured the occasion by discharging their firelocks.

The two girls had been gazing upon this spectacle for some time with feelings of lively amusement and pleasure, when suddenly Antoinette turned quickly and laid her hand on her sister's arm.

'There,' she whispered, with a quick turn of her head—'there is Louis d'Estelle.'

A young officer, none other than our horseman of the gray cloak, had cantered up from the Canongate, and drew rein directly beneath their balcony. For a minute or two he stood still, looking all around him, but by some strange chance omitting to glance behind to where, above him, two winsome young ladies smiled expectantly, and would gladly have greeted him.

'Oh,' sighed Antoinette in mock despair, 'he will not see us! Shall I call to him?'

'Poor boy!' answered Lucille, laughing, 'twere a pity to awake him from his day-dream. Look! he smiles. His thoughts have gone a-maying.'

D'Estelle was in truth smiling at the ludicrous expressions depicted on the faces of two unkempt Highlanders, half-fear and half-amazement. One of the fellows had pulled, for the first time, the trigger of a musket, and at its discharge had straightway dropped it as if the weapon had been possessed.

Antoinette, above, pouted and tapped her slippered foot impatiently. Glancing round the room behind, her quick eye fell upon a round-topped work-table. Peeping out of one of its tiny blue satin compartments was a little bunch of white ribbon—Louis d'Estelle's own favour.

'Oh!' she cried again as, with sparkling eyes, she picked it up. With a whispered word to Lucille, she leant over the balcony and dropped the gage gently down upon the young horseman. Slowly it fluttered past the dreamer's head and dropped softly on to the horse's mane. D'Estelle caught it up eagerly, and swinging round in his saddle, glanced swiftly behind. An echo of laughter from above made him look upward, but too late: a deserted balcony met his gaze, with naught but a silken handkerchief, hastily abandoned, lying across the ledge, and stir-

[Christmas Number.]

ring gently in the wind. 'Twas enough. The cavalier made haste to redress his unfortunate blindness, and, dismounting, dashed through the doorway and ran up the winding stairway two steps at a time. Opening a door at the top, he found himself in the very room he sought, but the two ladies now sat demurely over their sewing in the window-seat, apparently unconscious of his intrusion. D'Estelle stood thus at the doorway for the space of a full minute, and still the pretty heads bent over the needle-work; but the young man noted how the corners of their mouths struggled not to smile, and the sad havoc their fingers played amongst the silks. He heaved an audible sigh and made as if to turn and leave the room. A ripple of laughter greeted this strategic movement, and D'Estelle turned again and closed the door.

Antoinette Grahame now rose from her chair and moved towards him.

'Ah, Louis,' she said as he took her hand, 'you are still the "Sir Dreamer" as of old. Here have you kept two maidens nigh ten minutes, by the old clock yonder, awaiting your pleasure.'

'A thousand pardons, madame,' cried D'Estelle, sinking on one knee before her; 'I await my sentence.'

'It shall be a gentle one,' replied the lady as he kissed her hand. 'Arise; banish from your mind all idle thoughts, and cheer two lonely maidens with your tale.'

D'Estelle rose again, and Antoinette presented him to her sister.

The cavalier essayed his courtier's bow: with left hand resting on sword-hilt, he swept the lady a low bow with his plumed bonnet held in the right.

Lucille blushed, but Antoinette clapped her hands gaily. 'Bravo!' she cried; 'tis like a scene from a masque: "the meeting of the gallant Prince with the beauteous Princess." Whereat Lucille's roses grew deeper, and Louis d'Estelle, in some embarrassment, blushed for very sympathy.

Just then the door opened and the old lord entered the room. Antoinette ran towards him. 'Father,' she cried, 'here is Louis d'Estelle. You remember him?'

Lord Grahame paused for a minute in the doorway, regarding the young man with kindly eyes.

'Welcome, my lad,' said he at length; 'welcome to Edinburgh.' He advanced and laid a shaky hand on the youth's shoulder. 'Ay, ay,' he continued, with a sigh, 'it seems but yesterday that I saw your father and mother. I am an old man now, and you no longer a boy; but it seems scarce a week ago that you, a lad, sat on my knee.'

Lucille took her father's arm. 'Ah, father!' she said in raillery, 'you have grown quite ancient.'

1901.]

'My dear,' said the old man, stroking her bright hair, 'you were but a baby when we left France, whilst Louis here used to have to struggle to lift old Evan Dhu's claymore.—And, faith,' he ended, with a smile, 'it could only have been old Evan's teaching that bade you try a fall at the Netherbow yestreen with one of King Geordie's braw dragoons.'

'I sought but to defend myself,' replied D'Estelle. 'The attack was too sudden to enable me to draw; and I dared not wait, for I had no good cause for being where I was, and, had I been taken, might have been censured for my imprudence.'

'Well said,' murmured the old lord.

'Forgive my not staying to greet you,' continued D'Estelle; 'but as the messenger of the Prince, without a passport, and in the presence of a hostile dragoon, I had to make the best of my chances ere the gates closed. I ran some danger and tried a rough fall to save myself—if only to gain the pleasure of meeting "La belle Antoinette" once again.'

'And the dragoon?' asked Antoinette.

'He doubtless looks forward, with me,' replied Louis, 'to our next meeting. But mayhap you know him, sir?'

'Yes,' said the old man slowly; 'he is the misguided nephew of Lord Grahame.'

D'Estelle turned to the ladies in some confusion. 'Your cousin!' he cried. 'Had I but known him for a relative, I should have contrived by some means to avoid such an unfortunate encounter.'

'Maybe,' replied Antoinette, with a grave air; 'but John Grahame is a bad enemy to have, and you have incurred, mayhap unconsciously'—she glanced swiftly at Lucille—'his bitter enmity. I bid you beware your next meeting.'

'Monsieur d'Estelle,' said Lucille quietly, with a steady return glance at Antoinette, 'may as well remember then that a man may be by blood a relation but by his actions no friend.'

'Well! well!' said the old lord gently, 'let us forget the unfortunate meeting and turn to brighter things. Here is Louis come from across the seas to fight for good King Jamie and the White Cockade.'

The subject dropped, and the little party passed into animated converse of old days of peace and present days of trouble, until at length D'Estelle rose to take his leave, protesting that he must return forthwith to Holyrood to be in attendance on the Prince, who required him to help to officer the Highlanders guarding the town and the Palace. 'I trust,' said he at parting, 'that Lord Grahame and his daughters will grace the Prince's first reception at Holyrood Palace this evening?'

The ladies assented graciously; but their father shook his head sadly.

'Tis easy to see,' he mused, 'that the Prince is a young, a very young man. Had he been

older, no word of pleasuring would have been spoken—that,' he continued, smiling—'that could keep brawly until he wins his spurs; and I hear that Sir John Cope is not far off, and eager to meet him.'

'D'Estelle laughed easily. 'Then,' said he, 'I may inform the Prince that his invitation has been accepted by the Misses Grahame and their father?'

The old lord made a gesture implying indifference; but Antoinette smiled approvingly upon the proposal.

'Yes, yes,' she cried eagerly; 'we must go for the sake of the old times so dear to all of us—to all save,' she added pensively, 'mayhap, the Prince himself.'

'And why,' asked D'Estelle, 'does "La belle Antoinette" make an exception of the Prince?'

'He remembers me, then?' pursued the lady, as if in surprise.

'Remember?' cried D'Estelle, unconsciously catching the French Court manner in the warmth of his protestation. 'Does the lark forget the sky? Ah, mademoiselle! you would depreciate at once your charms and the Prince's heart.'

'There speaks the courtier,' said Antoinette, laughter in her eyes. 'A prince's person is sacred, 'tis said; but his heart is as fickle as those of other men. For your part, Louis, remember the maxim, "True devotion has ever its own reward."'

'Ah, mademoiselle!' sighed the courtier, hastening to seize the opening, 'the least reward from your lips is a rarer prize than the gift of a Queen of Sheba. Bestow it, and, if you will, I shall be your humble messenger.'

Lucille and Lord Grahame laughed wholeheartedly at this reminiscence of a Court passage-at-arms delivered on D'Estelle's part with a grave air, but for Antoinette the deduction was too literal.

'You mistake my meaning, sir—and wilfully,' retorted she, a faint colour mantling her cheek.

But, with a smile to Lucille and an all-embracing 'Adieu!' the Prince's emissary had gone, the sound of laughter ringing heartily from the staircase without, betokening Monsieur D'Estelle's appreciation of the truism that credits discretion with being the better part of valour.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVALS AND A REVEL.



ATER on that same evening the old Palace of Holyrood took unto itself a fresh lease of life; for now, once more after a lapse of many years, a scion of Scotland's Royal House held Court within its gray walls. Lights shone bravely from a score of windows upon the crowd

assembled in the courtyard to listen to the sounds of revelry within and to gaze at the busy gateway, whereat stood two imposing Highlanders, with firelocks grounded at their sides—tall and impressive, fierce and grizzly men, notwithstanding that their jackets and kilts hung loose and well-nigh in tatters about them, leaving their gaunt, bronzed limbs barely decently covered; their weather-tanned faces relaxing only a whit when either proffered the other a pinch of the inevitable 'sneeshing.'

The company had assembled in the long picture gallery, from whose walls stared not, as now, long lines of paintings professing to depict the countenances of kings and queens who lived and died long before the art of portrait-painting was practised in this Northern clime. Amid the light and glitter, it was a brilliant throng, counting amongst its number some of the noblest blood in Scotland, that trod the polished floor in honour of their Prince's first reception in the ancient halls. Prince Charles Edward himself moved about from group to group, now stopping to exchange a word with one of his chiefs, now bending to whisper a compliment in the ear of some fair lady; but ever bright and courteous, carrying proudly the hereditary airs and graces of his Stuart forebears.

In one corner of the room Lord Grahame, with Lucille on his arm, renewed a friendship of days gone by with Macdonald of Keppoch. A few paces away Antoinette chatted and laughed with a bevy of ladies which included the beautiful Mrs Murray of Broughton; near by were the chieftain Lochiel and Colonel Sullivan. Yet a few steps farther on, the aged Marquis of Tullibardine paced the floor leaning on the arm of a younger man, and rapping sharply on the boards at each step, for he now invariably used a stick to support his failing limbs.

Presently D'Estelle crossed the room, and advancing to Lucille, offered her his arm. Lucille accepted it gracefully, glancing first shyly at Keppoch, who nodded, smiling, as the pair strolled away towards the upper end of the gallery. There, at the large window which looks to the east, they stood a while to watch the play of the moonlight upon the garden and park, and the deep, black shadows cast by the frowning crags. To the right rose the dark mass of Arthur's Seat, and from its broad base rolled to the Palace walls the plain of Holyrood Park, shimmering bare and white beneath the pale moon. Right below them stood the ruined Abbey walls bathed in the soft light, splashed here and there with broad patches of shadow. Calm and serene lay the world without, and within men and women heeded not the tranquil touch of Nature, and carelessly hatched their puny plots on this the eve of a bloody strife for an earthly crown.

Louis and Lucille stood silent for the first few minutes, content to gaze upon the quiet scene

[Christmas Number.]

below. Their thoughts wandered peacefully amid pleasant memories; and when now and again the young soldier of fortune glanced at the slight, girlish figure of his fair partner, a gentle quiet stole upon his senses until, like mist before sunshine, the shadow left his brow, and the slogans of the impending battle ceased for a while to ring in his ears.

Then, in the grounds below, a figure suddenly glided from behind the Abbey wall and moved stealthily across a patch of light, till finally it merged again into shadow. Lucille watched it curiously, half-wondering what it boded. It was the figure of a man she saw, cloaked and evidently desirous of being unobserved. When at length the figure disappeared, she turned away from the ideas it conjured up with an impatient shiver. They still stood at the window, but the spell cast by the moonlight had been broken. D'Estelle began to whisper of the plans for the morrow, and Lucille was a willing listener. The young man had just bent to convey some doubtless high secret, meant only for her sympathetic ear, when some one brushed rudely against Lucille from behind, and at the same moment a tiny twisted note fluttered to her feet. Lucille glanced swiftly round, but the bearer had mingled again with the crowd. With some degree of curiosity she stooped to pick up the missive. It was superscribed, '*M. Louis d'Estelle.*' Laughing softly, she handed it to her companion.

'Behold,' said she, '*a billet-doux* dropped at your feet by an invisible hand.'

D'Estelle carelessly unfolded the paper and read:

'SIR,—If you be a man, consent to meet me at once in the Duke's Walk, where we may continue and conclude the passage begun at the Netherbow yesterday. Would you prove yourself other than the French adventurer I believe you to be, hasten, for I run no small risk to gain the pleasure of a further meeting with you.
JOHN GRAHAME.'

D'Estelle read this curious missive twice over before he gathered its meaning and fixed upon his plan of action. He determined to hasten to the Duke's Walk and offer an explanation to this hot-headed dragoon; but he would not fight—if he could avoid doing so with honour—with the cousin of Lucille. He crushed the paper in his hand and threw it impatiently to the floor, then turning to his companion, begged permission to leave her on a matter of pressing importance.

At his grave tones Lucille changed colour, but, controlling her emotions, graciously released her cavalier. The young man pushed his way amid the gay throng, and passed quickly through the far doorway, whilst the lady quietly sat down on a bench close by, vaguely troubled as to the nature of this sudden call. Presently there flitted across her memory the picture of the shadowy

1901.]

figure in the grounds below; and she began to grow alarmed—intuitively she felt the meshes of a plot. The bait to lure the victim was the note! Her kindling eyes sought for and found the ball of crumpled paper lying at her very feet. With quick, new-found resolution, she smoothed it out and read the contents. The truth seemed but a confirmation of her own frightened imaginings, and a wave of sudden anger swept over her at this second indignity her cousin sought to put upon a stranger. Womanly instinct told her she was the cause of her cousin's procedure. She rose and swept to the window. All lay serene and quiet as before; but the Duke's Walk lay outside her range of vision, and there two men were even now, perhaps, fighting to the death. With one thought in her mind she crossed the gallery, and, pausing for an instant to throw a shawl round her head and shoulders, sped downstairs and out into the grounds, running swiftly towards the famous old-time duelling-ground.

The two combatants had but little time to waste on preliminaries, for, in truth, John Grahame would listen to no explanation, and forced D'Estelle's hand successfully by striking him full in the face with his open palm.

'Draw!' he cried angrily. 'We are man to man, with the moon up aloft to see fair play.'

Galled by the pain of the blow even more than by the insult, D'Estelle stepped back a couple of paces, drew, and the fight began.

Even as Lucille came upon them, they saw her not, for eye marked eye; whilst the naked blades played out and in, the moonbeams shining on the polished steel. Suddenly there pressed between them the lady's white-robed figure—simultaneously the points grounded, and the combatants sprang apart.

'Lucille!' cried the dragoon as the light shone on his cousin's set face.

'Mademoiselle!' echoed D'Estelle in amaze.

Lucille turned imperiously to the dragoon.

'John Grahame,' she said, her voice trembling with anger, 'a second time you seek to put an insult upon my father's friend; again you force a quarrel upon a stranger without any apparent pretext. Why? Yesterday you attacked a man you had never seen before, and tried to kill him; and here to-night you come by stealth to fight again. Know that he is our friend, and respect it, else my father will deem it an insult to his house. Your morning professions do not live till sunset. Thus for professions!'

An angry light smouldered in Grahame's eyes, but he never flinched under Lucille's blazing scorn. He had never before seen her in such a mood, and her passion cooled his. He put up his sword quietly and faced her.

'Then, Lucille,' said he calmly, 'I am from this time forward to earn your scorn, not your love? I have received my *congé*.'

'Certainly,' returned Lucille, 'if it be possible to take that to which you were never entitled.' She turned to D'Estelle, and she trembled, although her eyes sparkled and the colour flamed high on her cheek.

Grahame laughed lightly. 'I prefer,' said he, 'to think I was entitled to it. *Au revoir*, Lucille! Entitled or not, I take it with a good grace. Adieu!' He swung on his heel and walked swiftly away.

Lucille stood silent for a space regarding his retreating figure.

D'Estelle, a few paces behind, gazed in turn upon her, his feelings in a strange disorder. Suddenly he saw that she was silently sobbing, and that her eyes were wet with tears.

'Lucille!' he cried tenderly as he stepped to her side.

She turned swiftly upon him. 'Monsieur D'Estelle,' said she coldly, 'have the kindness to conduct me back to my father.'

CHAPTER IV.

'HEY, JOHNNY COPE! ARE YE WAUKING YET?'



It was yet dark on the morning of Saturday the 21st day of September when the soldiers of the Jacobite army rose from their cheerless couches on the misty braes of Tranent, and to the whispered words of command formed in order. The strictest silence was enforced, and presently, marching three abreast, the Prince's host began to wend slowly down the slope of the hill crowned by Tranent village. As the darkness lifted a cold easterly mist swept in from the sea, shrouding the hill-face in a chill and clammy pall. The army soon approached the morass which had formed an impediment to their attacking in daylight; but through this a neighbouring farmer now acted as guide. Ere, however, the first clansman crossed, a picket of Sir John Cope's dragoons espied the enemy, and wheeling, galloped in hot haste to raise the alarm.

Meanwhile the Jacobites steadily filed across, and to muffled orders formed in battle array on the farther or seaward side. Louis d'Estelle had attached himself to Keppoch's clan, and was with the Macdonalds on the right wing.

No time was to be lost, for day was breaking eastward over the sea, and already the gables of Seton House lifted gray through the mist ahead. From the right there swelled up to them the dull beat of the sea-waves, and high on their left a cock crew shrilly in Tranent village. In front, where all had been quiet a minute before, there rang out now the warning blare of bugles and the insistent tattoo of drums. Johnny Cope was 'a-wauking'!

An aide-de-camp galloped swiftly down the rebel lines, and then, like a great, silent, many-footed automaton, the Highland army began its characteristic advance. The swishing of the myriad feet through the wet stubble gave the only token of movement, and even when through the low-lying mist loomed the dark lines of the Royalist forces, silence reigned.

Of a sudden the Jacobite ranks moved into musket-range, and a volley sputtered forth in a ragged line of flame. Without a pause in the advance, the firelocks were dropped as useless weight, and with one fierce, ringing shout, a dirk-and-sword-armed line broke through the hanging smoke to hurl itself upon the moving enemy. D'Estelle and Keppoch, on the right flank, fought side by side, and won their way sheer up to the cannon. For a brief moment D'Estelle caught a glimpse of John Grahame striving to rally a handful of dragoons who strove wildly to hack an outlet for themselves into the roadway behind.

The fight—if such the first wild rush and the subsequent massacre could be termed—was over in the short space of ten minutes, and then the clansmen, in their work of annihilation and athirst for blood and spoil, swarmed up to and over the park walls in the rear of Cope's army. Sir John Cope's forces were thoroughly routed, and this, the first actual passage-at-arms in the 'Forty-five,' ended in a decisive victory for Bonny Prince Charlie.

Close by the battlefield stood, and still stands, Colonel Gardiner's house. Here, to the great rooms, the wounded clansmen were carried, and here many an ebbing life's blood, spent willingly for the Stuart cause, dripped unheeded to the boards. In the hall stood Prince Charles with some of his chieftains, and presently D'Estelle and Keppoch joined the group. The Prince spoke excitedly.

'The first throw in the game,' he cried, 'is ours. The Jacobite star is indeed risen; and in a little while, my friends, I promise you a Stuart shall again be your king.'

'A Stuart king we have ever had,' said Keppoch, 'though of late years he has ruled his true subjects from across the water.'

'I thank you, Keppoch,' said Charles quickly, his eyes a-sparkle. 'Pray God, my father may soon come again into his own!'

Charles's eye now rested on D'Estelle, and he beckoned to the youth to advance. A whispered colloquy ensued with Keppoch and Lochiel ere he turned to the youth with a smile. 'I dare not tell you, Louis, all your kinsmen here would have me believe of your virtues,' said he brightly.

D'Estelle sought vainly for a suitable reply.

'Of your devotion to me,' continued the Prince, 'I am assured without the testimony of a relation.'

'Sire,' replied D'Estelle, with a glance at Keppoch, 'I have heard it said that for our

[Christmas Number.]

relatives we cannot be held responsible. Our friendships are of our own making.'

'A truce,' cried Charles, 'to compliments; a ready sword is more to us just now than courtiers' nimble wit.' He laid his hand on Louis's shoulder, and added in a low tone, 'Attend me to-night to Pinkie House, and hold yourself in readiness to undertake a journey.'

Down below lay the battlefield of Prestonpans, with the morning's mist driving over it in smoky wreaths, shrouding the dead gathered where the fight had raged hottest, and seeking to hide the scenes of carnage and plundering that now succeeded. Beyond, the gray sea sobbed a sad and fitting requiem.

Later on in the day Prince Charles Edward, with a small bodyguard, rode over to Pinkie House, near Musselburgh, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he occupied himself during the afternoon in the writing of despatches, one to his father, and another—this latter of a secret and particular nature—to the King of France.

About seven o'clock in the evening the Prince summoned D'Estelle to his presence, and committing the secret despatch to his care, bade him carry it safely to the French king's own hand at Paris. Arrangements, he told him in conclusion, had already been made for his conveyance, and a boat was to await him at midnight at a point on the seashore to the west of the hamlet of Newhaven, thence to take him aboard the brig *Notre Dame des Vents*, of Port Lazare—Pierre Latouche, skipper—at present lying in Leith Roads, about to sail for French ports.

The more direct and probably the safer route for the emissary would have been by the seashore, through the Port of Leith, towards Newhaven and Grahame Park—for by a curious chance the spot selected for his embarkation was a natural piece of shelving rock scarce a hundred paces from Lord Grahame's house. Inasmuch, however, as there remained yet five hours at his disposal, D'Estelle determined to see Lucille once more ere he left Scotland, and this led him to choose the road to Edinburgh, the one by which the Jacobite army had marched from Duddingston.

The little town of Musselburgh was very quiet as he cantered through: the canny folks had received the result of the fight with but a scant degree of interest. Turning towards the river Esk, he crossed the old bridge, passed through sleepy Fisherrow, and without difficulty struck the road to Duddingston. Leaving the sea in his rear, he rode for a while up a narrow country lane bounded on one side by a high stone wall and on the other by a low hedge, beyond which latter stubble-fields rolled towards the south.

It was a lovely evening, and inevitably D'Estelle fell into a reverie. He thought of 1901.]

Lucille, and felt again the thrill of her hand on his arm as she had leant trembling upon it in the Duke's Walk at Holyrood. He thought, too, of Antoinette, but differently, and without a thrill. Keppoch's words and banter on the subject of Antoinette came back to him, oddly confused with the image of Lucille. He whispered the name softly to himself, 'Lucille,' and his heart sang afresh the happy refrain, 'Lucille, Lucille.' Whistling blithely, he came to the cross-road leading from Craigmillar Castle to Duddingston, and turning to the right, skirted the loch and passed through the village towards Arthur's Seat. As he set his horse to the bridle-path over the shoulder, it was fast growing dusk, and the cold night-wind blew fresh in his face. From the hill came the lone cry of a whaup, and anon the hoarse bleating of a sheep. Below him the Hangman's Rock stood bare against the rippling waters of the loch, and the reeds at the edge shivered and sighed.

The path made a slight detour to the right ere it wound again to the left down the brae-face on the farther side. Presently the lights of Edinburgh town hove in sight, and amid the many twinkling beacons Louis tried to single out his lodestar in the gable of Lord Grahame's house. Entering the town by the Netherbow Port, he cantered briskly up the High Street towards the Market-cross. Arrived at Lord Grahame's house, he was surprised to see the windows unlit; and, with a sense of disappointment, the young man dismounted and ascended the stairs. An ancient dame appeared in answer to his knock, and the candle she held aloft threw into fantastic relief a score of wrinkles on her face of yellow parchment.

'Eh!' she piped in a voice thin and querulous, 'the maister's no at hame. He's no here ava'; and she tried to close the door.

'Not here?' asked Louis, setting his foot against the jamb. 'Where is he?'

'Guidsakes!' cried the crone testily, so that her voice cracked and squeaked again, 'a mony guid frien's the maister maun ha'e, gin they come spierin' "Whaur's he gane?" and him no left the hoose twa hours syne for Grahame Park. Hech! "Maister," quo' he! and Maister John here five minutes syne wi' the same crack. Ay! ay! a body may be auld and hirplin', but for a' that ken fine it's the lassies you braw gentry are efter, no the maister, guid man.'

The banging of the door stemmed the torrent, and D'Estelle descended quickly to the street. A barefooted laddie outside on the causeway directed him as to the way, and the young man wheeled his horse and took the road for Grahame Park, not, indeed, without some prickings of conscience as to the wisdom of proceeding with this ploy. The dame, too, he argued, had talked of John Grahame; he had been at the battle, and must have retreated to Edinburgh; mayhap was even now at his uncle's house with Lucille.

D'Estelle saw danger ahead, but, like many another man, refused to avoid meeting it. He felt he must once again hold the hand of his Lucille and look once more in her face ere he bade her good-bye.

The road that leads to Grahame Park cuts through a stretch of almost level country, sparsely wooded and uninteresting. It was now quite dark; and, looking back as he descended the gentle slope by Lucky Wilson's ale-house, D'Estelle caught a last glimpse of Edinburgh, with the lights in the Castle twinkling watchfully above the modest illuminations in the town. From the spot on which he now stood, the ground dipped gradually down to where, a quarter of a mile ahead, hidden in a clump of trees, lay Grahame Park. Beyond, in the moonlight, glimmered the waters of the Firth of Forth; and there, clear above the waving tree-tops, winked a solitary light—the starboard lantern of the brig *Notre Dame des Vents*.

On the gravel in the tree-canopied avenue were the tracks of a two-horse carriage which had been driven quite recently in the direction of the house. D'Estelle reassured himself by the absence of any hoof-marks of a single horse; John Grahame, he told himself, would not venture to visit the Park.

The windows in the south front were unlighted, and the oaken door was closed fast. Louis d'Estelle dismounted and knocked; but no answer came. Tethering his horse by the bridle to an iron ring at the doorpost, he took a few paces towards the right to reconnoitre. A wicket-gate leading into a garden swung half-open, and D'Estelle entered. He stepped on to a broad gravel path stretching from the wall of the east wing to an arbour at the remote end of the Park boundary. Above him, a light streamed from an open window framed in ivy, and from within the room came the melody of a woman's voice singing to the accompaniment of a harp. He flushed with pleasure at the well-remembered burden of an old French *chanson*, a troubadour's song that Antoinette had often played in other days; the voice that trilled the deeds of Roland and Oliver was Lucille's.

The song ended, and a shadow fell athwart the window. D'Estelle drew softly back into the kindly shade of a leafy copper-beech as the figure above, leaning forward on the sill, looked out. It was Lucille, his heart told him without the eager aid of his eyes. The light from behind shone upon her head and shoulders, and the soft, loose tresses of her wavy brown hair rippled lovingly in a ring of brightness. He could not clearly discern the face that rested upon the two hands, for all was thrown into shadow; but he knew that her eyes gazed out towards the dark green Firth where twinkled and rocked the brig's lantern. She still hummed

the refrain of the song, but softly, as if her thoughts held elsewhere. For the space of some minutes she remained thus, and the young man watched silently in the darkness beneath. Presently another shadow flitted past the window; then followed the sharp click of a door closing. The girl turned at the sound, and before D'Estelle could stir the window was shut down and she too had vanished.

With the hope that she might perchance return, he stood for a while where he was, gazing thoughtfully at the window. A bat wheeled swiftly past his face, and with a sigh at the recognition of a lost opportunity, he roused himself to turn away. The pale moon sailed at that moment from behind a wisp of scurrying, silver-edged cloud, and the Ghost's Walk shone clear from his feet to where it terminated in a patch of silver in front of the arbour. He paused, irresolute which way to turn. The impatient pawing of his horse and a low whinny drifted to his ear, and he stepped across the grass again to return to the south doorway. At the wicket he halted to look back. A slight figure mantled in a soft white shawl had entered the garden by a postern door, and now paced slowly up the Ghost's Walk.

A pretty ghost, thought Louis d'Estelle; and from where he stood he watched with curious feelings Lucille's slender figure thrown into soft relief against the dark green of the ivied wall. His heart was at the gallop, spurred by the presence of its mistress, and in vain the young man's reason sought to check its pace. How could she love him, 'whom she had only known two or three brief days? She Lord Grahame's daughter, and he a penniless soldier in the train of a throneless prince. Ah! but he must still bid her 'Good-bye.' No more would he say, save perhaps a whisper that if so she willed it, he would return. He began to feel cool and calm again; the thought of a manly strength in this repression of his feelings buoyed him up. With a smile, he turned and swung briskly over the dew-laden grass to the arbour.

This arbour stood at an angle of the wall, and was roofed over with wood supported on two ornate stone pillars, the whole almost hidden by trailing ivy except at one point in front where it had been clipped and trimmed to form a narrow doorway. Inside, a wooden bench ran along the two stone sides, and a wooden table occupied the centre. A mulberry-tree screened the entrance from the Ghost's Walk; and as D'Estelle approached over the grass the sound of his footfalls could not reach the arbour, and so it came about that the young man gained the doorway and stood looking in without the girl being aware of his presence.

In truth he had looked for any picture other than the one he saw. He was not coxcomb enough to think of himself in the matter, and yet the sight left him in puzzled perplexity, with

[Christmas Number.

the pretty speech he had arranged nipped on his lips; for Lucille sat on the rough bench with her head thrown forward on her arms upon the table and her shoulders shaking with sobbing, a picture of helpless grief. The sight of her tears—Lucille's tears—crumbled the petty barrier he had raised, and pity held him. Two light steps and he was at her side, bending over her; his hand gently sought her bowed head, and he whispered the first impulsive words that came to his lips: 'Lucille—Lucille dear.'

It was the second time he had called her by her Christian name—the first time he had been repulsed—but he only knew of it when the words were spoken. With a startled cry, the girl sprang to her feet and drew back against the wall, her tear-dimmed eyes flashing indignation, but at a glance her manner changed.

'Monsieur d'Estelle!' she whispered, and her eyes swiftly fell. In the dim light Louis felt rather than saw her hot blushes.

For a second, and only for a second—thus do men's resolutions withstand a maiden's glance—the young man thought to say, 'Mademoiselle, forgive me for my clumsy intrusion upon a lady's solitude;' but his heart bade him take his courage in both hands.

'Lucille,' he said again softly, and took a step towards her.

Lucille drew her hand away sharply from his clasp. 'Monsieur d'Estelle,' said she with dignity, 'forgets himself.'

Louis paused, disconcerted by her manner; he could not follow the reasons for her swift changes in demeanour. He thought again of the sobbing figure. 'Mademoiselle Lucille,' he said, humbly enough, 'you were in trouble. I saw your tears'—

'And would give me your pity,' added Lucille; but her glance as she said it would not meet his.

'Pity, Lucille,' quoted Louis quietly, 'is akin to'—

'To presumption, mayhap,' said Lucille, a twinkle, like an elfin spark, dancing in her eyes.

'No!' cried Louis stoutly; '"pity is akin to love," and love—condones all.'

'Except, monsieur,' retorted Lucille—'except the presumption, which, moreover, is but added to by your threadbare pretext.'

She was laughing now, for she was herself again; but Louis was no longer master of himself; he was playing a part, he felt, and he approached the climax of the scene. His hand sought the breast of his coat, and then with a bow he dropped on one knee.

'Then, Lucille,' said he gently, 'I offer another pretext'—he held something concealed in his hand, and now placed it in hers—'the pretext accorded every knight by his lady: her own gage.' With that he dropped into her palm a little bunch of soiled white ribbon.

Lucille stood for a moment, holding the gage
1901.] c

as she had received it, the while in an access of pretty confusion, then, shyly held it out to him again. 'And of that,' said she gently, 'a lady does not deprive her knight whilst yet she has need of his service.'

'Lucille,' cried D'Estelle, and he looked into her face. 'Lucille,' he whispered softly as he caught her to him, 'enrol me in that service for ever.'

When, half-an-hour later—a half-hour ticked solemnly and conscientiously by the old eight-day clock in the hall inside, but to the lovers no more, nay, less than a grasshopper's chirrup—Lucille and Louis awoke from their happy dream, the cause of Lucille's tears threw afresh its shadow across her pretty face. But whereas all before had seemed darkness and foreboding, the trouble could now be shared with her lover, and viewed with him through twin rose-coloured glasses. Yet the matter was serious enough; and although her knight strove to make light of it, the lady's face clouded and grew serious as she poured her story into Louis's ear.

John Grahame—to give the reader her story in brief—stung by Lucille's treatment of him at Holyrood on the night of the ball, had conceived a plan of revenge; and, but an hour before, a messenger had galloped by the sea-shore road with a message from his hand—an ultimatum, if you will—containing a not too thinly veiled threat. He made no attempt to disguise the fact that Sir John Cope's army had suffered a reverse at Prestonpans; but he assured Lord Grahame that not for long could a rebel army hope to withstand the tactics of the rapidly advancing Royalist troops. That point made clear, he hastened without further preamble to play his best card, and with blunt arrogance demanded the trick. Unless Lord Grahame immediately promised to give him the hand of his cousin Lucille in marriage—well, he would point out that Lord Grahame was an avowed Jacobite. When the Stuart rushlight had flickered out, he hinted—and Lord Grahame knew it for truth—that he could and would inform against the old lord and his family.

With all his faults, John Grahame was a man to be admired. He was a man of action, and loved to seize his opportunities at a red-heat. His ultimatum, if theatrical somewhat, was purposely so; for he wished above all to terrorise the easy-going old lord and his daughters into submission. It succeeded, in that it filled the dovecoat with flutterings as at the approach of the hawk.

Lucille broke down again at the end of her confession, and D'Estelle sought vainly to comfort her.

'But,' said she, trembling, 'I fear him; and he comes to-night for his answer.' She paused and caught her lover's arm. 'Listen!' she whispered, a catch in her breath.

Far up the avenue came the clatter of galloping hoofs, and through the trees the moon sparkled for a moment on the polished accoutrements of a troop of horse. John Grahame rode for his answer.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRICK IS TRUMPED.



HAD Louis d'Estelle been capable of calmly considering the situation he would have had some difficulty to persuade himself that it was a prudent action on the part of one bearing despatches of great urgency and import to venture heedlessly into danger. But at the touch of Lucille's hand on his arm, the organ whose dictates he obeyed was not his conscience but his heart. The clatter and jingle of the troop of dragoons in the avenue, the near presence of his rival, John Grahame, added a strange zest to the escapade; and as, hand-in-hand, Lucille and he ran down the walk to the postern-door, the impending danger seemed but to offer him the right to answer for his sweetheart the boorish threat of the disappointed soldier. Not until they had burst in upon Lord Grahame and Antoinette in the front drawing-room, and, through the window, caught a glimpse of dragoons drawn up around the door below, did the sense of his own danger strike D'Estelle.

A loud knocking on the great door echoed through the house, startling them all, and for a minute they stood silent, listening to the pawing of the horses' hoofs on the gravel, and the sound of the troopers' voices.

Antoinette unlatched the window opening on to the balcony over the porch, and Lord Grahame passed out, followed by his daughters and D'Estelle. Half-hid in the shade of the trees outside, half clear-cut in the moonlight, a troop of seven horsemen had halted. John Grahame had drawn some paces nearer the door, and from the saddle gave orders to an eighth man who, in the intervals of knocking at the door, critically examined D'Estelle's mare, which still stood as he had fastened it. The trooper seemed to be fumbling about the holsters, and presently he looked up at Grahame and shook his head.

'Nothing here,' said he, softly patting the beast's glossy neck; 'but she's a nice bit mare, and frae the stables at Pinkie House—here's the Tweeddale coat o' arms.'

'Just so,' said Grahame; 'that means the Frenchman D'Estelle is here before me. If he's still here, I have him caught like a rat in a trap. Give the knocker another dirl, Hugh. They're asleep!'

'I wish you good-evening, gentlemen,' said Lord Grahame from the balcony. 'We have not yet retired; but it is a late hour for visitors.'

His nephew looked up sharply, and the trooper left off rummaging the saddle-flaps.

'Good-evening, my lord,' returned Lieutenant Grahame courteously; and, catching a glimpse of the ladies behind, he doffed his hat.—'Good-evening, ladies,' he said again, 'but not yet good-night; for, late as it is, I would have a word with my uncle on a private matter.'

'Ay!' replied Lord Grahame dryly, 'though the night is not young, yet speak away as long as you please. I'm an auld man, and a Jacobite forbye; and maybe the night air suits me better than a rapsallion pack of Geordie's fleein' dragoons.'

John Grahame laughed. 'Tut!' said he briskly, 'there's an old proverb, my lord: "He that fights and runs away"—and it's a grand policy sometimes. It's true that Charlie and his caterans have the laugh of us to-day; but come two or three days he will be feeling in his pouch for the same bit handy proverb.'

'Man,' cried Lord Grahame in a voice of deep concern—'man, John, you have mista'en your trade; a man with such a flow of language, all ready cut and dried, should have waggit his heid in a poopit, no less.'

The old man chuckled grimly at his jest.

'To get to my text, then,' said John Grahame imperturbably: 'I have come to hear the answer to my letter.'

Lord Grahame leaned out over the balcony rail and looked the young man steadfastly in the face. 'John Grahame,' said he, 'if your actions were as clear as your text you might have earned an old man's blessing either as a good dragoon or a bad minister; but as it is, the text will bear no expansion. You may take my answer as your "firstly" and "lastly:" it is "No!"'

The lieutenant's brow clouded and his cheek flushed as it had done once before at the Netherbow Port when he had fired at D'Estelle. In a minute it had changed into a hard, set expression; his jaw squared resolutely.

'Very well, my lord,' said he quietly. He turned in his saddle and rapped out an order to his men, who filed off singly towards the left. Meanwhile the house-party had gone inside the room again. To delay would be useless, not to say dangerous. D'Estelle determined to act promptly; and that his position be no longer equivocal (if the maid agreed), he whispered a gentle word or two with Lucille. She blushed as she inclined her head. Louis boldly took her hand, and leading her forward to where the old lord stood, quietly asked him for his blessing.

For a space the little party forgot the horsemen beneath, and with emotion Lord Grahame laid a trembling hand on the head of each. 'Ay,' said he solemnly, 'God's blessing rest on you both; a father's blessing you have.' Gently clasping Lucille to him, he kissed her flushed cheek. 'Lassie, lassie,' he cried, with a sob in his husky voice, 'it's your dead mother's very look when I asked her six-and-twenty years

[Christmas Number.]

ago;’ and he gave her, all trembling, into Antoinette’s outstretched arms.

Half-way through this scene John Grahame had wheeled his horse, and now stood a few paces farther away, with his back to the balcony. From where he sat on horseback, he had been able to see D’Estelle lead Lucille forward; had seen Lord Grahame lay his hands upon their heads in benediction. It became clear to him that he had played and lost, and, as much with an instinct of chivalry as to enable him to compose his thoughts, he had turned away. His quick brain reverted to his own position. The threat contained in his letter to the old lord was, in the meantime at least, wholly bluff; but here—here at his hand—was something better suited to his purpose—something tangible. For why, he asked himself, should D’Estelle ride hither post-haste from Pinkie House when he knew that for the next few days the Jacobite army would throng the Edinburgh causeway and fill the ale-houses with the yatter of their northern tongues? He did not know that D’Estelle was the bearer of important despatches; but he shrewdly guessed that he had been sent upon some mission, and by closing his hand upon his rival he might grasp one end of a thread, and, whilst avenging his own injury, mayhap stumble on something that might serve to advance his interests with his commander, or, if it reached his ear, King George himself.

Hearing a low whistle from the right of the house, he turned, and saw one of his troopers giving the sign he waited for. He replied by wheeling his horse again towards the balcony. Lord Grahame and D’Estelle were still conversing, whilst from behind he encountered the gaze of the two girls, who regarded him closely. The dragoon felt that he again held the highest card, and determined to play it with a flourish. Smiling, he returned his cousin’s gaze and doffed his cap.

‘A thousand pardons,’ cried he loudly, ‘for interrupting an idyllic scene; but you will understand that time presses, and we have business yet to do.’ He paused as he noted the arrival in the room of several of the domestics, and witnessed their frightened gesticulations. ‘Ay!’ he laughed, ‘there’s a man at every twenty paces round the house, and Monsieur Louis d’Estelle, envoy of Charles Edward, the Pretender, is delivered into our hands.’

He heard Lucille’s cry, saw her dart to D’Estelle’s side, and he went on with bravado.

‘Hearken!’ he cried, ‘there is no escape, and my terms are his unconditional surrender. I arrest him in the name of His Majesty King George!’

Consternation fell upon the group in the balcony, and Lord Grahame groaned aloud; once again he found himself plunged unwillingly into the whirlpool of political turmoil. He was an old man, no longer able to fight, and danger threatened his daughters.

1901.]

D’Estelle alone remained cool. He advanced to the balcony rail.

‘Sir,’ said he to the lieutenant, ‘I refuse to consider myself under arrest; but I give you my parole that in ten minutes you shall have your answer. Until then I shall not try to escape.’

‘Granted,’ said Grahame, with an easy bow; ‘I accept your parole for ten minutes.’

D’Estelle stepped back into the room, and Lord Grahame, rousing himself, called sharply for more lights. A servant quickly brought two tall candlesticks, and set them lighted upon the table in the centre of the room. Lord Grahame gruffly bade the servants go down again to the hall to see to the fastenings of doors and windows.

‘My lad,’ said he, turning quickly to D’Estelle, ‘why did you come here? Do you carry papers?’

‘Yes,’ said Louis, and he smiled at Lucille to give her the answer to the first question; ‘it is true. I carry despatches for France. It seems folly, mayhap, to have risked coming here; but I wished ere leaving to bid you farewell.’

‘Despatches for France? For the king?’ asked Antoinette.

‘Yes!’ cried D’Estelle in a sudden impotent flash of anger, ‘for France; the brig *Notre Dame des Vents* sails at midnight—in half-an-hour.’

‘A ship?’ asked Lucille quickly. ‘Where does she lie?’

‘Out there in the roads,’ said Louis hopelessly, ‘but a couple of cable-lengths from the shore.’ A boat was to take me off from the rocks below.’ He rose and began to stride up and down the room. ‘I dare not be taken!’ he cried. ‘Can we not divert their attention here in front whilst I make a dash for it from behind?’

The old lord groaned; the bent figure sat huddled in his chair, his thoughts with the past, not the present.

The sight reminded D’Estelle sharply that two helpless ladies and an old man were dependent upon him in this crisis, and he cursed his selfish thoughts.

‘But you?’ he said, turning to Lucille. ‘I am a churl. I must stand by you; and as for the despatches—well, we can always burn paper.’

Lucille caught her breath sharply and sprang to Louis’s side. ‘I have it!’ she cried, her cheeks flushed with sudden excitement and her eyes sparkling like dew-points in the moonlight. ‘I know a way both safe and secret—for all. But hark!’ She paused to listen. John Grahame’s voice rang clear outside. ‘Ah!’ she said, ‘the parole. Go, Louis; beg a further five minutes’ grace—anything—only keep him in talk whilst Toinette and I get ready. Quick!’

D’Estelle sprang to the window just as John Grahame shouted a sharp order to his troopers. Some one—Lucille, he thought—drew the curtain behind him, and he heard her clear voice calling to her father, together with the sounds of much hurrying to and fro.

John Grahame saw him immediately. 'Ah!' he cried, 'you surrender?'

'No!' answered D'Estelle.

'Then,' roared the dragoon, with an oath, 'the consequences be on your coward shoulders!' and with a touch of spur and rein, he was off round the angle of the building like a fury.

D'Estelle, astonished at this quick turn of affairs, stepped back into the room and glanced about him. It was unoccupied. His pistol lay upon the table; he crossed over and picked it up. From some distant part of the house came a very babel of women's shrieks and cries, mingled with a strange crackling sound. With sudden fear he thought of Lucille, and dashed for the door; his hand was on the latch, when from the room beyond came the quick-tapping steps of some one running; some one called his name. He flung the door wide, and with a cry Lucille met him.

'Come!' she panted; 'the villains, wilfully or by accident, have fired the house. The only way now lies by the secret passage, of which they know nothing.'

Turning abruptly to the right, outside the room, they stumbled up a dusty corkscrew staircase—already the smoke from below assailed them—through a musty-smelling, lumber-strewn attic above, and thence into a smaller room beyond. Lord Grahame stood on the top of an ancient 'kist' examining the frame of an old family portrait that adorned one of the four otherwise bare walls; Antoinette, below, held a lantern to give him light. The frame let into the wall formed apparently but a frame for the picture; but now, obeying the old lord's touch, it swung outwards on its hinges, and proved the picture but a screen for a hidden door, and into the lock Lord Grahame hurriedly fitted a key. The door creaked inwards, and disclosed a narrow, darksome passage which turned sharply to the left.

Louis ran to the window and looked out. Down upon the lawn a vivid red glow lit up the figures of the troopers hurrying to and fro, and presently John Grahame came galloping across the bright space waving his arms like a madman. His shouts reached them in the garret.

'Quick!' cried Lucille again, and as Louis turned from the window a tongue of flame licked up over the leaden gutter beneath the window-sill. The old house with its mass of timber-work, dry and rotten in parts, burned like tinder. Antoinette and the old lord had already entered the narrow doorway. Lucille sprang lightly up. D'Estelle, with a hurried glance through the window and round the bare little room, followed her; then seizing the frame and drawing it sharply back against the entrance, he prepared to grope his way onward.

The passage led round two sides of the room,

which, indeed, formed the interior of one of two turrets flanking the front of the mansion, and was at first so narrow that it seemed hardly possible for the little party to squeeze their way through; but at length Antoinette, who led the way, pressed back a second narrow door that opened into a fairly wide, square tunnel. Years before, Lucille and Antoinette had discovered this secret mode of egress, and had explored it for a great part of the way down, but not, indeed, to where it ended in the bed of the little stream fifty yards from the sea-beach.

The tunnel through which they now passed communicated with the second turret, in the left wing; and, even as they hurried through, the air felt hot and dry, and the stone-flagged floor was warm to their tread. At the far end of the tunnel a narrow spiral staircase dropped down sixty feet to below the foundations of the old house, and presently Antoinette reached the tiny stone-walled chamber at the bottom, and set the lantern upon the floor. This was the farthest point she and her sister had had the courage to venture. The air in this underground cellar was cold and damp, but pure, for through a small iron grille above, a stream of the chill night air filtered. The sound of each foot-fall, as one by one the little party gained the place, echoed eerily. That part of the floor on which they stood was moss-grown and damp. Three feet in front the floor ended at the channel of a stream which, entering the cellar from a narrow tunnel in its south wall, passed out through a similar passage in the north wall and flowed down to the sea. The arrangement was a curious one, for the stream served the purpose of an overflow-duct from a larger stream, which it tapped some twenty yards higher up, and again joined by means of a larger lower tunnel fifty yards below. The house was thus surrounded by flowing water, for what purpose—other than, as regards this side, to cunningly blind the secret uses which the passage might serve—does not appear clear.

This fifty-yard tunnel was the final stage of the secret passage; but the little party hesitated a minute or two ere facing it. Where they stood, faint sounds of men's shouts reached them through the grille; every object outside seemed illuminated by the bright red glow. In front of them the lantern-light flickered upon the dark, gliding water, and from the archway came the occasional 'flop' and excited squeaking of a retreating rat.

The minutes were passing, however, and time was all precious to them. D'Estelle stepped forward into the stream. The water was never more than a foot in depth; but fortunately, owing to the dryness of the season—it was September—it was now nearly dry, yet it played about his ankles with icy touch.

'Come, Lucille,' said he; 'leave the lantern.' He lifted the girl tenderly in his arms, and, with

[Christmas Number.

a word to Antoinette to follow with her father, entered the tunnel. Although confined and narrow, it was fairly lofty, so that they walked with but a slight stoop. Antoinette, cool and courageous, gave her father her hand, and bravely followed D'Estelle's lead.

The tunnel—which remains to this day, for the house was afterwards restored—ends abruptly right under the high walls of the garden and in the bed of the original stream; but the outlet was hidden from above by hanging ivy. All was still when, one by one, they stepped out. Behind, the old house seemed a huge furnace, belching forth dense volumes of ruddy smoke into the night; a light wind fanned the flames, and made the surroundings clear as day. One glance showed the fugitives a bevy of frightened domestics huddled together on the lawn. The dragoons were nowhere to be seen.

D'Estelle turned away towards the sea and gave a joyous exclamation: the light of the *Notre Dame des Vents* still danced on the waters, and a long-boat was being pulled with easy strokes close in to the shore.

D'Estelle called to his companions. With a groan Lord Grahame turned away from the scene of destruction.

The bed of the stream was strewn with stones washed down from the steep sides of the gully, and the ladies had difficulty in picking their way. Of a sudden Lucille gave a sharp cry and stumbled forward; but D'Estelle caught her ere she fell and held her up. She could not stand; her ankle was sprained. They all halted on a little open space twenty yards from the sand of the beach, and D'Estelle laid the girl gently down on the grassy bank. The boat was now entering a cove between two arms of rock, and in another minute would touch the shore. A shout from behind startled them, and D'Estelle looked up to see a man running swiftly towards them over the grass, shouting the while for help. The runner was silhouetted against the ruddy background, but his waving sword flashed brightly.

'My God!' cried Lord Grahame, 'it's the black de'il John Grahame!'

At his word D'Estelle's pistol cracked, and the runner, without a sound, threw up his arms, spun half-round, and pitched forward on his face, shot in the leg.

D'Estelle stooped down and lifted Lucille in his arms. 'Quick!' cried he, and started to run for the beach.

The pistol-shot echoed up the gully, and in an instant, like the setting of a faggot to a bees' bike, troopers swarmed round the house, and two, spurring their horses, came galloping down the grassy sweep. They had about a hundred

yards of rough ground to traverse as the fugitives reached the beach.

D'Estelle called to the boatmen, and they stood ready. The ship's boat lay stern to shore, five yards out, and Louis had to wade in over the knees ere he could hand Lucille aboard; Antoinette was at his side, and a seaman, bending down, lifted her all dripping over the thwarts. Lord Grahame, pale and hatless, came last to the boat's side, and ere yet he had clambered in, one of the dragoons spurred down the shingle, and, almost at the water's edge, drew rein to fire point-blank at the crowded long-boat. With a cry of pain Lord Grahame fell wounded into the stern sheets.

With a frenzied effort D'Estelle shoved the boat forward towards the open water, and struggled in, dead-beat, over the gunwale. The crew gave way with a will, and ere the trooper could fire again the boat was swiftly moving out over the calm waters of the Forth towards where the brig lay.

Aboard the *Notre Dame des Vents* all was in readiness, for the skipper had been watching the affairs on shore, aided by the moonlight and the huge blaze of light from Grahame Park. Once all were safely aboard, Captain Pierre Latouche's gruff voice bellowed quick orders to his willing crew. A light breeze blew from the shore, and soon the brig, with canvas set, lay over, briskly bowling towards the Fifeshire coast on her first tack down the Firth.

Lord Grahame's injury proved but a flesh-wound in the left arm; the damage was trifling, and after suffering it to be bound up, he and his daughters joined Louis d'Estelle on deck in time to get a last glimpse of Grahame Park ere it faded like some giant glow-worm into the starry night.

Lucille and Louis stood slightly apart from the others looking back over the rippling waters, upon which the oily wake from the bulwarks spread and widened. Lucille's ankle still caused her some pain, which circumstance, taken in conjunction with the kindly shade of the deck-house, in the lee of which they stood, rendered the tender support of Louis's encircling arm a necessity. To starboard, the lights of Leith shone low down over the waves, and, high beyond, their eyes caught the twinkle of a light or two in the tall Edinburgh 'lands.' For a long time they stood silent, watching the lights sink down and vanish, even as happiness welled up and grew in their hearts.

'Farewell, Scotland!' said Lucille softly as the last light died out. 'We go to begin a new life in France.'

'Happy France, and ten times happier we, sweetheart,' whispered Louis as he stooped and kissed her lips.

THE PASSING OF RONALD CAREW.

By F. G. AFLALO.



THE great steamer was doomed without a doubt. Little more than an hour after the declining sun had set over the waste of troubled waters, blinking at the great Rock of Aden that loomed a good twenty miles ahead in the *Orissa's* course, a sickening convulsion had gone through her whole being, followed by a ghastly ripping and tearing of planks as the keel had for a moment grappled bravely with the reef. The captain knew it first. A mist and a gale astern in the Red Sea are a devil-planned combination that would rob the Admiral of the Fleet himself of all appetite; and the commodore of his company's fleet, Captain John Pellew, R.N.R., was absent from his place in the gaily-decked saloon. The stokers down in the engine-room knew it next, though the eternal moan of the engines deafened them for a moment to the louder call of death outside the torn planks. The last to realise their doom were those who quaffed iced wines and chaffed and flirted round the saloon tables, yet their faces blanched too at last; and even the disciplined stewards had let fall the stacks of curry and biscuits with which they had been deftly threading their way among the groups of merry, irresponsible diners.

Captain Pellew thought it extremely unlikely that any one of the two or three hundred souls in his charge would evermore tread dry land. For another moment, before more serious duties claimed his thoughts, he pondered on the sad and sometimes hopeless face of his neighbour at table, the Lady Sibyl Ommamey, and on the disappointment of her gallant old husband, Sir Nigel, whose name was one to conjure with from Simla even unto Moulmein, and who was to have met his young wife next morning on Aden's beach.

The fair object of this kindly speculation was at that moment below, crouching at the end of her berth, her hands clasped against her knees, her great gray eyes fixed on vacancy. Even in lighter mood there would have been little else to engage them, since the electric light had died away when the engines ceased to throb, and only a single candle glimmered feebly in a swinging socket. Lady Sibyl found it hard to realise that she had to die; harder still to regret the verdict. For a young and pretty woman, and a country parson's daughter to boot, she knew this to be a deplorable frame of mind; but she could not make or unmake her moods.

Another person altogether she seemed from the simple and somewhat bucolic Sibyl Trelevan who, ages ago, had vegetated at the edge of a Devon moor, helping her father in his parish work and her mother with the cares of her five younger sisters with which Providence had generously blessed that impecunious union.

In those days she had been secretly pledged to her barrister cousin Ronald. Poor old Ronald; what a forlorn hope he had been, to be sure! They had been boy and girl together. He, five years her senior, had carried her, ere she could toddle unguided, through hedges and over trout-burns. As they grew to man and woman, the warm love had, it seemed, been increasingly on his side; on hers, the passionless maidenly attachment. When Sibyl was no longer seventeen, when in time she was no longer any 'teen,' when even her unobtrusive coming of age had been forgotten, it became abundantly clear that Ronald was as far as ever from the position that would enable him to take her from the comfortless, over-populated vicarage. They both grew irritable. She was more and more sensitive with every proposal that she refused. He read, actually or in imagination, unspoken reproach in her eyes every time they met. The kisses grew fewer, the periods of silence longer and more irksome. This was simply unbearable for a man who worked in the Temple night and day, who had already earned more in a month by journalism than his own 'liberal' profession had given him in three years. He was a tall and well-favoured son of Devon, and a fine fellow in other respects; but neither briefs nor editorships rest on such merits, and he had to work his way very gradually from the foot of a very tall and very shaky ladder. Lovers' quarrels are, if necessary, at any rate vulgar; and there was one more serious than any that had gone before. The following day Ronald Carew confided to Sibyl's only brother, Archie, who was even then learning excellent cricket at an army crammer's in Exeter, that he had made up his mind to volunteer for the West Coast of Africa, though in what precise capacity he intended to take leave of an unappreciative world he did not define.

This inchoate resolve might have been productive of no serious consequences, and the misunderstanding might have been explained away as so many before, but that General Sir Nigel Ommamey, K.C.M.G., had come down on short leave to visit his sister at the Hall, and had forthwith found his hitherto impregnable old bachelor-heart strangely moved at sight of the vicar's eldest

[Christmas Number.]

daughter, who played the organ as it should assuredly be played in paradise. For a man who had the right to pin on his breast the V.C., by reason of his having, twenty years earlier, kept a dozen snarling Pathans from the body of a fallen comrade until help arrived from a neighbouring battery, the baronet had shown wonderfully little bravery in presence of the shabbily dressed daughter of the vicarage. Sibyl thought now over all that strange courtship. She remembered her own doubts whether she did not really love Ronald above all her little world, even though it now included, as her very humble admirer, a distinguished warrior and administrator who had kissed his Queen's hand.

Outside influences had not, however, been wholly inoperative, for, with a directness that Sir Nigel himself would have branded as outrageously indelicate, his sister, hoping that her favourite brother might take back so nice a girl to India, and vaguely anxious to shelter him from the overtures of imaginary garrison-hacks in positively their last season, had conveyed in terms that there could be no mistaking to her old friend Mrs Trelevan that Sir Nigel was a generous man, and would never rob the vicarage of so helpful a daughter without making such ample compensation as might be permitted him. There was not a little magnanimity in such confidences, for she had to blind herself to the interests of a small and red-faced heir up at the Hall, one whose chief concern in life was at present the nutritive value of his thumbs, and whom the success of her matchmaking schemes would in all probability rob of a title and a fine income. With generous frankness, however, and with not more beating about the bush than was called for between two who had known one another these thirty years, she hinted to her careworn old friend that if her brother became son-in-law to the vicarage, the affairs of that somewhat insolvent establishment might easily be put in order.

This subtle communication had its share in bringing the gallant General nearer to his object, for the poor mother's nervous little asides, with a final blow in the shape of a half-formed determination to remove Archie from his army coach and break his spirit in a local bank, decided this dutiful daughter and loving sister. Every other influence worked to the same end. She genuinely liked her somewhat elderly suitor, and he seemed to exact no more. Ronald sulked in the Temple and showed no sign. Lastly, Sir Nigel's leave was within a month of its close, and the menace of a further three years of now unwelcome solitude in that comfortable Simla bungalow swept away the last remnants of his nervousness. He knew nothing whatever of the share his sister had taken in the furtherance of his suit; but he knew that he was growing desperate, and, in short, he took his lady by storm. Six weeks after she had, as in a dream, accepted the man [1901.]

she honoured and meant later to love, Sibyl became Lady Ommaney.

Even in the introspective mood of one on the brink of eternity, she could find very little with which to reproach herself. She recalled her sudden conviction, when Ronald Carew stood up, pale and collected, at the wedding-breakfast, to give the toast of the bride, that she loved her cousin more than she loved her husband. Sir Nigel made her remorse greater by declaring, with the born administrator's eye for a proper man when he saw one, that Ronald was a fine soldier thrown away. Trouble was brewing on the north-west frontier. The vacillations of an independent ally and the machinations of a semi-civilised rival called for renewed attention to the defence of the passes. In short, the Chief's cipher cables were peremptory. On the night after his wedding-day, Sir Nigel, soldier first and lover after, was speeding across Europe in the *Brindisi rapide*, with the promise that he would at the first opportunity telegraph for his young wife to join him. Within a month her summons, too, had been flashed beneath two seas and across a continent. She was to travel by the *Orissa* as far as Aden, where her husband would meet her. Her state-room had been booked by wire. She had just a fortnight in which to get her things together, say her good-byes, and enlist in her service as maid little Jenny Hocking, daughter of the postmaster, a girl of her own age, and one who had secretly worshipped and openly imitated Miss Sibyl ever since the days in which they were both warm admirers of liquorice cunningly moulded in homely counterfeit of the mohair bootlace.

Once again, as her flying retrospect reached the final stage of her home-life, Sibyl realised that Sir Nigel's image paled, and that of Ronald—Cousin Ronald—loomed larger in her mind, till she understood in a flash the meaning of an indifference to death that had puzzled her when first she knew that she was going to drown. As she pictured the cold, black death surging up around, even as, in Sir Nigel's stories of India, the sacred waters of Ganges overlapped moribund Brahmins laid out on the banks below Benares, she almost welcomed even so cruel an ending.

Her apathy was, however, by no means shared just then by the rest of that condemned company. Class distinctions had been sunk among passengers who would be equal in death ere morning broke. Men in evening-dress were pushed on one side by their rougher fellows in homespun. Women, whose unnoticed jewellery flashed on their bosoms, mingled their lamentations with poorer sisters from the steerage. One poor creature, holding in her arms a puling atom of humanity, vainly stormed the ladder that led to the bridge, but was gently repulsed by a huge

and stolid quartermaster who guarded that approach with a professional jealousy for which even death had no terrors. And over all that swaying concourse of troubled humanity with but a little while to live, paced the weather-beaten skipper, his face set in grim lines, yet with tread as measured as if his beloved vessel rode in safety under the lee of Plymouth Breakwater. Twice, indeed, during the past five minutes he had exchanged a word with the 'chief,' and the 'fourth,' standing to attention by the binnacle, had fancied that for a moment he saw in the dim light the utter hopelessness of both faces relax its severity. No; he must have been mistaken.

As a matter of fact, the 'fourth' had not been in error when he fancied that his superior officers looked relieved, for they had realised that, with the wind and sea dropping so rapidly, it might be quite possible, so little were the waters gaining on the unremitting pumps, to get every soul off in the boats at daybreak. Land was not more than five miles distant, and in that off-season the ship was not by any means up to her full complement. Old Pellew, indeed, with that mysterious intuition that belongs of right to those who have graduated in the lone night-watches, as good as knew that he was not going to die this time; knew that he would, after all, retire after the voyage to devote that hard-earned pension to the mild cultivation of vegetables in the little garden that overlooked the Downs. Yet even he dared not so far trust himself as to share his convictions with the fearful crowd beneath, and he restricted himself to a word of comfort here and there in the ear of such as seemed in most desperate case.

The time wore on unnoticed, and Sibyl had fallen into a kind of stupor, not even perceiving that the swing candlestick was as still as in port. This, indeed, was the stillness of coming death. If only she could have said good-bye to poor old Ronald! But what was that buzz of voices? What meant the press of feet hurrying down the deserted alley-ways? Sibyl barely looked up as some one flung open her cabin door; barely gathered from the first officer and quartermaster who stood in the doorway that there was to be no death, that the ship's company would be saved.

She was only half-conscious as they hurried her up the companion and to the head of a gangway by which an excited crowd was already leaving the ship in enforced order. Close after her came other passengers, and, without quite knowing how, she realised that Ronald—the Ronald whom she had just been dreaming of in his dismal dungeon off the Strand—was in the same boat. It seemed only a wild dream, this answer to her prayers, and she could almost have laughed aloud. Yet, she thought in sudden revulsion of feeling, what construction would her old husband,

waiting over there in the darkness to take her in his arms, put upon the presence of her cousin in the ship? Would even his loyalty and devotion be proof against the most natural of suspicions? Oh, but this was horrible! Did Ronald realise their position, and the unutterable shame of a possible misunderstanding?

From the moment the boat's load was completed, and the command, 'Give way!' set the eight trained oars beating with their rhythmic sweep, she tried to catch his eye in the faint lantern-glow; but he would not look at her, keeping a vacant stare fixed on the doomed hulk of the *Orissa*, from the side of which each moment another and another boat shot out into the paling darkness. As a matter of fact, Carew had realised the situation far more readily than herself. His presence in the ship at all was due to the timely offer of a newspaper opening in Kandy just at the moment when her wedding would have made him welcome the post of amanuensis to the King of Benin himself, and a morbid fancy had made him take passage for Colombo by the boat that bore her eastward, though he had entered an assumed name in the passenger-list and had lain hidden in the second class. Almost he had made up his mind to seek her out when he knew that another hour must end their lives; but with the first whisper of salvation he had quickly realised the menace to her good name, and had set about destroying every trace of his presence. Already he had heaved the last of his belongings over the side, and he was only prevented from following them by the restraining hand of the third officer, whose search-party had at that moment come upon him and forced him along to the boats.

Sibyl would have leapt overboard now, only she knew that the first officer, who held the tiller beside her, would have held her back; so, unable to bear any longer the sight of either Ronald or that looming rock behind him, she hid her face in her trembling hands. Then there went up that shout so familiar to old hands at sea: 'Man overboard!' With a jerk, the eight oars ceased as one; the officer sprang up. 'Back her!' he shouted above the roar of the waters; but they all knew that the attempt was futile, for the seas still ran high for so small a craft, the darkness was scarcely broken by the first promise of the new day, and the bow of the boat had struck 'Mr Thompson' on the head, even as he fell overboard, so that he must without a doubt have sunk unconscious to the banquetting-halls of the unsleeping sharks that keep the Gate of Tears. The search, useless from the first, was soon abandoned; the officer once more steered his boat for the now clear outline of the rock; and, with a little cry, which no one attributed to any emotion stronger than the agitation of one unaccustomed to such trying scenes, Sibyl fell unconscious against his shoulder.

[Christmas Number.

Rather more than a year after, the Military Secretary had come about fifty times in one day to the half-open door of an airy bedroom commanding, through blinds that kept out the inquisitive sun, the heights and valleys that alternate in front of Simla. Fifty times he had meekly taken the silent dismissal of the Irish regimental surgeon who sat beside the bed. The fifty-first, however, produced a parley with the man of medicine, and just at that moment Lady Ommaney opened her eyes after an almost death-like sleep that had lasted nearly fourteen hours, smiled wanly, and held out feeble arms for a bundle proffered by the grinning *ayah*. They had almost despaired of her life this time, for not a year had passed since she had risen, the ghost of her old self, from the brain-fever that followed that catastrophe off Aden.

'All right now, Nigel dear,' came the quavering voice; 'and—Nigel—is he not a love?' Then, with a sigh of contentment, she fell asleep again—a healthy sleep this time; and Sir Nigel knelt on, like a devotee before some very holy shrine, fearful of disturbing his sleeping lady.

Often enough Captain Archie Trelevan, who had got promotion at the end of the long campaign that finally broke the back of Soudan Mahdism, had to tell that story of his remarkable escape from overwhelming odds on the muddy banks of the Atbara. It was considered the yarn of the war; persons, and even Personages in high places, had heard it from the principal actor himself, and the romantic papers of the Metropolis had embroidered its already picturesque fabric with a mass of startling detail that chiefly interested, by reason of its novelty, Archie himself. His own version was simple and straightforward enough, and only family considerations called for some little omission of probable motives and antecedents.

The square had wavered for a moment, and he and a handful of men had been cut off by a rush of infuriated Soudanese. He was all but done. His sword had snapped short above the hilt under a too great strain of carving; his men lay dead or dying around him. Luck, as he put it, left him last on his feet. The sons of the desert pressed closer and behaved like wolves with the smell of new blood in their nostrils. Their leader, a giant of somewhat fairer type, stood a head above the rest, his blood-stained face being in part hidden by a shaggy growth of beard and whiskers. More than once Archie had been fascinated by the sight of this very large man, lifted hither and thither in the weltering press, yet ever hewing and cutting

like a demon; and now, at close quarters, he plainly saw by the glint in those fearful eyes, that he was face to face with one bereft of reason.

The end must be at hand. The great Egyptian and Lieutenant Trelevan were brought face to face. Some strange old fancy of schoolboy readings prompted Archie to give one last battle-cry: 'A Trelevan! a Trelevan!' and at the same moment he struck with his broken hilt full at the other's throat. What then happened he never quite understood; but it seemed that, with a yell as of a wild beast that has found a long-lost cub, the huge Moham-medan placed himself in front of Archie and kept the others at bay, using his dripping blade with deadly effect and flinging them to right and left like wounded rats. For a moment his treachery took them so aback that they seemed paralysed out of all resistance. Then, with a frightful shout of execration that drowned the approach of a small body of horsemen thundering up the hill to sabre them from behind, they flung themselves on their late leader, who fell pierced with a dozen blades, to be hidden a moment later beneath the quivering bodies of his murderers.

As Archie presently knelt beside the strange great heathen who had so valiantly saved his life, a gold ring of European pattern showed through the blood and mud on the fourth finger of the left hand. Cleaning it that he might the better trace its legend, he found, to his amazement, a familiar device. Of a sudden the torn and bearded face was known to him. In such a plight did he find the long-lost Ronald, who received Christian burial the same night.

From one of the prisoners Archie gathered that this was a very holy man, one protected of Allah (that is, demented) and not of their race. He had been cast up by the sea in a trance five years ago, just when they had been at their wits' end for some message promising victory over the usurping Nazarenes, and in his nearest approaches to coherency, though he knew not a word of Arabic, hatred of English officers seemed the dominant motive. So much, indeed, Trelevan pieced together of the imperfect story of that poor storm-tossed spirit, and so much he sent, by the first mail that offered, to Devon and to Simla.

Now and then Ronald Carew's name cropped up between Sir Nigel and his lady, and the old baronet more than once fancied that her fair face was troubled on such occasions; but he was too loyal to harbour absurd suspicions. And the Lady Sibyl kept her own counsel. Ronald had died twice over, and she let his memory rest.

THE WAITING OF MARIAN DEAN.

BY THOMAS ST E. HAKE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE SHIP-BREAKERS,' 'WITHIN SOUND OF THE WEIR,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FOR LIFE.



It seemed to Marian, upon entering the brightly lighted kitchen, that her homely old mother had been taken into the secret of a coming guest. The big kitchen table was neatly laid for four persons; and besides, there were wine-glasses on the board and a side-dish or two, suggesting festivity in a modest way. She was about to question her mother when a knock resounded through the house. Upon opening the hall door Marian was confronted by a well-built young fellow in a thick overcoat and low-crowned hat. The rough weather had given his close-shaven face a ruddy glow.

'Is Mr Tilbrook at home?'

'I will see,' said Marian. 'Your name?'

'John Winterburn.'

She crossed the hall quickly, but she paused an instant at Tilbrook's door; then she stepped into the room without further hesitation. As she entered—though not before discovering that Tilbrook was not there—a gust of wind swept in at the open window, and extinguishing the reading-lamp, left her in darkness. The girl groped her way towards the casement; she had placed her hand upon the latch to make it fast, when a step on the gravel path outside arrested the action. She had recognised the step as Tilbrook's, but something in the very tread caused her to shrink back, though her first impulse had been to hasten out, or at least call to him by name. She left the casement unlatched, and stood back to wait his coming.

He entered and fastened the window. Then a match was struck, and she saw his face lighted up—the handsome face of a man of thirty-eight. His look was distressful, and he breathed heavily, as if from excitement more than haste. He had now lighted the lamp, and she no longer thought to conceal her presence. But as she was about to speak Tilbrook turned his head towards the window and stood looking out into the night. His whole attitude expressed a sense of dread. What could it be? Next moment he had drawn the curtain across the window, as if by the action

to blot out something unpleasant. She stepped forward.

'There's some one come to see you, Robert. Shall I ask him in? He is waiting in the hall, and'—

Tilbrook looked round quickly, his hand tightening upon the curtain, as he said, 'Who wants me?' Then he sank down, tugging nervously at his beard.

'Robert! are you ill—troubled, dear? Tell me—what is it?'

He took the pretty, pleading face between his hands. 'Dear Marian,' said he; and then of a sudden his whole manner changed, as he threw a glance towards the door. 'Why, of course. It's Winterburn!'

Before Marian could answer he had passed into the hall; and she, standing outside the study door, witnessed a cordial greeting. Presently Tilbrook looked round and said, 'This is my new partner, Marian. Come and wish us success.'

Marian came forward and gave Winterburn her hand.

'It's all a surprise to me;' and she looked from one to the other.

'I meant it to be a surprise,' said Tilbrook, with a forced smile. 'But come! let's go and look for your mother. My friend must be hungry after his journey. Will you lead the way?'

Tilbrook hardly appeared in a genial mood, though he made praiseworthy efforts to entertain his friend. When they had drunk to the prosperity of the new partnership, however, and came to draw their chairs about the hearth, the dark shadow that had been hovering over him took to flight.

'By-the-bye, John, where have you taken up your quarters?'

'At the "Red Lion,"' was the reply.

'I'll keep you company,' said Tilbrook, 'as far as the inn door.'

It was too gusty for the partners to converse without difficulty as they went along. At the inn door Winterburn invited his friend to enter. As soon as they reached the smoking-room and had lighted their cigars Tilbrook said, 'What think you of Marian Dean?'

'Delightful!' said Winterburn.

[Christmas Number.]

'Ah!' A moment's pause, and Tilbrook, stroking his dark beard, went on: 'When I bought this mill, John, and took over the lease of the Ferry House, where I'm now living, I found Mrs Dean a sort of fixture there. I kept her on as housekeeper; and an excellent one she has proved. At that time Marian wasn't more than eight years old; there are twenty years between us, but I am proud to say I've lately won her heart.'

Winterburn held out his hand. 'My best wishes, old friend! I suspected something between you.'

'Thank you, John. And now,' said Tilbrook earnestly—'now that the affairs at the mill are bound to prosper, I see no reason why the wedding should be put off. Are you listening?'

'To every word.'

'Excuse me, dear boy,' and Tilbrook put his hand affectionately on Winterburn's arm, 'but you had rather an absent look just now. You don't in any way regret the partnership—do you?'

'Between us? Surely not.'

'Once more, excuse me. I'—

'Stop! Unless you have kept anything back,' said Winterburn—'anything about the business, I mean—about which I ought to know'—

'About the mill?' Tilbrook interposed. 'Nothing;' and, placing his hand in Winterburn's, he bade him 'Good-night.'

John Winterburn sat for a while in the smoking-room, after Tilbrook had gone, with that absent look again gathering in his eyes. Marian Dean, with the light of the bright kitchen fire upon her—as he had seen her an hour ago—held complete mastery over his thoughts. She—this bewitching woman of eighteen—about to become the wife of his old friend! He stepped to the window and looked out upon the night. The weather had grown more rough and blustering. Black, ragged clouds were tearing over a crescent moon; and the very sight of this mad-faced sky tempted him to seek diversion out of doors.

He turned his steps towards the river. He had some half-remembered knowledge of the old town, for when a lad he had gone sculling up to Isleford; and even now, as he approached the bank-side, he recalled to mind the flour-mill; and then how it was that at Isleford Ferry steps he had gone ashore. Presently he found himself resting his arms upon the old bridge and looking down upon the little dock where the barges were moored for loading and unloading under the cranes suspended from the upper floor of the old mill. In those boating-days he had stood upon this very spot, watching a barge pass under the bridge and out through the flood-gates into the river beyond. Now—now he was standing upon this bridge once more; and the mill, upon which the moon cast an intermittent light, was his own—Tilbrook & Winterburn's flour-mill

1901.]

—and on the morrow his duties there would begin!

Upon the following morning, as Winterburn was on the point of leaving his room, a letter was placed in his hand. It was dated within the hour from the Ferry House, and it ran as follows:

'We are in great distress. Pray come to us at once.
MARIAN DEAN.'

Winterburn hastened to take his way to the Ferry House. Marian opened the door to him before he had ascended the steps, and led him into the little parlour adjoining Tilbrook's study.

'I almost dread to tell you,' she began in a broken voice, 'what has happened. Not that I think the news will drive you away. On the contrary, I believe you to be his true friend.'

She seated herself at the table, her hands clasped before her, and she now paused to look at Winterburn for confirmation.

'Is Tilbrook in trouble?' he said.

'Yes, in very great trouble,' was the reply; 'and although I've no doubt it will all come right in the end, still that mustn't make us too trustful. He was arrested in this room on a serious charge not an hour ago.'

Her pained look while speaking appealed to him even more than her words. How beautiful she was in her earnest concern for the man to whom she was betrothed! If he had felt drawn towards her on the previous night, Winterburn felt a tenfold attraction for her now.

'What can it mean?'

'It means,' said Marian, 'that a person named Helen Linkworth, who has lately been acting as book-keeper at the mill, was found drowned in the river last evening, not far from the Ferry steps. She was known to be a quick-tempered woman, and some high words were heard between her and Robert in the mill office yesterday. There would be nothing very remarkable in that under ordinary circumstances, but it happened that he was seen down by the river last night about the time the thing happened. All this roused suspicion; and so it came about that a warrant was granted for his arrest.'

'But what's the charge they've brought against him? Surely not one of murder?'

Marian bowed her head without answering him; and then she covered her face with her hands, no longer able to control her tears.

At sight of her grief Winterburn was deeply moved. 'I'll do all I can,' said he—'all that's in my power—to help you. If he's not acquitted you may rest assured it will be through no want of energy on my part. I'll work to get his release day and night.'

She rose impulsively, taking his hand in both her own. 'Thank you! How grateful he will be! And no one knows,' cried the girl, 'how grateful I am.'

Winterburn kept his word; though had he realised how arduous the task would prove he might possibly have stepped aside and left Marian to play her painful rôle alone. But the new partner was not only a staunch friend, he was one who had aptitude for affairs; and he divided his time, as best he could, between the business at the mill—where his strong personality was quickly recognised—and the still more tedious business of satisfying himself that Robert Tilbrook's defence was ably conducted. The evidence of guilt, however, was strong, and Tilbrook was committed for trial.

Weeks passed away. At last the time came round for the trial, and the verdict was hourly expected. Winterburn had attended at the court daily, and every evening he had hastened to the Ferry House to acquaint Marian with all that had transpired. During these sorrowful days of suspense, as Winterburn could not fail to observe, Marian's deeper nature was roused; and there was something in the expression of her dark, restless eyes that enhanced her beauty. She had the look of one who has learnt to bear her trouble bravely.

She was waiting with sickening dread for the tidings that Winterburn must bring to-night—tidings upon which her happiness so fully depended. His firm knock—it had become familiar to her of late—was heard at last. Marian's mother opened the door to him; for Marian did not move. She could not stir from her place beside the kitchen hearth—could scarcely breathe. But she listened intently. Winterburn's voice—the very tread of his foot across the hall—seemed to tell her the worst. A verdict of 'Guilty'—Robert Tilbrook had been condemned!

Winterburn, coming quickly in, saw with the first glance at her as she stood in the bright light of the fire, her hand upon the back of a chair, that there was little need for him to speak; but his eyes were bent no less anxiously upon her, for signs of faintness had come over her face, and she seemed about to fall. He sprang forward to her aid.

'Marian!'

She rallied almost before he reached her side, and by a sudden effort of will recovered herself. 'How weak I am! I don't deserve a friend like you. You haven't given up all hope?'

'Not yet,' said Winterburn.

She had read it in his look, and she gave him a quick, searching glance of inquiry.

'The trial is over, and Tilbrook has been convicted of the crime. But, as you know, the circumstantial nature of the evidence—some room for doubt possibly existing as to whether the woman met her death through violence, or from having committed suicide by drowning—has had weight with the jury, and the sentence of capital punishment has not

been pronounced. It's to be a life's imprisonment.'

How vividly Marian recalled these words of Winterburn's, and how often, in the days of patient waiting that now followed!

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.



EARS went by. The old Isleford Mill—'Tilbrook's flour-mill,' as it was still called—practically passed into Winterburn's hands; for he became to all intent and purpose the sole proprietor. When first entering upon his duties there, the affairs of the mill had seemed to him in an almost hopeless entanglement. He had been prepared, through Tilbrook's candid avowal of an embarrassed state of finance, to find himself confronted with difficulties; but they had proved more serious than he had been led to expect. He overcame every obstacle, however, in the course of time; and when a decade had nearly elapsed 'Tilbrook's' had grown to be a paying concern. The Ferry House, which formed a portion of the mill estate, continued to be occupied by Mrs Dean and Marian, very much as though Robert Tilbrook was still domiciled there. It had been Winterburn's resolve that it should be so; and the two women had gratefully consented to stay. Never did a day pass, however, without a visit from Winterburn to the house; but he lived over at the mill during these years, having fitted himself up a couple of rooms adjoining the office. The throb of the mill-wheel had become the very heart-beat of his busy life.

One spring morning Mrs Dean sat brooding in her high-backed chair. 'I shall see him ag'in,' suddenly broke from her prophetically—'I shall see him ag'in, Marian, afore I die.'

Marian, who had at this moment come in, stopped at the kitchen door and looked down at her.

'See Robert, mother—see him again?' she said. 'I wish that I could think it possible. But have you forgotten? It was *for life*.'

The woman nodded her head. 'Ah! I know. My memory ain't a-failing me yet. But it's a good nine year since.'

'Nine years next fall,' said Marian.

'Afore next fall—you mark me—Robert will come home. Something tells me that he will,' and a far-off look came into her eyes. 'If I weren't a-feeling poorly this morning I'd give his room a sweep. It's got a bit dusty o' late.'

That morning Marian swept Tilbrook's study, and she worked with a care to detail which she had not bestowed upon the room for many a day. The girl had little faith in her mother's

[Christmas Number.]

gift of prophecy—she was not more troubled with superstition than most healthy minds—but she felt deeply conscience-stricken when she came to draw back the curtains, for a ray of sunlight pointed to cobwebs. What would he have thought of her if, as might have happened, he had unexpectedly returned? It was an obvious sign of her forgetfulness.

Once more, during the afternoon of the same day, Marian re-entered the room to give a touch with the feather-broom to his pictures and books. She had just completed her dusting, and had sunk down into Tilbrook's chair, when the workmen's bell at the mill clanged loudly. It was six o'clock, the hour at which she had listened in the old days for Robert's coming. He had been more in her thoughts to-day, she was glad to know—more than for many a day; and now, while recalling the past at this dreamy twilight hour, she saw him in her mind's eye returning from the mill. There was a short cut into the Ferry House grounds through a back-gate. He would come that way! The miserable nine years of absence were for one drowsy moment blotted out, and the fancy that she was stepping forth to meet him took a sudden hold upon her. She had heard the gate swing open—she had risen confusedly with a painful beating at her heart—when a moment later a figure appeared in the dusk. She sprang to the open casement, stifling a cry.

'Why, Marian! did I frighten you?'

It was only Winterburn. But nobody entered by that gate nowadays. Why had he come by that way to-night?

'It's nothing,' and she passed her hand across her eyes. 'You woke me out of a dream, I think; but I'm glad you have come, if merely for that.'

She had retreated into the room while speaking, and now stood with her arms folded over the back of a chair, her eyes bent, as though the dream still filled her thoughts. Winterburn stood at the open window and looked in. His glance went critically about the room, and then rested on Marian. She was still young, barely eight-and-twenty; and in his regard she had become more beautiful in her mature womanhood than when they had first met.

'I am glad that I've come,' he said, after pondering for a moment over her words—'glad that I have found courage—at last.'

She looked up inquiringly; the dim twilight was reflected brightly in her eyes; but she made no effort to speak.

'Marian, this state of things can go on no longer—it has got beyond all endurance. Let us end it,' he pursued—'end it as you in your true heart may think best for both.'

As he spoke he approached her chair, until he could rest his hand near her own. She made no movement to avoid him, but her dark lashes quivered and drooped upon her flushed cheeks.

1901.]

'I do not fear,' he said, 'that I shall be misunderstood. The time has long passed when any misunderstanding could exist between you and me! You know that my first wish is for your happiness. Tell me, then—decide for both of us to-night. It shall be as you direct.'

She moved from him and stood looking out into the gloaming as if for guidance now; but none seemed to come, for no word escaped her lips. Winterburn waited for a while watching her. At last there came into his face a look of despair. He stepped towards her and seized her hand. 'It must be, then? Good-bye!'

She looked round now, her eyes filled with tears. Winterburn had moved towards the door, bent upon leaving her; but barely had he touched the handle than Marian had reached his side.

'Don't go!'

He looked at her as if doubting he had heard aright.

'Have I—won your love—at last?'

He stretched out his arms and would have drawn her to him; but something—as it seemed to Winterburn, something like a sudden fear of herself—held him back.

'Do not think of me! Stay for Robert's sake,' she said. 'He will need you when he comes.'

But Winterburn had long ago grown to consider Tilbrook's release from his life's imprisonment as a thing that could never be. How could he otherwise have had it in his thoughts to speak to Marian as he was venturing to speak to-night? Her words were crushing; they came to him with all the force of an irrefutable and stern rebuke.

'I could never face him now,' he said desperately. 'I have broken faith in pleading my love for you. Good-bye.'

He hurried out. The moment he reached his rooms at the mill he sat down at his desk to write a letter to his London agent, stating that Tilbrook's flour-mill was for sale. He resolved to turn his back for ever upon Isleford as soon as a purchaser was found. He had remained all these years, hoping, in his blind passion for the girl, to win Marian's love at last.

He took a mental survey of the future, near and far; but no good resulted: the survey only roused a more maddening sense of despair. All hope now seemed drifting away.

He had sealed his letter and was on the point of putting out his office lamp, when a knock at the outer door of the mill reached his ear. He lifted his window-sash and looked down.

'What is it?'

'Me, sir! You're wanted.'

He recognised the voice of 'Boots' from the 'Red Lion.'

'Who is it? Who wants me?'

'Don't rightly know, sir,' said 'Boots.' 'A sick gentleman, missus says. He posted over

about an hour ago; it's *you* he's asking for. That's all I know.'

'All right! I'll come at once.'

Winterburn spoke in his usual cheery voice. But a wild surmise had, nevertheless, set him speculating as to who this guest at the Red Lion Inn might be, until his brain fairly throbbed. He was not the man, however, to shrink from acting promptly. A few minutes later he was introduced into the room in which the 'sick gentleman' had been lodged.

He sat beside the fire, a pale-faced, cadaverous-looking person, propped up among a heap of pillows. Winterburn scrutinised him with keen forebodings, his hand still upon the closed door.

'You remember me—do you?'

'No. May I ask?'

'Yes, yes! Sit down, Mr Winterburn,' the stranger interposed in a peevish voice. 'You wonder why I have sent for you. I'll tell you in two words.'

Winterburn brought a chair to the hearth, and seating himself opposite the man, waited for him to speak.

'You are Robert Tilbrook's friend?' said he after a pause. 'Let me be sure of that.'

'Why should you question it?'

The man's restless eyes became suddenly fixed upon his visitor. 'I'd never have questioned it when I saw you that day in court—the last day of the trial! But that's nine years ago. Would you still like to see Robert Tilbrook righted?'

Winterburn felt his anger rising. Could this mysterious man know that Tilbrook's coming home would rob him of a wild and desperate chance—a deeply rooted hope that he still cherished? It seemed impossible! He recovered himself quickly and answered, 'I would make any sacrifice to secure Tilbrook's release! He is suffering for another's crime.'

The man began to pluck nervously at a red handkerchief which he had been passing over his face at frequent intervals. He seemed to be contending equally against an agonising sense of mental and bodily pain.

'Another's crime? Yes—yes. Open that valise. You'll find a small packet inside. It's sealed at each end. Yes; that's it. Would you hand it to me?'

Winterburn having readily complied, the stranger went on. 'Now, I'm going to entrust this packet to you. Stay, though,' and he held it back; 'I must state my conditions. Do you follow me? I want you to make every effort to reach the place mentioned—you'll find the address in there—by the first train to-morrow morning. For Robert Tilbrook's sake—for mine!—do you agree?'

Winterburn assented, and the stranger put the packet into his hand.

'There—now go! If you stop a minute

longer,' said the sick man excitedly, 'I may be tempted to take the packet back. Don't trust me; take it away! I've done what I can. Go!'

When Winterburn regained his rooms at Tilbrook's mill it was long past midnight. He sank down into his chair under the lamp and began to examine the packet. Except for this tangible evidence of his interview with the extraordinary character at the 'Red Lion,' he might have well asked himself whether he was fully awake. He now hastened to break the seals, and presently extracted a bunch of keys and a slip of paper. A label was attached to one of the keys, upon which was written, 'The Street Door,' with the address, '1A Bridgewater Square, London.' Upon the slip of paper Winterburn read the following words: 'In the box with the iron clamps will be found a confession of the crime at Isleford Ferry which will set Robert Tilbrook free.'

Winterburn sat for a long time staring absently before him, the slip of paper crushed in his hand. What terrible temptation was taking shape in his brain and mastering his better nature? The secret of the crime at Isleford Ferry was in his keeping. If the sick man at the inn should die. . . . Of a sudden he started up. Going to the window hurriedly, he drew the curtain aside and looked out. The day was breaking feebly through white shrouds of mist. While he still stood there a step along the road caught his attention. He listened, a look of apprehension gathering in his eyes. The step approached nearer and nearer; and Winterburn, with growing impatience, raised the window and leant out. The figure of a man suddenly hove in sight.

'Boots! Anything the matter?'

'Yes, sir. Missus says he's gone.'

'Gone? The sick man gone!'

'Yes, sir. Dead.'

The shrouds of mist lifted over the river and disappeared. The mill-wheel went plashing round, flinging up its myriad jets of water into the bright morning sunlight. The work of another day had begun; every one employed at Tilbrook's mill was at his post, except Winterburn. He was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUSION.



ARIAN had risen early upon this particular morning; and yet, to her surprise, she found her mother already about. She was still more surprised, however, to notice the change in her whole appearance and manner. She had become more like the active housewife

[Christmas Number.]

Marian remembered in happier days. The kitchen fire had such a bright look that there could be no doubt it had been lighted at least an hour ago.

'How well you seem to-day!' she exclaimed.

'I can't complain,' said Mrs. Dean cheerily.

Marian had spoken no word to her mother concerning the interview with Winterburn on the previous evening; but she reflected upon it all the more, as she had been reflecting all the night long, weighing in her mind his every word and look. Could he think to leave Isleford—transfer Tilbrook's mill to the highest bidder—and pass completely out of her life? Whatever Marian Dean's real sentiments might be in regard to Winterburn—whether seriously influenced by the halo of romance that had gathered round their lives—in her true woman's nature she had long recognised in him a man of sterling worth. She must indeed have been devoid of sympathy had she not been keenly touched by the knowledge of his unrequited love for her. In truth, the consciousness of it had been the source of painful disquietude for many a day. For it seemed to her a more tangible sorrow than the sorrow she had even experienced for Robert Tilbrook during all these years.

It was not until the day had closed in—and a wearisome day it had been—that Marian felt a desperate yearning to have a word with Winterburn before it should prove too late. The workmen's bell had rung; and as he gave no sign of coming, as she had hoped might be, she resolved to seek him in his room adjoining the mill office.

'Are you going far?'

It was her mother who spoke. She had entered the kitchen unperceived, and now stood watching Marian arrange her hat in front of a glass against the wall.

'No, mother; only over to the mill.'

'You won't find nobody there, my dear,' said Mrs. Dean.

'Nobody?'

'Mr. Winterburn left early this morning. He's gone to London—leastways so I'm told—and the foreman can't say when he'll be back.'

Some days passed; no tidings of Winterburn reached the Ferry House. If Marian had felt the desire to see and speak with him when she believed him to be still 'over the way,' the moment she realised that his intention to quit Isleford had been carried out she found it beyond her power to hide from herself the pitiable truth. She loved John Winterburn—loved him with a passion that told her she had not loved any one till now. She craved for his return unceasingly, though confident the while that it would never be. She made strenuous efforts to expel him from her thoughts. She tried to divert her mind by giving stricter attention to household affairs; but the least work seemed to fatigue her, and leave her towards evening more dispirited than when she had elected to sit idly

1901.]

over the fire and give wing to fancies that had better never have been put forth.

She had fallen asleep in her mother's chair one afternoon, when the crackling of firewood woke her with a start. She went at once to ascertain the cause. Upon reaching the hall she observed that Robert Tilbrook's study door was standing ajar. It was from this room that the crackling noise had come. She stepped to the door and looked in. The fire was burning brightly there, and her mother was moving about with unwonted energy.

'Why, mother, one could almost believe,' said Marian, 'that you were expecting Robert home to-night.'

'I've no doubt one could, my dear.'

The reply brought an impatient look. 'Why do you answer like that? Surely I've a right to know.'

'You shall know—everything. But wait,' her mother urged. 'It's about the hour now, as near as can be. There—draw the curtains; it's getting dark a'ready. Now!—do the room look snug? I'm thinking so. Do it look homely, as in the old days? Dear me! why, what's my girl looking so scared about? Carriage wheels. Ay—I hear 'em. Stop! I'll go, my dear. What are you thinking about? Stay where you be.'

Marian stood trembling outside Tilbrook's door. A carriage-and-pair had drawn up at the entrance to the Ferry House at the moment at which Mrs. Dean was opening the front-door. By the dusky light that looked into the hall, Marian saw two stalwart men bearing some one in their arms towards the door at which she stood. He was wrapped up so closely in a great fur coat that she could see very little of his face. She stepped aside to let the men pass; and then she made a movement as if to follow, but she was checked in her impulse by the touch of her mother's hand.

'Who is it?' she said.

'Hush! he'll hear you,' fell in a whisper upon Marian's ear. 'Don't you mind his liking for his cup o' tea? It's about the time. Go, deary, and see to it. I'll bide with him a while. He's less likely to notice me.'

Marian took her way to the kitchen, more perplexed by mental haziness than by the gathering dusk. She sank down at the table, her forehead resting on her hands; for with the bewildering thought of Robert Tilbrook's return there had come no sense of joy—only a heart-breaking outburst of despair. What manner of welcome would he look for? It was pitiable. She dreaded even to venture at a surmise. But the question led her, nevertheless, to rehearse in fancy a painful scene, in which she broke down finally between laughter and tears.

'Why, Marian, must I get his tea a'ter all?'

Her mother's words roused her. She rose

quickly; and in a few minutes the little tray was set, and Marian was crossing the hall with it to Tilbrook's room. She pushed open the door and went in, scarce venturing to draw breath. A dim lamp stood in a corner of the study, away from the fire; but the firelight was bright, and as Marian moved towards the hearth she could distinguish the features of the man who was seated there. She placed the tray upon a table near at hand, and then softly approaching the fireside, knelt down and looked, wonder-stricken, into the face. He had dropped asleep with his head resting upon a cushion, so that little more than the profile was apparent. Marian saw enough of the face now, however, to awaken her keen surprise. It was Robert Tilbrook's face, but not the one she had known nine years ago. It was the thin, gray-bearded face of an old man.

Her whole heart went out in pity now, for she felt for him as acutely as though the evident mental agony he had endured had been her own. A sigh broke from her, and Tilbrook opened his eyes. She rose without a word and began to pour out his tea. He sat for a while staring into the fire, and then he looked up wearily at Marian.

'I'm tired. What is it?'

'Only me, Robert. Let me give you some tea, dear—won't you?'

She spoke in a low voice, emotionally; but he only bent his drowsy eyes again upon the fire.

'I'm tired. It's the mill-work—that's what tires me. I must get help—a partner now—that's what I want—a partner with money—an active man—a—a—'

His head dropped upon his breast. The action roused him and he looked up, startled now, and half-rising out of his chair.

'Marian? Heaven save us! Am I awake?'

She put her arms tenderly about him.

'Yes, dear. You are awake at last. But your days of work at the mill are done. Let us think of the future, Robert. Can't we forget that you ever went from home?'

One summer's evening about two years later, a good-looking, weather-beaten guest arrived at the Red Lion Inn. He sat in his room, seemingly lost in thought, until roused by the sound of the workmen's bell at Tilbrook's mill. He then rose hastily and went out. He turned his steps towards the mill. When he came opposite to that five-storied pile he stopped and looked up at it as one looks at the face of an

old friend. Presently he crossed over the road to the Ferry House and knocked.

A stout, elderly servant answered the summons.

'Mrs Dean live here?'

'Yes. Your name, sir?'

'My name? Winterburn.'

He was shown into the parlour, that little room in which Marian Dean had told him of Tilbrook's arrest years ago. He found Mrs Dean seated there, in an arm-chair beside the window, looking old and decrepit.

'Ah, Mr Winterburn! you have come to see us at last.'

'I should have come sooner,' said he, 'had I known. But, tell me, is Marian well?'

'Fairly well, I thank you.'

'Living here still?'

Mrs Dean nodded. 'Me and Marian is a-living here—alone now. He never lived to make her his wife. But the Tilbrook money is all hers. He did what was right by her. She's well off enough now.'

'Is it true,' said Winterburn, 'that he died more than a year ago? I've been abroad—away in the Far West. But I gave all the information I could to his lawyers before I left. I've been told that the man—the culprit—was Tilbrook's own brother. Is that true?'

'Ay, sir; and the woman Linkworth—that was her maiden name—was the man's wife. It was through jealousy it all came about, though there weren't no cause for it. The woman ran away. She was ill-treated; and Robert, in the goodness of his heart, gave her work—did all in his power to protect her.'

'One question more. Can it be that Tilbrook loved this evil-minded man, as a good brother will sometimes love a bad one? Can it be that he suffered willingly all those years for that fellow's crime?'

'It is all true.'

During the silence that now fell upon them Winterburn heard the front-door open and close. Then a voice reached his ear that set his heart beating quickly. Mrs Dean went out, and now Winterburn heard a step across the hall. It was Marian's, and he sprang forward to meet her as she came in. They went and sat down beside a window that looked out upon the grounds, silent for a while. But when the twilight came Winterburn began to speak of the love for her that had never changed. She listened, and in her turn confessed; and the shadow of a barrier that had kept them apart vanished away.